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THE

WORKS

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ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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C. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

His oblectamus otium temporis. PLIN. EPIST.

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THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM THOMPSON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

A FEW short notices in Dodsley's Poems, in the Biographia Dramatica, and in the notes on his poems, corrected or confirmed by subsequent research, afford the only information that is now procurable respecting this writer.

He is said to have been the second son of the rev. Francis Thompson, B. D. of Queen's College, Oxford, and vicar of Brough in Westmoreland thirty-two years, who died August 31, 1735, aged seventy. His mother, who died two years after, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, was the widow of the rev. Joseph Fisher, M. A. fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, vicar of Brough, and archdeacon of Carlisle, by whom she had no children. Our author was born probably in the early part of the last century, but the year cannot be ascertained. He was young when in 1734 and 1736, he wrote Stella, sive Amores, Tres Libri, and six pastorals; none of which he thought it proper to include in his published works. In his poem, entitled Sickness, he laments the want of a mother's tenderness, and a father's care; but as they died in advanced age, he could not have lost them before he had attained at least his twentieth year.

It was on the banks of the Eden, which runs near Brough, that his "prattling Muse was first provoked to numbers," and where, we may suppose, he wrote most of those smaller pieces which he thought worthy of preservation. In these he frequently addresses an Ianthe, who was probably a real mistress. At the usual age he went to Queen's College, Oxford; and on February 26th, 1738, took the degree of master of arts. He afterwards became a fellow of his college, and succeeded to the livings of South Weston and Hampton Poyle, in Oxfordshire. It was, I suspect, during his residence on his living that he published Sickness, in 1746. The origin of this poem may be found in a note subjoined to the fifth book; but much of it must have been written just before publication, as he pays tribute to the memory of Pope and Swift, who died about that time.

In 1751, he is said to have been an unsuccessful candidate for the poetry professorship, against Hawkins. In 1756 he published Gratitude, a poem, on an occasion which certainly required it from every true son of Oxford. In the preceding year, Henrietta Louisa, countess dowager of Pomfret, daughter of John, baron Jeffrys of Wemm, and

relict of Thomas, first earl of Pomfret, presented to the university more than one hundred and thirty statues, &c. which the earl's father, William, baron of Lempster, had purchased from the Arundel collection, and preserved at his seat at Eston Neston in Northamptonshire. On the 25th February, 1756, this lady received the thanks of the university; and the year following the university celebrated a public encænia, on which occasion, in an oration by Mr. Thomas Warton, professor of poetry, she was again complimented in the most public manner for her noble and generous benefaction. Besides Thompson, an anonymous Oxonian offered a poetical tribute to her liberality; and, in 1760, Mr. Vivian, afterwards King's Professor of Modern History, published a poem on the Pomfret statues[1]. Thompson's poem is added to the present collection, without, it will perhaps be thought, adding much to his poetical reputation.

In 1757, he published two volumes, or, as he quaintly terms them, two *tomes* of poems, by subscription, with prefaces and notes, which give us a very high idea of the author's modesty, piety, and learning. He became afterwards dean of Raphoe in Ireland, where, it is presumed, he died sometime before the year 1766 or 1767.

It has already been mentioned, in the life of bishop Hall, that in 1753 Thompson superintended the publication of an edition of the Virgidemiarum.

To his volumes of poems was added, Gondibert and Bertha, a tragedy, the subject taken from Davenant's poem of Gondibert. This tragedy was written, he informs us, when "he was an under graduate in the university, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the college, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished." He reprinted it with all its juvenile imperfections; but, although it is not without individual passages of poetical beauty, it has not dramatic form and consistency to entitle it to higher praise.

Of Thompson's personal character a very high opinion may be deduced from the general tenour of his acknowledged works. He appears to have been a man of warm affections in the relative duties of life, an ardent admirer of merit, with an humble consciousness of his own defects; a man of real piety, and of various learning. His studies lay much among the ancient English poets, in whose history and writings he was critically skilled.

As a poet, although his works have not been popular, he may be allowed to rank above some whose writings have been more anxiously preserved. Having been in early life an admirer of Spenser, he became a studied imitator of that father of English poetry; but, like most of his imitators, while he adopted his measure, he thought his imitation incomplete without borrowing a greater number of antiquated words and phrases than can be either ornamental or useful. "I have," he says in his preface, "been very sparing of the antiquated words, which are too frequent in most imitations of this author: however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explained at the bottom of each page where they occur." But surely it may be asked, why introduce words at all that require explanation; or why are a few unintelligible words, purposely introduced, less blameable than many used by persons of less judgment?

But while our author is censurable on this account, it must be allowed that, in his Nativity, he has not only imitated but rivalled Spenser in the sweetness and solemnity which belong to his canto. His imagery is, in general, striking and appropriate to the elevated subject; nor is he less happy in his personifications.

His Hymn to May has received more praise than any of his other pieces. It is

[1] Wood's Hist. and Antiq. of Oxford, edited by Gutch. Gough's British Topography.

certainly more finished, but there are many luxuriances which sober judgment would have removed, and many glittering epithets, and verbal conceits, which proceeded from a memory stored with the ancient poets, and not yet chastened into simplicity by the example and encouragement of the moderns.

The poem on Sickness is the longest, and altogether, perhaps, the most successful effort of his muse. He chose a new subject, and I think discovers considerable powers of invention. Particular lines, indeed, may be censured; and of what poem may not this be said? His ardent imagination and strength of feeling sometimes produce swelling words approaching to bombast; his phraseology, too, is sometimes laboured and pedantic; and he seems in various instances more ambitious of the rapturous and animated, than of the mild and simple graces of expression. But on the other hand, he abounds in original, or at least uncommon thoughts, clothed in vigorous language; he evinces real feeling, the consequence of having suffered what he describes, and having been alternately depressed or elevated by the vicissitudes of a long and dangerous illness. Most of his reflections are natural, and solemnly impressive. In borrowing the language of scripture, he has employed it with less change of its original beauty than might have been expected. The poetical beauties of the Palace of Disease, the Delirious Dreams, and the greater part of the fourth book on the Recovery, are such as prove that he had much of the fire and enthusiasm of true genius. Were this poem printed by itself, it could scarcely fail of popularity among the admirers of Young.

Young's Night Thoughts were, at this time, but just published, and perhaps it would be wrong to suppose that Thompson intended to rival him; yet there are passages which strongly remind us of Young's peculiar phraseology: Thompson had read much, and perhaps was inconscious of applying to his own use what he owed to his memory only. Every one may recollect the origin of—

> How many Somersets are lost in thee?—
> Forbid it reason and forbid it heaven.—
> Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd sleep,
> Kind nurse of nature—&c.

The lines expressive of the burning heat of fever, whether he did or did not recollect a similar passage in Shakspeare, do honour to his judgment, for what other exclamation could have been suitable?

> O! ye rivers, roll
> Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,
> For Etna rages here! Ye snows, descend;
> Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,
> And mitigate the furies of the fire.—

We think of coolness, says an excellent critic, when panting under the heat of a summer sun; but in extreme heat we should probably think of extreme cold. When king John is tortured with the burning heat of a mortal poison, Shakspeare does not make him think of coolness, for that was not the proper contrast to his feelings, but puts in his mouth the following exclamation.—

> Poison'd, ill fare! dead, and forsook, cast off,
> And none of you will bid the Winter come,
> To thrust his icy fingers in my maw:
> Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
> Through my burn'd bosom: nor entreat the North
> To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
> And comfort me with cold.

Thompson appears to have been enthusiastically fond of Pope; but the lines in which he characterizes that author are deformed by some extravagant expressions for which no fondness can atone, and are, upon that account, inferior to the poem addressed to Glover. His shorter pieces require little notice; they were mostly juvenile productions, and the wonder is, that the author of The Despairing Maiden, and The Milkmaid, could have reached such strains as The Nativity, The Hymn to May, and Sickness. In a few of them, however, are simple touches of nature, and an easy vein of epigrammatic humour; but it is on serious and pathetic subjects that his muse rises to dignity, and it is a praise beyond all others, that sacred topics seem to elevate him beyond his usual powers.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

THESE POEMS

ARE, WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT, INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

I SHOULD not have troubled the reader with any thing by way of preface, if I did not think myself obliged to return my thanks to my goodnatured subscribers for their patience in waiting so long for their books. A bad state of health, and some other intervening accidents, prevented me from publishing the volume sooner, though above half of it has been printed off for some time.

As for the poems themselves, the greater part of them was writen when the author was very young, and without any design of printing them; which is only mentioned with hopes to procure the reader's pardon for the imperfection of some and the lightness of others.

Yet

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quemquam,
Nulla venenato litera mista joco est. OVID.

I should not have printed the two Latin odes, if they had not given me an opportunity of publishing the translations along with them, which I believe will be thought the best verses in the collection: they are finished in so easy and masterly a manner, that I must own that I had rather have been the author of them than of the originals themselves. The tragedy was likewise chiefly composed when the author was an under-graduate in the university, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the college, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished. I have caused it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was at first written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece. The poem called Sickness was republished at the request of several of my subscribers, to which, without regarding the additional expense, I very readily agreed: I have made some alterations, which, in the divisions of the books, I hope will be thought improvements.

I return my most humble thanks to my friends for their many kind offices in the course of the subscription, and shall leave the poems to the candour of the courteous reader with part of a verse from Horace,

——— Si placeo, tuum est.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS,

IN MAY, 1736.

ON Thamis' banks, where many a flow'ry gem
Blooms wanton-wild, advanc'd a jovial crew,
Thick as the daisies which his meadows hem,
And with sweet herbs the liquid crystal strew;
For on the liquid crystal gayly flew
A painted gondelay[1], bedecked fair
With gold and purple, gorgeous to the view!
While loud approving shouts divide the air,
"Hail, happy future bride of Albion's worthy heir."

Eftsoons[2] the father of the silver flood,
The noble Thames, his azure head uprais'd,
And shook his dewy locks, worthy a god!
A lambent glory round his temples blaz'd,
On which the Naïds all with wonder gaz'd.
So sparkle Thetis purple-trembling streams,
When Phœbus, for his golden car yprais'd,
Strikes the calm surface with his morning beams,
And sprinkles spangles round and the wide blue inflames.

The wanton Naïds, Doris' daughters all,
Range in a ring: Pherusa, blooming-fair,
Cymodoce dove-ey'd, with Florimal,
Sweet-smelling flowrets deck'd their long green hair;
And Erato, to Love, to Venus dear,
Galene drest in smiles and lilly-white,
And Phao, with her snowy bosom bare,
All these, and more than these, a dainty sight!
In daunce and merriment and sweet belgards[3] delight.

Around the bark they daunce, wherein there sat
A lady fresh and fair, ah! such a one,
So fresh and fair, so amiably great,
So goodly-gracious seem'd as never none,
And like thy sweet-beam'd planet, Venus shone.
They much admire, O very much her face,
Her shape, her breast, for Love a downy throne!
Her beauty's glorious shine, her every grace;
An angel she appear'd, at least of angel-race.

[1] A boat. [2] Presently. [3] Beautiful looks.

Her Thamis (on his golded urn he lean'd)
Saluted with this hymeneal song,
And hail'd her safe. Full silent was the wind,
The river glided gently-soft along,
Ne[4] whispered the breeze the leaves emong,
Ne love-learn'd Philomel out-trill'd her lay;—
A stilness on the waves attentive hung,
A brighter gladness blest the face of day, [May.
All nature gan to smile, her smiles diffus'd the

"Ah sacred ship, to Albion wafting good,
Our wish, our hope, our joy! who safe convey'd
Through perilous sea, from Ila's little flood,
This beauty's paragon, this royal maid,
Isprung, iwist, of high empyreal seed;
The child of Heav'n, the daughter of Delight,
Nurst by a Grace, with milk and honey fed!
Oh Frederick! oh, certes[5], blessed wight, [hight[6].
To whom the Gods consign the nymph Augusta

"Ah sacred ship! may favourable gales,
The kindest breath of Heav'n attend thy way,
And swell the winged canvass of thy sails:
May calmness be thy path, and pleausance lay
On the soft bosom of the yielding sea,
Where-e'er thou wind; or to the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, or India's bay,
Where diamonds kindle, and the golden ore
Flames into purity, to deck Augusta more!

"Augusta, fairest princess under sky,
Welcome to Albion's renowned land,
Albion, well known to thy great ancestry,
Made dearer far to thee by Hymen's band,
The band of love, of honour and command!
Deign to receive the nation's public voice,
Of heartiness unfeign'd, who gleeful stand
In meet array, and thus express their joys [noise.
In peals of loud acclaim, and mirths confused

"With warmer raptures, and more passionate,
Though hard to be! the royal youth, I trow,
Shall thee embrace: him tenfold fires elate,
And sacred passions in his bosom glow,
Which from thy picture erst began to flow.
For thee he burns, for thee he sighs and prays,
Pours out his soul to thee, nor rest can know;

[4] Nor. [5] Certainly. [6] Named.

But dreams of thee long, livelong nights and days,
By Beauty led through all Love's rosy-thorny-ways.

" To heal his pains soft music does divide
Most heavenly melody in soothing strains;
Nor heavenly melody, nor aught beside,
Save thee, ah dearest Dread! can heal his pains.
Thy form too deeply in his breast remains.
So ever and anon he chides the gales,
That slowly seem to brush the liquid plains;
Oh! fly on all the wings of Heav'n, ye sails,
Oh fly! he crys; and lo! a lover's pray'r prevails.

" Now cease thy sighs. She comes, (oh blessed day!)
She comes, by all the Loves and Graces drest,
In proud humility. See, Hymen play,
With saffron robe and flame-embroider'd vest,
(Such colours, sikerly[7], suit Hymen best.)
And Cupid catches rosy wafts of air
To stretch the sails and fan the royal guest.
Nor Chastity, meek-ey'd, is wanting there,
For she, and Modesty, sweet blushing, guide the steer.

" Not Venus, queen of beauty and of bliss
So goodly shone, when erst[8] the goddess sprung
From Ocean's sparkling foam; sweet nakedness!
A thousand Smiles and Loves upon her hung,
And all the gods for joy and wonder sung.
The Waves so proud the beamy burthen bore
Exulting; she, around her, odours flung,
And bade the Billows laugh and cease to roar;
They gladly her obey, and gently kiss the shore.

" So fair she looks, nay fairer, could it be;
Did never mortal man such charms behold
In bow'r or hall. Spring waits upon her eye;
Lo! Flora has her richest stores out-roll'd
Of variable flow'rs and blooming gold.
The meadows smile, the birds renew their love
And throw themselves in pairs the young and old;
All nature glows where-e'er her glances move,
And Beauty paints each field, and music fills each grove.

" But who is yon, each other youth excelling
As much as orient gold surmounteth brass?
Sure Honour in his visage choose her dwelling,
And sacred Truth, perdie[9], adorns his face;
Such goodlihead and humbless never was.
Blest be the sight! full well those looks I kenn,
Where Joyaunce sits and ever-smiling Grace;
Frederic! 'tis he! the first and best of men,
Our dearling prince to meet Augusta well-beseen[1].

" And lo! what medled passions in him move,
He gazes—wonders—(great is Beauty's pow'r!)
And, sweetly lost in ecstasy and love,
His eyes her whole, his lips her lips devour,
Which Venus had besprent with nectar-show'r.
Her slippery charms allow his eyes no rest,
But thousand arrows, nay ten thousand pour
Into his wounded and transported breast; [blest!
Sure none like her is fair, sure none like him is

[7] Surely. [8] Formerly. [9] An affirmation.
[1] Handsome.

" O blessed youth! receive thy bonnibel[2],
Eternal fount of virtue, love and grace!
O kneel to all the gods and pray to all,
Who sparkle so divinely in her face,
And with celestial fires her bosom bless.
So shines Aurora in her rich attire,
When she Hyperion wou'd fain caress:
Gaze all the host of stars, and all admire,
Then twinkle in their urns, and into night retire.

" O blessed maid! receive thy belamour[3],
With glee receive him and o'erflowing heart:
Ne in high monarch's court, ne lady's bow'r,
A youth so form'd by Nature and by Art,
Conspiring both, e'er cherish'd Cupid's dart.
So Phœbus, lusty bridegroom of the sky,
With native splendours shines on every part;
From east to west his pointed glories fly,
He warmeth every heart, he dazzleth every eye."

Here Thamis ended. Now the goodly train
Of all the Naids, in most comely wise,
A present make of myrtle-girland green,
Entrail'd with flowrets and with rare device.
The Graces eke, with laughter-swelling eyes,
A rosy-chaplet, steep'd in nectar bring,
(The roses gather'd in the morning skies)
Then, joining with the Naids, form a ring,
And round them deftly daunce, and round them blithly sing.

" As roses and as myrtles kindly weave
Their sweets in one, much sweeter as they blend;
Emblem of marriage-love! So you, receive
Sweets interchang'd, and to each other lend;
Then, in a blest perfume, to Heav'n ascend,
And mingle with the gods! While here below,
New myrtles, roses new, withouten end,
From your luxurious stock, full plenteous, grow,
And with their parent-sweets, and parent-beauty glow."

Next Albion's Genius came, bedite in gold,
An oaken chaplet nodded on his head;
The crown he held was glorious to behold,
And royally he taught his feet to tread.
Soon as he spy'd the prince's goodlyhead,
He pointed to the crown, and rais'd his voice
To hail the royal pair and bless their bed:
The jolly Chorus catch the grateful noise,
Echo the woods and vales, and Heav'n and Earth rejoice.

Next Liberty, the fairest nymph on ground;
The flowing plenty of her golden hair
Diffusing lavishly ambrosia round;
Her hands a flow'ry cornucopia bear,
Which scatters jōy and pleasaunce through the air.
Earth smil'd, and Gladness danc'd along the sky;
Before her vanish'd Grief and pale-ey'd Care,
And eft[4], in courteous guise, she cast her eye
On that same gentle twain, her glory and her joy.

And these beside, a sacred pers'nage came,
Immaculate and sweet as Sharon-rose:
Upon her breast a bloody cross did flame,
Aumail'd with gold and gems in goodly rows:
A pall of lawn adown her shoulders flows:

[2] Beautiful virgin. [3] Charming lover. [4] Often.

Yclep'd[5] Eusebia. She pray'd aloud,
Then, blessing both, for her defenders chose,
And sphear'd her glories in a purple cloud:
Softly Augusta smil'd, full lowly Frederic bow'd.

Fair Fame behind a silver trumpet blew,
Sweet to the Earth, and fragrant to the sky!
Her mantle of a many-colour'd hue,
Her rain-bow wings pouder'd with many an eye,
And near her Honour, Pow'r and Courtesy:
Honour of open front, and steady grace;
Pow'r, clad in steel, a faulchion brandish'd high;
Courtesy drest in smiles her bounteous face:
When these attend a prince, thrice happy subjects case!

The Muses clos'd this intellectual scene
From Helicon; who knows not Helicon?
Gold were their lyres, their laurels ever-green.
Soon Clio to the prince a starry crown
Presents, another to his bellibone[6].
Then all in lofty chorus swell the song,
Big with their happy loves and great renown.
Prophetic numbers float the woods emong,
For shepherd-lad too high, for memory too long.

Nathless[7] thy tuneful sons, O Oxford dear!
By Muses visited, may catch the lays,
Sweet-pouring streams of nectar on the ear,
And from their lips, in vision, learn to raise
Their loves and fame, to brighten future days.
Thee fits not, Thomalin, a simple swain,
High deeds to sing, but gentle roundelays:
Go feed thy flock, renew the rural strain
On oaten pipe, content to please the humble plain.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

AN ODE.

AIR I.

O SOFTLY sigh into th' flute,
While dear Ianthe breathes the lovesick lay:
Now teach the melancholy lute
In tender trills to melt the notes away,
Melodious in decay!—
But hark, she louder, louder sings,
Sink, boldly sink into the strings:
Shake, O shake the numerous wire,
Fire the blood, the spirits fire
With musical thunder and burning desire!

AIR II.

Our souls divided with a fond surprise
Dissolve in woe;
With rapture glow;
Fall with her notes; or with her bosom rise;
Rais'd with hopes; with fears deprest;
Sweetly tortur'd, sweetly blest;
Sav'd by her voice, and vanquish'd by her eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The god of love, to hear her strains
Leaves his Acidalian plains,
And, as th' harmonious charmer sings,
In triumph points his darts, and waves his wings,
Th' harmonious charmer paus'd to see
A list'ning, wond'ring deity;
While Silence softly chain'd her tongue,
The god responsive rais'd the song,
In strains like these, if strains can be
Rais'd to the raptures of a deity,
The raptures of a wond'ring deity!

AIR III.

Beauty, sacred beauty sing,
Flowing from the wond'rous spring
Of uncreated and primeval light!
Beauty the first best work of God,
Spoke into being in his high abode,
And next his own eternal essence bright!

AIR IV.

With Beauty Music join,
The breath of Heav'n
To mortals given
To swell their bliss to bliss divine!
With Beauty Music join.

CHORUS.

Beauty, silent Harmony!
Softly stealing through the eye
Smiles into the breast a dart.
Music, fine proportion'd sounds!
Pours balm upon the lover's wounds
Through the ear into the heart.

RECITATIVE.

Thus once Cecilia, (tuneful Dryden sings,)
To fire with sacred rage her soul,
Touch'd into voice the sprightly strings,
And bade the silver tides of music roll.
An angel, list'ning to her lyre,
To lift the modulations higher,
Apply'd the aiding graces of his tongue;
And while the virgin play'd, the seraph sung

AIR V.

Sweetest mortal, to befriend thee,
Angels from their quires attend thee,
Angels leave their thrones to hear
Music with devotion glowing,
Music heavenly joys bestowing,
Worthy a seraphic ear!

RECITATIVE.

Again she trembles o'er the silver strings,
The silver strings, exulting to her hand,
Obey the sweet command,
And thus again the angel sings:
(While Silence wav'd her downy wings around,
And Gladness smil'd along the purple skies;
All nature soft'ned at their flows of sound,
And bright'ned at the radiance of their eyes:)

AIR VI.

Harmony, the soul refining!
Beauty, sense, and virtue joining
In a form and mind like thine,
Nobly raise a mortal creature
To a more exalted nature;
We alone are more divine!

5 Called. 6 Fair damsel. 7 Nevertheless.

Hail, Poetry! whose life infusing lays
Bid time roll back and sleeping atoms raise;
Dust into being wake, expand the tomb,
Dead glory quicken, and restore lost bloom:
As God, from mortals heighten to divine,
And give us through eternity to shine!
Glover! thy mind, in various virtue wise,
Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize.
With Newton soars, familiar to the sky,
Looks Nature through, so keen thy mental eye,
Or down descending on the globe below,
Through humbler realms of knowledge loves to flow.
Promiscuous beauties dignify thy breast,
By nature happy, as by study blest,
Thou, wit's Columbus! from the epic throne
New worlds descry'd, and made them all our own:
Thou first through real Nature dar'd explore,
And waft her sacred treasures to our shore.
The merchant thus, by heav'nly wisdom led,
(Each kingdom noted, and each law survey'd)
On Britain pours whate'er can serve mankind,
Adorn the body, or delight the mind.
Spices which blow'd in Araby the blest,
And breath'd a Paradise around the east.
Unclouded sapphires show their azure sky,
Em'ralds with smiling green refresh the eye:
Here bleeds the ruby, diamonds sparkle there,
To tremble on the bosoms of our fair.
Yet shou'd the Sun with ten-fold lustre shine,
Exalt with deeper dies the flaming mine,
Shou'd softer breezes and more genial skies
Bid sweeter spice, in blooming order, rise,
Nor gems nor spice cou'd Nature know to name,
Bright as thy wit, or fragrant as thy fame.

ODE BRUMALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

Eheu! sereni mollia tempora
Conduntur anni. Fila, puer, lyræ
Lascivientis frange: Bruma
Flebilis officium Camœnæ

Pullata poscit; non salis Attici
Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor
Equo Maronis, nec scit uno
Stare loco saliens voluptas.

Quò cessit Umbræ gloria frondeæ?
Quò Serta, mixtis viva coloribus,
Ornare non indigna Popi
Marmora, sive comas Ianthæ.

Heu Veris ætas occidit aurea,
Æstatis atque argentea, & ærea
Recessit Autumni, severæ
Ferrea sola Hyemis remansit.

Sic vita transit nostra! volantibus
Urgetur horis. Quid Sapiens aget,
Quid ergo Prudens? Ille, certè,
Dona rapit fugientis horæ,

Gratus Deorum cultor. Hyems Virum,
Quem lavit Isis, Flumen Apollinis,
Quem Suada puro melle fovit,
Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido
Pax alba ridet: mugiat Africus,
Eurusque; tu, tranquilla Virtus,
Vere tumens, Zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla Virtus, nescia criminis,
Te, Amice, munit, tectum adamantino
Thorace; te non atra bilis
Mente quatit placidâ Novembris.

Nec me November mente hilari quatit,
Tristesque Menses: fallitur improba
Vel Cura Musis, vel Choreis,
Dulcè vices subeunte Baccho.

Horatiani pocula nunc Meri
Grato ore libo, digna labris Jovis!
Nunc intimas & suave Nectar
Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet Calliope Tubam,
Mentem illa semper cantu Heliconio
Accendit: Io! me jam aperto
Virgilius dedit ire cœlo.

Pompam Theatri visere sæpiùs
Garrickus urget, Dramatis Arbiter!
Decore, gestu, voce, vultu
Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanos, pace tuâ, jocos,
Vanburge,—odi: me gravis attrahit
Shakespear, Cothurnati per ævum
Omne Pater, Columenque Regni.

Heus!—deme Soccos:—alta Tragædia
Jubet:—Cothurnos induit aureos;—
Orchestra, majestate adaucta,
Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile
Et corda sternit: Terror amabilis
Pervadit intùs nos:—Othello!—
En rabido tonat ore Othello!

Proh! quantus iræ gurges inæstuat
Spumatque venis! ut tumet in minas!
Quam splendidè bacchatur excors!
Ah! gemit—ah! trepidat—ruensque,

Procumbit heros!—Gaudia sunt nimis
Hæc sæva, Shakespear! Turbinibus sinus
Perflas voluptatis micantes:—
Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare Scenam jam lubet.—Ibimus,
Quo suavis Otway nos vocat, ibimus,
Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fletu,
Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Planctus gementum planctibus addere
Est dulce semper. Monimiæ dolor,
Me teste, guttâ molliore
Sæpè genas, tacitè, fefellit.

O quæ paventum murmura Virginum
Questusque mulcent aera Odoribus!—
Tu vincis, Otway! corda vincis;
Euripidis renovans triumphos.

Plausus ovantum sint aliis Virûm.
Quæsita merces: sat tibi gloria,
Te urgente, Vates invidende,
Virgineos maduisse vultus.

WINTER;

A TRANSLATION OF ODE BRUMALIS.

By the Reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ALAS! no longer now appear
The softer seasons of the year.
Of Sports and Loves what Muse now sings?
Away, my lyre;—boy, break the strings.

Old joyless Winter, who disdains
Your sprightly, flow'ry, attic strains,
Wrapt into sable calls for airs
Rough, rueful, as the rug he wears,

Pleasure, for ever on the wing,
Wild, wanton, restless, fluttering thing,
Airy springs by with sudden speed,
Swifter than Maro's flying steed.

Ah! where is hid the sylvan scene,
The leafy shade, the vernal green?
In Flora's meads the sweets that grew,
Colours which Nature's pencil drew,
Chaplets, the bust of Pope might wear,
Worthy to bloom around Ianthe's hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,
The silver-tressed Summer's gone,
And golden Autumn; nought remains
But Winter with his iron chains.

The feather-footed Hours that fly
Say, "Human life thus passes by."
What shall the wise, the prudent? they
Will seize the bounty of to-day, [pay.
And prostrate to the gods their grateful homage

The man, whom Isis' stream inspires,
Whom Pallas owns, and Phœbus fires,
Whom Suada, smiling goddess, deigns
To guide in sweet Hyblæan plains,
He Winter's storms, undaunted still, sustains.

Black lowring skies ne'er hurt the breast
By white rob'd Innocence possest.
Roar as ye list, ye winds,—begin,—
Virtue proclaims fair peace within:
Ethereal pow'r! 't is you that bring
The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the Spring.

Should dangers e'er my friend assail,
Virtue flings round her coat of mail;
Kindly protects thee from all harms,
Drest in her native spotless charms.
Thy mind at ease no tumult knows,
With all his rage tho' black November blows.

Dark stormy months I too defy,
November blows, and what care I:
Tun'd to new joys my hours I pass,
Sing with the Muse, trip with the lass,
And ne'er forget my bliss-inspiring glass.

With Horace now dispos'd to laugh,
Worthy the lips of Jove I quaff
Rich Venusine: now lose my soul
In Ovid's sweet nectareal bowl.

If you, Calliope, should deign
Aloud to sound a martial strain,
Your vot'ry straight in rapture hears
The noble music of the spheres:
Mounted on wings, see! see! I fly
With Mantua's swan, and range the boundless sky.

With eager joy I oft repair
To the gay crowded theatre,
Where shines the man who treads our stage,
Garrick! the Roscius of the age!
His voice, mien, manner, look, a life imparts;
'T is he who captivates our eyes,—our hearts.

Vanbrugh,—your leave,—what's lewdly writ
I hate,—I hate th' immoral wit.
Immortal Shakspeare I admire,
And kindle at his sacred fire:
O! what a glory breathes his page,
He lives!—he lives thro' ev'ry age
Father of tragedy, he reigns
Sole monarch o'er theatric plains.

Hence with the sock:—the queen commands:—
Grac'd with the golden buskin stands:
The stage in majesty improves,
Trembling beneath her, awful as she moves.

What thunder bursts!—it made me start—
Thunder beyond the reach of art!
The claps!—I heard 'em,—how they roll!
The lovely terrour shakes my soul:
Who talks of fiends!—of gaping graves!—
Othello!—'t is Othello raves!

What tenderness!—what fierce disdain
Whirls, boils, and foams through ev'ry vein!
He swears!—invokes Hell, Earth, air, skies!
See where the glorious madman flies!
He groans,—he trembles,—falls,—the hero dies!

Shakspeare, excessive joys like these
(I almost said) are cruelties:
Whirlwinds of pleasure tear the panting breast,
And the mind aches, too exquisitely blest.

Chang'd is the scene:—methinks I rove
In some enchanted cypress grove.
Soft Otway calls!—who can refuse
The plaintive voice of Otway's Muse?
We'll go, my fair Ianthe, we will go,
Tho' your fond love-inspiring eyes o'erflow
Like bubbling springs, more beautiful in woe.

Sweet is the sympathy of woe;
Have I not seen (nay felt 'em too)
Down stealing Tears, big, silent, slow,
Speak a soft language as they flow,
Daughters of tender Grief, express
Charming Monimia's deep distress!

What murmurs of the anxious fair!
What sighs around perfume the air!
Otway, you paint what Nature is,
Beyond the bard of Salamis;
Your Muse can with our passions play,
And steal us from ourselves away.

Let others prize, what men bestow,
The lofty name, the laurel'd brow:
More charming, sure, thy triumphs are
(Who would not wish to win the fair!)
To raise at pleasure, hopes, or fears,
To soften virgins into tears.
Poet, I envy thee, who thus
Canst conquer them, who conquer us.

ODE VERNALIS:

AD

AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

Curas Lyæus jàm mihi discutit
Raptìm; nec aurum (suavitèr insolens)
Vocale de myrto recuso
Vellere liberiore dextrâ.

Et quis vetabit quò minùs audeam
Lusus amico mittere cum joco!
Ridere mens est; terra ridet;
Ipsa Venus negat esse tristes,

Jucunda veris diva. Quid ampliùs
Rugæ juvabunt? Versicoloribus
En Maius alis raptus afflat
Lætitiam genialis auræ.

Amice! (blando hoc nomine te vocem,
O Woode?) cum quo sæpè per Isidis
Errare sylvas, nùncque cantu
Nuncque mero licuit morantes.

Duxisse soles in Thetidis toros,
Amice! quæ te gaudia floreis
Cingunt coronis? Quæque molles
Nympha caput lepidum remulcet

Inter Lacertos? Nùm charitum chorus,
Chorùsve Pindi tempora dividit?
Sunt ambo grati; mense maii
Quìn charites meliùs colantur.

Nunc dulce pictis desipere in toro
Herbis tumenti, vivus ubì tremor
Splendescit undæ; si poëtæ,
Siquè aderint, tua cura, musæ.

Adsit jocorum grata protervitas,
Thalia pleno quos tibi depluit
Cornu: nec absit Bacchus, uvæ,
Evohe! purpureus magister.

Handalus omnes tendere barbiti
Nervos laboret; nec sileat placens
Iantha cantu, dùm jocoso
Tangit ebur geniale plectro.

Audite, Cœli! num modulaminis
Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis
Stellata? Sphærarumve tales
Lucidus & numerosus ordo?

O lene murmur! cum Venus aurea
Inire somnos, strata rosis, parat,
Melosque poscit; talis aura
Idalias tremit inter umbras.

Quæ flamma venis pasta! potentibus
Succumbo victus blanditiis lyræ:
Succumbo victus voce, vultu,
Crine nigro, niveoque collo,

Sic prata sævis florea solibus
Oppressa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,
Lenimen ægro; ferte rores
Metcafii medicos, sodales!

Frustrà: nec unquàm Metcafii manus
Extinguet ignes, docta licèt, meos;
Nec flumen, ah! vestri benignis
Ingenii recreabit undis.

SPRING;

A TRANSLATION OF ODE VERNALIS.

By the Reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Care flies the raptures of the bowl,
'T is jolly Bacchus fills my soul;
I feel within the genial fire,
And from yon myrtle snatch my golden lyre.

To thee the jocund Muse I send,
With sprightly lay to greet my friend:
For all things now around look gay,
Why mayn't I laugh, as well as they?
The fair, the young, my hours beguile,
And Cytherea ever wears a smile,

Creative goddess of the Spring!
No more of Winter's storms I sing,
See May in wanton joy appear
Spread his gay wings, and fan the buxom Year.

My friend (indulge the tender name)
My friend, near Isis' sacred stream,
With whom so oft I us'd to rove
Careless, in garden, mead, or grove;
A glass, a song:—thus you and I
Have bid the golden minutes fly,
Seen many a Sun, with sloping ray,
Ling'ring retire, and blest the falling day.

O tell me what soft triumphs now
Wreath blooming garlands round thy brow;
What nymph, for winning beauty known,
Giving you joy, completes her own;
Whether the Graces, or the Nine
Divide thy hours, for both are thine?
'T is merry May, swains, greet the Graces' shrine.

To frolic on the tufted grass,
To view clear waters as they pass,

To mark the shining shivering gleam
That darts, and dances on the stream,
To court the Muse, toy with the fair,
(Pleasures like these, O! may I ever share).

The season bids: a friend or two,
Ingenious, affable, like you;
Happy at sudden repartees,
Whose answers bite, yet biting please,
To kindle mirth: and let me join
Bacchus, the purple sovereign of the vine.

May god-like Handel now inspire
The tuneful pow'rs and fill the choir:
Ianthe, charming as she sings,
Wake with a nimble touch th' harmonious strings.

Listen, ye Heavens, to strains, above
Whate'er the starry court of Jove,
Lost in melodious raptures, hears
Amid the silver-sounding spheres;
Where orbs on orbs in concert roll,
And music trembles round from pole to pole.

O melting sound! when sleep unseen
Just steals upon the Cyprian queen,
Indulging in th' Idalian shade,
Stretcht on a couch, of roses made,
The lute soft-warbling, such the air
That undulating plays, and lulls th' immortal fair.

The flames that feed within my breast!
I faint, I die, with charms opprest;
Her voice, her face, her sweet spinnet,
The neck of iv'ry, and the hair of jet.

So languishes, and fades away
The flow'r beneath the blaze of day;
Quick, my companions, quick apply
Some cooling, sovereign remedy:
Metcalf, to sooth a burning pain,
By Pæan taught, may try, but try in vain.

Not Metcalf's[1] skill, tho' known to fame,
Can slake the fury of my flame,
Not all his juices quench; nor yet,
Dear friend, the flow of your engaging wit.

THE NATIVITY.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE. 1736.

'Twas morn! the fields were sprinkled o'er with light,
The folds unpent-sent out their flocks to feed:
A shepherd boy, (young Thomalin he hight,[1])
With flying fingers deftly tun'd his reed;
Where ancient Isis laves the Muses' mead,
(For ever smile the mead and flow the stream!)
He sung the birth of David's holy seed:
Tho' low his voice, full lofty was his theme;
Wightly[2] his senses all were rapt into a dream.

Eftsoons[3] he spy'd a grove, the Season's pride,
All in the centre of a pleasant glade,
Where Nature flourish'd like a virgin-bride;
Mantl'd with green, with hyacinths inlay'd,
And crystal-rills o'er beds of lilies stray'd;
The blue-ey'd violet and king-cup gay,
And new blown roses, smiling sweetly red,
Outglow'd the blushing infancy of Day,
While amorous west-winds kist their fragrant souls away.

A rich pavilion rear'd within its height,
The capitals and freezes gold entire,
Glist'ning with carbuncles; a various light
Wav'd tremulous, and set the eye on fire.
A silken curtain, drawn on silver wire,
And ting'd with colours of the summer sky,
Flow'd round, and bade the ruder gales retire.
Four forms attendant at the portals lie,
The same Ezekiel saw with keen-prophetic eye.

Unlike, O much unlike, the strawy shed,
Where Mary, queen of Heaven, in humbless[4] lay,
Where erst[5] the infant God repos'd his head,
And deign'd to dwell in tenement of clay;
The clouded tabernacle of the day!
The shepherd's dream was mystical, I ween[6],
Isaiah on his bosom pour'd a ray,
And painted to his eyes the gentle scene,
Where lions dandled lambs; O Peace, thy golden reign!

High-smiling in delight a lady sate,
Young as the dawning Morn, on iv'ry throne;
Upon her looks the virgin-virtues wait,
The virgin-virtues wait on her alone!
Her sapphire-eyes with gentle spirit shone:
Fair bountyhead was open'd in her face,
Of honour and of love the paragon[7]!
A sweet regard and most auspicious grace
Bespoke her lineage high: she was of David's race.

Upon her lap a lovely infant lay,
And ken'd the mother by her smiling grace.
His looks were radiant as the bloom of day,
And angel-sweetness purpled in his face.
Oh! how the mother did the babe embrace
With tender blandishment and fondling care!
She gaz'd, and gaz'd, ne[8] could enough caress
His cheeks, as roses red, as lilies fair,
The holy Day-spring hight, Heav'n's everlasting heir!

Near him a goodly pers'nage mildly shone,
With looks of love, and shedding peace and joy:
Her looks were love, soft streaming from the throne
Of Grace, and sweetly melted on the boy:
Her tongue dropp'd honey, which wou'd never cloy.
Mercy yclep'd[9] All Nature on her hung,
To drink her manna and her smiles enjoy;
Young laughing angels "Mercy, mercy," sung;
Heav'n echo'd "Mercy" back, the spheres with "Mercy" rung.

Thus if the clouds, enroll'd with deadly food,
Forget to thunder in the ethereal tow'rs,
But silently dissolve in kindly mood,
In fostering dews, and balm, and honey-show'rs;
Laugh all the fields for joy and all the bow'rs.
The shrubs and herbs fresh odours round them fling,
Pop up their smiling heads the little flow'rs,
Warble the birds, exulting on the wing,
And all the wild-wood notes the genial blessings sing.

[1] Dr. T. Metcalf, an eminent physician who died in 1757. *C.*

[1] Named or called. [2] Quickly. [3] Immediately.

[4] Humility. [5] Formerly, sometime since.
[6] I think. [7] The pattern or model.
[8] Nor. [9] Called or named.

High o'er his head was held a starry crown,
Emblem of royalty and princely might:
His priesthood was by golden mitre shown;
An eagle young, with e'yn most piercing-bright,
To prove the prophet drank the distant light.
But strangest was to see a bloody hand
Uprear a cross, the cross with blood bedight[1]:
Ten thousand angels, flutt'ring in a band,
Admir'd the mystic sign but cou'd not understand.

Now dulcet symphonies, and voices meet,
Mellifluous stole upon the shepherd's ear,
Which swell'd so high and dy'd away so sweet,
As might have charm'd a seraph from his sphere.
Happy the swain that mote[2] such music hear!
Eftsoons a joyous fellowship was seen
Of ladies gent[3], and beauties without peer[4],
As they a train of goddesses had been,
In manner of a mask, radiant along the green.

Faith led the van, her mantle dipt in blue,
Steady her ken, and gaining on the skies;
Obedient miracles around her flew:
She pray'd, and Heav'n burst open on her eyes,
And golden valves roll'd back in wond'rous wise:
And now some hill, with all its shaggy load
Of trees and flocks, unto the ocean hies[5]:
Now wings of cherubs, flaming all abroad,
Careering on the winds in sight upbear their god.

Next Hope, the gayest daughter of the sky!
Her nectar-dewed locks with roses bound;
An Eden flourish'd where she cast her eye,
And flocks of Sports and Joys, their temples crown'd,
Plum'd their bright wings, and thump'd the hollow ground.
Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a tear
At her approach; ne Sorrow mote[6] be found,
Ne rueful-looking Drad[7], ne pale-ey'd Care;
And 'neath her chariot wheels she crush'd hell-black Despair.

Then Charity full-zon'd, as her beseems,
Her breasts were softer ivory, her hair
Play'd with the sunny rays in amber streams,
And floated wanton on the buxom air;
As Mercy kind, as Hope divinely fair.
Her soul was flame, and with prolific rays
The nations warm'd, all-bright withouten glare.
Both men and angels, as she passes, gaze,
But chief the poor, the lame, the blind, the naked, praise.

The train of Virtues next, a dainty train!
Advance their steps, sweet daughters of delight,
Awfully sweet, majestically plain!
Celestial Love, as e'yn of seraphs bright,
And spotless as their robes of new-spun light.
Truth, simple as the love-sick village-maid;
Health-blooming Temperance, a comely wight[8]:
Humility, in homely weeds array'd,
And by her, in a line, an asses-colt she led.

But hark, the jolly pipe, and rural lay!
And see, the shepherd clad in mantle blue,
And shepherdess in russet kirtle gay,
Come dauncing on the shepherd-lord to view,
And pay, in decent wise, obeysance due.

[1] Stained or adorned. [2] Might or must.
[3] Gentle or handsome. [4] Without equal.
[5] Hastens. [6] Might.
[7] Fear or terror. [8] Person.

Sweet-smelling flow'rs the gentle votaries bring,
Primroses, violets, wet with morning-dew,
The sweetest incense of the early spring;
A humble, yet, I weet, a grateful offering.

Jocund to lead the way, with sparkling rays,
Danc'd a star-errant up the orient sky;
The new-born splendour streaming o'er the place,
Where Jesus lay in bright humility,
Seem'd a fixt star unto the wond'ring eye:
Three seers unwist[9] the captain-glory led,
Of awful semblance[1], but of sable die[2].
Full royally along the lawn they tread,
And each with circling gold embraved[3] had his head.

Low, very low on bended knee they greet
The virgin-mother, and the son adore,
The son of love! and kiss his blessed feet;
Then ope the vases and present their store,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh; what cou'd they more!
For gold and myrrh a dying king divine[4];
The frankincense, from Arab's spicy shore,
Confess'd the God; for God did in him shine:
Myrrh, frankincense and gold, God-man, were meetly thine.

And last, triumphant on a purple cloud,
Fleecy with gold, a band of angels ride:
They boldly sweep their lyres, and, hymning loud,
The richest notes of harmony divide;
Scarce Thomalin the rapture cou'd abide:
And ever and anon the babe they eye,
And through the fleshly veil the God descry'd,
Shrill hallelujahs tremble up the sky:
"Good-will and peace to man," the choirs in Heav'n reply.

They ended: and all nature soon was chang'd!
O'er diamond-pebbles ran the liquid gold:
And side by side the lamb and lion rang'd
The flow'ry lawn. The serpent gently roll'd
His glistering spires, and playful tongue outloll'd
To lick the infant-hand. Together fed
The wolf and kid, together sought a fold.
The roses blush'd with more celestial red;
Hell groan'd through all her dens; and grim Death dropp'd down dead.

Whilom[5] these scenes the tuneful Twick'nham swain,
With Esay's heav'nly pencil taught to glow:
Then cease, O cease, the antiquated strain;
Nor marr[6] his song: but reverently go,
And in the temple of his Muses bow.—
Delight and wonder broke the shepherd's dream;
Faded the scenes: and, in a goodly row,
Rush'd on his eyes the Muses well-lov'd theme,
Fair Rhedicyna's tow'rs, and Isis' sacred stream!

THE BOWER.

Blow, blow, thou summer-breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
That form yon fragrant bow'r;
Where Sylvia, loveliest maid!
On Nature's carpet laid,
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

[9] Unknown, unlook'd for. [1] Appearance.
[2] Commonly painted black; but a vulgar errour.
[3] Adorned or made brave. [4] Foretell.
[5] Formerly, sometime ago. [6] Spoil.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle, bat, and owl,
The hagworm, newte, and toad;
But fairy-elves, unseen,
May gambol o'er the green,
And circle her abode.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay,
To one more fair and sweet:
Ye op'ning rose-buds, shade,
With fragrant twine, her head,
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In particolour'd streams,
Thou fount of heat and light!
No, no, withdraw thy ray,
Her eyes effuse a day,
As mild, as warm, as bright.

Flow, flow, thou crystal-rill,
With tinkling gurgles fill
The mazes of the grove:
And if thy murmuring stream
Invite my love to dream,
O may she dream of love!

Sing, sing ye feather'd quires,
And melt to soft desires
Her too obdurate breast:
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll steal into her bow'r,
And teach her—to be blest.

THE LOVER.

Since Stella's charms, divinely fair,
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And every fibre feels the smart.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who wou'd give his heart to love!

I meet my bosom-friends with pain,
Tho' friendship us'd to warm my soul;
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who wou'd give his heart to love!

Tho' Nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read,
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the Earth are spread.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who wou'd give his heart to love!

Ev'n Poetry's ambrosial dews
With joy no longer feed my mind,
To Beauty, Music and the Muse,
My soul is dumb and deaf and blind.
Tho' such the mournful moments prove,
Alas! I give my heart to love.

But should the yielding virgin smile,
Drest in the spotless marriage-robe,
I'd look upon this world as vile,
The master of a richer globe.

If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love!

The business of my future days,
My every thought, my every pray'r,
Shall be employ'd to sing her praise,
Or sent to bounteous Heav'n for her.
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love.

Poets shall wonder at my love,
Painters shall crowd her face to see,
And when they wou'd the passions move,
Shall copy her, and think of me.
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love.

Old age shall burn as bright as youth,
No respite to our bliss be given:
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'll spurn at Earth and soar to Heav'n.
Since such the rapt'rous moments prove,
We both will give our hearts to love.

THE

LOVER'S NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she lov'd
Ianthe sigh'd the kindest things:
Her fond surrender he approv'd
With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

" How sweet are lover's vows by night,
Lapp'd in a honey-suckle grove!
When Venus sheds her gentle light,
And soothes the yielding soul to love.

" Soft as the silent-footed Dews
That steal upon the starlight-hours;
Warm as a love-sick poet's Muse;
And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

" To hear our vows the Moon grows pale,
And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:
While, emulous, the nightingale,
Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

" The silver-sounding shining spheres,
That animate the glowing skies,
Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,
Nor bless so much, as thou, my eyes.

" Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
Thus sink in softness on thy breast!
No cares shall haunt us; danger, part,
For ever loving, ever blest.

" Censorious Envy dares not blame
The passion which thy truth inspires:
Ye Stars, bear witness, that my flame
Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them (hid among the boughs)
And heard him sing their mutual bliss:
" Enjoy," cry'd he, " Ianthe's vows;
But, oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

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TO A

FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

AN ODE.

AUSPICIOUS sprung the morning into light,
By Love selected from the golden tide
Of Time, illustrious with peculiar white,
And mended from the blushes of the bride.

The Muse observ'd the fond approaching hour,
And thus her Philo's gentle ear addrest:
" Behold, descending from yon maiden tow'r
The beauteous object of thy eyes and breast.

" Fair issuing, down the hill I see her move,
Like the sweet morn, in dews and blushes gay:
You, like the bridegroom Sun, her charms ap-
And warm her dawning glories into day. [prove;

" I own the radiant magic of her eyes,
But more the graces of her soul admire;
Those may lay traps for lovers, fops and flies,
But these the husband and the Muse inspire.

" A husband is a venerable name!
O happy state, when heart is link'd to heart!
Nor less the honour of the wedded-dame:
Sweet interchange! which only Death can part.

" O blest with gentle manners, graceful ease;
Gay, yet not trifling; serious, yet not grave;
Skilful, to charm the wits; the wise to please;
Tho' beauteous, humble; and tho' tender, brave.

" Riches and honours wait on either name:
But they in life are but the last desert:
Your richer happiness and fairer fame,
Shall be the good behaviour of the heart.

" When such the wonders both of form and mind,
What rapture fancy'd, reason will approve;
By time your inclinations be refin'd;
And youth be spent in passion; age in love?"

Thus far the Muse. When Hymen, from the sky,
The lovers in the band of Concord ty'd;
The Virtues and the Graces too were by,
And Venus left her cestus with the bride.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WEARING,

THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN AT OXFORD.

POOR Wearing to the shades is gone,
Like Orpheus, by mishap:
Not gone to seek his wife, but gone,
To leave her in—a scrape.

We find the Sisters three are deaf,
Since Wearing now is dead;
For had the Fates but heard his strings,
They wou'd have spar'd his thread.

Death heard his notes, and heard well-pleas'd,
So drew his fatal lance;
Death will keep holyday; and he
Must play to Holben's dance.

TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS TREATISE ON CHALYBEATE WATERS.

WITH healing wings, intent on doing good,
An angel visited Bethesda's flood;
Quick as the morning ray, or ev'ning beam,
Himself diffusing through the vital stream:
The sick who drink, the impotent who lave,
Dive from diseases and deceive the grave.
Tho' miracles are ceas'd, yet all confess,
Your work, and you, are—only something less.
So much is to your worth and learning due,
Bath is Bethesda; the good angel, you.

PARADISE REGAIN'D:

TO A FRIEND.

LORD of himself, and sole of humankind,
In rectitude of reason Adam shone:
Till the still-voice infus'd into his mind,
" It is not good for man to be alone."

By God's own hand his Virgin-Eve was led.
Now Paradise with fresher beauties glows:
The conscious roses form a blushing bed:
Consenting Nature soothes them to repose.

A single is an inconsistent-life:
Completely-blest, O friend! to thee is given,
A sweet, a fair, a wise, a modest wife,
The bloom of Innocence, and blush of Heav'n!

May Eden-life in bright succession flow,
When all was happiness, for love was all:
Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,
And both your virtues guard you from a fall.

CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE.

A TALE.

Veteres renovamus amores. Catullus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following tale is related by Pausanias, in Achaicis, Græciæ, lib. 7.; but instead of giving the original, or the Latin version by Romulus Amasæus (both which the learned reader may find in the edition published by Joach. Kuhnius in fol. Lipsiæ, 1696, pag. 575), I shall content myself with the translation of the story into English, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious travels of sir G. Wheeler: which book, upon many accounts, deserves to be reprinted and made more common.

" Coresus, the priest of Bacchus, fell in love with a fair virgin of Calydon, called Callirhoe; who the more she was courted, the more she despised the priest; so that neither his rich presents, vows, nor tears could move her to the

least compassion. This, at last, made the priest run in despair to the image of Bacchus for succour, imploring vengeance from him. Bacchus made it appear that he heard his prayers, by a disease he sent on the town; which seemed a kind of drunken madness, of which mad fit people died in abundance. Whereupon they sent deputies from Calydon to the oracle of Jupiter of Dodona, to know what they should do to be freed from that woeful malady. Answer was given, that Coresus must sacrifice Callirhoe, or some other person, that would dedicate himself in her stead, to appease the anger of Bacchus. The virgin, when she could no way obtain her life of her relations, was brought to the altar, adorned as victims used to be, to be sacrificed by her lover Coresus: whose wonderful love, even at that present, so conquered all past thoughts of revenge, that instead of her he slew himself: the virgin also, relenting of her cruelty to him, went and slew herself at a fountain near the town, from thence called by her name, Callirhoe."

Thus far sir George Wheeler. See his Journey into Greece, fol. book iv. page 292.

I shall only add that the ancient customs, particularly of the orgia or rites of Bacchus, and of the sacrifice, are alluded to, and carefully observed, in the several parts of this little poem.

High in Achaia, splendid from afar,
A city flourish'd; Calydon its name,
Wash'd by Evenus' chalky flood; the seat
Of Meleager, from the slaughter'd boar
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, shone,
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boast!
For, ah! she never knew a mother's smile;
Nor learn'd what happiness from marriage springs.
In flow'r of youth, and purer than the snow,
Which, with a silver circle, crown'd the head
Of the steep neighbour mountain; but averse
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.
O why will beauty, cruel to itself,
No less than others, violate the laws
Which Nature dictates, and itself inspires!

A thousand lovers from th' Olenian hill,
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's tow'rs,
Their passion pleaded: but Coresus, chief,
The Calydonian priest of Bacchus, form'd
By Venus' self for love; in beauty's pride;
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,
What winning carriage, and respectful suit,
Almost to zealous adoration swell'd,
Did he not practise? But in vain. And now
Drew near the orgial festival, and rites
Lyæan. Poor Coresus, to approve
The wonders of his love and dear regard,
By scorn unquench'd, and growing by neglect,
(In hopes to soften her, at least adorn)
Presented to this murdress of his peace
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn
Upon the solemn feast. The ivy-spear,
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,
Curl'd by his hand: a mitre for his head,
Curious sumail'd with imitated grapes,
Of blushing rubies form'd: the pall of lawn,
Flower'd with the conquests of the purple god:
The cista, silver; and the cymbals, gold:
And piny torch (O were it Hymen's!) ting'd
With spicy gums, to feed the ready flame.

Open'd the festival—Loose to the winds,
Dishevell'd, bare, the virgins give their necks
And wanton hair. "Evœ!" they mad'ning cry,
And shake their torches. "Evœ! Io!" rends
The air, and beats the echoing vault of Heav'n.
The hills, the vales with Io! Evœ! ring.

The temple opens to the sacred throng;
When foremost enters, as in dress and charms,
Callirhoe, so in speed. Their lovers wait,
With burning expectation, to enfold
His beauteous mistress each. High on a throne
Coresus blaz'd in jewels and in gold,
More charming in himself. Quick with his eye
He catch'd Callirhoe, and, descending, clasp'd
With eager transport her reluctant waist.
A thousand vows he breath'd, and melting things
He spoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.
What could he more? Yes more he did: for what,
What can't a lover, like Coresus, do?
Neglectful of his dignity he sunk
(Still love disdains what dignity demands,
O'er Jupiter himself supreme) he sunk,
And trembled at her feet, with prostrate zeal,
As to his God. He dy'd upon her hand
With sighing languishment: he gaz'd his soul
At every ardent glance into her eyes;
Most eloquently silent! O'er his cheek
The gushing tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd
The dews of passion, and the brain's soft show'r,
Potent to warm the most obdurate breast,
Tho' cold as marble. Idle were his tears,
His glances, languishment, and prostrate zeal.

Disdainful—frowning: "Hence," she cry'd,
To interrupt my progress in the rites ["nor dare
With thy capricious rudeness. Shall the priest
The mysteries of Bacchus thus profane,
In his own temple too? And rather pay
To Venus his devotion, than his God?"
Then, haughty as away she turn'd, he grasp'd
Her knees; upon her garments flowing train
Shivering he hung: and with beseeching eyes,
Thus, from the abundance of his heart, complain'd:

"If pity be no stranger to thy breast,
(As sure it should not to a breast like thine,
Soft as the swanny down!) relenting, hear;
In feelingness of spirit, mildly lend
Attention to the language of my heart,
Sick with o'er-flowing tenderness and love.
I love thee with that innocence of truth,
That purity of passion and desire
Unutterable, of bequeathing up
My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,
Into thy gentle custody;—that all,
My heart, my life, are bitterness and weight
Of agony without thee. Since I first,
(By Bacchus' self I swear) beheld that face,
And nameless magic of those radiant eyes,
All the foundation of my peace gave way:
While hopes and fears rose up in bosom-war
To desolate the quiet of my days.
Thy dear idea was my fancy's dream;
It mingled with my blood; and in my veins
Throbb'd, undulating, as my life were stung.

I live but on the thought of thee; my breast
Bleeds in me, with distress to see thee frown.
O smile! by thy dead mother's reverend dust,
By all thy bowels are most fond of, smile,
And chase these heavy clouds of grief away.
I beg by Bacchus; for his sake be kind."

Here, interrupted by the swelling storm
Of passion labouring in his breast, his words
Gave way for sighs and tears to speak the rest.
She, in contemptuous derision, smil'd,
To which her frowns were innocent; and thus:
"Thy staggering Pow'r, and thee I scorn alike;
Him I despise, for choosing thee his priest;
Thee, for thy arrogance and courtship vile."

Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd
More at his god revil'd, than scorn for him)
First casting on the ground his mitred-crown,
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd:

"Offspring of Jove, Evœ Lyæus, hear!
If e'er these hands with ivy wreaths thy brow
Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine:
If e'er my grateful tongue, big with thy praise,
Evœ Lyæus! Io Bacchus! sung:
If e'er thy servant on thy altars pour'd,
Copious, the purple wave of offer'd wine,
And, busy, fed the consecrated fire
With fat of ass, or hog, or mountain-goat;
Devoutly lavish in the sacrifice:
Avenge thy priest; this cursed race destroy:
Thy honours violated thus, avow;
Till they confess this staggering pow'r a god."

He pray'd.—Loud peals of thunder shook the [fane:
The image, nodding, his petition seal'd;
And Bacchus gave the Calydonian race
To madness, and unutterable woes.

The frantic crowd, as if with wine possest,
And the strong spirit of the flaming grape,
To and fro reel, and stagger to and fro,
In dithyrambic measures, wild, convolv'd.
They toss their cymbals, and their torches shake,
Shrieking, and tear their hair, and gash their flesh,
And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance
In giddy maze: with fury then o'erborn,
Enthusiastic, whirling in despair,
Flat, drop down dead! and heaps on heaps expire.

Amaz'd, confounded at the raging pest,
The venerable fathers, in debate,
To speed inquiring deputies, resolv'd,
To high Dodona's grove; with vocal oaks
Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling day
Excluding: the prime oracle of Greece!

Obsequious, they haste: inquire: return:
And thus the counsels of the god disclose:

"The rage of Bacchus for his injur'd priest,
Coresus, by Callirhoe's scorn repuls'd,
Your city wastes: and with funeral fires
Your streets shall redden, formidably bright,
Till by Coresus' hand the cruel maid
A sacrifice be offer'd up: or one,
Free, uncompell'd, embrace the destin'd steel,
Devoted in her stead; and bleed for her.
So you'll appease the god; the plague be stay'd."

They said. Staring affright, and dumb amaze
The fathers seize: but chief, Æneùs, thee,
Callirhoe's old miserable sire!
Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down
Thy silver'd hairs. But Fate and Heav'n require.

Soon through the city spread the news, and soon
Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her spindle drops
Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor,
She falls, she faints; her breath, her colour fled:
Pale, cold and pale. Till, by assisting care,
The fragrant spirit hovers o'er her lips,
And life returning streams in rosy gales;
Rekindled only to despair. She knew
The virgins envy'd; and the injur'd youth
Stung with her scorn, would wanton in her wounds,
Nor one, one offer up the willing breast
A victim for her life. And now the crowd,
Impatient of their miseries, besiege
The marble portal; burst the bolted gates;
Demand Callirhoe; furious to obey
The oracle, and pacify the god.

What pangs, unhappy maid, thy bosom tear,
Sleepless, and sad? relenting now too late,
Thy stubborn cruelty. Coresus' charms
Blaze on thy mind; his unexampled love,
His every virtue rising to thy thought.
Just in his fury, see the pointed steel
Waves, circling, o'er thy throbbing breast: he [strikes;
He riots in thy blood with dire delight;
Insatiate! He gluts his heart of rage
With thy warm gushing life; and death enjoys,
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.

Thus pass'd her hours. And now the dewy morn
The mountains tipp'd with gold, and threatened
Without the city gates, a fountain wells [day.
Its living waters, clear as shining glass:
Haunt of the Nymphs! A cypress' aged arms
Threw round a venerable gloom, and seem'd
Itself a grove. An altar on the brink
Convenient rose: for holy custom wills
Each victim to be sprinkled with its streams,
New from pollution, worthier of the god.
Fierce for the sacrifice, Coresus here
Waited; and, stimulated with revenge,
He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling hours
Too slow, as if injurious to his hate.

But soon the gath'ring crowd and shouts pro-
Callirhoe near. Her weeping damsels lead [claim
The destin'd offering, lovely in distress,
And sparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown
With roses glowing, and selected green,
Th' ambrosial plenty of her golden hair
Entwine: in looks, a Venus; and a Grace
In motion. Scarce the flow'rs of sixteen springs
The fields had painted, since Æneùs first
Fondled his babe, and blest her on his knee.
Ev'n mountain-clowns, who never pity knew,
Relented, and the hardest heart wept blood,
Subdu'd by beauty, tho' the fatal source
Of all their misery. What tumults then
Roll in thy breast, Coresus! while thy hands
The purifying waters on her head
Pour'd trembling; and the sacred knife unsheath'd!

Wiping the silver-streaming tears away,
She with a look nor cheerful, nor dismay'd,

But languishingly sweet, her ruby lips
Soft-op'ning, thus began: "Father and friends,
Wound me not doubly with your tender grief:
I was not born alone for you. My life
I gladly offer for my country's weal:
'Tis glory thus to die. Receive my blood
Dear native soil! O may it health restore
And peace; and Bacchus' wrath be now appeas'd,
And thou, Coresus, whom I most have wrong'd,
Look not so fiercely on me, while the steel
My once-lov'd bosom lances; drop a tear;
One sigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,
And I will thank thee for thy blow. For, oh!
I never hated theo: but female-pride,
Our sex's curse! forbade me to comply,
Too easy won!—Then pity me, Coresus;
O pity; and if possible, forgive."

He answer'd not: but, ardent, snatch'd the knife,
And, running o'er her beauties, strangely wild,
With eyes which witness'd huge dismay and love,
"Thus, thus I satisfy the gods!" he cry'd,
And bury'd in his heart, in *his own* heart,
The guilty blade: Then, reeling to her arms,
He sunk, and groaning, "O Callirhoe!"—dy'd.

Heav'n rings with shouts, "Was ever love like this?"
Callirhoe shriek'd; and from the gaping wound,
Quick as the lightnings wing, the reeking knife
Wrench'd: in an agony of grief and love,
Her bosom piercing, on his bosom fell,
And sigh'd upon his lips her life away.
Their blood uniting in a friendly stream,
With bubbling purple stain'd the silver-flood,
Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

TO MISS ADDISON.

ON SEEING MR. ROWE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS WIDOW.

Late an applauding people rear'd the stone
To Shakspeare's honour, and, alike, their own.
A perfect whole, where part consents to part;
The wonder he of Nature, this of Art.
And now a wife (ye wits, no more despise
The name of wife) bids Rowe in marble rise.
Smiling he views her conjugal regard;
A nation's cost had been a less reward:
A nation's praise may vulgar spirits move,
Rowe more deserv'd and gain'd,—a sponsal love.

O Italy! thy injur'd marble keep
Deep in thy bowels, providently deep,
When fools would force it over knaves to weep.
But when true wit and merit claim a shrine,
Pour forth thy stores and beggar every mine.
They claim them now: for Virtue, Sense, and Wit
Have long been fled, and want thy succours—yet:
They claim them now for one,—yes, one I see:—
Marble would weep—if Addison be he.

O crown'd with all the glories of thy race,
The father's candour, and the mother's grace!
With Rowe, Charlotta! vie, in generous strife,
And let the daughter emulate the wife.
Be justly pious; raise the honour'd stone,
And so—deserve a Rowe, or—Addison!

THE MILKMAID.

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,
When ev'ning steals upon the sky,
That Lucy sought a woodbine-grove,
And Colin taught the grove to sigh;
The sweetest damsel she, on all the plains;
The softest lover he, of all the swains.

He took her by the lily-hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale;
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
As thus he breath'd his tender tale:
The list'ning streams awhile forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

"O smile my love! thy dimply smiles
Shall lengthen on the setting ray:
Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,
Thus sweetly languish life away:
Thus sigh our souls into each other's breast,
As true as turtles, and as turtles blest!

"So may thy cows for ever crown
With floods of milk thy briming pail;
So may thy cheese all cheese surpass,
So may thy butter never fail:
So may each village round this truth declare,
That Lucy is the fairest of the fair.

"Thy lips with streams of honey flow,
And pouting swell with healing dews;
More sweets are blended in thy breath,
Than all thy father's fields diffuse:
Tho' thousand flow'rs adorn each blowing field,
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

"Too long my erring eyes had rov'd
On city-dames in scarlet drest;
And scorn'd the charmful village-maid,
With innocence and grogram blest:
Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my sight,
The painted city-dames no more delight.

"The speaking purple, when you blush,
Out-glows the scarlet's deepest dye;
No diamonds tremble on thy hair,
But brighter sparkle in thy eye.
Trust me the smiling apples of thy eyes,
Are tempting as were those in Paradise.

"The tuneful linnet's warbling notes,
Are grateful to the shepherd-swain;
To drooping plants, and thirsty fields
The silver drops of kindly rain;
To blossoms, dews, as blossoms to the bee;
And thou, my Lucy! only art to me.

"But mark, my love! yon western-clouds:
With liquid gold they seem to burn:
The Ev'ning Star will soon appear,
And overflow his silver urn.
Soft stillness now, and falling dews invite
To taste the balmy blessings of the night.

"Yet ere we part, one boon I crave,
One tender boon! nor this deny:
O promise that you still will love,
O promise this! or else I die:
Death else my only remedy must prove;
I'll cease to live, whenc'er you cease to love."

She sigh'd, and blush'd a sweet consent;
Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,
And warmly press'd her virgin-lip.—
Was ever youth so bless'd as he!—
The Moon, to light the lovers homeward, rose,
And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

THE CONQUEST.

When Phœbus heard Ianthe sing
And sweetly bid the groves rejoice,
Jealous he smote the trembling string,
Despairing, quite, to match her voice.

Smiling, her harpsicord she strung:
As soon as she began to play,
Away his harp poor Phœbus flung;
It was no time for him to stay.

Yet hold; before your godship go
The fair shall gain another prize;
Your voice and lyre's outdone, you know;
Nor less thy sunshine by her eyes.

THE BEE.

Leave wanton Bee, those blossoms leave,
Thou buzzing harbinger of Spring,
To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils
Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips with roses swell,
Not Paphian roses deeper glow;
And lilies o'er her bosom spread
Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

Then, grateful for the sacred dews,
Invite her, humming round, to rest;
Soft dreams may tune her soul to love,
Tho' coldness arm her waking breast.

But if she still obdurate prove,
O shoot thy sting.—The little smart
May teach her then to pity me
Transfix'd with Love's and Beauty's dart.

Ah no, forbear, to sting forbear;
Go, fly unto thy hive again,
Much rather let me die for her,
Than she endure the least of pain.

Go, fly unto thy hive again,
With more than Hybla-honey blest:
For Pope's sweet lips prepare the dew,
Or else for Love a nectar-feast.

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

Feather'd lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin-lay
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the Day-spring from on high,
Seen by Faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day!

*ANNA MARIA W**DF**RD*[1]*!*

"Go, Anna!" Nature said, "to Oxford go:
(Anna! the fairest form and mind below,
Blest with each gift of Nature and of Art
To charm the reason or to fix the heart.)
Go with a sprightly wit and easy mien,
To prove the Graces four, the Muses ten.
I see the wits adore, the wise approve,
Ev'n fops themselves have almost sense to love.
When poets would describe a lip or eye,
They'll look on thee and lay their Ovids by.
I see a love-sick youth, with passion fir'd,
Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspir'd.
With asking eyes explain his silent woes,
Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:
Then drunk with beauty, with a warmer rage,
Pour thy soft graces through the tragic-page.
He sighs;—he bleeds;—to twilight shades he flies:
Shakspeare he drops, and with his Otway dies.
This pomp of charms you owe to me alone,
The charms which scarce six thousand years have known.
That face illumin'd softly by the mind,
That body, almost to a soul refin'd;
That sweetness, only to an angel giv'n;
That blush of innocence, and smile of Heav'n!
I bade thy cheeks with morning-purple glow;
I bade thy lips with nectar-spirit flow;
I bade the diamond point thy azure eyes,
Turn'd the fine waist, and taught the breast to rise.
Whether thy silver tides of music roll,
Or pencil on the canvass strikes a soul,
Or curious needle pricks a band or heart,
At once a needle, and at once a dart!
All own that nature is alone thy art.
Why thus I form'd thy body and thy mind
With sumless graces, prodigally kind,
The reason was,—but you in time will know it;—
One is, but that's the least—to make a poet."

MINERVA MISTAKEN.

Minerva last week (pray let no body doubt it)
Went an airing from Oxford, six miles, or about it:
When she spy'd a young virgin so blooming and fair,
That, "O Venus," she cry'd, "is your ladyship there?
Pray is not that Oxford? and lately you swore
Neither you, nor one like you, should trouble us more.
Do you thus keep your promise? and am I defy'd?"
The virgin came nearer and smiling reply'd:
"My goddess! what, have you your pupil forgot?"—
—"Your pardon, my dear, is it you, Molly S——?"

[1] Written in a window at the Three-Tuns tavern, Oxford; May 29th, 1738.

THE MAGI.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in beauty's praise my numbers move,
Nor melt away in dying falls of love:
A child on Earth, yet Heav'n's eternal king,
The manger'd God, the Virgin's Son I sing. [flow,
Thou Fountain-Good, with light my soul o'er-
With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,
The eastern sages found celestial day.

Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,
The Infant Deity salutes their eyes.
The Heir-elect of Love his mother prest,
Smil'd in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.
No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores
The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.
But young-ey'd seraphims around him glow,
And Mercy spreads her many-colour'd bow!
Her bow, compos'd of new-created light,
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright!
The sacred circle of embodied rays
The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.
So shines the rainbow round th' eternal throne
To shade the Holy, Holy, Holy One.
By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns,
Smiles the green em'rald, and the topaz burns:
The various opal mingles every ray,
Fades into faintness, deepens into day:
Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,
Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.
The venerable three, low-bending down,
Extend their offerings and the Godhead own.

MAG. I.

From eastern realms, where first the infant sight
Springs into day and streaks the fading night,
To thee we bend, before the morning rise;
A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

MAG. II.

In vain the Sun with light his orb arrays,
Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;
Through his transparent fallacy we see,
And own the Sun is but a star to thee.

MAG. III.

Thou spotless Essence of primeval Light,
Thy vassals own, and wash thy Ethiops white.
Thy cloud of sable witnesses adorn
With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

MAG. I.

By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come,
Gods fall to dust and oracles are dumb.
Old Ocean murmurs from his ouzy bed,
" A maid has born a son, and Pan is dead.

MAG. II.

The Nymphs, their flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,
O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.
Long, hollow groans, deep sobs, thick screeches [fill
Each dreary valley and each shaded hill.

MAG. III.

No more shall Memphian timbrels wake the morn,
No more shall Hammon lift his gilded horn.
From hence in vain shall Belzebub rebel.
Anubis howls, and Moloch sinks to Hell.

MAG. I.

Here lows a bull; a golden gleam adorns
The circling honours of his beamy horns.
He safely lows, nor fears the holy knife,
No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

MAG. II.

Ye gardens, blush with never-fading flow'rs,
For ever smile, ye meads, and blow, ye bow'rs:
Bleat, all ye hills, be whiten'd, all ye plains;
O Earth, rejoice! th' Eternal Shepherd reigns.

MAG. III.

Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling snow,
Ye roses, with the eastern-scarlet glow,
To crown the God: ye angels, haste to pour
Your rain of nectar, and your starry show'r.

MAG. I. *Offers gold.*

The ore of India ripens into gold,
To gild thy courts, thy temple to infold.
Accept thy emblematic gift; again
Saturnian years revolve a golden reign!

MAG. II. *Offers frankincense.*

For thee Arabia's happy forests rise,
And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.
While fragrant wreaths of smoking incense roll,
Receive our pray'rs, the incense of the soul!

MAG. III. *Offers myrrh.*

The weeping myrrh with balmy sorrow flows,
Thy cup to sweeten and to sooth thy woes:
So prophets sing; for (human and divine)
The man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

MAG. I.

Smile, sacred Infant, smile: thy rosy breast
Excels the odours of the spicy East;
The burnish'd gold is dross before thy eye,
Thou God of Sweetness, God of Purity!

MAG. II.

Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies,
Your glories lessen as his glories rise:
His radiant word with gold the Sun attires,
The Moon illumes, and lights the starry fires.

MAG. III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail! To thee belong
My song, my life,—I give my life, my song:
Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,
Confess thy love, and pour out all my own.

ON MR. POPE'S WORKS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

Man not alone hath end: in measur'd time,
(So Heav'n has will'd) together with their snows
The everlasting hills shall melt away:
This solid globe dissolve as ductile wax
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a scroll
Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the sky;

Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their spheres,
That lead harmonious on their mystic rounds:
The Moon be perish'd from her bloody orb;
The Sun himself, in liquid ruin, rush
And deluge with destroying flames the globe—
Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that Pope is dead.

If ere the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong,
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,
Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While, in the gratitude of praise, I sing
The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write.—His lisping muse
Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age.
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd
The loud Papinian[1] trumpet to his lips,
Fir'd by a sacred fury, and inspir'd
With all the god, in sounding numbers sung
"Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms."

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,
And led the maze of harmony: the Nine,
Prophetic of his future honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his lips Castalian dews;
And attic bees their golden store distill'd.
The soul of Homer, sliding from its star,
Where, radiant, over the poetic world
It rules and sheds its influence, for joy
Shouted, and bless'd the birth: the sacred choir
Of poets, born in elder, better times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating sound,
And roll'd the glad'ning news from sphere to sphere.

O listen to Alexis'[2] tender plaint!
How gently rural! without coarseness, plain;
How simple in his elegance of grief!
A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay
Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,
When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow
When all the mountains bleat, and valleys sing.
Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,
In dewy even-tide, when cowslips drop
Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

Imperial Windsor[3]! on thy brow august,
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry head;
(Much prouder of his verse than of thy stars)
And bid thy forests dance, and, nodding, wave
A verdant testimony of thy joy:
A native Orpheus warbling in thy shades.

Next, in the critic-chair[4] survey him thron'd,
Imperial in his art, prescribing laws
Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer:
Learn'd, without pedantry; correctly bold,
And regularly easy. Gentle, now,
As rising incense, or descending dews,
The variegated echo of his theme:
Now, animated flame commands the soul
To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit
And keen discernment form the certain page.

[1] Translation of the first book of Statius's Thebais.
[2] Pastorals.
[3] Windsor Forest. Mr. Pope born there.
[4] Essay on Criticism.

Just, as the Stagyrite; as Horace, free;
As Fabian, clear; and as Petronius' gay.

But whence those peals of laughter shake the sides
Of decent mirth[5]? Am I in Fairy-land?
Young, evanescent forms, before my eyes,
Or skim, or seem to skim; thin essences
Of fluid light; Zilphs, Zilphids, Elves, and Gnomes;
Genii of Rosicruce, and ladies' gods!—
And, lo, in shining trails, Belinda's hair,
Bespangling with dishevell'd beams the skies,
Flames o'er the night. Behind, a Satyr grins
And, jocund holds a glass, reflecting, fair,
Hoops, crosses, mattadores; beaux, shocks, and belles,
Promiscuously whimsical and gay.
Tassoni, hiding his diminish'd head, [skulks,
Droops o'er the laughing page; while Boileau
With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk.

More mournful scenes invite[6]. The milky vein
Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave
Soft-streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe
And tenderness of anguish. While we read
Th' infectious page, we sicken into love,
And languish with involuntary fires.
The Zephyr, panting on the silken buds
Of breathing violets; the virgin's sigh,
Rosy with youth, are turbulent and rude,
To Sappho's plaint, and Eloisa's moan.

Heav'ns what a flood of empyréal day
My aching eyes involves! A Temple[7] soars,
Rising like exhalations, on a mount,
And, wide, its adamantine valves expands.
Three monumental columns, bright in air,
Of figur'd gold, the centre of the quire
With lustre fill. Pope on the midmost shines
Betwixt his Homer and his Horace plac'd,
Superior by the hand of Justice. Fame,
With all her mouths th' eternal trumpet swells,
Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty notes of never-dying praise,
Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,
Sweet o'er the world: th' ambrosial spirit flies
Diffusive, in its progress wid'ning still,
"Dear to the Earth, and grateful to the sky."
Fame owes him more than e'er she can repay:
She owes her very temple to his hands;
Like Ilium built; by hands no less divine!

Attention, rouse thyself! the master's hand,
(The master of our souls!) has chang'd the key,
And bids the thunder of the battle roar
Tumultuous[8]. Homer, Homer is our own!
And Grecian heroes flame in British lines.
What pomp of words! what nameless energy
Kindles the verse; invigours every line;
Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul
In transport tost! when fierce Achilles raves,
And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,
To wither armies with his martial frown;
I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels
Careering with their brazen orbs! The shout
Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)—
Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul.

[5] Rape of the Lock.
[6] Ovid's Sappho to Phaon. And Eloise to Abelard.
[7] Temple of Fame. [8] Translation of Homer.

Description never could so well deceive:
'Tis real! Troy is here, or I at Troy
Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,
With unextinguish'd violence are borne
Above the world, and mingle with the gods.
Olympus rings with arms! the firmament,
Beneath the lightning of Minerva's shield,
Burns to the centre: rock the tow'rs of Heav'n.
All Nature trembles! save the throne of Jove!—
Have mercy, Pope, and kill me not with joy:
'Tis tenfold rage, an agony of bliss!
Be less a god, nor force me to adore.

To root excesses from the human-breast,
Behold a beauteous pile of Ethic rise[9];
Sense, the foundation; harmony, the walls;
(The Doric grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)
Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.
Best of philosophers; of poets too
The best! He teaches thee thyself to know:
That virtue is the noblest gift of Heav'n:
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."
O hearken to the moralist polite!
Enter his school of truth; where Plato's self
Might preach; and Tully deign to lend an ear.

Last see him waging with the fools of rhyme
A wanton, harmless war[10]. Dunce after dunce,
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers, sophs and cits,
Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,
Emerging from Oblivion's muddy pool,
Give the round face to view, and shameless front
Proudly expose; till Laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind
Into the road of Honour!—Vice again
The gilded chariot drives:—for he is dead!

I saw the sable barge, along his Thames,
In slow solemnity beating the tide,
Convey his sacred dust!—Its swans expir'd,
Wither'd in Twit'nam bow'rs the laurel-bough;
Silent the Muses broke their idle lyres:
Th' attendant Graces check'd the sprightly dance,
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear,
And Virtue for her lost defender mourn'd!

EPITAPH ON MY FATHER[1].

IN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

DEAR to the wise and good by all approv'd,
The joy of Virtue, and Heaven's well-belov'd!
His life inspir'd with every better art,
A learned head, clear soul, and honest heart.
Each science chose his breast her favourite seat,
Each language, but the language of deceit.
Severe his virtues, yet his manners kind,
A manly form, and a seraphic mind.
So long he walk'd in Virtue's even road,
In him at length, 'twas natural to do good.

[9] Ethic Epistles. [10] Dunciad.

[1] Francis Thompson, B. D. senior fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and vicar of Brough thirty-two years. He departed this life Aug. 31, 1735, aged 70.

Like Eden[2], his old age (a sabbath rest!)
Flow'd without noise, yet all around him blest!
His patron, Jesus! with no titles grac'd,
But that best title, a good parish priest.
Peace with his ashes dwell. And, mortals, know,
The saint's above; the dust alone below.
The wise and good shall pay their tribute here,
The modest tribute of one thought and tear;
Then pensive sigh, and say, "To me be given
By living thus on Earth, to reign in Heaven."

EPITAPH ON MY MOTHER[1].

IN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

HERE rests a pattern of the female life,
The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife.
A woman form'd by Nature, more than art,
With smiling ease to gain upon the heart.
A friend as true as guardian-angels are,
Kindness her law, humanity her care.
A mother sweetly tender, justly dear,
Oh! never to be nam'd without a tear.
A wife of every social charm possest,
Blessing her husbands[2]—in her husbands blest.
Love in her heart, compassion in her eye,
Her thoughts as humble, as her virtues high.
Her knowledge useful, nor too high, nor low,
To serve her Maker, and herself to know.
Born to relieve the poor, the rich to please,
To live with honour, and to die in peace.
So full her hope, her wishes so resign'd,
Her life so blameless, so unstain'd her mind,
Heav'n smil'd to see, and gave the gracious nod,
Nor longer wou'd detain her from her God.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
I scorn the moral-fop, and ethic-sage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moses-bush each leaf divinely bright,
Where God invests himself in milder light!
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies.
You tune our passions, teach them how to roil,
And sink the body but to raise the soul;
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

ON A PRESENT OF

THREE ROSES FROM IANTHE.

THREE roses to her humble slave
The mistress of the Graces gave:

[2] The river Eden runs near Brough.

[1] She departed this life October 35, 1737, aged 65.

[2] Her former husband was Jos. Fisher, M. A. fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, vicar of Brough and arch-deacon of Carlisle; by whom she had no children.

Three roses of an eastern hue,
Sweet-swelling with ambrosial dew.
How each, with glowing pride, displays
The riches of its circling rays!
How all, in sweet abundance, shed
Perfumes, that might revive the dead!
" Now tell me, fair one, if you know,
Whence these balmy spirits flow?
Whence springs this modest blush of light
Which charms at once and pains the sight?"
The fair one knew, but wou'd not say,
So blush'd and smiling went her way.
Impatient, next the Muse I call;
She comes, and thus would answer all.
" Fool," (and I sure deserv'd the name)
" Mark well the beauties of the dame,
And can you wonder why so fair,
And why so sweet the roses are?
Her cheek with living purple glows
Which blush'd its rays on every rose;
Her breath exhal'd a sweeter smell
Than fragrant fields of asphodel;
The sparkling spirit in her eyes
A kindlier influence supplies
Than genial suns and summer skies.
Now can you wonder why so fair,
And why so sweet the roses are?"
" Hold, tuneful trifler," I reply'd,
" The beauteous cause I now descry'd,
Hold, talk no more of summer skies,
Of genial suns and—splendid lies;
Of fragrant fields of asphodel,
And brightest rays and sweetest smell;
Whatever poetry can paint,
Or Muse can utter—all is faint:
Two words had better all exprest;—
' She took the roses from—her breast.' "

CUPID MISTAKEN.

Venus whipt Cupid t' other day,
For having lost his bow and quiver:
For he had giv'n them both away
To Stella, queen of Isis river.

" Mamma! you wrong me while you strike,"
Cry'd weeping Cupid, " for I vow,
Stella and you are so alike,
I thought that I had lent them you."

CUPID IN LOVE;

OR STELLA AND THE WASP.

ANACREONTIC.

Cupid by a bee was stung,
Lately; since Anacreon sung:
Venus, with a smiling eye,
Laugh'd to hear him sob and sigh,
Angry Cupid in revenge,
(Gods their shapes at pleasure change)
In the form of wasp or bee,
Stella! fix'd his sting in thee:
Stella! fairest of the fair:
Stella, Venus' dearest care!
In revenge he dealt the blow
On her favourite below;
In revenge of smiling eyes,
Sweetest emblems of the skies!
" O my finger!" Stella cry'd:
Would for Stella I had dy'd!
" O my finger!" thrice she cry'd,
Thrice for Stella I'd have dy'd!
Stella! fairest of the fair,
Stella, Venus' dearest care!
Venus, red'ning dropp'd a tear:
—" Here, you sirrah, Cupid, here!
Dare you torture like a foe,
Stella, my belov'd below?
Curst revenge on smiling eyes,
Sweetest emblems of the skies!"
Cupid, smit with Stella's eye,
Answer'd Venus with a sigh,
" Rather, mamma, pity me;
I am wounded more than she."

ON

WRITING LAURA'S NAME IN THE SNOW.

THIRSIS AND DAMON.

THIRSIS.

Why, Damon, write you Laura's name
In snowy letters? prithee, say:
Was it her coldness to express,
Or show thy love would melt away?
Or, rather, was it this? Because
When she is nam'd you burn and glow,
Therefore in hopes to cool your breast
You writ the charmer's name in snow?

DAMON.

Thirsis, since ink would blot her charms,
In snow I chose her name to write;
Since only snow like her is pure,
Is soft alone, alone is white.
Perhaps the air her name may freeze,
And every letter grow a gem;
Fit characters to blaze her charms,
And owe their rays to Stella's name.
A monarch for the precious name
Might then with half his kingdom part,
Despise the jewels on his crown,
To wear my Laura near his heart.

THIRSIS.

In vain. Behold the noontide Sun
Dissolves it with his amorous flame:—
The liquid syllables are lost:
Now, Damon, where is Laura's name?

DAMON.

Too true: yet tho' her name dissolves,
The shining drops shall not be lost:
I'll drink them as they weep away,
And still her name shall be my toast.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

Spoken by a young Gentleman in the Character of Marcia, before a private Audience.

Critics affirm, a bookish, clownish race,
(I wish they durst affirm it to my face)

That love in tragedies has nought to do:
Ladies, if so, what would they make of you?
Why, make you useless, nameless, harmless things:
How false their doctrine, I appeal to—kings;
Appeal to Afric, Asia, Greece, and Rome:
And, faith, we need not go—so far from home.
For us the lover burns and bleeds and dies,
I fancy we have comets in our eyes;
And they, you know, are—signs of tragedies.
Thanks to my stars, or, rather, to my face,
Sempronius perish'd for that very case. [der[1],
The boist'rous wretch bawl'd out for peals of thun-
Because he could not force me—to come under.
Lard! how I tremble at the narrow scape;
Which of you would not—tremble—at a rape?
Howe'er that be, this play will plainly prove,
That liberty is not so sweet as love.
Think, ladies, think what fancies fill'd my head,
To find the living Juba for the dead!
Tho' much he suffer'd on my father's side,
I'll make him cry, ere long, "I'm satisfied!"
For I shall prove a mighty—loving bride.
But now, to make an end of female speeches,
I'll quit my petticoats to—wear the breeches.
[*Runs out and comes in in his night gown.*
We have chang'd the scene: for gravity becomes
A tragedy, as hearses sable plumes.
His country's father you have seen, to-night,
Unfortunately great, and sternly right.
Fair Liberty, by impious power opprest,
Found no asylum but her Cato's breast:
Thither, as to a temple, she retir'd,
And when he plung'd the dagger she expir'd.
If Liberty revive at Cato's name,
And British bosoms catch the Roman flame:
If hoary villains rouse your honest ire,
And patriot-youths with love of freedom fire,
If Lucia's grief your graceful pity move,
And Marcia teach the virgins virtuous love,
You'll own, ev'n in this methodizing age,
The mildest school of morals—is the stage.
To you, the polish'd judges of our cause,
Whose smiles are honour, and whose nods applause,
Humble we bend: encourage arts like these;
For tho' the actors fail'd—they strove to please.
Perhaps, in time, your favours of this night
May warm us like young Marcus self to fight,
Like Cato to defend, like Addison to write.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

A BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who, careless, laid,
Beneath a kind-embow'ring shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Mean while the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit;
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

[1] Act 4, Scene 2.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there.
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty, and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring.
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest!
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And splendid cares, and guilty joys.—
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

THE WEDDING MORN.

A DREAM.

'TWAS morn: but Theron still his pillow prest:
(His Annabella's charms improv'd his rest.)
An angel form, the daughter of the skies,
Descending blest, or seem'd to bless his eyes;
White from her breast a dazzling vestment roll'd,
With stars bespangled and celestial gold.
She mov'd, and odours, wide, the circuit fill'd;
She spake, and honey from her lips distill'd.
"Behold, illustrious comes, to bless thy arms,
Thy Annabella, breathing love and charms!
O melting mildness, undissembled truth!
Fair flow'r of age, yet blushing bloom of youth!
Fair without art, without design admir'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the wise desir'd.
By Art and Nature taught and form'd to please,
With all the sweet simplicity of ease.
In public courteous—for no private end;
At home—a servant; and abroad—a friend.
Her gentle manners, unaffected grace,
And animated sweetness of her face,
Her faultless form, by decency refin'd,
And bright, unsullied sanctity of mind,
The christian Graces breathing in her breast,
Her—whole shall teach thee to be more than blest.
"'Tis Virtue's ray that points her sparkling eyes,
Her face is beauteous, for her soul is wise.
As from the Sun refulgent glories roll,
Which feed the starry host and fire the pole,
So stream upon her face the beauties of her soul.
Tho' the dove's languish melts upon her eye,
And her cheeks mantle with the eastern sky,
When seventy on her temples sheds its snow,
Dim grow her eyes and cheeks forget to glow,
Good-nature shall the purple loss supply,
Good-sense shine brighter than the sparkling eye:
In beauteous order round and round shall move,
Love cool'd by reason, reason warm'd by love.
"Receive Heaven's kindest blessing! And regard
This blessing as thy virtue's best reward.
When Beauty wakes her fairest forms to charm,
When Music all her pow'rs of sound to warm,
Her golden floods when wanton Freedom rolls,
And Plenty pours herself into our bowls;
When with tumultuous throbs our pulses beat,
And dubious Reason totters on her seat,
The youth how steady, how resolv'd the guide
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing tide!
For these, and virtues such as these is given
Thy Annabella! O belov'd of Heav'n!—

Hail Marriage! everlasting be thy reign!
The chain of being is thy golden chain.
From hence mankind, a growing race depend,
Began with Nature, shall with Nature end.
The mists, which stain'd thy lustre, break away,
In glory lessen, and refine to day:
No more the jest of wits, of fools the scorn,
Which God made sacred, and which priests adorn,
" Ascend the bed, while genial Nature pours
Her balmy blessings round and nectar-show'rs.
And lo! the future opens on my eyes,
I see soft buds, and smiling flow'rs arise:
The human blossoms every charm display,
Unfold their sweets, and beautify the day.
The father's virtues in the sons combine;
The mother's graces in the daughters shine.
So where an angel spreads his dove-like wing
Young laurels sprout, and tender myrtles spring;
Sweet dews descending consecrate the ground,
And open a new Paradise around!
I see!"—But here the scene which blaz'd behind
Her fancy dazzled, and dissolv'd his mind.
He woke: yet still he thinks he sees and hears;
Till real sounds salutes his ravish'd ears:
" —Arise! the bride invites thee to be blest?"
He rose.—But silence only speaks the rest.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

—Nunc formosissimus annus. Virg.

PREFACE.

As Spenser is the most descriptive and florid of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner in the following vernal poem. I have been very sparing of the antiquated words, which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this author; however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explain'd at the bottom of each page where they occur. Shakspeare is the poet of Nature, in adapting the affections and passions to his characters; and Spenser in describing her delightful scenes and rural beauties. His lines are most musically sweet; and his descriptions most delicately abundant, even to a wantonness of painting: but still it is the music and painting of Nature. We find no ambitious ornaments, or epigrammatical turns, in his writings, but a beautiful simplicity; which pleases far above the glitter of pointed wit. I endeavoured to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

Te sequor, O nostræ gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ità certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quòd te imitari aveo: Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis?— Lucretius.

A modern writer has, I know, objected against running the verse into alternate and stanza: but Mr. Prior's authority is sufficient for me, who observes that it allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse. As I professed myself in this canto to take Spenser for my model, I chose the stanza; which I think adds both a sweetness and solemnity at the same time to subjects of this rural and flowery nature. The most descriptive of our old poets have always used it from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I followed Fletcher's measure in his Purple Island; a poem printed at Cambridge in twelve cantos, in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the allegorical way, (next to the Fairy Queen) in the English language. The Alexandrine line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the end, and is an improvement on Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis. After all, Spenser's hymns will excuse me for using this measure; and Scaliger in the third book of his Poetics, tells us, (from Dydimus) that the hymns of the Athenians were sung to the lyre, the pipe, or some musical instrument: and this, of all other kinds of verse is, certainly, lyrical. But enough of the stanza: for (as sir William Davenant observes in his admirable preface to Gondibert) numbers in verse, like distinct kinds of music, are composed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. I hope I have no apology to make for describing the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the season in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject required a luxuriousness of versification, and a softness of sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same time: otherwise this canto had neither been ever written, or offered to the public. If the sentiments and verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the words of Virgil (though not in his sense).

—Nunc mollissima fandi
Tempora!

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus, her birthday in this month. Rural retirement in spring. Conclusion.

Ethereal daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius, ever-gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a softer vein:
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens Nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains from their base:
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye, [dren die?
For which the nations pine, and Earth's fair chil-

Where Leda's twins[1], forth from their diamond tow'r,
Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide;
In light embosom'd, happy, and secure
From winter-rage, thou choosest to abide.

[1] Castor and Pollux.

Blest residence! For, there, as poets tell,
The powers of poetry and wisdom[2] dwell;
Apollo wakes the arts; the Muses strike the shell.

Certes[3] o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic-dew.
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for th' etherial road;
And deem fair Isis' swans[4] fair as their father-god.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands[5] gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly show'rs;
But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,
To gladden Earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,
Restoring Nature from her palsy'd state.
April, retire; ne[6] longer, Nature, wait:
Soon may she issue from the Morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing Hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd; and involv'd in flow'rs:
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb;
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom;
By Venus'-self (for Venus'-self demands thee) come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bind-groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;
By the youth's plainings stealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds,
With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains,
By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial roundelays[7] of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of Earth and Heav'n! O blessed May!
From Heav'n descend to Earth: on Earth vouchsafe to stay.

She comes!—A silken camus[8], emral'd-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
And with the labours of the needle glows,
Purfled[9] by Nature's hand! The amorous Air
And musky-western Breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
With the gay honours of the Spring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glitt'ring on the Sun, and scents the wind,
Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel-face
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies;
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom Air,
Attended by the silver-footed Dew,
The ravages of Winter to repair.
She gives her naked bosom to the Gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether sails;
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the Spring exhales.

All as the phenix, in Arabian skies,
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal[1] undulation, flies;
His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires;
Around their king the plumy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal height.

So round this phenix of the gawdy year
A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,
Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,
Her praises chant; her praises glad the isles.
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)
Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

Narcissus[2] fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;
Ah foolish! still to love the fountain-brim:
Sweet Hyacinth[3], by Phœbus erst[4] bemoan'd;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim,
Whate'er, Armida[5], in thy gardens blew;
Whate'er the Sun inhales, or sips the dew;
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

[1] The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful poem called Urania. Lib. 2. De Geminis.

[2] Surely, certainly. Ibid.——Rhedicyna, &c. Oxford.

[3] Garlands. [4] Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

[5] Garlands. [6] Nor. [7] Songs.

[8] A light gown. [9] Flourished with a needle.

[1] Pliny tells us, lib. 11, that the phenix is about the bigness of an eagle: the feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the phenix in his Observations on Tacitus. Annal. Lib. 6. Westley on Job, and sir Tho. Brown's Vulgar Errours.

[2] A beautiful youth who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flower, which bears his name. See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. 3.

[3] Beloved and turned into a flower by Apollo. See the story in Ovid. Met. Lib. 10. There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius in his Notes on Virgil's second Bucolic takes the hyacinth to be the vaccinium of the Latins, bearing some similitude with the name.

[4] Formerly: long ago.

[5] See Tasso's Il Goffredo. Canto 16.

He who undaz'd[6] can wander o'er her face,
May gain upon the solar-blaze at noon!—
What more than female sweetness, and a grace
Peculiar! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effusion of the day!
So very much the same, that lovers say,
May is Ianthe; or the dear Ianthe, May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The lesser lamps of night in sheen[7] excel;
So far in sweetness and in beauty May
Above all other months doth bear the bell.
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in goodlihead[8],
Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed[9].

Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,
To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:
He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
He darts into her arms; quick-vanishes his pain.

The drowsy elements, arous'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival.
Fire glows intenser; softer, blows the air;
More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more fair:
Earth, water, air and fire, thy glad'ning impulse share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden rays!
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dies,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been
With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
And all above, is blue; and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar,
And foamy surges of the mad'ning main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;
Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
For thee, the halcyon builds her summer's-nest;
For thee, the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,
When Jupiter the Earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden[1] wide
As if with light inwove, and gaily flower'd
With bright variety of blending dies?
White, purple, yellow melt along the skies,
Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The Earth's embroidery then have ye ey'd,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, dy'd
In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.
Light's painted children in the breezes play,
Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

[6] Undazzled. [7] Brightness. Shining.
[8] Beauty. [9] Prize.
[1] Spread.

From the wide altar of the foodful Earth [roll;
The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their incense
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermil-gardens breath the spicy soul.
Grateful to May, the nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
The Zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flow'rs,
And, humming in delight, its waxen bow'rs
Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial-hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves.
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat,
The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
(High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the dappled train.

The aëreal songsters sooth the list'ning groves:
The mellow thrush, the ouzle[2] sweetly shrill,
And little linnet celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;
The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous Spring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale,
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains and the Spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,
And languish for the pittance poor of bread!
O may the man that shall his image scorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die unanell'd[3], and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so.)
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.
His heart is black as Hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ne recks[4]; but suffers them be poor.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!
Let honour crown him and eternal rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
Flows out to noursle[5] innocence distrest.
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow drys;
Like Mercy's self he looks on want with Pity's eyes.

[2] Blackbird. [3] Without a funeral knell.
[4] Nor is concerned. [5] To nurse.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
Ne[6] may the boading owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,
Ne damned ghost affray[7] with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to Hell.

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the Moon,
(With horrour winking, trembling all with fear)
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
Nor imp in visionary shape appear,
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
Ne let bobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane [ing brain.
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burst-

Yet fairy-elves (so ancient custom's will[8])
The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry sheen[9],
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave their footsteps on the circled green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full featly[1], Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no ground.

Ne[2] bloody rumours violate the ear,
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;
Ne rueful murder stain thy era-date;
Ne shameless Calumny, for fell despight,
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of Misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debar'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of Sorrow start;
But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never Want control
That good, good-honest man, who feeds the famish'd soul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian-lute.
Yet Clio freta, and burns with honest pain,
To rouze and animate the martial strain,
While British banners flame o'er many a purpled plain.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
Illustious chief! to sound thy mighty name,
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean-lake)
Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame.
Mean while, disdain not (so the virgins pray)
This rosy-crown, with myrtle wove and bay;
(Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

6 Nor. 7 Affright.
8 The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid. Fast. l. 5. &c. They imagined the Lemures (in English, fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased persons: but our traditional accounts are very different in respect to the nature of fairies. Shakespear's Midsummer's Night's Dream, Drayton's Fairy Tale, and a celebrated old ballad, are master-pieces in their kind.
9 Brightness. 1 Nimbly. 2 Nor.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours;
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair
Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
The choicest blessings Liberty bestows:
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.
Restor'd with him, the Arts the drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses' shade [array'd.
With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener trim

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
Great Frederic's and his Augusta's joy,
Thy native month approv'd with infant-smiles,
Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy!
Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,
Lov'd as thy parents, only not ador'd!
Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again restor'd.

O may his father's pant for finer fame,
And boundless bountyhead to humankind;
His grandsire's glory, and his uncle's name,
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind:
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel, Victory; Apollo, wear the bay.

Through kind infusion of celestial pow'r,
The dullard-Earth May quick'neth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure[3]
Elastic spring, and force within empight[4].
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move, [love?
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground
And deftly[5] lead the dance along the glade!
(O may no show'rs your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,
All hail, ye bonnibels[6], to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble, and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing:
The woods shall echo May, with May the valleys ring.

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;
Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine;
And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively, join.
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and distant glenne[7] repair:
Let youth indulge its sport, to eld[8] bequeath its care.

3 Recover. 4 Placed, fixed. 5 Finely.
6 Pretty women. 7 A country hamlet.
8 Old age.

Ye wanton Dryads and light-tripping Fawns,
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lustyhead[9],
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread:
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when Creation smil'd,
A quivering splendour on the Ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
The dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry way,
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

In honour of her natal-month, the queen
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.
Love tips with golden alchymy his dart;
With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
(Myrtles to Venus algates[1] sacred been)
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
For ever fragrant and for ever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By Beauty form'd for amorous regale.
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flow'rs,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Through mossy grotto's amarantbine bow'rs,
And form a laughing flood in vale below:
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay[2]
(When Summer sheds insufferable day)
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of play.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy:
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountain gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
In light festivity and gladsome game:
The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day, on night:
Each knight his lady loves; each lady loves her knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To Beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow[3] him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl[4], by Beauty's pow'r unmov'd,
Hated of Heav'n, of none but Hell approv'd.
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

[9] Vigour. [1] Ever. [2] Bathe. [3] Destroy. [4] A clown.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty, to woman, Wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of Earth, but each the fire of Heav'n.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty Wit approve,
As flow'rs to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
The best alone is grateful to the best.
Perfection has no other parallel!
Can light, with darkness; doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, perdie[5], shall Heav'n communion hold with Hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure!)
Can win; tho' brighter Wit shall never move:
But Folly is to Wit the certain cure.
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such: she higher honour deem'd
To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,
Than, by the potentates of Earth esteem'd,
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.
Not Laura such: in sweet Vaucluse's vale
She list'ned to her Petrarch's amorous tale.
But did poor Colin Clout[6] o'er Rosalind prevail?

Howe'er that be; in Acidalian[7] shade,
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:
No dreams of banishment his loves invade;
Encircled in eternity of May,
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind:
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

[5] An old word for asserting any thing.
[6] Spenser.
[7] These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life. These are his words: "Amore acerrimo, sed unico & honesto, in adolescentia laboravi, & diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescentem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset." See his works, Basil, fol. tom. 1. Yet others say, she married another person; which is scarce probable; since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards, as appears from Sonetto 313, with a most uncommon ardour of passion. Thomasinus in his curious book, called Petrarcha Redivivus, has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and his sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful from his pathetical complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore, thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary retreat of lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here on account of their passion.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian-train,
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill:
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain!
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my style;
Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then Ianthe! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy mouth of May,
O come; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,
Enchanting-wild, from every bush and spray:
Swell th' green gems and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our steps direct where father-Thames,
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval-stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
At once the Muses' and the Graces' seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odours of the mazy-grove: love.
Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,
Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And Nature's pencil gay-diversify'd,
(For now the Sun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?
Thither, (for they invite us) we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily clad in balmy snow;
Sweet is the rose, of Spring the smiling eye;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, Ianthe, cruel Time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime:
Bestow thy graces on the god of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.

In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthe! now, *now* love thy Spring away;
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;
What op'ning scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
And, wide, their rural luxury display! [spires,
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires;
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
The gladsome lyre, when livelood[8] swell'd my veins,
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung
In tender elegy[9], and pastoral-strains[1];
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowr's,
O green his gardens, O perfume his flow'rs,
O bless his morning-walks and sooth his ev'ning-hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of Nature, still to Virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy,
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To Earth confine you and the rural-reign;
Then soar, at length, to Heaven! nor pray, O Muse, in vain.

Where'er the Muses haunt, or poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the wood-bind-shade,
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

On Twit'nam-bow'rs (Aonian Twit'nam bow'rs!)
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter-stars, or summer-flow'rs;
Albe[2] the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string:
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where Joy wou'd choose to dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail, music, which the Muses scant[3] excel;
Hail, flow'rets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;
Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,
Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your poet hails.

All-hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
The recompense and glory of my song:
Ne small the recompense, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful-throng,
With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay
Fairly bedight[4], approve the simple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee, May!

[8] Liveliness.
[9] Stella; sive Amores: Elegiarum Tres Libri. Written in the year 1736.
[1] Six pastorals: written in the year 1734.
[2] Altho' [3] Scarcely. [4] Adorned.

THE NEW LYRE.

TO A FRIEND. [1]

I STRUNG my lyre, when Love'appear'd,
Demanding a light, wanton lay:
" Christ!" I began—the trifler heard,
And shook his wings, and pass'd away.

The strings rebellious to my hand
Refuse to charm: in vain I sue,
The strings are mute to my demand—
I broke the old, and form'd a new.

" Christ!" I began: the sacred lyre
Responsive swell'd with notes divine,
And warm'd me with seraphic-fire:
Sweet Jesus, I am only thine!

O wake to life this springing grace,
And water with thy heavenly dew:
Display the glories of thy face,
My spirit and my heart renew!

Direct my soul, direct my hand:—
O blessed change! thy pow'r I feel:
My numbers flow at thy command,
My strings with holy raptures swell.

And, you, whose pious pains unfold
Those truths, receive this tribute due;
You once endur'd my Muse of old,
Nor scorn the firstfruits of the new.

SICKNESS, A POEM:

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The Lord comfort him, when he lieth sick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness.
Psalms.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. The folly of employing poetry on wanton or trifling subjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the instability of life itself: frailness of youth, beauty, and health. The suddenness and first attacks of a distemper, in particular of the small pox. Moral and religious observations resulting from sickness.

OF days with pain acquainted, and of nights
Unconscious of the healing balms of sleep,
That burn in restless agonies away;
Of Sickness, and its family of woes,
The fellest enemies of life, I sing,
Horizon'd close in darkness. While I touch
The ebon-instrument, of solemn tone,
Pluckt from the cypress' melancholy boughs,
Which, deep'ning, shade the house of mourning, groans
And hollow wailings, through the damps of night,
Responsive wound the ear. The sprightly pow'rs
Of musical enchantment wave their wings,
And seek the fragrant groves and purple fields,
Where Pleasure rolls her honey-trickling streams,
Of blooming Health and laughter-dimpled Joy.
Me other scenes than laughing Joy, and Health
High-blooming, purple-living fields and groves,
Fragrant with Spring, invite. Too long the Muse,
Ah! much too long, a libertine diffus'd
On Pleasure's rosy lap, has, idly, breath'd
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral-strains,
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But farewel,
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads,
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,
Where, oft, in summer, Grecian fables tell,
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,
Thalia and her sister-Graces cool
Their glowing features, at the noontide hour,
Farewel!—But come, Urania, from thy bow'rs
Of everlasting day; O condescend
To lead thy votary (with rapt'rous zeal
Adoring Nature's God, the great Three-One!)
To Salem; where the shepherd-monarch wak'd
The sacred breath of melody, and swell'd
His harp, to angels' kindred notes attun'd,
With music worthy Heaven! O bathe my breast,
With praises burning, in the morning-dews,
Which sparkle, Sion, on thy holy hill.
The prophets, eagle-ey'd, celestial maid,
Those poets of the sky! were taught to chant
The glories of Messiah's reign by thee:
Kindled by thee, the eastern-pages flame
With light'ning, and with thunder shake the soul;
While, from the whirlwind, God's all-glorious voice
Bursts on the tingling ears of Job: the writ
Of Moses, meek in spirit, but his thoughts
Lofty as Heav'n's blue arch. My humble hopes
Aspire but to the alpha of his song;
Where, roll'd in ashes, digging for a grave,
More earnest than the covetous for gold
Or hidden treasures crusted o'er with boils,
And roaring in the bitterness of soul,
And heart-sick pain, the man of Uz complains.
Themes correspondent to thy servant's theme.
I sing to you, ye sons of men! of dust,
Say rather: what is man, who proudly lifts
His brow audacious, as confronting Heav'n,
And tramples, with disdain, his mother Earth,
But moulded clay? an animated heap
Of dust, that shortly shall to dust return?
We dream of shadows, when we talk of life,
Of Pelops' shoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,
Of Surius's saints, and Ovid's gods;
Mere tales to cheat our children with to rest;
And, when the tale is told, they sink to sleep.
Death's image! so inane is mortal-man!
Man's but a vapour, toss'd by every wind,
The child of smoke, which in a moment flies,
And, sinking into nothing, disappears.
Man's a brisk bubble floating on the waves
Of wide eternity: he dances now
Gay-gilded by the Sun (tho' empty proud;)
Phantastically fine! and now he drops
In a broad sheet of waters deep involv'd
And gives his place to others. O, ye sons
Of vanity, remember, and be wise!
Man is a flow'r, which in the morning, fair

[1] He lent me a MS. discourse on these words " Old things are passed away, and lo! all things are become new."

As day-spring, swelling from its slender stem,
In virgin-modesty, and sweet reserve,
Lays out its blushing beauties to the day,
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of Heav'n.
But if some ruder gale, or nipping wind,
Disastrous, blow too hard, it, weeping, mourns
In robes of darkness; it reclines its head
In languid softness; withers every grace;
And ere the ev'ning-star the west inflames,
It falls into the portion of those weeds
Which, with a careless hand, we cast away—
Ye thoughtless fair-ones, moralize my song!
Thy pulse beats music; thou art high in health;
The rather tremble. When the least we fear,
When Folly lulls us on her couch of down,
And wine and lutes and odours fill the sense
With their soft affluence of bewitching joys;
When years of rapture in thy fancy glow
To entertain thy youth; a sudden burst
Of thunder from the smallest cloud of Fate,
Small as the prophet's hand, destroys, confounds,
And lays thy visionary hopes in dust.
By my example taught, examples teach
Much more than precepts, learn to know thy end.
The day was Valentine's: when lovers' wounds
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm
The chilly rigour of relenting skies:
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,
The festival of youth! in seeming health
(As custom bids) I hail'd the year's fair morn,
And with its earliest purple braid my brows,
The violet, or primrose, breathing sweets
New to the sense. Ianthe by my side,
More lovely than the season! rais'd her voice,
Observant of his rites, in festal lays,
And thus addrest the patron of the Spring:
"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the Earth
Her fragrant stores unfolds: the fields rejoice,
And, in the infancy of plenty, smile:
The valleys laugh and sing: the woods, alive,
Sprout into floating verdure, to embow'r
Those happy lovers, who record thy praise.
"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Inhaling genial raptures from the Sun,
The plumy nations swell the song of joy,
Thy soaring choiristers! the lark, the thrush,
And all th' aerial people, from the wren
And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings
Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.
"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Quick o'er the soft'ning soul the gentle gales
Of Spring, awaking bliss, instinctive move
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith
Into the virgin's heart; who, sick of love,
With equal fires, and purity of truth,
Consenting, blushes while she chants thy praise."
So sung Ianthe: to my heart I prest
Her spotless sweetness: when, (with wonder, hear!)
Tho' she shone smiling by, the torpid pow'rs
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes,
And press'd them into night. The dews of death
Hung, clammy, on my forehead, like the damps
Of midnight sepulchres; which, silent, op'd
By weeping widows, or by friendship's hand,
Yawn hideous on the Moon, and blast the stars.
With pestilential reek. My head is torn
With pangs insufferable, pulsive starts,
And pungent aches, gliding, thro' the brain,
To madness hurrying the tormented sense,
And hate of being.—Poor Ianthe wept
In bitterness, and took me by the hand
Compassionately kind: "Alas!" she cry'd,
"What sudden change is this?" (Again she wept.)
"Say, can Ianthe prove the source of pain
To Thomalin? forbid it, gracious Heav'n!"
"No, beauteous innocence! as soon the rose
Shall poison with its balm; as soon the dove
Become a white dissembler, and the stream
With lulling murmurs, creeping thro' the grove,
Offend the shepherd's slumber"—Scarce my tongue
These fault'ring accents stammer'd, down I sink,
And a lethargic stupor steeps my sense
In dull oblivion: till returning pain,
Too faithful monitor! and dire disease
Bid me remember, pleasure is a dream,
That health has eagle's wings, nor tarries long.
New horrours rise. For in my pricking veins
I feel the forky flame: the rapid flood
Of throbbing life, excursive from the laws
Of sober Nature and harmonious Health,
Boils in tumultuary eddies round
Its bursting channels. Parching thirst, anon,
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,
Or Xanthus, by the arm-ignipotent,
With a red torrent of involving flames
Exhausted; when Achillês with their floods
Wag'd more than mortal war: the god of fire
Wide o'er the waters pour'd th' inundant blaze,
The shrinking waters to the bottom boil
And hiss in ruin. O! ye rivers, roll
Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,
For Ætna rages here! ye snows descend;
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,
And mitigate the furies of the fire!
Good Heav'n! what hoards of unrepented guilt
Have drawn this vengeance down, have rais'd this
To lash me with his flames? But, O, forgive [fiend
My rashness, that dares blame thy just decrees.
It is thy rod: I kiss it with my heart,
As well as lips: like Aaron's may it bloom
With fruits of goodness: not, like Moses, turn
A serpent; or, to tempt me to accuse
The kind oppression of thy righteous hand,
Or, sting me to despair.—Affliction, hail!
Thou school of virtue! open wide thy gates,
Thy gates of ebony! Yet, O, correct
Thy servant, but with judgment, not in wrath,
But with thy mercy, Lord! thy stripes will heal.
Thus without heresy, afflictions prove
A purgatory; save us as by fire:
And purifying off the dross of sin,
Like old Elijah's chariot, rap the soul,
On wings of Meditation, to the skies.
In health we have no time to visit Truth:
Health's the disease of morals: few in health
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wise.
What are ye, now, ye tuneful triflers! once
The eager solace of my easy hours,
Ye dear deluders or of Greece or Rome,
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what?
The gay, the bright, the sober, the sublime?
And ye of softer strain, ye amorous fools,
Correctly indolent, and sweetly vain,
Tibullus, Ovid, and the female-verse
Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,
Extinguish'd, with her life, her hopeless fires,
Or rose a swan, as love-struck Fancy deem'd.
Who wou'd not, in these hours of wisdom, give
A Vatican of wits for one saint Paul?

Dare Tully, with the golden mouth of Greece,
With Chrysostom in rhet'ric-thunder join,
Advent'rous, now? as soon the feeble sound,
Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge contends
With Jove's etherial peal, and bursting roar
Fulminous, rending Earth, o'erturning air,
And shaking Heav'n. Or shall the pointed pen
Of Corduba[1], with hostile labour bend
Its sentences obscure against the force
Of Hierom's noble fire? as soon the Moon,
With blunted horn, dares pour her pallid beam
Against the boundless majesty of day,
The Sun's refulgent throne; when, high, in noon
He kindles up the Earth to light and joy.
My best instructor, Sickness, shuts the eye
From Vanity; she draws the curtains round
The couch, nor gives admittance to the world:
But to Harpocrates consigns the door,
And, silent, whispers me that "life is vain."
If life be vain, on what shall man depend?
Depend on Virtue. Virtue is a rock
Which stands for ever; braves the frowning flood,
And rears its awful brow, direct, to Heaven.
Tho' Virtue save not from the grave, she gives
Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting
From the grim king of terrours; smoothes the bed
Of anguish, and bids Death, tho' dreadful, smile.
Death smiles on Virtue: and his visage, black,
Yet comely seems. A Christian scorns the bounds
Where limited Creation said to Time,
"Here I have end." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or time or space; he triumphs o'er decay;
And fills eternity: the next to God.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 38. PLUCKT from the cypress, &c.

Thus Horace:

Barbiton hic paries habebit. Lib. iii. Ode 26.

And a greater than Horace in lyric poetry, the royal psalmist, represents the same image:

As for our harps we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein. Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

P. 38. Paphos, a city of Cyprus; formerly dedicated to Venus.

Acidale. A fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, where the Graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The genealogy of the Graces is very diversely related. But Hesiod says, they were the offspring of Jupiter and Eurynome. Theog.

Page 38. Burst on the tingling ears of Job, &c.

The book of Job is ascribed to various authors, and amongst the rest to Moses. I am proud to observe that Dr. Young has strengthened this opinion in his notes to his admirable poem on Job. Most of the arguments on each side of the question may be found in Pole's Synopsis Critic. in the beginning of his notes on the book of Job: and in Mr. S. Wesley's curious dissertation on the same subject.

P. 38. We dream of shadows, when we talk of life.

Σκιας σναρ ανθρωποι Pind. Pith. Ode 8.

Sophocles has much the same thought in his Ajax; and, to dignify the sentiment, he puts it into the mouth of Ulysses:

Ορω γαρ ημας υδεν οντας αλλο πλην
Ειδωλ' οσοι περ ζωμεν, η κουφην σκιαν.

The scholiast observes, that he borrowed the sentiment from Pindar.

P. 38. We dream, &c. Of Pelops' shoulder—

The poets feign that Tantalus served up his son Pelops to the table of the gods: they reunited the fragments, and formed his shoulder, which was lost, of ivory. Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.

— Humeroque Pelops insignis eburno.
Virg. Georg. iii.

I shall add this beautiful passage from Tibullus:

——— Carmina ni sint,
Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur.
Lib. i. Eleg. 4.

P. 38. Of Pythagoras' thigh.

This is told with so much humour by Mr. Addison in one of his finest works, that I rather choose to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. "The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn and silent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he throw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence, &c.

The Table of Fame, Tatler, Vol. II. No. 81.

P. 38. Of Surius's saints.

Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romish saints, in six volumes in folio. Dr. Donne in his Satyrs has given him this character:

——— outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together. Sat. 4.

P. 39. Ianthe by my side.

Sickness being a subject so disagreeable in itself to human nature, it was thought necessary, as fable is the soul of poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and some other episodes. For to describe the anguish of a distemper without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every good-natured and tender reader.

P. 40. Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge, &c.

Salmoneus king of Elis, a province in the Peloponnesus. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a god: for which end he built a bridge of brass, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavoured to make himself be believed the Thunderer. But Jupiter, enraged at his impiety, struck him dead with a real thunderbolt.

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,
Dum flammas Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi—
Demens qui nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen
Ære & cornipedum cursu imitarat equorum.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

[1] Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.

P. 40. And to Harpocrates consigns the door.

Harpocrates, the god of silence amongst the Egyptians.

Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,
Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,
Corneli, & factum esse puta Harpocratem.
Catull.

Hence Erasmus, Lib. Adag. tells us, that redere Harpocratem is the same as mutum reddere. So Catullus in another place:

Patruum reddidit Harpocratem.

Ovid describes him in the same manner, without taking notice of his name, amongst the attendants of Isis:

Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet.
Metam. Lib. ix.

This description entirely agrees with the several medals and statues of Harpocrates, which the learned antiquary Gisb. Cuperus exhibits in his laborious dissertation on that subject, printed with Monumenta Antiqua.

But upon another account likewise, Harpocrates may justly be appointed to attend upon the sick; for he is numbered amongst the salutary gods, who assisted in extreme dangers; as appears from Artemidorus, Oneir. L. ii. C. 44. where, after having mentioned Serapis, Isis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, he goes on thus: "Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, & ad extremum periculum pervenerunt, &c." Kircher also, in his Oedip. Egyp. p. 2. vol. II. p. 315. amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable words:

Reverebantur Ægypti, præter cætera numina maximè Isin & Osirin, ac horum sive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos genios.

THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

BOOK II.

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear. Milton.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections. Invocation of the genius of Spenser. Apostrophe to the dutchess of Somerset. The Palace of Disease. War. Intemperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption, Small-pox. Complaint on the death of lord Beauchamp.

DEATH was not man's inheritance, but life
Immortal, but a Paradise of bliss,
Unfading beauty, and eternal spring,
(The cloudless blaze of Innocence's reign:)
The gifts of God's right-hand! till monstrous Sin,
The motly child of Satan and of Hell,
Invited dire Disease into the world,
And her distorted brood of ugly shapes,
Echidna's brood! and fix'd their curs'd abode
On Earth, invisible to human sight,
The portion and the scourge of mortal man.
Yet tho' to human sight invisible,
If she, whom I implore, Urania, deign,
With euphrasy to purge away the mists
Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind;
(As Venus gave Æneas to behold
The angry gods with flame o'erwhelming Troy,
Neptune and Pallas) not in vain, I'll sing
The mystic terrours of this gloomy reign:
And, led by her, with dangerous courage press
Through dreary paths, and haunts, by mortal foot
Rare visited; unless by thee, I ween,
Father of Fancy, of descriptive verse,
And shadowy beings, gentle Edmund, hight
Spenser! the sweetest of the tuneful throng,
Or recent, or of eld[1]. Creative bard,
Thy springs unlock, expand thy fairy scenes,
Thy unexhausted stores of fancy spread,
And with thy images enrich my song.
Come, Hertford[2]! with the Muse, awhile, vouchsafe.
(The softer virtues melting in thy breast,
The tender graces glowing in thy form)
Vouchsafe, in all the beauty of distress,
To take a silent walk among the tombs:
There lend a charm to Sorrow, smooth her brow,
And sparkle through her tears in shining woe.
As when the dove[3], (thy emblem, matchless dame,)
For beauty, innocence, and truth are thine)
Spread all its colours o'er the boundless deep,
(Empyreal radiance quivering round the gloom)
Chaos reform'd, and bade distraction smile!
Deep in a desert-vale, a palace frowns
Sublimely mournful: to the eye it seems
The mansion of Despair, or ancient Night.
The graces of the Seasons never knew
To shed their bounty here, or smiling, bless
With hospitable foot, its bleak domain,
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe
Of flushing Spring, with purple gay, invests
Its blighted plains; nor Summer's radiant hand
Profusive, scatters o'er its baleful fields
The rich abundance of her glorious days;
And golden Autumn here forgets to reign.
Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds
Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,
Wet with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,
Or Colchos, or Thessalia, taint the winds,
And choke the ground unhallow'd. But the soil
Refuses to embrace the kindly seeds
Of healing vegetation, sage, and rue,
Dittany and amello, blooming still
In Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew,
The church-yard's shade! and cypress' wither'd arms
In formidable ranks surround its courts
With umbrage dun; administ'ring a roof
To birds of ominous portent; the bat,
The raven boding death, the screaming owl
Of heavy wing, while serpents, rustling, hiss,
And croaking toads the odious concert aid.
The peevish East, the rheumy South, the North
Pregnant with storms, are all the winds that blow:
While, distant far, the pure Etesian-gales,
And western-breezes fan the spicy beds
Of Araby the blest, or shake their balm
O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wake her flow'rs.
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, drawn
In pois'nous exhalations from the deep,
Conglomerated into solid night,
And darkness, almost to be felt, forbid

[1] Old. [2] The present dutchess of Somerset.
[3] The Platonists suppose that Love, or the celestial Venus (of whom the dove is likewise an emblem) created the world out of chaos.

The Sun, with cheerful beams, to purge the air,
But roll their suffocating horrours round
Incessant, banishing the blooming train
Of Health, and Joy, for ever, from the dome.
In sad magnificence the palace rears
Its mouldering columns; from thy quarries, Nile,
Of sable marble, and Egyptian mines
Embowell'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay
With foliag'd capitals and figur'd frize,
Nor feminine Ionique, nor, tho' grave,
The fluted Doriqne, and the Tuscan plain,
In just proportions rise: but Gothic, rude,
Irreconcil'd in ruinous design:
Save in the centre, in relievo high,
And swelling emblematically bold,
In gold the apple rose, "whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe[4]."
Malignantly delighted, dire Disease
Surveys the glittering pest, and grimly smiles
With hellish glee. Beneath, totters her throne,
Of jarring elements; earth, water, fire; [tain
Where hot, and cold; and moist, and dry main-
Unnatural war. Shapeless her frightful form,
(A chaos of distemper'd limbs in one)
Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grave,
Her eyes, two comets; and her breath, a storm.
High in her wither'd arms, she wields her rod,
With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and points
To the dead walls, besmear'd with cursed tales
Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence,
Walking in darkness; Havock at their heels;
Lean Famine, gnawing in despight her arm:
Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messine,
Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseilles,
Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet could paint.
A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays
Across the gloom, makes horrour visible,
And punishes, while it informs, the eye.
A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes
Compose the group; the execrable crew
Which Michael, in vision strange, disclos'd
To Adam, in the Lazar-house of woe;
A colony from Hell. The knotted Gout,
The bloated Dropsy, and the racking Stone
Rolling her eyes in anguish; Lepra foul,
Strangling Angina; Ephialtic starts;
Unnerv'd Paralysis; with moist Catarrhs;
Pleuritis bending o'er its side, in pain;
Vertigo; murderous Apoplexy, proud
With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life:
Clayton, the good, the courteous, the humane;
Tenacious of his purpose, and his word
Firm as the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.
Be just, O memory! again recall
Those looks illumin'd by his honest heart,
That open freedom, and that cheerful ease,
The bounteous emanations of his soul:
His British honour; Christian charity;
And mild benevolence for human-kind.
From every quarter, lamentations loud,
And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans
Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams
Dolorous, wrested from the heart of pain,
And brain-sick agony. Around her throne
Six favourite Furies, next herself accurst,
Their dismal mansions keep; in order each,
As most destructive. In the foremost rank,
Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-distain'd,
Helmets and spears, and shields, and coats of mail,
With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,
Swells a triumphal arch; beneath grim War
Shakes her red arm: for War is a disease
The fellest of the fell! Why will mankind,
Why will they, when so many plagues involve
This habitable globe, (the curse of sin,)
Invent new desolations to cut off
The Christian race? At least in Christian climes
Let olives shade your mountains, and let Peace
Stream her white banner o'er us, blest from War,
And laurels only deck your poet's brows.
Or, if the fiery metal in your blood,
And thirst of human-life your bosom sting,
Too savage! let the fury loose of War,
And bid the battle rage against the breasts
Of Asian infidels: redeem the tow'rs
Where David sung, the son of David bled;
And warm new Tasso's with the epic-flame.
Right opposite to War a gorgeous throne
With jewels flaming and emboss'd with gold,
And various sculpture, strikes the wond'ring eye:
With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay,)
Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,
Of costly viands, of delicious wines,
And flow'ry wreaths to bind the careless brow
Of youth, or age; as youth or age demand
The pleasing ruin from th' enchantress, vile
Intemperance: than Circe subtler far,
Only subdu'd by wisdom; fairer far
Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms
Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains;
Till, by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield
Blaz'd on his mind the virtues of his race,
And, quick, dissolv'd her wanton mists away.
See, from her throne, slow-moving, she extends
A poison'd gobblet! fly the beauteous bane:
The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang,
Are harmless to her smiles; her smiles are death.
Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl,
Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake
Of mortal sting: fly: if you taste the wine,
Machaon swears that moly cannot cure.
Tho' innocent and fair her looks, she holds
A lawless commerce with her sister-pests,
And doubly whets their darts: away—and live.
Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,
A pensive hag, moping in darkness, sits
Dolefully-sad: her eyes (so deadly-dull!)
Stare from their stonied sockets, widely wild;
For ever bent on rusty knives, and ropes;
On poignards, bows of poison, daggers red
With clotted gore. A raven by her side
Eternal croaks; her only mate Despair;
Who, scowling in a night of clouds, presents
A thousand burning hells, and damned souls,
And lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain
Moon-strucken. Melancholy is her name;
Britannia's bitter bane. Thou gracious Pow'r,
(Whose judgments and whose mercies who can tell!)
With bars of steel, with hills of adamant
Crush down the sooty fiend; nor let her blast
The sacred light of Heaven's all-cheering face,
Nor fright, from Albion's isle, the angel Hope.
Fever the fourth: adust as Afric-wilds,
Chain'd to a bed of burning brass; her eyes
Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close
Their wakeful lids: she turns, but turns in vain,
Through nights of misery. Attendant Thirst

[4] Milton's Paradise Lost, Book 1st.

Grasps hard an empty bowl, and shrivell'd strives
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans
From Phalaris's bull, as Fame reports,
Tormented with distressful din the air,
And drew the tender tear from Pity's eye.
Consumption near; a joyless, meagre wight,
Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade
Eludes the grasp: thin as the embodied air
Which, erst, deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace,
Ambitious of a goddess! scarce her legs
Feebly she drags, with wheezing labour, on,
And motion slow: a willow wand directs
Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.
The last, so turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,
Or madness would ensue; so bloated-black,
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
Such foul corruption on this side the grave;
Variola yclep'd; ragged and rough, [scenes
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine;
But Providence commands, his will be done!
She rushes through my blood; she burns along,
And riots on my life.—Have mercy, Heav'n!—
Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds
This virulence, which all, but we, escape?
Thou nauseous enemy to human-kind:
In man, and man alone, thy mystic seeds,
Quiet, and in their secret windings hid,
Lie unprolific; till Infection rouze
Her pois'nous particles, of proper size,
Figure and measure, to exert their pow'r
Of impregnation; atoms subtle, barb'd,
Infrangible, and active to destroy;
By geometric or mechanic rules
Yet undiscover'd: quick the leaven runs,
Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood
Of mortal man, and agitates the whole
In general conflagration and misrule.
As when the flinty seeds of fire embrace
Some fit materials, stubble, furze, or straw,
The crackling blaze ascends; the rapid flood
Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,
Rolls its broad course, and half the field devours.
As adders deaf to beauty, wit, and youth,
How many living lyres, by thee unstrung,
E'er half their tunes are ended, cease to charm
Th' admiring world? So ceas'd the matchless
By Cowley honour'd, by Roscommon lov'd, [name,
Orinda: blooming Killigrew's soft lay:
And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, curs'd
By the gor'd sons of Loyola and Rome.
And he who Phedra sung, in buskin'd pomp,
Mad with incestuous fires, ingenious Smith:
Oxonia's sons! And, O, our recent grief!
Shall Beauchamp[5] die, forgotten by the Muse,
Or are the Muses with their Hertfort dumb!
Where are ye? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine,
Bononia, fatal to our hopes! or else
By Kennet's chalky wave, with tresses torn,
Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,
Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,
Neglected? Or in rural Percy-lodge,
Where Innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,
The cypress crop, or weave the laurel-bough
To grace his honour'd grave? Ye lilies, rise
Immaculate; ye roses, sweet as morn;
Less sweet and less immaculate than he.
His op'ning flow'r of beauty softly smil'd,
And, sparkling in the liquid dews of youth,
Adorn'd the blessed light! with blossoms fair,
Untainted; in the rank Italian soil
From blemish pure. The virgins stole a sigh,
The matrons lifted up their wond'ring eyes,
And blest the English angel as he pass'd,
Rejoicing in his rays! Why did we trust
A plant so lovely to their envious skies,
Unmercifully bright with savage beams?
His were the arts of Italy before,
Courting, and courted by the classic Muse.
He travell'd *not* to learn, but to reform,
And with his fair example mend mankind.
Why need I name (for distant nations know,
Hesperia knows; O would Hesperia sing!
As Maro, erst, and, late, Marino rais'd
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,
Marcellus, and Adonis to the stars,
On wings of soaring fire! so would she sing!)
His uncorrupted heart; his honour clear
As summer-suns, effulging forth his soul
In every word and look: his reason's ray
By folly, vanity, or vice unstain'd,
Shining at once with purity and strength,
With English honesty and Attic fire:
His tenderness of spirit, high-inform'd
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal
For learning, liberty, religion, truth:
The patriot-glories burning in his breast,
His king's and country's undivided friend!
Each public virtue, and each private grace;
The Seymour-dignity, the Percy-flame;
All, all!—Ere twenty autumns roll'd away
Their golden plenty. Further still! behold
His animated bloom; his flush of health;
The blood exulting with the balmy tide
Of vernal life! so fresh for pleasure form'd
By Nature and the Graces: yet his youth
So temperately warm, so chastely cool,
Ev'n seraphims might look into his mind,
Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes!
Th' unutterable essence of good Heav'n,
That breath of God, that energy divine
Which gives us to be wise, and just, and pure,
Full on his bosom pour'd the living stream,
Illum'd, inspir'd, and sanctify'd his soul!
And are these wonders vanish'd? are those eyes,
Where ardent truth and melting mildness shone,
Clos'd in a foreign land? no more to bless
A father, mother, friend! no more to charm
A longing people? O, lamented youth!
Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd
With shade mysterious, and eclips'd thy beams,
How many Somersets are lost in thee!
Yet only lost to Earth!—for trust the Muse,
(His virtues rather trust) she saw him rise
She saw him smile along the tissu'd clouds,
In colours rich-embroider'd by the Sun,
Engirt with cherub-wings, and kindred-forms,
Children of light, the spotless youth of Heav'n!
They hail their blest companion, gain'd so soon
A partner of their joys; and crown with stars,
Almost as fair, the radiance of his brows.
Ev'n where the angel host, with tongues of fire,
Chant to their glittering harps th' Almighty's
And, in a burning circle, shout around [praise,
The jasper-throne, he mingles flames with them;

5 Lord Beauchamp, only son of the earl of Hertford, died at Bolognia of the small-pox, September 11th, 1744, aged 19.

He springs into the centre of the choir,
And, drinking in the spirit-most-divine,
He sings as sweet, and glows as bright as they.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 41. WITH euphrasy, Angl. eyebright. This herb was unknown to the ancients; at least it is not mentioned by them. It is of extraordinary service to the eye, curing most of its distempers.

—Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,
Aut vinum, aut cœcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.
Tunc ego, non frustrà, vocor—
Couleius Lib. Plant. p. 39.

——— Purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve. Milton.

P. 41. As Venus gave Æneas to behold, &c.

See Virgil. Æn. Lib. ii. Which seems to be borrowed from Homer. Ilias. Lib. v. We have several of the like instances in the sacred volumes. Gen. xxi. 19. And God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water. Numbers, xxii. 31. Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord, &c.

P. 41. ——— by mortal foot
Rare visited.

See Virgil:

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum,
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.
Georg. Lib. iii.

Which is imitated from Lucretius, Lib. ii.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita pede, &c.

P. 41. ——— gentle Edmund, hight
Spenser!

The date of our English poetry may with great justice begin with Spenser. It is true, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were masters of uncommon beauties, considering the age they lived in, and have described the humours, passions, &c. with great discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and design, as Spenser. Chaucer was the best before him; but then he borrowed most of his poems, either from the ancients, or from Boccace, Petrarch, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his Troilus and Cressida, the largest of his works, was taken from Lollius; and the Romaunt of the Rose was translated from the French of John de Meun, an Englishman, who flourished in the reign of Richard II. and so of the rest. As for those who followed him, such as Heywood, Scogan, Skelton, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the earl of Surry, sir Thomas Wiat, sir Philip Sidney, several pieces in the Mirror of Magistrates, and a few parts of Mr. G. Gascoign's and Turbervill's works.

P. 41. Medea gather'd and Canidia brew'd, &c.

Medea, notorious for her incantations in Ovid, &c. as Canidia in Horace.

P. 41. ——— or Pontus yields, &c.

Pontus, Colchos, and Thessalia, well known for producing noxious and poisonous herbs and plants.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena,
Ipse dedit Mœris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.
Virg. Eclog. 8.

Herbasque quas & Colchos & Iberia mittit,
Venenorum ferax. Hor. Epod. 5.

Thessala quinetiam tellus herbasque nocentes,
Rupibus ingenuit. Lucan. Lib. v.

P. 41. ——— amello blooming still
In Virgil's rural page.

Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen amello
Fecere agricolæ. Virg. Georg. Lib. vi.

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name amellus, easy to be found:
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves.
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.
Addison's Works, Vol. i. 4to.

P. 42. ——— or Spagnolet could paint.

A famous painter, eminent for drawing the distresses and agonies of human nature.

P. 42. Which Michael in vision strange.
See Milton's Paradise Lost, b. xi.

P. 42. ——— Clayton's honoured life.

Sir William Clayton, bart. died at Marden in Surry, December the 28th, 1744.

P. 42. Where David sung, &c.

Though a croisade may seem very romantic (and perhaps it is so) yet it has been applauded by the greatest writers of different ages; by Æneas Sylvius, by Bessarion, by Naugerius, &c. who have each writ orations upon that subject. And here I cannot help observing, that Casimire and Jac. Baldè, the two most celebrated of the modern lyric poets, have writ several of their finest odes to animate the christian princes to such a design; and that Tasso has adorned the expedition of Godfrey of Bulloign with the most beautiful and perfect poem since the Æneis (for I prefer Milton to Virgil himself.)

P. 42. Than Circe subtler far.
See Homer's Odyssey, Lib. 10.

P. 42. Than young Armida, &c.

See Tasso's Il Godfredo, Canto iv. Stanz. 29, &c. Canto xiv. Stanz. 68. Canto xvi. Stanz. 29.

P. 42. Machaon swears, &c.

Machaon celebrated in Homer; but here used, in general, for any physician. So Ovid:

Firma valent per se, nullumque Machaona quærunt.

And Martial:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

P. 42. That moly cannot cure.

Mercury is said to have presented moly to Ulysses to preserve him from the charms of Circe. Homer's Odyss. Lib. x.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th' all-bearing Earth unmark'd it grew.
And show'd its Nature and its wondrous pow'r;
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r:
Moly the name. Pope.

Laudatissima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a diis putat moly, & inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa veneficia demonstrat, &c. Plinius, Lib. xxv. c. 4.

P. 43. From Phalaris's bull, &c.

Amongst several instruments of torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a bull of brass, in which people being cast, and a fire placed under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus the artist, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himself to try the first experiment. Upon which Pliny makes this good-natured reflection: Perillum nemo laudat, sæviorem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mugitus hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, & primus eum expertus cruciatum justiore sævitia, &c. Plinius, Lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

P. 43. ——— deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace.

Ixion being invited to dine with Jupiter fell in love with Juno, and endeavoured to debauch her, who acquainted her husband. He to try Ixion formed a cloud into Juno's likeness, upon which he satisfied his lust. Hygini Fab. Diador. vi. &c.

P. 43. Orinda.

Mrs. K. Philips, styled the matchless Orinda. See her poems in folio. Cowley has two odes upon her, in the 2d vol. of his works, 8vo.

P. 43. Blooming Killigrew's soft lay.

See her poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her death in an excellent ode. See his works, vol. 3d, folio, p. 186. See likewise Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. 2d.

P. 43. Loyola.

Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those satires, which are the best of his works.

P. 43. Bononia fatal to our hopes.

Bolognia a city in Italy, the first school of the Lombard painters, and a famous university,

—Parvique Bononia Rheni. Silius Ital. Lib. viii.

P. 43. And bless'd the English angel as he pass'd—

At Bolognia he went by the name of L'Angelo Inglese. The same compliment seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this epigram of a learned Italian nobleman in the 2d volume of Milton's poetical works:

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum here'fe Angelus, ipse, fores.

P. 44. O lamented youth, &c.

Heu miserande puer, siqua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris——
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.
Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

THE PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

BOOK III.

When I waited for light there came darkness.
My skin is black upon me; and my bones are burnt with heat.
My harp is also turned to mourning. Job.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections. The progress of the disease. Blindness. Delirious dreams. Remedies for the mind: 1. Patience: 2. Hope: 3. Prayer. Human aid and relief in sickness: 1. Physic; eulogium on that science: 2. Friends; digression on friendship.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas! are fall'n,
Nipt in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth,
Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain
(When such th' establish'd ordinance of Heav'n)
If Sickness at my bosom lay the siege?
A worm to them! and to their light a shade,
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down
The tear fast-trickling o'er their honour'd tombs:
We all must die! Our every pulse that beats,
Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom.
Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.
The fruits of Autumn feed us for disease;
The Winter's raw inclemencies bestow
Disease on Death; while Spring, to strew our herse,
Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their dews,
Her flow'ry race! and Summer (kinder still)
With the green turf and brambles binds our graves.
But am I wake? or in Ovidian realms,
And Circè holds the glass? What odious change
What metamorphose strikes the dubious eye?
Ah, whither is retir'd the scarlet wave, [check,
Mantling with health, which floated through the
From the strong summer-beam imbib'd? And
The vernal lily's softly-blended bloom? [where
The forehead roughens to the wond'ring hand.
Wide o'er the human-field, the body, spreads
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waste.
As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung
Sudden, a serpent-brood! an armed crop
Of growing chiefs, and fought themselves to death.
One black-incrusted bark of gory boils,
One undistinguish'd blister, from the sole
Of the sore foot, to the head's sorer crown.
Job's punishment! With patience like his own,
O may I exercise my wounded soul,
And cast myself upon his healing hand,
Who bruiseth at his will, and maketh whole.
Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled!
Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd;
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,
And piously fallacious in her care,
Pretending light offensive, and the Sun)
Clos'd; and, perhaps, for ever! ne'er again

To open on the sphere, to drink the day,
Or (worse!) behold Ianthe's face divine,
And wonder o'er her charms.—But yet forbear,
O dare not murmur; 'tis Heav'n's high behest:
Tho' darkness through the chambers of the grave
This dust pursue, and death's sad shade involve,
Ere long, the Filial light himself shall shine;
(The stars are dust to him, the Sun a shade)
These very eyes, these tunicles of flesh,
Ev'n tho' by worms destroy'd, shall see my God,
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,
Environ'd with eternity of day.
Tho', at their visual entrance, quite shut out
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,
Retire to chaos, or with night commix;
Yet, Fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,
Irregular and new; as pain or ease
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain
Direction diverse hold: gentle and bright
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,
Lull'd by the fall of waters! by the rills
From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd; or where,
Thy ancient river, Kishon, sacred stream!
Soft murmurs on their slumbers: peace within,
And conscience, ev'n to ecstasy sublim'd
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,
And horrible as murderers; or hags,
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond
Full-flashing on their eyes, the gulf, beneath,
Mad'ning with gloomy fires; and Heav'n, behind,
With all her golden valves for ever clos'd.
Now in Elysium lap'd, and lovely scenes,
Where honeysuckles rove, and eglantines,
Narcissus, jess'min, pinks, profusely wild,
In every scented gale Arabia breathe:
As blissful Eden fair; the morning-work
Of Heav'n and Milton's theme! where Innocence
Smil'd, and improv'd the prospect.—Now, anon,
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow)
A band of demi-gods, august to sight,
In venerable order sweetly rise,
(The Muses sparkling round them) who have trod
In measur'd pace its banks, for ever green,
Enamell'd from their feet! harmonious notes,
Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,
Or Phrygian minstrelsie, steal on the ear
Enamour'd with variety: and loud
The trumpets shrilling clangours fill the sky
With silver melody—now, happier still!
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,
Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,
Philosophers, and poets, and divines,
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, Queen's[1]!
Where Addison and Tickell lay inspir'd,
Inebriated from the classic springs,
And tun'd to various-sounding harps the song,
Sublime, or tender, humorous, or grave,
Quaffing the Muses' nectar to their fill.
Where Smith in hoary reverence presides,
(Crown'd with the snow of Virtue for the skies)
With graceful gravity, and gentle sway;
With perfect peace encircled and esteem.
Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,
By reason cool, and by religion warm,
And generous passion for the college-weal,

[1] Queen's-college, in Oxford.

More than a Muse inspire.—Momental bliss!
For sudden rapt, the midnight howl of wolves,
The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens
Flammivomous! What? are those chains to bind
This skeleton! the Cyclops must be mad:
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links
Demand Typhæus' strength to burst.—Away—
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls
I ride the blast, and tow'ring through the storm
Enjoy the palace of the Morn. The Sun
Resigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands:
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:
Avaunt, thou fiend!—I'll hurl thee down the deep
Of Heav'n, with bolted thunder, and enwrapt
With forky light'ning.—Now staggering I reel,
By murderers pursu'd: my faithless feet
Scarce shift their pace: or down rushing amain,
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn
Pour'd on my ear th' annoying blast: at which,
Rogero trembled, Bradamant grew pale,
And into air dissolv'd th' enchanted dome.
Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,
I wake from fancy'd into real woe.
Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And steeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?—
Methinks a seraph whispers in my ears,
Pouring ambrosia on them, "Turn to God;
So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed,
And night of sorrow brighten into noon.
Let the young cherub Patience, bright-ey'd Hope,
And rosy-finger'd Pray'r, combining hold
A sure dominion in thy purpos'd mind,
Unconquer'd by affliction."—I receive
The mandate as from Heav'n itself.—Expand
Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.
Come, smiling angel, Patience, from thy seat;
Whether the widow's cot, or hermit's cell,
By fasting strong, and potent from distress;
Or midnight-student's taper-glimmering roof,
Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes,
O come, thou panacea of the mind!
The manna of the soul! to every taste
Grateful alike: the universal balm
To sickness, pain, and misery below.
She comes! she comes! she dissipates the gloom;
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds
(Like Moses' bush, tho' burning, not consum'd)
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God.
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who
With holy blood the violence of fire
Quench'd, and with ling'ring constancy fatigu'd
The persecuting flame: or nobly stopp'd
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.
Hark, how the virgin white-rob'd-tender train
Chant hallelujahs to the rack; as dear
And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns
Of angels on the resurrection-morn,
When all the host of Heaven Hosanna sing!
Yet further; lift thy eyes upon the cross,
A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God!
Earth trembles, rend the rocks, creation groans:

The Sun, ashamed, extinguishes the day:
All Nature suffers with her suffering Lord.
Amidst this war of elements, serene,
And as the sun-shine brow of Patience, calm,
He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.
Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Saviour bleed
To teach thee patience; and yet bleed in vain?
Forbid it, Reason; and forbid it, Heav'n.
No; suffer: and, in suffering, rejoice.
Patience endureth all, and hopeth all.
Hope is her daughter then. Let Hope distill
Her cordial spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,
And healing as the drops of Gilead-balm.
Cease to repine, as those who have no hope;
Nor let despair approach thy darkest hour.
Despair! that triple-death! th' imperial plague!
Th' exterminating angel of th' accurst,
And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,
Kindling a fever hotter than their Hell—
O pluck me from Despair, white-handed Hope!
O interpose thy spear and silver shield
Betwixt my bosom and the fiend! detrude
This impious monster to primeval Hell;
To its own dark domain: but light my soul,
Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy,
To health and life, for health and life are thine:
And fire imagination with the skies.
But whence this confidence of hope! In thee,
And in thy blood, my Jesus! (Bow, O Earth!
Heav'n bends beneath the name, and all its sons,
The Hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,
And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars.)
Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.—
My hope? nay, worlds on worlds depend on thee;
Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.
Thy influential vigour reinspires
This feeble frame; dispells the shade of death;
And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.
A Christian soul is God's beloved house;
And pray'r the incense which perfumes the soul:
Let armies then of supplications rise,
Besiege the golden gates of Heav'n, and force,
With holy violence, a blessing down
In living streams. If Hezekiah's pray'r
The Sun arrested in his prone career,
And bade the shadow ten degrees return
On Ahaz-dial, whirling back the day:
Pour out thyself, my soul! with fervent zeal,
With over-flowing ardour, and with faith
Unwav'ring. To assist me, and to swell
My fainting spirits to sublime desires,
Wou'd Taylor[2] from his starry throne descend,
How fear wou'd brighten! by his sacred aid,
To live were happiness, and gain to die.—
No: let him still adorn his starry throne,
Well-merited by labours so divine:
For, lo! the man of God, and friend of man,
Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,
Flies on the wings of charity and love
To join me in the saving-task, and raise
My weaker pow'rs with his abundant zeal;
Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd fires,
Of, Solomon, thy golden-altar, fann'd
By wings of cherubims into a flame;
Till on the skies the aromatic gale
In pyramids of fragrance softly stole,
A grateful offering to the throne of Grace.
Still, tho' I feel these succours from the skies,
In operation mighty! still remain
Inferior aids behind: terrestrial stores
Medicinal: the instruments of God.
For God created the physician! God
Himself on Earth, our great physician! spread
O'er sick and weak, shadowing, his healing wings:
Each miracle a cure!—Before Disease,
Offspring of Sin, infested human-kind,
In Paradise, the vegetable seeds
Sprung from their Maker's hand, invigorate-strong
With med'cine. He foresaw our future ills;
Foreseeing, he provided ample cure;
Fossils, and simples: Solomon, thy theme,
Nature's historian; wisest of the wise!
Tho' Paradise be lost, the tree of life
In med'cine blooms; then pluck its healing fruits,
And with thanksgiving eat; and, eating, live.
Ev'n pagan wisdom bade her sons adore,
As one, the god of physic and the day,
Fountain of vegetation and of life,
Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,
And from his art immortal! Thus, of yore,
The prime of human race from Heav'n deduc'd
The bright original of physic's pow'r:
And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who sav'd
Millions from death, himself should never die.
An instrument of various pipes and tubes,
Veins, arteries, and sinews, organiz'd,
Man, when in healthy tune, harmonious wakes
The breath of melody, in vocal praise,
Delighting Earth and Heav'n! discordant, oft,
As accident, or time, or fate prevail,
This human-organ scarce the bellows heaves
Of vital-respiration; or in pain,
With pauses sad: what art divine shall tune
To order and refit this shatter'd frame?
What finger's touch into a voice again?
Or music re-inspire? Who, but the race
Of Pæan? who but physic's saving sons?
A Ratcliff, Frewin, Metcalf or a Friend?—
But something yet, beyond the kindly skill
Of Pæan's sons, disease, like mine, demands;
Nepenthe to the soul, as well as life.
O for a mother's watchful tenderness,
And father's venerable care!—But they,
In life immortal, gather endless joys,
Reward of charity, of innocence,
Of pleasing manners, and a life unblam'd!
The tears of poverty and friendship oft
Their modest tombs bedew, where Eden's flood,
(Ituna 'clep'd by bards of old renown,
Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)
Laves the sweet vale, that first my prattling muse
Provok'd to numbers, broken as the ruins
Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,
And shine more beauteous by decay.—But hark!
What music glads my ear? 'T is Theron's voice,
Theron a father, mother; both, a friend!—
Pain flies before his animating touch:
The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,
A burning mountain from my bosom heaves!
What wonders, sacred Friendship, flow from thee!
One period from a friend enlivens more,
Than all Hippocrates and Galen's tomes,
Than all the med'cines they unfold. I feel
Myself renew'd! not only health, but youth,
Rolls the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart:
As the live-atoms of Campanian wines
Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook
With glorifying foam the nectar'd brim;

[2] Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,
The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.
Friendship is a religion, from the first
The second-best: it points, like that, to Heav'n,
And almost antidates, on Earth, its bliss.
But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew;
Whilst Wisdom grows by Friendship still more wise.
Her fetters, are a strong defence; her chains,
A robe of glory; Ophir gold, her bands;
And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.
Friendship's the steel, which struck emits the sparks
Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal;
Spreading their glowing seeds—a holy fire
Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth;
Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.
An altar whence two gentle-loving hearts
Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze
And spotless union. 'T is the nectar-stream
Which feeds and elevates seraphic love—
Health is disease, life-death, without a friend.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 46. As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung.

Cadmus is reported by the poets to have slain a monstrous serpent in Bœotia, at the command of Minerva, and sowed its teeth in a field, which produced an host of armed soldiers; who, fighting, slew one another. See Ovid. Met. l. iii. Suidas, Pausanias, &c. It is said, that he sowed serpents teeth, and that soldiers in armour sprung up from them; because, as Bochart observes, in the Phœnician language, to express men armed with brazen darts and spears of brass, they made use of words, which might be translated "armed with the teeth of a serpent."

P. 46. Yet Fancy's mimic works, &c.

The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienced the disorders which sickness causes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather softened than exaggerated the real description, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

P. 46. From Hiconian cliffs devolv'd, &c.

Sir G. Wheeler, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful description of an hermitage on the borders of Mount Helicon, belonging to the convent of Saint Luke the hermit, not the evangelist, called Stiriotes, from his dwelling in those deserts. See Wheeler's Journey into Greece, fol. b. iv. p. 325.

P. 46. Warbled to Doric reeds, &c.

Those different instruments are designed to express the several parts of poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. pastoral, ode, heroic, &c.

P. 46. Hark, how the anvils, &c.

See Hom. Ilias, b. xviii. Virg. Æn. b. viii.

P. 46. ——— Astolpho's horn.

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,
The noise thereof shall trouble men so sore,
That all both stout and faint shall fly therefro,
So strange a noise was never heard before.
Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by sir John Harrington, b. xv. st. 10.

With this horn Astolpho affrighted the Amazons. See book xx. st. 60, &c. and even Rogero, Bradamant, &c. in dissolving the enchanted palace, b. xxii. st. 18, &c. Drives away the harpies from Senapo, b. xxxiii. st. 114, &c.

P. 48. ——— Eden's flood.

——— Eden, tho' but small,
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tined on his strand.
Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. canto 11.

P. 48. But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew.

It was an observation of Socrates, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongst themselves or with good men. Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.

THE RECOVERY.

BOOK IV.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living. PSALMS.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections. Sickness at the worst. Hopes of recovery cast on Heaven alone. Prospect of futurity at this juncture. Guardian-angels hymn to Mercy. Description of her. She sends Hygeia to the well of life; both described. Her descent. The effects. Abatement of the distemper. Apostrophe to sleep. Recovery of sight; and pleasure flowing from thence. Health by degrees restored. Comparison between sickness and health in regard to the body and mind.

SWIFT, too, thy tale is told: a sound, a name,
No more than Lucian, Butler, or Scarron.
Fantastic humour dropp'd the feeling sense,
Her empire less'ning by his fall. The shades
Of frolic Rabelais, and him of Spain,
Madrid's facet'ous glory, join his ghost;
Triumvirate of Laughter!—Mirth is mad;
The loudest languishing into a sigh:
And Laughter shakes itself into decay.
"Lord! what is man?" the prophet well might ask;
We all may ask, "Lord! what is mortal man?"
So changeable his being, with himself
Dissimilar; the rainbow of an hour!
A change of colours, transient through his life,
Brightens or languishes;—then fades to air.
Ev'n ere an artful spider spins a line
Of metaphysic texture, man's thin thread
Of life is broken: how analogous
Their parallel of lines! slight, subtle, vain.
Man, in a little hour's contracted round
Perplexes reason: now to triumph swell'd,
To joyous exultations, to a blaze
Of ecstasy; and now depress'd, again,
And drooping into scenes of death and woe,

That sudden flow of spirits, bright and strong,
Which play'd in sprightly sallies round my heart;
Was it a gleam, forewarning me from Heav'n,
Of quick-approaching fate? As tapers mount
Expiring into wide-diffusive flame,
Give one broad glare, into the socket sink,
And sinking disappear.—It must be so!—
The soul, prophetic of its voyage, descry'd
The blissful shore, exulting on the wing,
In a glad flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with joy,
She warn'd her old companion of her flight,
(The feeble tenement of mould'ring clay)
Who sadden'd at their parting.—Yes,—I feel
Thy leaden hand; O Death! it presses hard,
It weighs the faculties of motion down,
Inactive as the foot of a dull rock,
And drags me to thy dusty chains: the wheels
Of life are fast'ned to the grave, nor whirl,
Longer, the fiery chariot on. The war,
The struggle for eternity begins.
Eternity! illimitable, vast,
Incomprehensible! for Heav'n and Hell,
Within her universal womb, profound,
Are center'd.—Sleep or death are on my heart:
Swims heavily my brain:—My senses reel.
What scenes disclose themselves! What fields of joy!
What rivers of delight! What golden bow'rs!
Sweetly oppress'd with beatific views,
I hear angelic-instruments, I see
Primeval ardours, and essential forms;
The sons of light, but of created light,
All energy, the diligence of God!
Might I but join them! Lend your glitt'ring wings,
Waft me, O quickly waft me to yon crown,
Bright with the flaming roses of the zone
Sidereal: gracious, they, beck'ning, smile,
They smile me to the skies! Hope leads the way
Mounting I spring to seize!—What fury shakes
Her fiery sword, and intercepts the stars?
Ha! Amartia? Conscience, Conscience sends
Her griesly form, to blast me at my end.
Behold! she points to burning rocks, to waves
Sulphureous, molten lead, and boiling gulphs,
Tempestuous with everlasting fire.—
'Tis horrible!—O save me from myself!—
O save me, Jesu!—Ha! a burst of light
Blends me with the empyréum's azure tide,
While Faith, triumphant, swells the trump of God,
And shouting, "Where's thy victory, O Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?" I see her spread
Her saving banner o'er my soul (the cross!)
And call it to its peers. Thick crowds of day,
Immaculate, involve me in their streams,
And bathe my spirit, whiten'd for the sky.
While on this isthmus of my fate I lie,
Jutting into eternity's wide sea,
And leaning on this habitable globe,
The verge of either world! dubious of life,
Dubious, alike, of death; to Mercy thus,
Inspirited with supplicating zeal,
My guardian-angel rais'd his potent pray'r.
(For angels minister to man, intent
On offices of gentleness and love.).
"Hear, Mercy! sweetest daughter of the skies,
Thou loveliest image of thy father's face,
Thou blessed fount, whence grace and goodness flow,
Auspicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,
With pitying readiness, with willing aid,
O lift thy servant from the vale of death,
Now groveling in the dust, into the fields
Of comfort, and the pastures green of health.
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!
If e'er thy servant to the poor his soul
Drew out, and taught the fatherless to sing;
If e'er by pity warm'd, and not by pride,
He cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;
If e'er distress, and misery, forlorn,
Deceiv'd his cheek, and stole his untaught tear,
An humble drop of thy celestial dew!
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.
"Sprung from the bosom of eternal bliss,
Thy goodness reaches farther than the grave;
And near the gates of Hell extends thy sway,
Omnipotent! All, save the cursed crew
Infernal, and the black-rebellious host
Of Lucifer, within thy sweet domain
Feed on ambrosia, and may hope the stars.
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.
By thee, the great physician from the bed
Of darkness call'd the sick, the blind, the lame;
He burst the grave's relentless bars by thee,
And spoke the dead to life and bloom again.
His miracles, thy work; their glory, thine:
Then, O thou dearest attribute of God!
Thy saving health to this thy servant lend!
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!"
Inclin'd upon a dewy-skirted cloud
Purpled with light, and dropping fatness down,
Plenty and bliss on man, with looks as mild
As ev'ning suns (when flow'ry-footed May
Leads on the jocund Hours, when Love himself
Flutters in green) effusing heart-felt joy
Abundant, Mercy shone with sober grace,
And majesty at once with sweetness mix'd
Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,
The covenant of God, betok'ning peace
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, its florid arch display'd,
High-bended by th' Almighty's glorious hand;
The languish of the dove upon her eyes
In placid radiance melted, from the throne
Of Grace infus'd and fed with light: her smiles
Expansive cheer'd the undetermin'd tracks
Of all creation, from th' ethereal cope,
August with moving fires, down to the shades
Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear.
Ev'n men refine to angels from her gaze,
Gracious, invigorating, full of Heav'n!
This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent pray'rs
And intercession, opes her ready ear,
Compassionate; and to Hygeia thus:
"Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life;
There dip thy fingers; touch his head and breast;
Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,
Save by the eye of Faith: he yonder lies—
Descend, and take the ev'ning's western wing."
She said. Hygeia bow'd; and bowing, fill'd
The circumambient air with od'rous streams,
Pure essence of ambrosia! Not the breath
Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,
Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales
Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh and balm;
Nor the wise eastern monarch's garden vy'd
In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool,
Panting with languishment and love-sick fires.
Forth from th' eternal throne the well of life,
Pouring its crystal, laves the streets of God;

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(Where sickness never comes, nor age, nor pain)
Fast-trickling o'er the pebble-gems. Beneath
Unfading amarant and asphodel,
A mirror spreads its many-colour'd round,
Mosaic-work, inlaid by hands divine
In glist'ring rows, illuminating each,
Each shading: beryl, topaz, chalcedon,
Em'rald and amethyst. Whatever hues
The light reflects, celestial quarries yield,
Or melt into the vernant-showry bow,
Profusive, vary here in mingling beams.
Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end
Their soft-progressive lapse. The cherubs hence
Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblam'd.
Nor only flow for you, ye sons of light,
The streams of comfort and of life, but flow
To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,
The aged they renew; the dead revive,
And more, the festers of the wounded soul,
Corrupted, black, to pristine white relume
And saint-like innocence. The mystic dove
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.
The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool
Stirr'd, first his pinions with these vital drops
Sprinkled; then poured himself into the flood,
Instilling health and nutriment divine,
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its pow'rs.
Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil
Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise
Liv'd on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the spring.
The deep carnations in the eastern skies,
When ruddy morning walks along the hills,
Illustriously red, in purple dews,
Are languid to her blushes; for she blush'd
As through the op'ning file of winged flames,
Bounding, she lightned, and her sapphire eyes
With modest lustre bright, improving Heav'n,
Cast, sweetly, round, and bow'd to her compeers,
An angel amid angels. Light she sprung
Along th' empyreal road: her locks distill'd
Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon
She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,
Precipitant, upon the ev'ning-wing
Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm
Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets.
Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,
Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays,
And merrier melody, their grateful hymn,
Brisk-flutt'ring to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,
Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,
Of petulant delight, the circling maze
(Brush'd off its dews) betray. All Nature smiles,
With double day delighted. Chief, on man
The goddess ray'd herself: he, wond'ring, feels
His heart in driving tumults, vig'rous, leap,
And gushing ecstasy: bursts out his tongue
In laud, and unpremeditated song,
Obedient to the music in his veins.
Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light
Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw
Its golden mantle round the rising ball,
The cumb'rous mass, shot through with vital [warmth
And plastic energy, to motion roll'd
The drowzy elements, and active rule:
Sudden the morning stars, together, sang,
And shouted all the sons of God for joy.
Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,
With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head;
Three drops into my mouth infus'd, unseen,
Save by the eye of Faith: then re-ascends.
As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch
Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves
Trickling, yet slow, away; and loosen'd frosts
The genial impress feel of vernal suns,
Relenting to the ray; my torpid limbs
The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand
And salutary influence perceive,
Instant to wander through the whole. My heart
Begins to melt, o'er-running into joy,
Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize
My spirits, conscious of returning health,
And dire disease abating from the cells
And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech
Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.
The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er
Their big-distended channels; quiet now
And sinking into peace. The organs heave
Kindlier with life: and Nature's fabric near
To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould
To dust dissolv'd, tho' not its pristine strength
(The lusty vigour of its healthy prime)
Yet gentle force recovers; to maintain,
Against the tyrant Death's batt'ring assaults,
The fort of life.—But darkness, present still,
And absent sweet repose, best med'cine, sleep,
Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.
Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd Sleep,
Kind nurse of Nature! whither art thou fled,
A stranger to my senses, weary'd out
With pain, and aching for thy presence? Come,
O come! embrace me in thy liquid arms;
Exert thy drowsy virtue, wrap my limbs
In downy indolence, and bathe in balm,
Fast-flowing from th' abundance of thy horn,
With nourishment replete, and richer stor'd
Than Amalthea's; who (so poets feign)
With honey and with milk supply'd a god,
And fed the Thunderer. Indulgent quit
Thy couch of poppies! steal thyself on me,
(In rory mists suffus'd and clouds of gold)
On me, thou mildest cordial of the world?
The shield his pillow, in the tented field,
By thee, the soldier, bred in iron-war,
Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,
Nor envies Luxury her bed of down.
Rock'd by the blast, and cabbin'd in the storm,
The sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,
Of shipwreck negligent, while thou art kind.
The captive's freedom, thou! the labourer's hire;
The beggar's store; the miser's better gold;
The health of sickness; and the youth of age!
At thy approach the wrinkled front of Care
Subsides into the smooth expanse of smiles.
And, stranger far! the monarch, crown'd by thee,
Beneath his weight of glory gains repose.
What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,
Ev'n tho' my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone?
Ah seal'd, but not by thee! The world is dumb;
Exhal'd by air, an awful silence rules,
Still as thy brother's reign, or foot of time;
Ev'n nightingales are mute, and lovers rest,
Steep'd in thy influence, and cease to sigh,
Or only sigh in slumbers. Fifteen nights
The Moon has walk'd in glory o'er the sky;
As oft the Sun has shone her from the sphere,
Since, gentle Sleep, I felt thy cordial dews.
Then listen to my moaning; nor delay
To sooth me with thy softness; to o'ershade
Thy suppliant with thy pinions: or at least,
Lightly to touch my temples with thy wand.

So, full and frequent, may the crimson fields
With poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin's hand.
So may the west-wind's sigh, th' murm'ring brook,
The melody of birds, Ianthe's lute,
And music of the spheres, be all the sounds
That dare intrude on thy devoted hour.
Nor Boreas bluster, nor the thunder roar,
Nor screech-owl flap his wing, nor spirit yell,
As 'neath the trembling of the Moon he walks,
Within the circle of thy still domain.
He comes! he comes! the reconciling pow'r
Of pain, vexation, care, and anguish comes!
He hovers in the lazy air:—he melts,
With honey-heaviness, my senses down.—
—I thank thee, Sleep!—Heav'ns! is the day restor'd
To my desiring eyes? their lids, unglew'd,
Admit the long-lost sight, now streaming in
Painfully clear!—O check the rapid gleam
With shading silk, 'till the weak visual orb,
Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the Sun,
Nor, wat'ring, twinkles at unfolded day.
As, where, in Lapland, Night collects her reign,
Oppressive, over half the rounded year
Uninterrupted with one struggling beam;
Young Orra-Moor, in furry spoils enroll'd,
Slagged and warm, first spies th' imperfect blush
Of op'ning light, exulting; scarce her eyes
The lustre bear, tho' faint; but, wid'ning fast
Th' unbounded tide of splendour covers, fair,
Th' expanded hemisphere; and fills her sight
With gladness, while her heart, warm-leaping, burns.
Sight, all-expressive! Tho' the feeling sense
Thrills from Ianthe's hand; at Handel's lyre
Tingles the ear; tho' smell from blossom'd beans
Arabian spirit gathers; and the draught,
Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
Streams nectar on the palate: yet, O Sight!
Weak their sensations, when compar'd with thee.
Without thee, Nature lies unmeaning gloom.
Whatever smiles on Earth, or shines in Heav'n,
From star of Venus to Adonis flow'r;
Whatever Spring can promise: Summer warm
To rich maturity; gay Autumn roll
Into the lap of Plenty, or her horn;
Winter's majestic horrors;—all are thine.
All varying in order's pleasing round,
In regular confusion grateful all!
And now progressive health, with kind repair,
My fever-weaken'd joints and languid limbs
New-brace. Live vigour and auxiliar'd nerves
Sinew the freshen'd frame in bands of steel.
As in the trial of the furnace ore,
From baser dregs refin'd, and drossy scum,
Flames more refulgent, and admits the stamp
Of majesty to dignify the gold,
Cæsar or George! the human body, thus,
Enamel'd, not deform'd, from sickness' rage
More manly features borrows, and a grace
Severe, yet worthier of its sovereign form.
The patriarch of Uz, son of the Morn,
Envy'd of Lucifer, by sores and blanes
Sharply improv'd, to fairer honours rose;
Less his beginning blest than latter end.
How late a tortur'd lump of baleful pain,
The soul immerg'd in one inactive mass
Of breathing blanes, each elegance of sense,
Each intellectual spark and fiery seed
Of reason, memory, judgment, taste and wit,
Extinct and smother'd in unwieldy clay
Scarce animated: and (O blessing!) now
I seem to tread the winds; to overtake
The empty eagle in her early chase,
Or nimble-trembling dove, from preyful beak,
In many a rapid, many a cautious round,
Wheeling precipitant: I leave behind,
Exulting o'er its aromatic hills,
The bounding Bether-roe. The poet's mind,
(Effluence essential of heat and light!)
Not mounts a loftier wing, when Fancy leads
The glitt'ring track, and points him to the skies,
Excursive: he empyreal air inhales,
Earth fading from his flight! triumphant soars
Amid the pomp of planetary worlds,
Ranging infinitude, beyond the stretch
Of Newton's ken, reformer of the spheres,
And, gaining on the Heav'ns, enjoys his home!
The winter of disease all pass'd away,
The spring of health, in bloomy pride, calls forth
Embosom'd bliss, of rosy-winged praise
The rising incense, the impassion'd glance
Of gratitude, the pant of honour, quick
With emulating zeal; the florid wish
For sacred happiness, and cordial glow
From conscious virtue felt: all the sweet train
Of vernal solitude's refining walks,
Best gift of Heav'n, and source of nameless joys!

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 49. ——————The sons of light.

Light is the first-born of all creatures, and it is commonly observed that the angels were created at the same period of time. St. Austin thinks them meant under Fiat lux, Let there be light: De Civitate Dei, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no article of the apostles creed which directs upon any considerations of angels; because perhaps it exceeds the faculties of men to understand their nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical edification to know them. Yet however this observation may serve to illustrate that beautiful passage in the book of Job: "When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

P. 50. ——————To pristine white relume.

White has been accounted in all ages the peculiar tincture of innocence, and white vestments worn by persons delegated for sacred offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his disciples, his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, Mark, chap. ix. 3. When he ascended into Heaven, the angels descended in white apparel, Acts i. 10. And to the spouse of the lamb was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints, Rev. xix. ver. 8, 14. Hence the custom of the primitive church of clothing the persons baptized in white garments.

Inde parens sacro ducens de fonte sacerdos
Infantes, niveo corpore, mente, habitu.
Paulinus, epist. xii.

The heathens paid likewise a great regard to white:

Color albus præcipuè Deo charus est.
Cicero de Leg. lib. ii.

——— Ante aras stat veste sacerdos
Effulgens nivea. Silius Ital. lib. iii.

Delius hic longè candenti veste sacerdos
Occurrit. Valerius Flacc. lib. ii.

And not only the priests, but likewise those who attended at the sacrifices and paid their devotions to their gods:

Cernite fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras,
Tinctaque post oleâ candida turba comas.
Tibull. lib. ii. eleg. 1.

And Ovid:

Linguis candida turba favet. Fast. lib. ii.

I shall only add one passage, from Plautus:

——— Ergo æquius vos erat
Candidatas venire, hostiatasque ad hoc
Fanum. Rudens, act. i. sc. 5.

P. 50. ——— Touch'd my breast and head,
Three drops, &c.

Hygeia here performs her office in the very manner she was ordered by Mercy. I have, after the manner of Homer, used the same expressions over again, as when she received the mandate. The father of poetry constantly makes his envoys observe this practice, as a mark of decency and respect.

P. 50. Than Amalthea's, &c.

Amalthea the daughte of Melissus king of Crete, and nurse of Jupiter, who fed him with goats-milk and honey. Bu tthis story is differently related. See Strabo. l. x. Diodor. Sicul. l. iv. c. 5. and Ovid. Fast. l. v. It is very remarkable that the translation of the Septuagint uses the expression Amalthea's horn, for the name of Job's third daughter Keren-happuc (so called from her beauty) alluding to a Grecian fable invented long after; Job, ch. the last. v. 14. The same translation likewise mentions Arachne in the ninetieth psalm, and 9th verse, which image is left out in all our late versions. A Christian poet therefore may surely be excused for using the word ambrosia, &c. or drawing metaphors or comparisons from the pagan mythology in a serious composition; which is the practice of Milton and some of the best poets. The fault only is, when the poet weaves the heathen fables with the Jewish and Christian truths. As when Sannazarius introduces the Furies, Cerberus, &c. into his poem (which is otherwise a very fine one) De Partu Virginis. And likewise when Camoens blends the adventures of Bacchus with the miracles of Christ, &c. in his Lusiad. But this by the by.

THE THANKSGIVING.

BOOK V.

The Grave cannot praise thee; Death cannot celebrate thee.—The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day. Isaiah.

ARGUMENT.

The effects which the restoration of health ought to have in the solitudes of Spring. Rural prospect. Excursion to the battle at Tournay. Reflections on the abuses of modern poetry. Hymn to the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity: 1st, to God the Father, as creator and preserver: 2dly, to God the Son, as mediator and redeemer: 3dly, to God the Holy Ghost, as sanctifier and comforter. Conclusion.

Come, Contemplation! therefore, from thy haunts,
From Spenser's tomb, (with reverent steps and slow
Oft visited by me; certès, by all,
Touch'd by the Muse:) from Richmond's green retreats,
Where Nature's bard[1] the Seasons on his page
Stole from the Year's rich hand: or Welwyngroves,
Where Young, the friend of virtue and of man,
Sows with poetic stars the nightly song,
To Phœbus dear as his own day! and drowns
The nightingale's complaint in sadder strains
And sweeter elegance of woe, O come!
Now ev'ning mildly-still and softer suns
(While every breeze is flowing balm) invite
To taste the fragrant spirit of the Spring
Salubrious; from mead or hawthorn-hedge
Aromatis'd, and pregnant with delight
No less than health. And what a prospect round
Swells greenly-grateful on the cherish'd eye!
A universal blush! a waste of sweets!
How live the flow'rs, and, as the Zephyrs blow,
Wave a soft lustre on their parent-Sun,
And thank him with their odours for his beams;
Mild image of himself! reflected fair,
By faintness fair, and amiably mild!
Hark! how the airy Echoes talk along
With undulating answer, soft or loud,
The mocking semblance of the imag'd voice,
Babling itinerant from wood to hill,
From hill to dale, and wake their sisters round,
To multiply delight upon the ear.
As float the clouds, romantic Fancy pours
The magazines of Proteus forth, and builds
Huge castles in the air; while vessels sail
Spacious, along the fluid element;
And dragons burn in gold, with azure stains
Speckled: ten thousand inconsistent shapes
Shift on the eye, and through the welkin roll.
Here tufted hills! there shining villas rise,
Circling; and temples, solemn, fill the mind
With beauty, splendour, and religious awe!
Peace o'er the plains expands her snowy wing,
Dove-ey'd; and buxom Plenty laughs around!
Far different objects mortify the eye
Along thy borders, Scheld: (with William's tears
Ennobled, tears from brave Humanity
And royal Pity drawn! nor of his blood
Less prodigal!) Instead of herbag'd plains,
Of fields with golden plenty waving wide,
Of lowing valleys, and of fleecy hills:
What magazines of death! what flaming swords
Destruction brandish; what a burnish'd glare
Of horrour wanders round; what carnage vile
Of dubitable limbs; what groaning piles
Of dying warriors on th' ensanguin'd earth
(E'en sons of Britain, chiefs of high renown)
Grov'ling in dust, and with unmartial fires
Sheer blasted! O 'tis pitiful to sight!
It smites the honest brain and heart! The cloud,

[1] Mr. James Thomson.

Belch'd from the brazen throat of war, would hide,
Industrious, the ruin which it spreads,
As if asham'd of massacre—But hark!—
What dire explosion tears th' embowel'd sky,
And rumbles from th' infernal caves? The roar
Of Ætna's troubled caverns, when she heaves
Trinacria from her marble pillars, fix'd
On the foundations of the solid Earth,
And Thetis' bellows from her distant dens,
O'erwhelm the ear!—A mine with deadly stores
Infuriate, burst; and a whole squadron'd host
Whirl'd through the riven air. A human show'r
With smouldry smoke enroll'd and wrapt in fire,
To cover Earth with desolation drear!—
Curst be the man, the monk, the son of Hell,
The triple Moloch! whose mechanic brain,
Maliciously inventive, from its forge,
Of cruel steel, the sulphur seeds of wrath
Flash'd on the world, and taught us how to kill;
To hurl the blazing ruin, to disgorge
From smoking brass the ragged instruments
Of Fate, in thunder, on the mangled files
Of gallant foes:—the cowardice of Hell!
And what the barb'rous nations never knew,
(Though nourish'd by the tigers, and their tongues
Red with the gore of lions) to involve
The holy temples, the religious fanes,
To hallelujahs sacred and to peace,
With dreadless fires. Shudd'ring the angels weep
At man's impiety, and seek the skies:
They weep! while man, courageous in his guilt,
Smiles at the infant writhing on his spear;
The hoary head pollutes the flinty streets
With scanty blood; and virgins pray in vain.
Blush, blush! or own Deucalion for thy sire.
Yet should Rebellion, bursting from the caves
Of Erebus, uprear her hydra-form,
To poison, Liberty, thy light divine;
If she, audacious, stalk in open day,
And hiss against the throne by Heav'n's own hand
Establish'd, and religion Heav'n-reform'd,
Britannia! rescue Earth from such a bane:
Exert thy ancient spirit; urge thyself
Into the bowels of the glowing war,
Sweep her from day to multiply the fiends,
And scare the damn'd!—and thou! the God of Hosts,
Supreme! the Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Thy people, thy anointed with thy shield
Cover and shade; unbare thy righteous arm,
And save us in the hollow of thy hand!
Michaël send, as erst against the host
Of Lucifer, and let his sword be drunk
With rebel blood. The battle is thy own;
When virtue, liberty, religion call:
Thine is the victory: the glory thine!
Turn, Contemplation, from this savage scene
Of violence and waste: my swimming eyes
Have lost the beauties of the vernal view!
Sweet are the beauties of the vernal view!
And yet devotion wafts to nobler themes,
And lifts the soul to Heav'n! for who, untouch'd,
With mental adoration, feeling laud,
Beholds this living-vegetable whole,
This universal witness of a God!
Tho' silent, yet convincing, uncontrol'd,
Which meets the sense, and triumphs in the soul?
Let me, by Isaac's wise example fir'd,
When meditation led him through the fields,
Sweetly in pious musings lost, adore
My God! for meditation is too poor,
Below the sacrifice of Christian hearts:
Plato could meditate; a Christian, more:
Christians, from meditation, soar to pray'r.
Methinks I hear, reprov'd by modern wit,
Or rather pagan: "Tho' ideal sounds
Soft-wafted on the Zephyr's fancy'd wing,
Steal tuneful soothings on the easy ear,
New from Ilissus' gilded mists exhal'd;
Tho' gently o'er the academic groves,
The magic echoes of unbodied thoughts
Roll their light billows through th' unwounded air,
In mildest undulations! yet a priest[a],
Tasteless and peevish, with his jargon shrill,
Scorns Academus; tho' its flow'rs bestow
On Hybla nectar, purer than her own,
From Plato's honey-dropping tongue distill'd
In copious streams, devolving o'er the sense
Its sweet regalement!" Philodemus, yes:
(Tho' learn'd Lycæum's cloisters lead the mind
Attentive on, as far as Nature leads:
And Plato, for a heathen, nobler dreams
Than dream some modern poets:) yes, a priest,
A priest dares tell you, Salem's hallow'd walks,
And that illumin'd mountain, where a God,
The God of my salvation, and I hope
Of thine, unutterable beauty beam'd,
(Tho' shaded from excess of Deity,
Too fierce for mortal-aching eyes to prove
The rush of glory) me, desirous, draw
From Athen's owls, to Jordan's mystic dove.
Thou sing of Nature, and the moral charms
Gild with thy painted Muse: my fingers lift
The lyre to God! Jehova! Eloim!
Truth is my leader; only Fancy, thine:
(Sweet Farinelli of enervate song!)
I quit the myrtle, for a starry crown.
And know, if Sickness shed her bluish plagues
From fog, or fen, or town-infected damps,
(And, sure I'd pity thee) among thy veins:
Then, then no Platonist! thy inmost soul
Will thank me for this preaching; nor disdain
To breathe itself in pray'r, as low as mine;
From God begin, with God conclude the song;
Thus glorifying with a Christian-zeal.
Father of Heav'n and Earth! coeval Son!
And co-existing Spirit! Trinal-One!
Mysterious Deity; invisible;
Indefinite, and omnipresent God,
Inhabiting eternity! Shall dust,
Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of thee?
O for a David's heart, and tongue of fire
To rival angels in my praise and zeal!
Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe
Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,
My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.
Father-Creator! who beholds thy works,
But catches inspiration! Thou the Earth
On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
With a magnetic force, and central poise.
Ocean of brightness thou! Thy grand behest
Flung on thy orb, the Sun, a sparkling drop,
To light the stars, and feed their silver urns
With unexhausted flame; to bid them shine
Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue
Which mantles night, and woo us to repose
With roscid radiance. They harmonious roll,

[a] The very expressions of one of our disciples of Socrates.

In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,
The universal hallelujah: sphere,
In lucid order, quiring sweet to sphere,
Deep-felt and loftier than a seraph's song;
The symphony of well-according worlds!
But man, thy beam, thy breath, thy image, shines
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;
Of all below the stars! a plant, from Heav'n
Traduc'd, to spread the riches of its bloom
O'er Earth, and water'd with etherial dews;
Incorruptible aliment! The birds
Warble among his boughs; the cattle, safe,
Pasture within his shade; and Earth beneath
Th' imperial umbrage of his branches smiles.
The smiling Earth, the spangled spheres, and man
Their great Creator praise! but praise how long,
Unless by thy almighty arm upheld,
Preserver infinite? By thee unless
Upheld, the Earth would from her basis reel;
The spheres forego their courses, (off their orbs
The silver softness melted into shade)
Obscurely dissonant; and mortal man
(Void of thy fostering fires) his stately form
To dust be moulder'd: Chaos would resume
Her ancient anarchy; confusion, rule;
And darkness swallow all. In thee we live,
In thee we move: our beings in thy chain,
Linkt to eternity, fasten on thee,
The pillar of our souls! For me, (how late
A neighbour of the worm!) when I forget
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,
And cease to celebrate, with matin-harp
Or vesper-song, thy plenitude of love,
And healing mercy; may the nightly pow'r,
Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe
Her modulating impulse through my soul;
Untun'd, unhallow'd! Discord, string my lyre,
Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to swell the notes for thee,
Father of Heav'n and Earth!—Coeval Son!
(His word, his essence, his effulgence pure!)
Not less thy filial likeness I adore,
Nor from thy Father's glory aught disjoin,
Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth
Of uncreated Time, thy Father's wrath
(Sprung from omniscience!) to appease, for man,
Upright as yet, to mediate, mercy wak'd
Unbounded love in thee; unbounded love
Contracted to the measure of a span
Immensity of Godhead, and thy crown
Reft from thy faded brow. Listen, O Earth!
And wonder, O ye Heav'ns! shall he, whose feet
Are cloth'd with stars, (the glory of his head
For who can tell?) whose looks divine illume
The dazzl'd eyes of cherubs, and the youth
Of saints with everlasting bloom renew:
Shall he, whose vital smiles with splendour fill
The circuits of creation, and sustain
Th' abodes of all existence, from the depths
Of Hell beneath, above Heav'n's highest orb,
With life, and health, and joy! shall he, to God,
Dear as his eye and heart, engraven there
Deep from eternity; alone belov'd,
Alone begotten! say, shall he become
A man of grief—for man? nay more his foe,
Rebellious next the fiends?—Astonishment
Had chain'd my tongue to silence, if the pow'rs
Of tenderest pity and of warmest love
Provok'd not pensive measures, sadder strains
Of elegiac-sorrow, with the theme
Mournfully varying. Take, my soul redeem'd!
O take the moaning dove's dew-dropping wing,
Fly, fly to Solyma! and melt thy woe
To Cedron's murmurs. Thence, extend thy flight
To Golgotha's accursed tree. Behold!
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackest wrath
Of an offended God!) his beauties shade;
But shade not long: it soon in drops dissolves,
Sweet to the soul as manna to the taste,
As pride of summer-flow'r to sight or smell!
Behind this shadowing cloud, this mystic gloom,
The Sharon rose, dy'd in the blood of Heav'n,
The lily of the valley, white from stain,
Bows the fair head, in loveliness declines,
And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies.
But darkness veils the Sun: a curtain draw
Before the passion; beyond wonder great,
Great beyond silence!—(Awe-struck pause a-
while—)
And heavy as the burthen of our sins!—
'T is finish'd!—Change the lyre, the numbers
Let holy anthem-airs inspire the hymn. [change;
Glory in Heav'n! redemption to mankind,
And peace on Earth! dominion! blessing! praise!
Thanksgiving! pow'r! salvation to our God!
Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb!
And, co-existing Spirit! Thou, whose breath
My voice informs, shall it be mute to thee,
Eternal Paraclete? in order, last,
Equal in glory to Omnipotence
The first, as to the second; and from both
Proceeding; (O inexplicable name!)
Mystical link of the unnumber'd Three!
To learning, night; to faith, the noon-tide day.
Soul of the universe! thy wisdom, first,
The rage compos'd of warring elements[3],
(The subject of a nobler future song)
Yon all-surrounding Heav'ns with crystal orbs
Garnish'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks
And disciplin'd array; dividing night
From day, their ordinances 'stablish'd sure.
Moving the waters saw thee o'er their face,
O God, the waters saw thee, and afraid,
Into their channels shrunk, (capacious bed
Of liquid element!) and own'd their bounds
Impassable, as that eternal gulph [beams
'Twixt bliss and woe.—The Prince of Peace thy
Largely imbib'd, when, dovelike, o'er his head,
Fast by the banks of Jordan's sacred stream,
Thy mantling wings diffus'd their heavenly hues;
And Abba glorify'd his Only Son,
Well-pleased.—From thy tongues of cloven fire
Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,
And unextinguish'd charity, dispers'd
And glowing as the summer blaze at noon.
The rushing winds, on all their wings convey'd
Thy doctrine, strong to shake the guilty soul;
As, erst, the dome, low-stooping to its base,
Before thy mighty presence learn'd to bend.
Thou, from the morning-womb, upon our souls,
Barren and dry, thy sanctifying dews,
Abroad, in silent softness sheds: the dews
Of love unspotted, uncorrupted joy;
Obedient goodness, temperance subdu'd;
Unshaken faith, and meekness without guile.
Hence flow the odours out, our pray'rs perfume,
Like incense, rising fragrant on the throne,

[3] The Elements, a Poem: in four books.

From golden vials pour'd, by elder hands!
Extinct thy influential radiance, Sin,
Incumbent on the soul, as black as Hell,
Holds godless anarchy: by thee refin'd,
Incens'd, sublim'd, and sanctify'd, the soul
Invites the Holiest (O abyss of love!)
To choose a temple, purer than the Sun,
Incorruptible, formed not by hands,
Where best he loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,
Most holy Comforter! in sickness smooth'd,
And violet-buds, and roses, without thorn, [vale
Shower'd round the couch. From darkness and the
Of shadowy Death, to pastures fair, and streams
Of comfort, thy refreshing right-hand led
My wearied soul, and bath'd in health and joy!
To light restor'd and the sweet breath of Heav'n,
Beneath thy olive-boughs, in plenteous flow,
The golden oil effusing on my head
Of gladness, let me ever sit and sing,
Thy numerous Godhead sparkling in my soul,
Thyself instilling praises, by thy ear
Not unapprov'd! For wisdom's steady ray,
Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the sacred fires
Of poesy are thine; united Three!
Father of Heav'n and Earth! coeval Son!
And co-existing Spirit! Trinal One!

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 52. ALONG thy borders, Scheld ——

This was written at the time of the siege of Tournay.

P. 53. ——— Plato could meditate.

Far be it from me to speak with disrespect of this pagan philosopher. For my part, I could almost declare my admiration of Plato's beautiful descriptions, &c. in the words of B. Jonson on Shakspeare: "To justify," says he, "my own candour, I honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any." See his Discoveries, vol II. fol. of his works. Page 98.

I only here would observe how falsely, not to say impiously, some modern writers seem to take pains to recommend Plato's ideal morality in opposition to the glorious doctrines so fully revealed in the holy scriptures.

P. 53. ——— Philodemus.

Alluding to 2. Sectanus's admirable Satires; who introduces much such another character under this name. The true author, as we are informed By Mons. Blainville in his curious Travels, is Mons. Segardi, one of the finest and politest gentlemen of Rome; by Philodemus, he means one Gravina, an atheistical pretender to philosophy, the Greek language, &c. He thus makes him boast of himself, as if he drew the principles of his system from Socrates.

Nos etenim (puto jàm nosti) doeti sumus, & quos
Socraticâ cœpi tractandos mollitèr arte
Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totâque probantur
Urbe.

See 2. Sectani Satyr. 4to. vol. I. Sat. 1. lib. i. v. 108, &c.

P. 54. ——— Soul of the universe.

The heathens frequently give the appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

Cœlum & terram camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intùs agit.

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another place.

———Deum ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.

And Zeno's opinion is very remarkable:

Θεος εςι πνευμα διηκον δι' ολε τε κοσμε.

See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius in the Life of Zeno.

P. 54. Moving the waters saw thee o'er their face, &c.

Cicero tells us that it was Thales's opinion that God was the Spirit which created all things from the water. "Thales aquam dixit esse initium rerum, Deum autem esse mentem quæ ex aqua cuncta fingeret." De Nat. Deor. l. i.

P. 54. —— Before thy mighty presence, &c.

The very heathens imagined a commotion in nature at the presence of the Deity.

——— Vibratus ab æthere fulgor
Cum sonitu venit, ruere omnia visa repentè.
Æneis. lib. 8.

And in another place, Virgil:
Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia visa repentè
Liminaque laurusque Dei, totusque moveri
Mons circum. Æneis. lib. 3.

So likewise Statius:
Mirabar cur templa mihi tremuere Dianæ.
Theb. lib. 4.

And Seneca:
—— Imo mugit è fundo solum,
Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus
Ut fracta tectis crepuit. Thyestes, Act II.

P. 54. ——Thou from the morning-womb, &c.

Psalm cx. 3. This is a noble metaphor to express the beauties and graces of the Holy Spirit. So that "from the womb of the morning" in the Psalmist, signifies this: From the heavenly light of the Gospel, which is the wing or beam whereby the Sun of Righteousness revealeth himself, and breaketh out upon the world, the people shall adorn themselves from the first forming of Christ in them, with the dews of grace, and the gifts and emanations of the Holy Ghost: which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Gal. v. 22. &c. When the spirit of Christ bloweth thus upon us, and the dews of grace are poured into our hearts, then the spices flow out, which arise from the holy duties and spiritual infusions, mentioned above.

P. 55. ——— From elder-hands.

Rev. v. 8. The four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints; that is, the prayers of good men are as grateful to God as incense from the tabernacle. So David, Ps. xiv. 2. Let my prayer be directed to thee as incense.

P. 55. Beneath thy olive-branch, &c.

Alluding to the two olive-branches in Zecharia, c. iv. v. 11 and 12. which empty the golden oil out of themselves. Amongst other expositions of which words, Junius and Tarnovius interpret them, to mean the various gifts and effusions of the Holy Spirit, which are, by Christ, derived upon the church. For Christ is called the Messiah, on account of his being anointed with the oil of gladness; Ps. xiv. 8. And St. John speaketh thus of the Holy Ghost: Ye have an unction from the Holy One. 1 John ii. 20. The anointing which ye received from him, abideth in you. John c. ii. v. 27.

To conclude; a recovery from the small-pox a few years ago, gave occasion to the preceding poem. I only at first (in gratitude to the Great Physician of souls and bodies) designed to have published this hymn to the Trinity upon a recovery from sickness. But the subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious reflections on the frail state of humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be supposed that I should treat upon sickness in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious manner: the versification is varied accordingly: the descriptive parts being more poetical; the moral, more plain; and the religious, for the most part, drawn from the Holy Scriptures. I have just taken such notice of the progress of the small-pox, as may give the reader some small idea of it, without offending his imagination. These few notes are not intended for the learned reader, but added to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the classical and other allusions. I do not remember to have seen any other poem on the same subject to lead me on the way, and therefore, it is to be hoped, the good-natured reader will more readily excuse its blemishes.

I have here added, by way of conclusion to the notes, a short hymn written (when very young) in the great epidemical cold in 1732.

AN HYMN IN SICKNESS.

O Lord! to thee I lift my soul,
To thee direct my eyes,
While fate in every vapour rolls,
And sick'ning Nature sighs.

E'en air, the vehicle of life,
The soft recess of breath,
Is made the harbinger of Fate,
And poison'd dart of Death.

No gentle strains relieve my ears:
But hark! the passing-toll,
In a long, sadly-solemn knell,
Alarms anew my soul.

No lovely prospect meets my eye,
But melancholy fear,
Attended with the hollow pomp
Of sickness and despair.

My sins, wide-staring in my face
In ghastly guise alarm;
The pleasing sins of wanton youth,
In many a fatal charm.

I sink beneath their black approach:
My God! thy mercy lend;
Let Hope her healing wings diffuse;
O snatch me from the fiend!

I feel, I feel thy saving health:
New raptures fill my heart:
A shining train of bliss succeeds;
The gloomy scenes depart.

Tho' straining coughs this mortal frame
To dissolution bring,
Yet dreary Death in vain affrights,
And points in vain his sting:

If gracious Heaven at that sad hour
Its guardian arm extend;
If angels watch my parting soul,
And save me at my end.

O Lord, or let me live or die,
Thy holy will be done!
But let me live alone to thee,
And die in thee alone.

GRATITUDE.

A POEM, ON THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET'S BENEFACTIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Donarem statuas—Carmina possumus
Donare. Horat.

Shall foreign lands for Pomfret wake the lyre,
And Tyber's more than Isis' banks inspire?
Let Isis' groves with Pomfret's name resound;
Not Rome alone can boast of classic ground.
Ye sons of harmony, the wreath prepare,
The living laurel wreath, to bind her hair.
Hail, fair exemplar of the good and great,
The Muses hail thee to their honour'd seat;
And ne'er since Anna with her presence blest,
They sung a nobler, more auspicious guest.
Behold our youth, transported at the sight;
Behold our virgins, sparkling with delight:
E'en venerable age forgets its snow,
The splendour catches, and consents to glow.
Ye youths, with Pomfret's praises tune the shell:
Ye virgins, learn from Pomfret to excel:
For let her age, with fervent prayers and pure,
The blessings of all bounteous Heaven secure.
Their breathing incense let the Graces bring:
Their grateful pæans let the Muses sing.
If praise be guilt, ye laurels, cease to grow,
Oxford to sing, and seraphims to glow.
No altars to an idol-power we raise,
Nor consecrate the worthless with our praise,
To merit only and to goodness just,
We rear the arch-triumphal and the bust.
Sprung from the Pembroke[1] race, their nation's pride,
Allied by science, as by blood allied,

[1] The Pembroke family have been remarkable for genius. Mary, countess of Pembroke, sister to sir Philip Sidney, for whose entertainment he wrote his Arcadia, published a tragedy called Antonius. Ann, countess of Pembroke, had Daniel for her tutor, and erected to Spenser the monument in Westminster Abbey. William, earl

Illustrious race! sure to protect or please
With patriot freedom, or with courtly ease;
Blest with the graceful form, and tuneful mind,
To Oxford dear, as to the Muses kind!
Thy gifts, O Pomfret, we with wonder view,
And while we praise their beauties, think of you.
Who but a Venus could a Cupid send,
And who a Tully, but Minerva's friend?
A speechless Tully, lest he should commend
The praise you merit you refuse to hear;
No marble orator can wound your ear.
Mere statues, worse than statues we should be,
If Oxford's sons more eloquent were than he.
Scarce silent, and impatient of the stone,
He seems to thunder from his rostral throne:
He wakes the marble, by some Phidias taught,
And, eloquently dumb, he looks a thought.
With hopes and fears we tremble or rejoice,
Deciv'd we listen, and expect a voice.
This station satisfies his noble pride,
Disdaining, but in Oxford, to reside.
Here safely we behold fierce Marius frown,
Glad that we have no Marius, save in stone.
So animated by the master's skill,
The Gaul, awe-stricken, dares not—cannot kill.
The sleeping Cupids happily exprest
The fiercer passions foreign to thy breast.
Long strangers to the laughter-loving dame,
They from Arcadia, not from Paphos, came.
Whene'er his lyre thy kindred Sidney strung,
The flocking Loves around their poet hung:
Whene'er he fought, they flutter'd by his side,
And stiffen'd into marble, when he died.
Half-dropt their quivers, and half-seal'd their eyes,
They only sleep:—for Cupid never dies.
"A sleeping Cupid!" cries some well-drest smart.
"'T is false! I feel his arrows in my heart."
I own, my friend, your argument is good,
And who denies, that's made of flesh and blood?
But yon bright circle, strong in native charms,
No Cupid's bow requires, nor borrow'd arms:
The radiant messenger of Conquest flies
Keen from each glance, and pointed from their eyes.

His heart, whom such a prospect cannot move,
Is harder, colder, than the Marble-Love.
But Modesty rejects what Justice speaks:
—I see soft blushes stealing o'er their cheeks.
Not Phidian labours claim the verse alone,
The figur'd brass, or fine-proportion'd stone.
To make you theirs the sister Arts conspire,
You animate the canvas or the lyre:
A new creation on your canvas flows,
Life meets your hand, and from your pencil glows;
How swells your various lyre, or melts away,
While every Muse attends on every lay!
The bright contagion of Hesperian skies,
Burn'd in your soul, and lighten'd in your eyes,
To view what Raphael painted, Vinci plann'd,
And all the wonders of the classic land.
Proud of your charms, applauding Rome confest
Her own Cornelia's breathing in your breast.
The virtues, which each foreign realm renown,
You bore in triumph home, to grace your own.
Appelles thus, to form his finish'd piece,
The beauteous Pomfret of adoring Greece,
In one united, with his happy care,
The fair perfections of a thousand fair.
Tho' Virtue may with moral lustre charm,
Religion only can the bosom warm.
In thee Religion wakens all her fires,
Perfumes thy heart, and spotless soul inspires.
A Cato's daughter might of virtue boast,
Nobly to vice, though not to glory, lost:
A Pomfret, taught by piety to rise,
Looks down on glory, while she hopes the skies,
Angels with joy prepare the starry crown,
And seraphs feed a flame, so like their own.
One statue more let Rhedicina[2] raise
To charm the present, brighten future days;
The sculptur'd column grave with Pomfret's name,
A column worthy of thy temple, Fame!
Praxiteles might such a form commend,
And borrow graces which he us'd to lend:
Where ease with beauty, force with softness meet,
Though mild, majestic, and though awful, sweet.
Of gold and elephant, on either hand,
Let Piety and Bounty, graceful, stand:
With fillets this, with roses that entwin'd,
And breathe their virtues on the gazer's mind.
Low at her feet, the sleeping Cupids plac'd,
By Marius guarded, and with Tully grac'd:
A monument of gratitude remain,
The bright Palladium of Minerva's fane.

of Pembroke, printed a volume of poems. Shakspeare's and Fletcher's works, in their first editions, are dedicated to the earl of Pembroke: and Thomas, who ought particularly to be mentioned on this occasion, made the largest and finest collection of statues of any nobleman in Europe.

[2] Oxford.

THE

GRAVE,

BY

THE REV. ROBERT BLAIR.

THE

LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

Robert Blair was the eldest son of the rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king. His grandfather was the rev. Robert Blair, sometime minister of the gospel at Bangor, in Ireland, and afterward at Saint Andrews, in Scotland. Of this gentleman, some Memoirs partly taken from his manuscript diaries, were published at Edinburgh in 1754. He was celebrated for his piety, and, by those of his persuasion, for his inflexible adherence to presbyterianism in opposition to the endeavours made in his time to establish episcopacy in Scotland: it is recorded also that he wrote some poems.

His grandson, the object of the present article, was born in the year 1699, and after the usual preparatory studies was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, where he resided until his death, Feb. 4, 1747. One of his sons now holds the office of solicitor-general to his majesty for Scotland. The late celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, was his cousin.

Such are the only particulars handed down to us respecting the writer of The Grave: it is but lately that the poem was honoured with much attention, and it appears to have made its way very slowly into general notice. The pious and congenial Hervey was among the first who praised it. Mr. Pinkerton, in his Letters of Literature, published under the name of Heron, endeavoured to raise it far above the level of common productions, and I should suppose he has succeeded. It has of late years been frequently reprinted, but it may be questioned whether it will bear a critical examination: it has no regular plan, nor are the reflections on mortality embellished by any superior graces. It is perhaps a stronger objection that they are interrupted by strokes of feeble satire at the expence of physicians and undertakers. His expressions are often mean, and his epithets ill-chosen and degrading—"Supernumerary horrour; new-made widow; sooty blackbird; strong-lunged cherub; lame kindness, &c. &c.; solder of society; by stronger arm belaboured; great gluts of people, &c." are vulgarisms which cannot be pardoned in so short a production.

The Grave is said to have been first printed at Edinburgh in 1747, but this is a mistake. It was printed in 1743, at London, for M. Cooper. The author had previously submitted it to Dr. Watts, who informed him that two booksellers had declined the risk of publication. He had likewise corresponded with Dr. Doddridge on the subject, and in a letter to that divine, says, that "in order to make it more generally liked, he was obliged sometimes to go cross to his own inclination, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument, must, upon that very account, lie under peculiar disadvantages: and therefore proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age which cares for none of those things[1]." In what respect he crossed his inclination, and by what arts he endeavoured to make his poem more acceptable to a licentious age, we know not. In defence of the present age, it may be said with justice that the poem owes its popularity to its subject; and that, notwithstanding its defects, it will probably be a lasting favourite with persons of a serious turn.

[1] Letters to and from Dr. Doddridge. 8vo. 1790.

THE GRAVE.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life;—the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrours of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains [thing!
The keys of Hell and Death.—The Grave, dread
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant Sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,)
Lets fall a supernumerary horrour,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome:
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan, cold Moon (as Fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds,
No other mertiment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up:—hark! how it howls!—Methinks,
'Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it make one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossipping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft in the lone church yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
The school boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
'Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,

Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errours thro' the underwood, [thrush
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
Complectionally pleasant? Where's the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was ham-[per'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud Royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the Morning whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid,
In mode and form e'en to every scruple;
Oh! cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born to rot in state.
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding [on
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show: whilst from the casements,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us why this waste,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?—T'is wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud Lineage, now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short;
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Ægyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm:
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages tumbles down,
A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; her dank'ring hand
With calm, delib'rate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the Earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable.—Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of Misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of Nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,

Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind; [flattery,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complection'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For *this*, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard, to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength, too—thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring,
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.—
What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden.—Let me trace it.—
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pains!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last—See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster, [bull,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man,
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube, [space,
And trav'lling through the boundless length of
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by. [change;
Great man of language!—Whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of Fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler,
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing-art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cram'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? Why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a task it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodged,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his int'rest in *both* worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horrour.—But the foe,

Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must; body and soul must part:
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee [drunkard
Untrembling mouth the Heavens: then might the
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 't is drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel.
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time, [force
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's *own* hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her *own* act?
Forbid it, Heaven.—Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath: unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:
Like sent'ries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd;
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'t is mad;
No phrensy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 't is you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'T was kindly done,
To knock, and give th' alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'T is but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 't is to die?—Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick: here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by!
'T is long since Death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years,
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
That soon some trusty brother of the trade [not,
Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring; in their turns,
They, too, must cover theirs.—'T is here all meet;
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the Earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;

Now vain their treaty-skill.—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm;—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Past by his gentle mistress lay him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Ere-while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—here the child
Of a span long that never saw the Sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquet,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;—
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But, ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slipp'ry state of things!—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's Sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire:—not long he enjoy'd
His Paradise—scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain—
Not all the lavish odours of the place
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewel round.—At once he lost
His glory and his God.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black Demon, with his Hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash errour, which he could not mend:
An errour fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds thro' every vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and worst of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten stone, and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that, too, has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall Fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrours? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines 'till the dread blow is struck.
But hold:—I've gone too far; too much discover'd

My father's nakedness, and Nature's shame.—
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread;
This chaos of mankind.——O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full;
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.——
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on Earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the sev'ring clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heav'n's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off: besides, there's no *by*-road
To bliss.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting Sun?—Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the farther bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome Death!
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death, disarm'd,
Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the Sun, seems larger at his setting:
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then! Oh, then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more;
Nor shall it hope in vain;—the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can, he *will*:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring [dust,
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
Nor Time, nor Death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THE

POEMS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD.

THE

LIFE OF ROBERT LLOYD.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

ROBERT LLOYD was born at Westminster, in the year 1733. His father, Dr. Pierson Lloyd, was second master of Westminster-school, afterwards chancellor of York, and portionist of Weddesdon, in Bucks. His learning, judgment, and moderation endeared him to all who partook of his instructions during a course of almost fifty years spent in the service of the public at Westminster-school. He had a pension from his Majesty of 500l. conferred upon him in his old age, which was ordered to be paid without deduction, and which he enjoyed until his death, Jan. 5, 1781[1].

Robert was educated at Westminster-school, where, unfortunately, he had for his associates Churchill, Thornton, Colman, and some others, to whose example his erroneous life may be ascribed. In 1751, he stood first on the list of Westminster scholars, who went to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same time that his schoolfellow Colman obtained the same rank among those sent to Oxford. In 1755, he took the degree of bachelor, and in 1761 that of master of arts.

While at the university he wrote several of his smaller pieces, and acquired the reputation of a lively and promising genius. But his conduct was marked by so many irregularities as to induce his father to wish him more immediately under his eye; and with the hope of reclaiming him to sobriety and study, he procured him the place of usher at Westminster-school. His education had amply qualified him for the employment, but his inclination led him to a renewed connection with Churchill, Thornton, and others, who deemed themselves exempt from the duties and decencies of moral life.

At what time he quitted the school we are not told. In 1760 and 1761 he superintended the poetical department of a short-lived periodical publication, entitled, The Library, of which the late Dr. Kippis was the editor. In 1760 he published the first of his productions which attracted much notice, The Actor. It was recommended by an easy and harmonious versification, and by the liberality of his censures, which were levelled at certain improprieties common to actors in general. By this poem, Churchill

[1] Life of Dr. Newton, bishop of Bristol, prefixed to his works, 8vo. p. 16, 17.

is said to have been stimulated to write his Rosciad, in which he descended from general to personal criticism. The subjects, however, were so alike, that Lloyd was for some time supposed to be the author of the Rosciad, which he took an early opportunity to deny, and not only acknowledged his inferiority, but attached himself more closely than ever to the fame and fortunes of Churchill.

In the same year he attempted a small piece of the musical kind, called, The Tears and Triumphs of Parnassus, and the following season had another little opera performed at Drury-lane Theatre in honour of their present majesties' nuptials, entitled, Arcadia; or, The Shepherd's Wedding. The profit arising from these pieces was not great, but probably enough to induce him to become an author by profession, although no man ever ventured on that mode of life with fewer qualifications. His poetical productions were of such a trifling cast as to bring him very small supplies, and he had neither taste nor industry for literary employment.

In 1762, he attempted to establish a periodical work, The St. James's Magazine, which was to be the depository of his own effusions, aided by the contributions of his friends: the latter, however, came in tardily; Churchill, from whom he had great expectations, contributed nothing, although such of his poems as he published during the sale of the magazine were liberally praised. Thornton gave a very few prose essays, and poetical pieces were furnished by Dennis and Emily, two versifiers of forgotten reputation. Lloyd himself had none of the steady industry which a periodical work requires, and his magazine was often made up, partly from books, and partly from the St. James's Chronicle, of which Colman and Thornton were proprietors and regular contributors. Lloyd also translated some of Marmontel's Tales for the magazine, and part of a French play, in order to fix upon Murphy the charge of plagiarism. This magazine, after existing about a year, was dropt for want of encouragement, as far as Lloyd was concerned; but was continued for some time longer by Dr. Kenrick, a man of much general knowledge and acuteness, but of an irritable temper, and coarse and acrimonious in his resentments.

Lloyd's imprudence and necessities were now beyond relief or forbearance, and his creditors confined him within the Fleet prison, where he afforded a melancholy instance of the unstable friendship of wits. Dr. Kenrick informs us that even Thornton, though his bosom friend from their infancy, refused to be his security for the liberty of the rules; a circumstance, which, giving rise to some ill-natured altercation, induced this *quondam* friend to become an inveterate enemy in the quality of his most inexorable creditor.

As Dr. Kenrick has carefully avoided dates in his account of Lloyd, I can only conjecture that it was during his imprisonment that he published a very indifferent translation of Klopstock's Death of Adam. After that, his Capricious Lovers, a comic opera, was acted for a few nights at Drury-lane Theatre. This is an adaptation of Favart's *Ninette à la Cour* to the English stage, but Lloyd had no original powers in dramatic composition. Churchill and Wilkes are said to have afforded him a weekly stipend from the commencement of his imprisonment until his final release. How this was paid we know not: Wilkes had been long out of the kingdom, and Churchill, who left Lloyd in a gaol when he went to France, bequeathed him a ring only as a remembrance[2]. It is

[2] Among other expedients for his relief, Churchill promoted, with considerable success, a subscription for an edition of his collected poems. From this and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that Lloyd's imprisonment commenced in the latter end of the year 1763.

more probable that his father assisted him on this occasion, although it might not be in his power to pay his debts. He had in vain tried every means to reclaim him from idleness and intemperance, and had long borne "the drain or burthen" which he was to his family. The known abilities of this unhappy son "rendered this blow the more grievous to so good a father," who is characterized as a man that "with all his troubles and disappointments, with all the sickness and distress of his family, still preserved his calm, placid countenance, his easy cheerful temper, and was at all times an agreeable friend and companion, in all events a true Christian philosopher[3].

Deserted by his associates, Lloyd became careless of his health, and fled for temporary relief to the exhilarating glass, which brought on fits of despondency. His recollections must indeed have been truly painful, when he remembered for what and for whom he had given up the fairer prospects of his youth. He appears to have been wholly undeserving the neglect of those with whom he loved to associate. In his friendships he was warm, constant, and grateful, "more sinned against than sinning;" and it would be difficult to find an apology for the conduct of those prosperous friends to whose reputation he had contributed in no inconsiderable degree by his writings. Among those, however, Hogarth appears to have been unjustly ranked. An irreconcileable quarrel had long subsisted between this artist and Churchill's friends, and, much decayed in health, Hogarth languished for some time at Chiswick, where he died nearly two months before Lloyd.

The news of Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to Lloyd, while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose. It is added by his biographer, that during his last illness he was attended with great affection by Miss Patty Churchill, a sister of the poet, to whom he was betrothed, and who died of grief soon after. This story is not very probable; and it is certain that the lady did not die till September 1768.

Lloyd's short and unhappy life terminated December 15, 1764, and his remains were deposited, without ceremony, on the 19th, in the churchyard of St. Bride's parish. Ten years afterwards, his poetical works were published in two handsome volumes, by Dr. Kenrick, who prefixed some memoirs, written in a negligent manner, and without a single date of birth, death, events, or publications. Some additional pieces were inserted in the last edition of Dr. Johnson's poets; but The Law Student, hitherto printed as Lloyd's, was afterwards claimed by Colman, and is now omitted. The Ballad, also, "Hark, hark, 'tis a Voice from the Tomb," is omitted, as belonging to Moore, and printed in his own edition of his works, in 1756. Lloyd borrowed it for the St. James's Magazine, and was so imprudent or forgetful as to affix his name to it in the table of contents.

As Lloyd's poems have already been added to the works of the English poets, it may be improper to discard what has once received the public sanction; but he certainly merits no very distinguished rank among men of real genius. His chief excellence was the facility with which he wrote a number of smooth and pleasing lines, tinctured with gay humour, on any topic which presented itself. But he has no where attempted, or afforded us much reason to think, that by any diligence or effort, he could have attained the higher species of his art. He has neither originality of thought, nor

[3] Bp. Newton's Life. P. 168.

elegance of expression. It has been observed that those poets who have been degraded by the licentiousness of their lives have rarely surpassed the excellence, of whatever degree, which first brought them into notice. Lloyd, however, had not the excuse which has been advanced in some recent instances. He was neither spoilt by patronage, nor flattered into indolence by injudicious praise, and extravagant hopes. The friends of his youth were those of his mature years, and of the few whom he lost, he had only the melancholy recollection that some of them had quitted him from shame, and some from ingratitude.

The Actor was his most favoured piece, and which he never surpassed, but it sunk before the Rosciad: the rest of his poems are effusions addressed to friends on subjects which relate principally to himself, and with a distinction which friends only would think valuable. They have not, like Churchill's, the advantage of being connected with public men or measures, which may be remembered or sought for. In translation he might probably have succeeded, if he had not lost perseverance; but he does not appear to have attempted it, until compelled by distress, when his spirit was broken by anxiety, or poorly cheered by intemperance.

He was a professed imitator of Prior; and Cowper, who was once his associate, in an Epistle published by Mr. Hayley, compliments him as

——— born sole heir and single
Of dear Mat. Prior's easy jingle.

Mr. Wilkes's character of Lloyd must not be omitted. "Mr. Lloyd was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed and the daring heights of the sacred mountain to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

Much of this character Lloyd himself anticipated, particularly in these lines:

I cannot strive with daring flight
To reach the bold Parnassian height:
But at its foot, content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the Muses send,
To make a nosegay for my friend.——
You,—ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flight, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

Although he followed Churchill in some of his prejudices, and learned to rail at colleges, and at men of prudence, we find him generally good-tempered and playful. His satire is seldom bitter, and probably was not much felt. Having consented to yield the palm to Churchill, the world took him at his word; and his enemies, if he had any, must have been those who were very easily provoked.

POEMS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.
"What will the world say?"—That's your cry.
Who is the world? and what am I?
Once, but, thank Heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, one hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the world, and means himself.
Yet in the circle there are those
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion;
Flies from the poems to the man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down other's reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.
The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
Whispers conjectures in your ear.
"I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
He might have publish'd—but his name!
The thing might please a few, no doubt,
As handed privately about—
It might amuse a friend or two,
Some partial friend like me and you;
But when it comes to press and print
You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
He stands upon a dangerous brink
Who totters o'er the sea of ink,
Where reputation runs aground,
The author cast away, and drown'd.
"And then—'t was wilful and absurd,
(So well approv'd, so well preferr'd)
Abruptly thus a place to quit
A place which most his genius fit,
The theatre for Latin wit!
With critics round him chaste and terse,
To give a plaudit to his verse!"
Latin, I grant, shows college breeding,
And some school common-place of reading;
But has in moderns small pretension
To real wit or strong invention.
The excellence you critics praise
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;
Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
From prose or verse no matter where,
Jumbled together in a dish,
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
You set the classic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your would-be genii vainly seek
Fame for their Latin, verse, or Greek;
Who would for that be most admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words,—a bare collection
Of phrases,—where the labour'd cento
Presents you with a dull memento,
How Virgil, Horace, Ovid join,
And club together half a line.
These only strain their motley wits
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a classic Harlequin.
—Were I at once impower'd to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And lab'ring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips,
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a smatch behind,
Shall sink so deeply in the mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, rising up, you call it *taste.*

'T were foolish for a drudge to choose
A gusto which he cannot use.
Better discard the idle whim,
What's he to taste? or taste to him?
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills their minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His own lies fallow all the while.
"Yet still he's in the road," you say,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps, he may.
But turns like horses in a mill,
Not getting on, nor standing still:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.
"Yet you can send advent'rous youth,
In search of letters, taste, and truth,
Who ride the highway road to knowledge
Through the plain turnpikes of a college."
True.—Like way-posts, we serve to show
The road which travellers should go;
Who jog along in easy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The post, and its direction still:
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,
To many a passenger beside.
'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's self to eat.
Though, be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good.
"But there have been, and proofs appear,
Who bore this load from year to year;
Whose claim to letters, parts and wit,
The world has ne'er disputed yet.
Whether the flowing mirth prevail
In Wesley's song, or humorous tale;
Or happier Bourne's[1] expression please
With graceful turns of classic ease;
Or Oxford's well-read poet sings
Pathetic to the ear of kings:
These have indulg'd the Muses' flight,
Nor lost their time nor credit by't;
Nor suffer'd Fancy's dreams to prey
On the due business of the day.
Verse was to them a recreation
Us'd by way of relaxation."
Your instances are fair and true,
And genius I respect with you.
I envy none their honest praise;
I seek to blast no scholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage spread
Its greenest honours round their head,
Blest if the Muses' hand entwine
A sprig at least to circle nine!
Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 't is true, was out of sight,
And you may whisper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiscreet.
Yet tell me, while you censure me,
Are you from errour sound and free,
Say, does your breast no bias hide,
Whose influence draws the mind aside?
All have their hobby horse you see,
From Tristram down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wish our weaknesses to hide,
And set their hedges up before 'em,
Some sprouts will branch and straggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight against her how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.
But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng,
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very ass shall raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession,
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and seem wise.

[1] Samuel Wesley, and Vincent Bourne, both ushers of Westminster-school, and poets, although of very unequal merit. Bourne excelled in Latin poetry. *C.*

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,
From no observance of mechanic laws:
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more because 't was acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone
In them 't was natural, 't was all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.
Thrice happy genius, whose unrival'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
When horrours such as thine *have murder'd sleep;*
And at the old man's look and frantic stare
'T is Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,

Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd at judgment's dear expense,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.
Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'T is genius only that can hope to gain.
The play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase,
'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to *feel*.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.
Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
E'er Persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and gesture, all exprest
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;
Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man;
Profest the faith; his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.
The player's province they but vainly try, [eye.
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and
The critic sight 't is only grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?
Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.
Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though Nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.
To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action Nature's self will tell;
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.
Of all the evils which the stage molest,
hate your fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Jonson once, though Cibber's perter vein[1]
But meanly groupes him with a numerous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.
The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.
But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'T is a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking Nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!
'T is not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'T is modulation that must charm the ear. [moan,
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

[1] See Cibber's Apology, 8vo. 1750.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
More powerful terrour to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.
In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.
There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too, [cue;
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recall them home.
Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.
To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Though all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
Why should Pol Peachum shine in satin clothes?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?
But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?
When chilling horrours shake the affrighted king,
And Guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And Fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair[2].

[2] This has been attempted by Mr. Kemble, but not much to the satisfaction of the audience. C.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'T is pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horrour would enforce the scene,
If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.
Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;
'T is thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horrour, or dissolve with tears.
O, ne'er may Folly seize the throne of Taste,
Nor Dullness lay the realms of Genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to Nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.
Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent stage as Virtue's natural friend.
Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.
Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Show Scorn her features, her own image Vice,
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?
Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of Death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the actors share,
Relentless Death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

Old England has not lost her pray'r,
And George, (thank Heav'n!) has got an heir.
A royal babe, a prince of Wales.
—Poets! I pity all your nails—
What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
What graduses be daily soil'd
By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!
Now academics pump their wits,
And lash in vain their lazy tits;

In vain they whip, and slash, and spur,
The callous jades will never stir;
Nor can they reach Parnassus' hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, should the tits get on for once,
Each rider is so grave a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges say,
'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;
Though not one wit bestrides the back
Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
But fine bred things of mettled blood,
Pick'd from Apollo's royal stud.
Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
Or those our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
And to come home go round about,
Nor on the green swerd, nor the road,
And that I think they call an Ode.
Some take the pleasant country air,
And smack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
And so they march—and that is rhyme.
Some copy with prodigious skill
The figures of a buttery-bill,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall pass for Coptic or Phœnician.
While some, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a prince of Wales,
Salute the royal babe in Welsh,
And send forth gutturals like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The pagan gods shall visit Earth,
To triumph in a Christian's birth.
While classic poets, pure and chaste,
Of trim and academic taste,
Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
To be or speakers, or beholders.
Mars shall present him with a lance,
To humble Spain and conquer France;
The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the hay;
And Venus, with her train of loves,
Shall bring a thousand pair of doves
To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
Through all the dialects of Greek.
How many swains of classic breed,
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to town,
To sing their measures up and down,
In notes alternate clear and sweet,
Like ballad-singers in a street.
While those who grasp at reputation,
From imitating imitation,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For precious fragments in the Greek,
And rob the spital, and the waste,
For sense, and sentiment, and taste.
What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,
With Hebrew roots, and English trash,
Shall academic cooks produce
For present show and future use!
Fellows! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
In sleepy residence at college;
Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than just to set an imposition
To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
Punish the vice they act at night;
Whose charity with self begins,
Nor covers other's venial sins;
But that their feet may safely tread,
Take up hypocrisy instead,
As knowing that must always hide
A multitude of sins beside;
Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
Without a freshman at their hand;
(Whose service must of course create
The just return of sev'n-fold hate)
Lord! that such good and useful men
Should ever turn to books again.
Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,
And syllables on fingers scann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady Muse is brought to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the usual epithet in!
Where the crampt measure kindly shows
It will be verse, but should be prose.
So, when it's neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk;
The nymph, who takes her nightly stand,
At some sly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddess;
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.
Yet must these sons of gowned ease,
Proud of the plumage of degrees,
Forsake their apathy a while,
To figure in the Roman stile,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of Latin poetry divine.
Upon a throne the goddess sits,
Surrounded by her bulky wits;
Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
Ainsworthius, Faber, Constantine;
And he, who like Dodona spoke,
De Sacra Quercu, Holyoake;
These are her counsellors of state,
Men of much words, and wits of weight;
Here Gradus, full of phrases clever,
Lord of her treasury for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
Sir Cento keeper of the seals.
Next to the person of the queen,
Old madam Prosody is seen;
Talking incessant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.
And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the Latin tongue;
Italian, English, German, French,
Who most laboriously entrench
In deep parade of language dead,
What would not in their own be read,
Without impeachment of that taste,
Which Latin idiom turns to chaste.
Santolius here, whose flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a Roman cloak:
With dull Commirius at his side,
In all the pomp of jesuit pride.
Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,
A trifler with a solemn air:
And there in loose, unseemly view,
The graceless, easy Loveling too.

'T is here grave poets urge their claim,
For some thin blast of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
With half a sprig of wither'd bays.
O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits such idle childish aim;
If Virgil ask thy sacred care,
If Horace charm thee, oh forbear
To spoil with sacrilegious hand,
The glories of the classic land:
Nor sow thy dowlas on the satin,
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verse,——
What is Fingal but genuine Erse?
Which all sublime sonorous flows,
Like Hervey's thoughts in drunken prose.
Hail Scotland, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
Whether the rude unpolish'd Erse
Stalk in the buckram prose or verse,
Or bonny Ramsay please thee mo',
Who sang sae sweetly aw his woe.
If aught (and say who knows so well)
The second-sighted Muse can tell,
The happy lairds shall laugh and sing,
When England's Genius droops his wing.
So shall thy soil new wealth disclose,
So thy own thistle choke the rose.
But what comes here? Methinks I see
A walking university.
See how they press to cross the Tweed,
And strain their limbs with eager speed!
While Scotland, from her fertile shore,
Cries, "On my sons, return no more."
Hither they haste with willing mind,
Nor cast one longing look behind;
On ten-toe carriage to salute
The king, and queen, and earl of Bute.
No more the gallant northern sons
Spout forth their strings of Latin puns;
Nor course all languages to frame
The quibble suited to their name;
As when their ancestors be-vers'd
That glorious Stuart, James the First.
But with that elocution's grace,
That oratorial flashy lace,
Which the fam'd Irish Tommy Puff,
Would sow on sentimental stuff;
Twang with a sweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
Macpherson leads the flaming van,
Laird of the new Fingalian clan;
While Jacky Home brings up the rear,
With new-got pension neat and clear
Three hundred English pounds a year.
While sister Peg, our ancient friend,
Sends Macs and Donalds without end;
To George awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raise,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illustrious chief, and our North Briton.
Hail to the thane, whose patriot skill
Can break all nations to his will;
Master of sciences and arts,
Mæcenas to all men of parts;
Whose fost'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find us all in places fit;
So shall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a settled home.
Hail mighty thane, for Scotland born,
To fill her almost empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious stem,
Not they from kings, but kings from them.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. Hor.

The wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one horse chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
"What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-Row;
He's a good man, indeed 't is true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done, my dear!"
Sir Traffic's name, so well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.
Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have an house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
"Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;

So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a Paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, 'that's sir Thrifty's country seat.'"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's taste can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names,
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je-ne-scai-quoi, virtù,
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.
Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the pow'r to fly,
Stands, fix'd a tip-toe, Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,

A FABLE; ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

In all professionary skill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in opposition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
With solemn phiz, and critic scowl,
The wisdom of his brother owl.
Moderns! He hates the very name;
Your ancients have prescriptive claim:—
But let a century be past,
And we have taste and wit at last;
For at that period moderns too
Just turn the corner of *virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of present fame,
For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that most offends.
If, Proteus-like, a Garrick's art,
Shows taste and skill in every part;
If, ever just to Nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here shall Envy take her aim,
— — — write, and — — — blame.
The Jealous Wife, tho' chastely writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who show their teeth before they bite,
And sacrifice each reputation,
From wanton false imagination.
These observations, rather stale,
May borrow spirit from a tale.
Genius, a bustling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and starts,
Nothing above him or below him;
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
From eccentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
But neither, from the least constraint;
Who hated all pedantic schools,
And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the same sufficient rule
To make a poem, as a stool—
From the first spring-time of his youth,
Was downright worshipper of Truth;
And with a free and liberal spirit,
His courtship paid to lady Merit.
Envy, a squint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the scribbling trade;
A hag, so very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;
Who could not for her soul abide
That folks should praise, where she must chide,
Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,
To ruin him and spoil the match.

Honour she held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of faction, gang, alliance,
As if the real sons of taste
Had clubb'd to lay a desert waste.
In short, wherever Genius came,
You'd find this antiquated dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd Merit by a thousand names,
Which decency or truth disclaims,
While all her business, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lie, compare,
To pull the modest maiden down,
And blast her fame to all the town.
The youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
To prince Posterity apply'd,
Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
By his chief minister, old Time:
"Repine not at what pedants say,
We'll bring thee forward on the way;
If wither'd Envy strive to hurt
With lies, with impudence, and dirt,
You only pay a common tax
Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,
And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
Impairs the credit of my foes.
Envy shall sink, and be no more
Than what her Naiads were before;
Mere excremental maggots, bred,
In poet's topsy-turvy head,
Born like a momentary fly,
To flutter, buzz about, and die.
"Yet, Genius, mark what I presage,
Who look through every distant age:
Merit shall bless thee with her charms,
Fame lift thy offspring in her arms,
And stamp eternity of grace
On all thy numerous various race.
Roubilliac, Wilton, names as high
As Phidias of antiquity,
Shall strength, expression, manner give,
And make e'en marble breathe and live;
While Sigismunda's deep distress,
Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
When I, with slow and soft'ning pen,
Have gone o'er all the tints again,
Shall urge a bold and proper claim
To level half the ancient fame;
While future ages yet unknown
With critic air shall proudly own
Thy Hogarth first of every clime
For humour keen, or strong sublime,
And hail him from his fire and spirit,
The child of Genius and of Merit."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE. 1757.

A FABLE.

Genius, blest term, of meaning wide,
For sure no term so misapply'd,
How many bear thy sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd inclination.
But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting every opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts,
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?
Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's sake;
Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?
Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your bosom plays:
O how the purer rays aspire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise:
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart parts and genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story,
In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Won'd oft deride the drudging crowd:
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast, his flight 't were vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.
A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
"Oh Puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to thy race.
Come, 't is a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial."
'T was done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstript the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
"Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell:
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
"I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;"
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.
The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
"Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race."

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR. 1757.

Words are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for instance—all agree,
Damn'd 's the superlative degree;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own,
But signifies or bad or good
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantive, *damnation.*
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's damnation cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's damnation hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—
In short it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend," quoth the Satyr, "what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?"
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as snow.
And so inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within."
"Come," quoth the Satyr, "comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and mess of pottage."
This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.
"Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing!" quoth the Satyr.
"I blow to cool it," cries the clown,
"That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as Hell."
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
With the same breath to warm and cool:
Friendship with such I never hold
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND THE CUCKOO,

A FABLE; ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE, DEC. 1760.

Critics, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurted to a person's face;
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that slaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.
I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe.
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the Truth?
And she, good dame, with beauty's queen,
Was not at all times naked seen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident she lost her clothes,
When Falshood stole them to disguise
Her misbegotten brood of lies.
Why should the prudish goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in piteous fright,
Lest, rising up to mortal sight,
The modest world should fleer and flout her,
With not a rag of clothes about her?
Yet she might wear a proper dress
And keep her essence ne'ertheless.
So Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck she draws
The decent shade of specious gauze.
I hear it buzz'd about the table,
"What can this lead to?"——Sirs,

A FABLE.

When birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His royal majesty of Air
Took Music underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts ev'ry night.
Here every bird of parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made præcentor;
Under whose care and just direction,
Merit was sure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in:
The best performers all were in it,
The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet.
But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've smallest claim.
The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his service for a flute.
The Cuckoo needs would join the band;
"The Thrush is but a paltry hand:
And I can best supply that place,
For I've a shake, a swell, a grace."
The manager their suit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;

Yet each their several praises miss'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiss'd.
The Cuckoo hence, with rancour stirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of nasty hue, and body scabby,
No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)
Reviles, abuses, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.
The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On pow'rs, and excellence of song,
"The Blackbird's note has lost its force;
The Nightingale is downright hoarse;
The Linnet's harsh; the Robin shrill;
—The Sparrow has prodigious skill!"
At length they had what they desir'd;
The skilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

Venus, of laughter queen and love,
The greatest demirep above,
Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum as mere trash,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To see Cæcilia, tuneful dame,
Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directress of the spheres.
Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a star,
Who, in the honest way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.
But, truth to say, I cannot tell
Whether it knocker was or bell,
(This for Vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give Cæcilia notice,
When any lady of the sky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm sure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.
Methinks I hear the reader cry—
"His part with skill? why, you or I,
Or any body else, as well
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of skill in knocking at a door."
Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
Who, at what door so'er they be,
Will always knock in the same key.
Thinking that bell and knocker too
Were found out nothing else to do,
But to inform the house, no doubt,
That there was somebody without,
Who, if they might such favour win,
Would rather choose to be within.
But had our servants no more sense,
Lord! what must be the consequence?
Errour would errour still pursue,
And strife and anarchy ensue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence she declares unto the world
Whate'er by Fancy is decreed,
Through all her niceties must bleed,
For if there was not to be found
Some wholesome difference of sound,
But the same rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordship hop'd to see
Some rascal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy still,
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might pass through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.
My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage stiff and formal face,
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
For some inferior to prepare;
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
With greater ease and freedom meet,
Than sense of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.
Those evils wisely to prevent,
And root out care and discontent,
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
Must music fully understand,
Have a nice ear and skilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoisseur in sound;
Through all the gamut skilful fly,
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he shifts his place;
Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raising his shrill strain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His master's fortune and degree,
By the distinguishing address,
Which he'll upon the door express.
Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at Cæcilia's door,
Was perfect master of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her so,
That madam Venus was below.
The doors immediate open flew,
The goddess, without more ado,
Displaying beauty's thousand airs,
Skim'd through the hall, and trip'd up stairs.
Cæcilia met her with a smile
Of great delight, when all the while,
If her false heart could have been seen,
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.
But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,

And those above, like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a smile by them ready made.
The forms, which ladies when they meet
Must for good manners' sake repeat,
As "humble servant, how d'you do,"
And in return, "pray how are you?"
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space
With due integuments of lace,
As madam, grace, and goddeship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.
Indiff'rent subjects first they choose,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the state,
And snarl at the decrees of Fate,
Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,
And they alone should rule the world.
Dull politics at length they quit,
And by ill-nature show their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T'other's existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits.
Malicious Venus, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Display'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on Earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In such a way each tale rehearse
As good made bad, and bad made worse:
Cæcilia too, with saint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a saint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er mist,
Prude, devotee, and methodist,
With equal zeal the cause promoted,
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,
Misrepresented, misapplied,
And, Inspiration being her guide,
The very heart of man dissected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,
In all the spirituals of pride,
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,
Till, of carnalities divested,
They knew and felt themselves t'inherit
A double portion of the spirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilst their poor children starve at home,
Consid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who sent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To see their every want supplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors should pay,
And hold that chosen vessels must
Be generous before they're just,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er Heaven their debts to pay,
And serve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilst nought hereafter can prevent
Their sure reward of cent per cent;
Who honest labour scorn, and say
None need to work who love to pray,
For Heav'n will satisfy their cravings,
By sending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their spirits fail,
A dish of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal resort,
Praise what they do not understand,
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilst —— blows
The twang of nonsense through his nose,
Or —— deals in speculation,
Or —— hums his congregation,
Or —— talks with the lord of hosts,
—— with pillars and with posts;
Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor souls be taken napping;
Who strictly fast, because they find,
The flesh still wars against the mind,
And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must
Be mortified, to keep down lust;
Who four times in the year at least,
Join feast of love to love of feast,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blasphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the mysteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themselves Salvation's seal,
And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
That Heav'n itself can't blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to scandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't serve Heav'n so well,
As with its creatures filling Hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They save themselves, damn all beside.
For persons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others scorn, and seem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
And think they raise their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with most success,
Because they charity profess,
And make the outside of religion,
Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough sure that —— said it.
"But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever such an hodge-podge seen?
Venus, Cæcilia, saints and whores,
Thomas, Vertú, bells, knockers, doors,
Lords, rogues, relations, ladies, cits,
Stars, flambeaux, thunderbolts, horns, wits,
Vulcan, and cuckold-maker, scandal,
Music, and footmen, ear of Handel,

Weather, news, envy, politics,
Intrigues, and women's thousand tricks,
Prudes, methodists, and devotees,
Fastings, feasts, pray'rs, and charities,
Ceres, with her mysterious train,
———, ———, ———, and ———,
Flesh, spirit, love, hate, and religion,
A quail, a raven, and a pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large dish,
Red-herring, bread, fowl, flesh, and fish.
" Where's the connection, where's the plan?
The devil sure is in the man.
All in an instant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reason for it"—Mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
" Well, but methinks, it would avail
To know the end of this"—A TALE.

SHAKSPEARE;

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
Much twisting of the wit and brains,
Translation has unlock'd the store,
And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his scenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.
No more shall Taste presume to speak
From its enclosures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.
Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
" 'Tis a asphemy against that stage,
Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
Euripides his taste refin'd,
And Sophocles his last direction
Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."
Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the first essays of man's wit.
Shall ancient worth, or ancient fame
Preclude the moderns from their claim?
Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buskins or in socks.
Must they be damn'd as heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the classic pale?
'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college:
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Besure I speak of times of yore)
Than just a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark:
As rushlights in a spacious room,
Just burn enough to form a gloom.
When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chase.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'T is Nature, Shakspeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring past and present close together,
In spite of distance, seas, or weather;
And shut up in a single action
What cost whole years in its transaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the universe about,
Whose geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
Yet, when they pleases, contract the plan,
And shut the world up in a fan.
True genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raise the spring from barren land.
While all the art of imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the first creation;
Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,
Which wither in a foreign soil.
As conscience often sets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' assistance of the laws
To combat in the moral cause;
So genius, of itself discerning,
Without the mystic rules of learning,
Can, from its present intuition,
Strike at the truth of composition.
Yet those who breathe the classic vein,
Enlisted in the mimic train,
Who ride their steed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The specious pedantry of schools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any use but to the lame)
Pursue the method set before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability of fiction,
Of manners, ornaments, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulness claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common sense)
Extol the wit of ancient days,
The simple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all so chaste,
Trick'd up in ancient-modern taste,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In such a sweet descriptive style,
While chorus marks the servile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Present you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.
Come, pr'ythee critic, set before us,
The use and office of a Chorus.
What! silent! why then, I'll produce
Its services from ancient use.
'T is to be ever on the stage,
Attendants upon grief or rage;
To be an arrant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each dismal scene;
Showing its sorrow, or delight,
By shifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or allegro motions;
To watch upon the deep distress,
And plaints of royal wretchedness;
And when, with tears and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for supplies,
And with their Hais, and Hees, and Hoes,
To make a symphony of woes.
Doubtless the ancients want the art
To strike at once upon the heart:

Or why their prologues of a mile
In simple—call it—humble style,
In unimpassion'd phrase to say,
"'Fore the beginning of this play,
I, hapless Polydore, was found
By fishermen, or others, drown'd!"
Or "I, a gentleman, did wed,
The lady I wou'd never bed,
Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
Who's coming hither to draw water."
Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflections, which the audience feel;
And jog them, lest attention sink,
To tell them how and what to think?
Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourse to Grecian art?
He scorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
Nor painted horrour, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from Nature's book.
'Tis Shakspeare, thus, who stands alone—
—But why repeat what you have shown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts must tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

If at a tavern, where you'd wish to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, resolve me, critics, for you can,
Send for the master up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knavish business drives,
But tell me what's the master who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,
Which says, "No quarter to a foul review."
It matters not who vends the nauseous slop,
Master or 'prentice; we detest the shop.
Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or censur'd with an open face:
Boldly pursu'd the free decisive task,
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.
To works, not men, with honest warmth, severe,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all states are subject to decay,
The state of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound,
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, sought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.
In classic lore, deep science, language dead,
Though modern witlings are but scantly read,
Professors[1] fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praise of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.
—The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's pow'r.
Now quack and critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same;
This raw in physic, that in letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the flesh:
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,
For all professions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.
Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
And happy he who calls out "blockhead" first;
From the low Earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.
Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
To scape th' observance of the critic school;
But if low Malice, leagu'd with Folly, rise,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful Dulness, if she ever wake,
Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verseman, rakes,
For quaint reflections, in the putrid jakes,
Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.
Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Professions bleed not from his just attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
And every dunce is satire's lawful game. [room;
Freely you thought, where thought has freest
Why then apologise? for what? to whom?
Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires unite,
And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
When the wise vet'ran knows you by your style,
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or you, or he, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
But to give Falsehood's spurious issue birth;
And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
Malicious Slander on the base of Praise.
Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Or fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lie:
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.
The world, a pompous name, by custom due
To the small circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets.

[1] The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whose ability he sufficiently acknowledges.

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The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour, for she's wondrous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly that the deed were done.
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders lurk to catch a single fly.
Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.
If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praise, [known,
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have
Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own;
For 't is the method in these learned days
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And descant sweetly on their own dear selves;
For works per month by Learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.
Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My Muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
With willing hand could twine a rival's bays,
From candour silent where she could not praise:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor, or mimic, printer, or review;
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread,
Still hiss out scandal from their hydra head;
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herself would wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I would not know the men:
All in their turns might make reprisals too,
Had all the patience but to read them through.
Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found!
But, Prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,
Whispers "forbearance" to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forsake the thorny road,
Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-ditch Ode,
And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of mud.
Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture-frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will serve to cram the random hero in.
Hail mighty bard too—whatso'er thy name,
————[2] or Durfy, for it's all the same.
To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and song?
No costive muse is thine, which freely rakes
With ease familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in skill to souse through foul and fair,
And toss the dung out with a lordly air.
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
The sledge procession slowly drag'd along.
Where the mock female shrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

[2] Murphy, who long waged unequal war with Churchill, Lloyd, and Co. *C.*

Quit then, my friend, the Muses' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed, [need.
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their
Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critics' will;
Where, watchful guardians of the lady Muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall Reviews,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door:
But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke these champions to an equal fight,
Straight into air to spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.
Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
To censure giants in this polish'd age.
No lack of genius stains these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The see-saw Muse that flows by measur'd laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expense of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A Magazine must hand the lady in. [well,
How moderns write, how nervous, strong and
The Anti-Rosciad's decent Muse does tell:
Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.
Sure never yet was happy era known
So gay, so wise, so tasteful as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once complete,
Yet still continued, as they're paid, per sheet.
See every science which the world would know,
Your magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, divine, philosopher, and wit;
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce. [once,
But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Drawcansir like, to strike down friend and foe,
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too) [pose,
Fain would I praise, but, when such things op-
My praise of course must make them ——'s foes.
If manly Johnson, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
His the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.
What Muse like Gray's shall pleasing pensive
Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe? [flow
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?
E'en now to guard afflicted Learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and Nature's laws,

Boast we true critics in their proper right,
While Lowth and Learning, Hurd and Taste unite.
Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.
To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not asham'd to bow.
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

Again I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all enclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summits in the clouds,
While round its root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.
"But Shakspeare's all creative fancy
Made others love extravagancy;
While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True—who can stop dull imitators?
Those younger brothers of translators,
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhyme
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime;
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.
What task can Dulness e'er effect
So easy, as to write *correct*?
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miss their mark and follow neither;
They so exactly poise the scale
That neither measure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muse
Did never in her sons excuse.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And every senseless line is drest
In quaint Expression's tinsel vest.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A monsieur-barber in the street,
Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dresden laces,
While for the body monsieur Puff,
Would think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly strip them to the shirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.
And shall these wretches bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,
And shows how beauty strikes the soul
From a just compact of the whole;
Though Judgment, in Quintillian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of het'rodox.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name,
Cry—"This is taste—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the prisoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, "You'll suffer for your daring,
And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."
Then turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
"I sit to represent the king."

EPISTLE TO THE SAME. 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentle name of wild;
If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than useful tricks:
The mother's fondness stamps it merit,
For vices are a sign of spirit.
Say, do the neighbours think the same
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries gossip Prate, "I hear with grief
My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.
Nay, could you think it, I am told,
He stole five guineas, all in gold.
You know the youth was always wild—
He got his father's maid with child;
And robb'd his master, to defray
The money he had lost at play.
All means to save him must now fail.
What can it end in?—In a jail."
Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My gossip says the very truth.
But as his vices love would hide,
Or torture them to virtue's side,
So friendship's glass deceives the eye,
(A glass too apt to magnify)
And makes you think at least you see
Some spark of genius, e'en in me.
You say I should get fame: I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praise?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the laurel, rarest wonder!
May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on slender fare,
Who, like cameleons, feed on air,
And starve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only serves them after death.
Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
And strike my head against the skies;
Common experience daily shows,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we shall find in every town
Gossips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious conversation
T' anatomize a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.
Their idle censures I despise:
Their niggard praises won't suffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
My Muse has answer'd all her end,
If her productions please a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a store,
Why need I add one scribbler more?

TO * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.
Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muse by imitation:
For copies show, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.
—But imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.
The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Observes how easy Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.
Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slip-shod Muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a dash—that must offend us,
And much * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * Hiatus non deflendus.
O Swift! how would'st thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?
This, Milton for his plan will choose:
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Nor quite awake, nor quite asleep;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously you trace,
But borrow not a single grace.
How few, (say, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.
Others, who aim at fancy, choose
To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines:
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights,
'Till allegory, Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.
Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.

Satire's the word against the times—
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldy flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.
Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undimipish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In imitation's dang'rous road.
Long as tobacco's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O Brown[1], shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another pipe to thee.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE. WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761, FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And shares the pleasure it bestows.
If there is aught, whose lenient pow'r
Can soothe affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And snatch the wretched from despair,
Superior to the sense of woes,
From friendship's source the balsam flows.
Rich then am I, possest of thine,
Who know that happy balsam mine.
In youth, from Nature's genuine heat,
The souls congenial spring to meet,
And emulation's infant strife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys
Its progress from its childish days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in Reason's sober eyes,
Are children, but of larger size,
Have still their idle hopes and fears,
And hobby-horse of riper years.
Whether a blessing, or a curse,
My rattle is the love of verse.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which still aspires to reputation,
Bade infant Fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to sight.
For Vanity, the poet's sin,
Had ta'en possession all within:
And he whose brain is verse-possest,
Is in himself as highly blest,
As he, whose lines and circles vie
With Heav'n's direction of the sky.

[1] Isaac Hawkins Brown, esq., author of a piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the surface rides.
And on Ink's ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of Vanity is Lloyd,
Let *me* too use the common claim
And souse at once upon my name,
Which some have done with greater stress,
Who know me, and who love me less.
Poets are very harmless things,
Unless you tease one till it stings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to resent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd person to reply?
In these familiar emanations,
Which are but writing conversations,
Where Thought appears in dishabille,
And Fancy does just what she will,
The sourest critic would excuse
The vagrant sallies of the Muse:
Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
Has still attended our caressing,
As many children round her sees
As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
Which I maintain at vast expense,
Of pen and paper, time and sense:
And surely 't was no small miscarriage
When first I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title, which I bear,
With some strange castles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.
However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's valorem book,
I cannot from inquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold estate
In lands which they themselves create,
A foolish title to a fountain,
A right of common in a mountain,
And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feasts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where set down
They tipt the servants half-a-crown,
But pass'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a song;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in these bribing ways,
His shillings to dispense unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely through the crowd,
Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.
But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Though poet known, in Roman days,
Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that sacred name
Contemptuous smile, or painful shame:
While with a foolish face of praise,
The folks would stop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the story leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
While th' index of the finger shows,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.
This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;

But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phrase is, smoke.
Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
Although they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of taste, virtù, and judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
"Yes—he at bottom—don't you know him?
That's he that wrote the last new poem.
His humour's exquisitely high,
You'll hear him open by and by."
The man in print and conversation
Have often very small relation;
And he, whose humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and set down,
In public company may pass,
For little better than an ass.
Perhaps the fault is on his side,
Springs it from modesty, or pride,
Those qualities asham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's strange and shy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's severe,
He would not suffer to escape
Familiar wit in easy shape:
Lest gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultless parent come to shame.
Well, but methinks I hear you say,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—"a play.
The theatres are open yet,
The market for all sterling wit;
Try the strong efforts of your pen,
And draw the characters of men;
Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
Obedient to the fabled woe;
With Tragedy's severest art,
Anatomise the human heart,
And, that you may be understood,
Bid Nature speak, as Nature shou'd."
That talent, George, though yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are sure to please
With all the pow'rs of comic ease.
Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wishes, full of fears.
One might by pleasant thoughts be led,
To lose a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reason for their rules,
I dread the censure of your fools.
For tell me, and consult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aside)
How could you, George, with patience bear,
The critic prosing in the play'r?
Some of that calling have I known,
Who held no judgment like their own;
And yet their reasons fairly scan,
And separate the wheat and bran;
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like crossing on the stage, and walking.
The form of this tribunal past,
The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections:
The man's is drawn too coarse and rough,
The lady's has not smut enough.
It wants a touch of Cibber's ease,
A higher kind of talk to please;
Such as your titled folks would choose,
And lords and ladyships might use,
Which style, whoever would succeed in,
Must have small wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue—ma foi,
Sweet sir, say I, pardonnez moi!
As long as life and business last,
The actors have their several cast,
A walk where each his talent shows,
Queens, nurses, tyrants, lovers, beaux;
Suppose you've found a girl of merit,
Would show your part in all its spirit,
Take the whole meaning in the scope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope[1],
You rob some others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.
But grant the cast is as you like,
To actors which you think will strike.
To morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a comedy to show,
Let me a while in conversation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To morrow then, will be presented
The Jealous Wife! To morrow? Right.
How do you sleep, my friend, to night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mabb's wheels across your temples creep,
You toss and tumble in your sleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
"That fellow murders all my scene."
To morrow comes. I know your merit,
And see the piece's fire and spirit;
Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.
The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the house in dreadful view!
Observe how close the critics sit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horrour hear the galleries ring,
"Nosy! Black Joke! God save the King!"
Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, "Encore!"
Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:
E'en "Cha' some oranges," is found
This night to have a dreadful sound:
'Till, decent sables on his back,
(Your prologuisers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine:
If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
And wonder where you got such stuff.
That done, a-gape the critics sit,
Expectant of the comic wit.

[1] Miss Pope, still an actress of genuine merit. C.

The fiddlers play again pell-mell:
—But hist!—the prompter rings his bell.
—"Down there! hats off!"—the curtain draws!
What follows is—the just applause.

TWO ODES[1].

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ. ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. Pindar, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!
What poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke,
He from the ever-living lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of modern rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

The shallow fop in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singly drest,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, shall not then the Heav'n-born Muses too
Variety pursue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muse the style of Cambria's sons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

On this terrestrial ball
The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.
She, fickle goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces, sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, goddess ever young.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, astride.
Each blast that blows, around she goes,
While nodding o'er her crest,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light camelion stands confest,
Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour.
And in a vest is she array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneless is her waist:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the cestus-cinctur'd queen,
Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode
Meantime each bard, with eager speed,
Vaults on the Pegasean steed:
Yet not that Pegasus of yore,
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire:
From Tottipontimoy he came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody shoulder'd Arab was his sire:
His Whitenose[2], he on fam'd Doncastria's plains
Resign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
Ah! who can run the race with Death?
The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chase, he wins the race,
We stumble, fall, and die.

Third from Whitenose springs
Pegasus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the Turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's son
Seiz'd on the steed;
And thence him led, (so Fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in silence laves,
Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
In trimmest guise array'd,
First the neighing steed assay'd?
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay:
Till sated with the pleasing ride,
From the lofty steed dismounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,
By gurgling rill, or crystal fountain.

Lo! next, a bard, secure of praise,
His self-complacent countenance displays.
His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye, [glare.
O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious
The grizzle grace
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
Would sink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well-pleas'd: so large a pair
Not Garagantua's self might wear:
Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,
Devour'd three pilgrims in a sallad;
Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

[1] I take the liberty of inserting the two following odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whose labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the author of the Jealous Wife.

[2] The author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenose was not the sire, but a son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. Heber.

Accoutred thus, th' advent'rous youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Fast by whose side clear streams meandring
But urges on amain the fiery steed [creep;
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock un-
Where the venerable herd [couth:
Of goats, with long and sapient beard,
And wanton kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain see him strain!
Now down the vale he's tost,
Now flashes on the sight again,
Now in the palpable obscure quite lost.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all is woe,
Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But, o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountains steep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings outspread,
And long resounding mane,
The courser quits the plain,
Aloft in air, see, see him bear
The bard, who shrouds
His lyric glory in the clouds,
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian gulph immerg'd in endless night.

O steed divine! what daring spirit
Rides thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
Which elate the mighty pair,
Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,
Prancing through the desert air;
By help mechanic of equestrian block,
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the critic mock,
Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

PARENT of Ease[1]! Oblivion old,
Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where sceptred Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
Whose sullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!
Thou, who delightest still to dwell
By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove control!
Or if it suit thy better will
To choose the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders slow,
Lethe's drowsy waters flow,
And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that gossip Memory,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With thee, Oblivion, let me go,
For Memory's a friend to woe;
With thee, Forgetfulness, fair silent queen,
The solemn stole of Grief is never seen.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful sway
The throng'd poetic hosts obey:
Though in the van of Mem'ry proud t'appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern tragic strain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the Nine, like whelps of currish kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the crambo rhyme,
The motley forms of pantomime:
For thee from eunuch's throat still loves to flow
The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:
Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born magazine:
Hear then, O goddess, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if thou deign'st to take one moment's care,
Attend thy bard! who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;
Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—
Thy bard, who calls thee his, and makes him [thine.
O, sweet Forgetfulness, supreme
Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
Of mine, O goddess, stretch thine awful reign!
Nor let Mem'ry steal one note,
Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!
So shalt thou save me from the poet's shame,
Though on the letter'd rubric Dodsley post my name.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding slumbers soft around! [sack!—
O come! fat goddess, drunk with laureats'
See, where she sits on the benumb'd torpedo's
Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless [back!
With thy calm forgetfulness!
And gently lull my senses all the while
With placid poems in the sinking style!
Whether the Herring-poet sing,
Great laureat of the fishes' king,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —;
Or, if he sing, whose verse affords
A bevy of the choicest words,
Who meets his lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
These, goddess, let me still forget,
With all the dearth of modern wit!
So may'st thou gently o'er my youthful breast
Spread, with thy welcome hand, Oblivion's friendly vest.

[1] According, to Lillæus, who bestows the parental function on Oblivion.

Verba Obliviscendi regunt Genitivum.
Lib. xiii. cap. 8.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

AH me! unhappy state of mortal wight,
Sith Envy's sure attendant upon Fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame;
Unhappy he whom Envy thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever restless hate:
Until she doth his reputation foil:

Ah! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
(The fair domain of sacred Poesy)
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly; [glides,
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame Nature's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

The Muses fair, these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And Time forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-visag'd Care, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful seat;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
Content sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

Oft Phœbus self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the god,
And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of Fame;
This, Fancy's darling child, was Spenser hight,
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
That no less fam'd than he, and Milton was his name.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While Virtue, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now Spenser 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
Now Milton sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost: the bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song.

Not far from these, Dan Chaucer, ancient wight,
A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the Muses' chief delight;
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain,
And while he sung, fair Nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

Next Shakspeare sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrours of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
Fancy her name, ysprong of race divine;
Her mantle wimpled[1] low, her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
"She made a net to catch the wanton Air,"
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon Mab their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood Nature, goddess fair;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd:—
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
(As from her darling's works may well be shown)
That often with its soul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick-Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;
The Sun, which whilom shone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time sore-grieving seeks his wat'ry bed.

Envy, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
Spenser and Milton met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possest:
Did never gloomy Hell send forth like ugly pest.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tang'ling briers a cavern stood;
Fit place for melancholy dreary-head[2].

[1] Wimpled. A word used by Spenser for hung down. The line enclosed within commas is one of Fairfax's in his translation of Tasso.
[2] Dreary-head. Gloominess.

REES
UNI
CALIFORNI

Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain;
Malice the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is hardy-head[3].

Impatient Envy, through th' etherial waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
Awhile contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

"Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can boast,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
Sith man is blest, and thou and I are lost:
See in what state Parnassus' hill appears;
See Phoebus' self two happy bards atween;
See how the god their song attentive hears;
This Spenser hight, that Milton, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting scene?

"Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel these mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
Envy and Malice then shall reign alone:
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with specious bait:
Like Truth accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!"

The fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful seat;
Malice and Envy shall o'erthrow your joys,
Nor Phœbus self shall our designs defeat,
Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,
Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,
Plung'd half the pow'rs of Heav'n in lowest Hell—
Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell."

[3] Hardy-head. Courage.

And now, more hideous rendered to the sight,
By reason of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
In which she might cut through the wide expanse,
And find out nations that extended far,
When 'all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright star.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,
In deadly machinations close combin'd,
Dull Folly drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel Discord follow'd fast behind;
God help the man 'gainst whom such caitiff foes are join'd.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;
Detested sight! in terrible array,
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

Here, eldest son of Malice, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falsities was built:
(Ah! worthless son, of worthless parent born!)
Under the shew of semblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his hellish breast;
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profest;
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's clothing drest.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
(Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas!)
Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
Beholding worth with poisonous despight;
On his success depends their impious delight.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At lenth, at unawares, he out doth spit
That spite which else had to himself been bane;
The venom on the breast of Milton lit,
And spread benumbing death through every vein;
The bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,
The Sun is said t' have shut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams withhold,
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;

Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking bode
Approaching death to miserable wight:
Did never mind of man behold sike dreadful sight?

Apollo wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;
The Muses sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
And crown his death with many a living strain;
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breast,
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
The flowers drooping their despair attest,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
(May darkness ever thus to light give place!)
Erst griev'd Apollo jocund looks resumes,
The Nine renew their whilom cheerful song,
No grief Parnassus' aged breast consumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

The stricken bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, erst stagnant, rushes through his veins;
Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And Fame by Malice unextinguish'd reigns:
And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A female form, yclad in snowy-white,
Ne half so fair at distance seen as nigh;
Douglas and Truth appear, Envy and Lauder die.

PROLOGUE TO THE JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

The Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!
A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without control,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah*, and *Oh!*
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In Nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.
But if all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—as on fools before,
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

Genius, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But soars to Heav'n from virtue's generous praise.
When kings themselves the proper judges sit
O'er the blest realms of science, arts, and wit,
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then sinew'd genius strong and nervous rose,
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;
On Bacon's lips then every science hung, [tongue.
And Nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's
Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
To wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,
While every virtue which the queen profess'd,
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.
O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—such times are thine.
Behold e'en now strong science imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a patriot king.
The Muses too burst forth with double light,
To shed their lustre in a monarch's sight.
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps this spot may boast a royal friend.
And when a prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en here may rise
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,
And, pleas'd with Nature, Nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakspeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thousand years ago,
Plann'd this sad fable of illustrious woe;
Waken'd each soft emotion of the breast,
And call'd forth tears, that would not be suppress'd.
Yet, O ye mighty sirs, of judgment chaste,
Who, lacking genius, have a deal of taste,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from Greece?
Kind social chorus, which all humours meets,
And sings and dances up and down the streets.
——Oh! might true taste, in these unclassic days,
Revive the Grecian fashions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on stilts, our players would stalk and age,
And, at three steps, stride o'er a modern stage;

Each gesture then would boast unusual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, stuff'd body, sprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies see,
But buskins make a giant e'en of me.
No features then the poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizor blot out all the face.
O! glorious times, when actors thus could strike,
Expressive, inexpressive, all alike!
Less change of face than in our Punch they saw,
For Punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one set glare they mouth'd the rumbling verse;
Our Gog and Magog look not half so fierce!
Yet, though depriv'd of instruments like these,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please;
Which, wheresoe'er she glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.
Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the skill, with honest help of art,
To win, by just degree, the yielding heart.
What if our Shakspeare claims the magic throne,
And in one instant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakspeare's nature, was their nature too.

ODE

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

Nor at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
Nor to the fabled Sisters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worship fits not now;
When at Eliza's sacred name
Each breast receives the present flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulse strikes th' accordant [strings,
Reflecting on the crowded line
Of mitred sages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'st to stray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when simple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,
Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas here, in many an early strain
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
In wild effusions of his manly soul;
When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,
Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muse forgot! which strays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and studied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The poet's trifles ne'er disgrac'd the man.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
Th' attention of the mitred sage,
Suit with the plain simplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy strife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,
Could lure thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in Retirement's arms,
Whence thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Could'st smile with pity on the bustling great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her fost'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song,
Which else had wasted in the desert air,
Or drop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's phrensy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of Fame!

THE TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS:

AN ODE. SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE, 1760.

The scene discovers Apollo *and the* Nine Muses *in their proper habits.*

APOLLO.

Fate gave the word; the deed is done;
Augustus is no more;
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.
[*The Muses tear off their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

Well, sisters of the sacred spring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges sing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the word, &c.

CLIO.

Founded in justice was his sway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

Unless the best ambition that can fire
A monarch's breast and all his soul inspire,
The gen'rous purpose of the noble mind,
The best ambition—to serve human kind.

APOLLO.

Yes, virgins, yes; that wish sublime
Rank'd him with those of earliest time,
Who for a people's welfare strove;
Whose spirits breathe etherial air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink nectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

Oh Truth! fair daughter of the sky,
And Mercy!—that with asking eye
Near the Omnipotent do'st stand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Do'st clasp his knees, his wrath assuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

CLIO.

Oh! white-rob'd Faith! celestial maid!
Twin-born with Justice! by whose aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;
Dear Liberty! round Albion's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
Who now will guard your sacred cause?

CHORUS.

Dear Liberty, &c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muses, when the fatal sheers
The Fury rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?
But ah! vain wish!—you could not stop the blow!
No omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

APOLLO.

See! where Britannia stands
With close infolded hands,
On yonder sea-beat shore!
Behold her languid air!
Lo! her dishevell'd hair!
Majestic now no more!
Still on the sullen wave her eye is bent,
The trident of the main thrown idle by;
Old Thames, his sea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.
Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief she raves,
And, "Cruel gods!" she cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the sound,
And "Cruel gods!" replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the procession sad and slow,
Walks in a solemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy aisles,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable just,
Where heroes moulder into dust.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold!
Where round him baleful vapours rise,
'Midst bones of legislators old!

CLIO.

Of him who sought th' ambitious Gaul
O'er thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

APOLLO.

Bring, in handfuls, lilies bring;
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.
Scatter roses on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter roses, &c.

MERCURY *descends*.

No more, harmonious progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents rise;
The great, the good Augustus reigns above,
Translated to his kindred skies.

CLIO.

No more for my historic page—

CALLIOPE.

No more for my great epic rage—

BOTH.

Will by the hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

Enter MARS.

Lo! Mars, from his beloved land,
Where Freedom long hath fix'd her stand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear:
For see! Britannia rears her drooping head;
Again resumes her trident of the main;
Thames takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay Content sits smiling on the plain.
Hark! a glad voice,
Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, *within the scenes*.

He is our liege, our rightful lord!
Of heart and tongue with one accord
We all will sing
Long live the king!
He is our liege!—he!—he alone!
With British heart he mounts the throne:
Around him throngs a loyal band;
He will protect his native land!
He is our liege, &c.

[*The Muses rise and put on their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

The Muses now their heads shall raise;
The arts to life shall spring;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bays,
And wake each vocal string;
Now shall the sculptor's happy skill
Touch the rude stone to life;
The painter shall his canvas fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic strife.

CLIO.

Sweet Mercy! Faith! celestial Truth!
Now by your aid the royal youth
Shall live the guardian of the laws;
Dear Liberty! round Albion's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
He now will guard your sacred cause.

APOLLO.

Blest prince! whose subjects in each adverse hour
For freedom still have stood!
Blest isle! whose prince but deems the sov'reign pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good!

MARS.

Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of harmony the loftiest store;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouse us to arms;
The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through the sky!
Swell the rapture, swell it high;
And in notes sublime and clear
Pour the strong melody that Heav'n may hear.

APOLLO.

Nothing mortal will I sound;
Lo! the flame, the flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury! I am thine.

With rage possest
Big swells my breast!
In visions rapt, before my sight appears
A brighter order of increasing years.

MARS.

I see the Rhine devolve his flood
Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood!
I hear, I hear the distant roar
Of ruin on yon hostile shore!
I see, young prince, to thee I see
The savage Indian bend the knee!
Lo! Afric from her sable kings
Her richest stores in tribute brings!
And farthest Ind, beneath the rising day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy sway.

CALLIOPE.

I see Bellona banish'd far!
I see him close the gates of War.
While purple Rage within
With ghastly ire shall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms arise,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain shall foam, and thirst for sanguine plains.

CLIO.

Sweet Peace returns;
O'er Albion's sons
She waves her dove-like wings;
On ev'ry plain
The shepherd train
Their artless loves shall sing.
Pale Discord shall fly
From the light of the sky,
To black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there shall feel
Ixion's wheel,
The Furies with their serpents curl'd;
With the unceasing toil shall groan
Of the unconquerable stone,
And leave in harmony the British world.

APOLLO.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auspicious years;
Such years (—for lo! the scene of fate appears!)
Such years, the Destinies have said, shall roll:
Jove nods consent, and thunder shakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL[1].

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund song,
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic measures with your feet.

[1] Performed at Drury-lane theatre, in honour of their present majesties' marriage. The music was composed by Stanley. C.

Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the most of proffer'd joy,
Pleasure hates the scanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

[*A dance of shepherds, &c.*

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
Be sorrow banish'd far away;
Thyrsis shall make it holiday.
Who at his name can joy suppress?
Arcadian-born to rule and bless.

DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the sound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blithesome Phœbe near:
See where she hastes with eager pace,
To speak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a prospect of rocks.*

Huntsmen, huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

PHŒBE.

Hither I speed with honest glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;
Your cheerful troop, blithe youth to join,
And mix my social joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,
O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
Court buxom Health, while jocund horn
Bids Echo wake the sluggard Morn.

AIR.

When the Morning peeps forth, and the Zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys:
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home;
Where the cheerful good humour gives honesty grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face:
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

DAMÆTAS,

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to present joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
And long experience hail thee sage;
Ill suits it in this joy, to wear
A brow so over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raise,
And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:
But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

DAMON.

True, all must feel—but thankless too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart shall ever show
The debt I need not blush to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox;
These are blessings I share with the rest of the swains,
For it's Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliss alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his busy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtue which their sire hath shown.

AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this busy stage,
What in the sons we most admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent sage, forgive the zeal
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia shares
May but embitter future cares.
Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy sylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and rustic faun,
To the pipe and merry strain,
Trip it o'er the russet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded grass
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,
Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart should burn,
In caressing,
Blest, and blessing,
May'st thou find a wish'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.
[*A dance of huntsmen and huntresses.*

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, shepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprise
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

Enter Delia.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;
Sadness were a sin to day.
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the voice;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For sure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour, and harmony's found,
Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go round.
Let the stupid be grave,
'T is the vice of the slave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Show
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous state,
Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight:
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
Than blossoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modest grace
Of maiden blush bespread her face.
Hither it made, and on this strand
Pour'd its rich freight for shepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to day.

SCENE III.

A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance.

[*Here follows a pastoral procession to the wedding of Thyrsis.*]

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this swain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliss
Climb their knees to share the kiss.
May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

You know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose;
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of easy writing:
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator,
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it, I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are smitten,
Because they think it's easy written;
Whereas the easier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
And yet no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.
Though I have mentioned Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of *case*.
Who, but a madman, would engage
A poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum pecus.
Tale, elegy, or lofty ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 't was said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Two the Connoisseur;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connection,
T' acquire some name from their reflection;
So (the similitude is trite)
The Moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the Sun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time
To show the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.
The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:
So ministers of basest tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, slink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
"Stop thief! stop thief!" exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoisseur!
To day, before the Sun goes down,
Will die the censor, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!
Know, reader, that on Thursday died
The Connoisseur, a suicide!
Yet think not that his soul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you set him down,
He's only *going out* of *Town*.

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHOR.

PREFIXED TO THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1762.

BOOKSELLER.

Museum, sir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by surprise:
As gaudy signs, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouse door,
Hitch every passer's observation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That Shakspeare is prodigious fine!
Shall we step in, and taste the wine?
Men, women, houses, horses, books,
All borrow credit from their looks,
Externals have the gift of striking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it St. James's Magazine.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the New British—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.
One name's as good as half a score.
And titles oft give nothing less
Than what they staringly profess.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But custom is the blockhead's guide,
And such low arts disgust my pride.
Success on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *seems*, that bully sin;
But that which *passeth show within:*
Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deserve success, and proudly claim,
Not steal a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in our trade
Says, there's no harm in some parade.
Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myself unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing Muse expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown—perhaps her reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While critic blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True—but a name will always bring
A better sanction to the thing:
And all your scribbling foes are such,
Their censure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
If you don't print it, sir, they will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so—that struggle's o'er—
Nay,—this shall prove one spur the more.
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've *writ my name, and made a blot.*

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there
I trust to honest Leach's[1] care.
What is't to me? in verse or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the clothes:
Add paper, print, and all such dress,
Will lose no credit from his press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, sir, a magazine;
You see that picture there—the queen.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will;
When portraits ask no Reynolds' aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.
No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
I cannot wish my work should please;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at strife;
No humming-bird, no painted flower,
No beast just landed in the Tower,
No wooden notes, no colour'd map,
No country-dance shall stop a gap;
O Philomath, be not severe,
If not one problem meets you here;
Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends with C and D;
And E F G, H I K join;
And curve and incidental line
Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
Just like a sister and a brother.
Ye tiny poets, tiny wits,
Who frisk about on tiny tits,

[1] Dryden Leach, a printer of note at that time. *C.*

Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
Take one third part, and take the thing;
Then close the joints again, to frame
Some lady's or some city's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper Phœbus;
We neither make, nor print a rebus.
No crambo, no acrostic fine,
Great letters lacing down each line;
No strange conundrum, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehension,
No riddle, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve Museums for the prize,
Shall strive to please you, at th' expense
Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ornament produce
Some real grace and proper use?
A frontispiece would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door[2],
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done—
A patent might ensure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A genius? or make blockheads live?
If so, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what, alas! will that avail,
Beyond the property of sale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praise!
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said,
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your originals will be,
What infinite variety,
Multum in parvo, as they say,
And something neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could—but that depends
Not on myself, so much as friends.
I but set up a new machine,
With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;
Where such, who think it no disgrace,
To send in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper shall minute down,
And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, sir, and then say,
What letters come in every day;
And what great wits your care procures,
To join their social hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! must I hugè proposals print,
Merely to drop some saucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This puff's of use, you say—why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ay, sir, you do but jest,
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's Churchill—will not Churchill lend
Assistance?

AUTHOR.

Surely—to his friend.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your interest might procure
Something from either Connoisseur.
Colman and Thornton, both will join
Their social hand to strengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will Garrick never drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not asham'd of mine.
Bold is the task we undertake,
The friends we wish, the work must make:
For wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps, too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid:
Could we engage some able pen,
To furnish matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, sir? would compile,
And methodize the news in *style*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newsman whence he came,
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed!
Bare merit never will succeed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half so apt to buy, as praise;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about like ladies' dress,
And there's a fashion in success.
But could not we, like little Bayes,
Armies imaginary raise?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?

[2] This paste-board Guard might have been seen, until within these few years, at various bun-houses and tea-gardens in the vicinity of the metropolis. *C.*

Bid general Essay lead the van,
By—Oh! the style will show the man:
Bid major Science bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true,—our news, our prose, our rhymes,
Shall show the colour of the times;
For which most salutary ends,
We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics—eternal talkers,
Profound observers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or just arriv'd in town)
Or some, in state of abdication,
Of oratorial reputation;
Or those who live on scraps and bits,
Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What Garrick should, or should not do.
Trim poets from the city desk,
Deep vers'd in rural picturesque,
Who minute down with wond'rous pains,
What Rider's Almanac contains
On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an ode together;
Shall through the seasons monthly sing
Sweet Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, sir! I see you love to jest,
I did but hint things for the best.
Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your servant, sir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ἐνδοτ Πραξινοα, &c.

MRS. BROWN.

Is Mistress Scot at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

Ma'm, is it you? I'm glad you're here,
My *missess*, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, ma'm—Mrs. Brown.

MRS. SCOT.

Your servant, madam. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over.—Child, a chair.
Pray, ma'm, be seated.

MRS. Brown.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scrouging* and such *squeeging*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immense*—
Not that I grudge a coach expense,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! ma'm, I left it all to *him*,
Husbands you know, will have their whim.
He took this house.—This house! this den.—
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hist! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—

MRS. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'T was not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
Will Jacky have a sugar-plum?

MRS. SCOT.

This person, madam, (call him so
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the Crown,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I have not a gown to wear;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
The king, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the queen—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.

But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the queen.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

Kitty, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at one.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsey sleeps!
—Look how the drawling dandle creeps.
That bason there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
—Bring me my ruffles—can'st not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, Heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Guess.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For its a most delightful dress.
Besides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis slop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take you abroad!—Indeed not I;
For all the bugaboes to fright ye—
Besides the naughty horse will bite ye;
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the less you'll——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiss,
Kitty, I say, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to Kitty—there's a man,
Call in the dog, and shut the door,
Now, ma'm.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before.

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

Madam, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray, sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you see the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almost scar'd to death;
For where a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray,
To see him robe himself to day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour.
Troy could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, Troy was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?

Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

Prodigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lard, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you see it, honest man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
Why, don't you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind, sir; truly few
Are half so complaisant as you.
We shall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always sure to meet
A welcome, sir, in—Lard! the street
Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the king a coming, sir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just *going out.*

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
Well may the people all caress him.
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest Pitt,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, "you shall pledge this toast, my dear."

MAN.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the king's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the king?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble earl of Bute,
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of ao our clan,*
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man.*

MAN.

Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, it's monstrous fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts one's eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the queen?

MAN.

Oh! they are gods, ma'am, which you see,
Of the Marine Society,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these Tritons do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For show, they wear the yellow hue,
Their proper colour is true-blue.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks hollow, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preserve the earl of Bute!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do—give us shelter, honest man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

FRIEND.

You say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M.?

AUTHOR.

Yes—it stands forth to public view
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic letters,
Not dash'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.
While these unlabour'd trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.
—Behold! to yours and my surprise,
These trifles to a volume rise.
Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a play:
A pamphlet may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a book!
A libel flies on scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things.
—Not one in twenty will succeed—
Consider, sir, how few can read.

FRIEND.

I mean a work of merit——

AUTHOR.

True.

FRIEND.

A man of taste must buy.

AUTHOR.

Yes;——You
And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good taste shall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reason fail;
The nuptials now—

FRIEND.

Whose nuptials, sir?—

AUTHOR.

A poet's——did that poem stir?
No—fixt—tho' thousand readers pass,
It still looks through its pane of glass,
And seems indignant to exclaim
"Pass on ye sons of taste, for shame!"
While duly each revolving Moon,
Which often comes, God knows too soon,
Continual plagues my soul molest,
And magazines disturb my rest,
While scarce a night I steal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.
And in the morning, when I stir,
Pop comes a devil, "Copy, sir."
I cannot strive with daring flight
To reach the bold Parnassian height;
But at it's foot, content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the Muses send,
To make a nosegay for my friend.
In short, I lay no idle claim
To genius strong, and noisy fame.
But with a hope and wish to please,
I write, as I would live, with ease.

FRIEND.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
Prose, poems, letters,

AUTHOR.

Not a line.
And here, my friend, I rest secure;
He can't lose much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers five,
This work with pleasure kept alive
Can still its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at sundry times,
For self per Mag, two thousand rhymes,
From whence should apprehension grow,
That self should fail, with richer co?
No doer of a monthly grub,
Myself alone a learned club,
I ask my readers to no treat
Of scientific hash'd-up meat,
Nor seek to please theatric friends,
With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

FRIEND.

Your method, sir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your Puff[1].
Th' allusion's neat, expression clean,
About your travelling machine,
But yet—it is a magazine.

AUTHOR.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?
As Juliet says, what's in a name?

[1] See the Puff.

Besides it is the way of trade,
Through which all science is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her shares;
The court has hers, the lawyers theirs.
Something to scholars sure is due,—
Why not one magazine for you?

FRIEND.

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
You toil and labour—to offend.
Part of your scheme—a free translation,
To scholars is a profanation;
What! break up Latin! pull down Greek!
(Peace to the soul of sir John Cheeke![2])
And shall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich Falernian tun?
Will you pour out to English swine,
Neat as imported, old Greek wine?
Alas! such beverage only fits
Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

AUTHOR.

I seek not, with satyric stroke,
To strip the pedant of his cloak;
No——let him cull and spout quotations,
And call the jabber, demonstrations,
Be his the great concern to show,
If Roman gowns were tied or no[3];
Whether the Grecians took a slice
Four times a-day, or only twice,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.
Such, though they waste the midnight oil
Is dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not understanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not understood.
By scholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
And sits as easy as their clothes;
Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
Misplac'd, endanger Priscian's head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
Who cannot frame a Latin verse,
Or give the Roman proper word
To things the Romans never heard.
'Tis true, except among the great,
Letters are rather out of date,
And quacking genius more discerning,
Scoffs at your regulars in learning.
—Pedants, indeed, are learning's curse,
But ignorance is something worse:
All are not blest with reputation,
Built on the want of education,
And some, to letters duly bred,
Mayn't write the worse, because they've read.
Though books had better be unknown,
Than not one thought appear our own;
As some can never speak themselves,
But through the authors on their shelves,
Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
As affectation spoils good breeding.

[2] The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

[3] See Sigonius and Manutius.

FRIEND.

True; but that fault is seldom known,
Save in your bookish college drone.
Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
Study their fourteen hours a-day,
And squatting close, with dull attention,
Read themselves out of apprehension;
Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
For fear of losing time, or place,
And give one hour to meat and drink,
But never half a one to think.

AUTHOR.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,
Who read, or seem to read, too much.
So have I known, in that rare place,
Where classics always breed disgrace,
A wight, upon discoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philosophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With such, eternal books, successive
Lead to no sciences progressive,
While each dull fit of study past,
Just like a wedge drives out the last.
From these I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free translation;
But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,
(Translations are but modern clothes)
I dress my boy—(for instance sake
Maintain these children which I make)
I give him coat and breeches—

FRIEND.

True—
But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be seen,
But drest consistent, neat, and clean.

AUTHOR.

So would I clothe a free translation,
Or as Pope calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my shelf,
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
My learning studious to display,
And lose their spirit by the way.

FRIEND.

Your Horace now—e'en borrow thence
His easy wit, his manly sense,
But let the moralist convey
Things in the manners of to day,
Rather than that old garb assume,
Which only suits a man at Rome.

AUTHOR.

Originals will always please,
And copies too, if done with ease.
Would not old Plautus wish to wear,
Turn'd English host, an English air,
If Thornton, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an instance nearer home;
Though in an idiom most unlike,
A similarity must strike,
Where both, of simple nature fond,
In art and genius correspond;

And naive both (allow the phrase
Which no one English word conveys)
Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,
Easy as ————

FRIEND.

Denis's you mean[4].
—The very man—not mere translation,
But La Fontaine by transmigration.

AUTHOR.

Authors, as Dryden's maxim runs,
Have what he calls poetic sons,
Thus Milton, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenser's lawful child:
And Churchill, got on all the nine,
Is Dryden's heir in ev'ry line.
Thus Denis proves his parents plain,
The child of Ease, and La Fontaine.

FRIEND.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,
And asks our praise as much as yours;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.
But you, my friend, (so folks complain)
For ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

AUTHOR.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
Prior shall live as long as Pope,
Each in his manner sure to please,
While both have strength, and both have ease;
Yet though their various beauties strike,
Their ease, their strength is not alike.
Both with consummate horseman's skill,
Ride as they list, about the hill;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.
For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
Around Hydepark, to take the air,
May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will;
We, hackney tits—nay, never smile,
Who trot our stage of thirty mile,
Must travel in a constant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

FRIEND.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
That writings which as easy please,
Are not the writings wrote with ease,
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend Mat Prior wrote with pain.

AUTHOR.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
With care supply each loose defect,
Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow,
Whether its master will or no,
If humour, not by study sought,
But rising from immediate thought,
Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
Shall e'er dispute a Prior's claim!
But still your critic's observation
Strikes at no poet's reputation,
His keen reflection only hits
Your rhyming fops and pedling wits.
As some take stiffness for a grace,
And walk a dancing-master's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Mistake the slouching of a bear;
So some will finically trim,
And dress their lady-muse too prim,
Others, mere slovens in their pen
(The mob of lords and gentlemen)
Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
And, on your critic's judgment, these
Write easily, and not with ease.
There are, indeed, whose wish pursues,
And inclination courts the Muse;
Who, happy in a partial fame,
A while possess a poet's name.
But read their works, examine fair,
—Show me invention, fancy there:
Taste I allow; but is the flow
Of genius in them? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the classic brain.
Read your own Addison's Campaign.
E'en he, nay, think me not severe,
A critic fine, of Latin ear,
Who toss'd his classic thoughts around
With elegance on Roman ground,
Just simmering with the Muse's flame
Woos but a cool and sober dame;
And all his English rhymes express
But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.
In verse his genius seldom glows,
A poet only in his prose,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste,
Improv'd by fancy, wit, and taste.

FRIEND.

I task you for yourself, my friend,
A subject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With dissertations upon style.
Leave others' wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own,
For Fame, when all is said and done,
Though a coy mistress, may be won;
And half the thought, and pains, and time,
You take to jingle easy rhyme,
Would make an ode, would make a play,
Done into English, Malloch's way.
—Stretch out your more heroic feet,
And write an elegy complete.
Or, not a more laborious task,
Could you not pen a classic masque?

AUTHOR.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durst not soar to such high things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Must understand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in imitation.

[4] Charles Denis, the author of Fables and other poetical pieces, now forgot. *C.*

FRIEND.

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that alone engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in a-pace,
New passengers will take a place,
And then your friends——

AUTHOR.

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work succeed.
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the magazine shall live.

FRIEND.

Yes, live, and eat, and nothing more.

AUTHOR.

I'll live as——authors did before.

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL——shall I wish you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes Churchill's name,
And sets you on the Muses' throne,
Which right of conquest made your own?
Or shall I (knowing how unfit
The world esteems a man of wit,
That wheresoever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Address with joy and lamentation,
Condolence and congratulation,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their mess of verse to every king,
Too economical in taste,
Their sorrow or their joy to waste:
Mix both together, sweet and sour;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?
  Sometimes 't is elegy, or ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
Whether that style more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppression,
But love to straggle in digression;
Or, that by writing to the great
In letters, honours, or estate,
We slip more easy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their strength or weakness yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As tuft-hunters will buzz and purr
About a fellow-commoner,
Or crows will wing a higher flight,
When sailing round the floating kite.
  Whate'er the motive, 't is the mode,
And I will travel in the road,
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to you,
Just as they rise from head or heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald art.
  By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
Pathetic, easy, or sublime?
—You'd think, to hear what critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.
  In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.
  Bring me eleven critics grown,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of some informing master god:
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient fain would juggle Death,
When doctors sit in consultation
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongst social friends, on this and that,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town;
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, all take the fee.
  But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce,
Dullness alarm'd, collects her force,
And Folly screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the libel flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
Malice, delighted, flaps her wing,
And Epigram prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From satire, ode, and pert epistle;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.
  Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woeful 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the crowd he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.
  O Genius! though thy noble skill
Can guide thy Pegasus at will;
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
Dullness mounts up and clings behind.
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.
  Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could Herculaneum's friendly earth
Give Mævius' works a second birth,
Malevolence, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wondring gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother.
  But with us rhyming moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—more or less;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'squire)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring you strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And load one letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection mads the brain,
And therefore, wise and prudent grown,
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of Nature speak,
Advance their bayonets of Greek,
And keep plain Sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot spell, will talk,
As women scold, who cannot walk.
Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a name.
A rake! alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to Folly for relief,
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
Forgetfulness, her eldest born,
Smooths the world's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
Then Pleasure wins upon the mind,
Ye Cares, go whistle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to him.
Distress is all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.
Male prudes, we know, (those driv'ling things)
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober cit abuse,
The sallies of the culprit Muse;
To her and poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar, with his whore!
Poet!—a fool! a wretch! a knave!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!
What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?
At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
Which prose would say in half the time?
Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains for prose?
Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of see-saw lines.
And when the frisky wanton writes
In Pindar's (what d'ye call 'em)—flights,
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhyming twice, now not at all,
In curves and angles twirls about,
Like Chinese railing, in and out.
Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the sweets, cull'd all the flow'rs,
The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,
Too gross to relish Nature's bloom,
Or taste her simple rich perfume,
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his—snuff.
Look round the world, not one in ten,
Think poets good, or honest men.
'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps their temperance will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.
Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as fear;
And every moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame Prudence from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.
Can authors then exemption draw
From Nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd off, pointed at, and shown.
Till every errour seems to rise
To sins of most gigantic size.
Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His public writings, private life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;
While friends connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the trading wit,
And dunce and fool, and such as those,
Must be of course the poet's foes:
But sure no sober man alive,
Can think that friends would e'er connive.
From just remarks on earliest time,
In the first infancy of rhyme,
It may be fairly understood
There were two sects—the bad, the good.

Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.
By interest, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either side.
Wit to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was "Down with Dunce!"
Onward he led his social bands,
The common cause had join'd their hands.
Yet even while their zeal they show,
And war against the gen'ral foe.
How'e'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.
  Jealous of every puff of fame,
The idle whist'ling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's your's or mine,
Shall make a bard a bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.
But diffident and modest wit
Is always ready to submit;
Fearful of press and publication,
Consults a brother's observation,
Talks of the maggot of his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;
"If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
You cannot, sir, be too severe.
Expunge, correct, do what you will,
I leave it to superior skill;
Exert the office of a friend,
You may oblige, but can't offend."
  This bard too has his private clan,
Where he's the great, the only man.
Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of soul,
(And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
When failing legs can stand no longer)
Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.
Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hosts alone,
Drawcansir like, his murders blends,
First slays his foes, and then his friends.
  While your good word, or conversation,
Can lend a brother reputation;
While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raise the consequence of friend,
How visible the kind affection!
How close the partial fond connection!
Then he is quick, and I'm discerning,
And I have wit, and he has learning,
My judgment's strong, and his is chaste;
And both—aye both, are men of taste.
  Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
And set up for yourself in trade,
Resolv'd imprudently to show
That 'tis not always Wit and Co.
Feelings, before unknown, arise,
And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
Though thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same,
An author's vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which Nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.
And some there are, whose narrow minds,
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.
  And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friend's success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Wou'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.
  Is there a man, whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
Churchill will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

In Russel-street, ensued of late
Between two posts a strange debate.
—Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
In Latin, Hebrew, French or Greek,
  One Rubric thus address'd the other:
"—A noble situation, brother,
With authors lac'd from top to toe,
Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
The Dialogues of famous dead[1],
You know how much they're bought and read.
Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
And make them chat through us two posts;
A thing's half finish'd well begun,
So take the authors as they run.
The list of names is mighty fine,
You look down this, and I that line.
Here's Pope and Swift, and Steele and Gay,
And Congreve, in the modern way.
Whilst you have those I cannot speak,
But sound most wonderful in Greek.
—A dialogue—I should adore it,
With such a show of names before it."
  "Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The ancient Rubric straight reply'd.

[1] By lord Lyttelton.

"It grieves me much, indeed, to find
We never can be of a mind,
Before one door, and in one street,
Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
And we, as brother oft with brother,
Are at a distance from each other.
Suppose amongst the letter'd dead,
Some author should erect his head,
And starting from his Rubric, pop
Directly into Davies' shop,
Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
To find his own opinions out;
D'ye think one author out of ten
Would know his sentiments again?
Thinking, your authors differ less in,
Than in their manner of expressing.
'Tis style which makes the writer known,
The mark he sets upon his own.
Let Congreve speak as Congreve writ,
And keep the ball up of his wit;
Let Swift be Swift, nor e'er demean
The sense and humour of the Dean.
E'en let the ancients rest in peace,
Nor bring good folks from Rome or Greece
To give a cause for past transactions,
They never dreamt of in their actions.
I can't help quibbling, brother post,
'Twere better we should lay the ghost,
But 'twere a task of real merit
Could we contrive to raise their spirit."
"Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,
I own has reason in its way,
On dialogues to bear so hard,
Is playing with a dangerous card;
Writers of rank are sacred things,
And crush like arbitrary kings.
Perhaps your sentiment is right,
Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
For should friend Davies overhear,
He'll publish ours another year."

SONG.

Though Winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet Flora steps forward again,
And Nature rejoices in Spring.

Though the Sun in his glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

Shall I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that affection firm and true,
Which gratitude excites to you;
Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
This meditation of a trifle?
But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful mite,
The just acknowledgment of right,
As to the landlord duly sent
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.
Yet trifles often show the man,
More than his settled life and plan:
These are the starts of inclination;
Those the mere gloss of *education*,
Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
A blockhead to a man of learning;
And, by the help of form and place,
The child of sin to babe of grace.
Not that it alters Nature quite,
And sets perverted reason right,
But, like hypocrisy, conceals
The very passions which she feels;
And claps a vizor on the face,
To hide us from the world's disgrace,
Which, as the first appearance strikes,
Approves of all things, or dislikes.
Like the fond fool with eager glee,
Who sold his all, and put to sea,
Lur'd by the calm which seemed to sleep
On the smooth surface of the deep;
Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
And toss up mountains at the skies.
Appearance is the only thing,
A king's a wretch, a wretch a king.
Undress them both—You king, suppose
For once you wear the beggar's clothes;
Clothes that will take in every air;
—Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his majesty had on.
And now, O world, so wond'rous wise,
Who see with such discerning eyes,
Put observation to the stretch,
Come—which is king, and which is wretch?
To cheat this world, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our mask.
Externals make direct impressions,
And masks are worn by all professions.
What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned rhetoricians pass?
Of scientific doctors big,
Hid in the pent-house of their wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and oh's?
Of scholars, of superior taste,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?
Wretches like these, my soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
Suppose a neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of light,
Because another profits by't?
But youth must often pay its court,
To these great scholars, by report,
Who live on hoarded reputation,
Which dares no risque of conversation;

And boasts within a store of knowledge,
Sufficient, bless us! for a college,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of wit too nice and fine,
To throw their pearl and gold to swine;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every man a hog they meet.
  These may perhaps as scholars shine,
Who hang themselves out for a sign.
What signifies a lion's skin,
If it conceals an ass within?
If thou'rt a lion, prithee roar;
If ass—bray once, and stalk no more;
In words as well as looks be wise,
Silence is folly in disguise;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork, and give your friends a sup.
  What need you nothings thus to save?
Why place the dial in the grave?
A fig for wit and reputation,
Which sneaks from all communication.
So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which may contain a wond'rous deal;
But then they travel under seal,
And though they bear your wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty wax foregoes its use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?
  Yet idle folly often deems
What man must be from what he seems;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
You'd go no farther than the door.
  Mark yon round parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a week,
Whom claret, sloth, and ven'son join
To make an orthodox divine;
Whose holiness receives its beauty
From income large, and little duty;
Who loves the pipe, the glass, the smock,
And keeps—a curate for his flock.
The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor priest, with half a score
Of prattling infants at his door,
Whose sober wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For man of wealth, or man of wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as he
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal pride,
Lays God and duty both aside.
  "This curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
"Why does not then this curate rise?"
  This curate then, at forty-three,
(Years which become a curacy)
At no great mart of letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That parts, and books, and application,
Furnished all means of education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;
That learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each quotation,
Were insults on a congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine;
That church and pray'r, and holy Sunday,
Were no excuse for sinful Monday;
That pious doctrine, pious life,
Should both make one, as man and wife.
  Thinking in this uncommon mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way Preferment goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this poor curate's house of clay?
  Such was the priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow—how should he rise?
Learned he was, and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From royal founts, or public schools,
Nor gain'd a single corn of knowledge
From that vast granary—a college.
A granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon size.
  Aye, now indeed the matter's clear,
There is a mighty errour here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, such friendships! such connections!
The parent, who has form'd his plan,
And in his child consider'd man,
What is his grand and golden rule?
"Make your connections, child, at school.
Mix with your equals, fly inferiors,
But follow closely your superiors;
On them your ev'ry hope depends,
Be prudent, Tom, get useful friends;
And therefore like a spider wait,
And spin your web about the great.
If my lord's genius wants supplies,
Why—you must make his exercise.
Let the young marquis take your place,
And bear a whipping for his grace.
Suppose (such things may happen once)
The nobles wits, and you the dunce,
Improve the means of education,
And learn commodious adulation.
Your master scarcely holds it sin,
He chucks his lordship on the chin,
And would not for the world rebuke,
Beyond a pat, the school-boy duke.
The pastor there, of —— what's the place?
With smiles eternal in his face,
With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
That shames the whiteness of his band;
Whose mincing dialect abounds
In hums and habs, and half-form'd sounds;
Whose elocution, fine and chaste,
Lays his *commaids* with judgment *vaist*;
And lest the company should hear,
Whispers his nothings in your ear;
Think you 'twas zeal, or virtue's care
That placed the smirking doctor there?
No—'twas connections form'd at school
With some rich wit, or noble fool,
Obsequious flattery, and attendance,
A wilful, useful, base dependance;
A supple bowing of the knees
To any human god you please.

(For true good-breeding's so polite,
'T would call the very devil white)
'Twas watching others' shifting will,
And veering to and fro with skill:
These were the means that made him rise,
Mind your connections, and be wise."
Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
"I'll be a bishop by and by."
Connections at a public school
Will often serve a wealthy fool,
By lending him a letter'd knave
To bring him credit, or to save;
And knavery gets a profit real,
By giving parts and worth ideal.
The child that marks this slavish plan,
Will make his fortune when a man.
While honest wit's ingenuous merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his spirit.
The strength of public education
Is quick'ning parts by emulation;
And emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous state,
Which stifled for a course of years,
From want of skill or mutual fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but rival wits can feel.
For when good people wits commence,
They lose all other kind of sense;
(The maxim makes you smile, I see,
Retort it when you please on me;)
One writer always hates another,
As emperors would kill a brother,
Or empress queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a husband from the throne.
When tir'd of friendship and alliance,
Each side springs forward to defiance,
Inveterate hate and resolution,
Faggot and fire and persecution,
Is all their aim, and all their cry,
Though neither side can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant men.
And slash about them with their pen.
What inkshed springs from altercation!
What loppings off of reputation!
You might as soon hush stormy weather,
And bring the north and south together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.
Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but amantium iræ,
And all the progress purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the sallad up of life.
Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.
In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.
When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T' attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is said,
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to sleep)
These fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cause, but most without,
Are but the common modes of strife,
Which oil the springs of married life,
Where sameness would create the spleen,
For ever stupidly serene.
Observe yon downy-bed—to make it,
You toss the feathers up and shake it.
So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.
But authors' wranglings will create
The very quintessence of hate;
Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.
—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
That I had never tasted letters,
Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No graspings at an idle name,
No childish hope of future fame,
No impotence of wit had ta'en
Possession of my muse-struck brain.
Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
I had not held a shameful place,
Nor letters paid me with disgrace.
—O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unsought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bust'ling life;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing sound or real,
Where happiness is all ideal;
In grief, in joy, or either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
It cancels all its *present* ease,
Is pleasure's scheme the point in view;
How eagerly we all pursue!
Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day;
How slowly wears the time away!
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,

Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.
Delia surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled—what remains?
Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.
Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative Fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.
"Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
With all the pride of female arts.
What suitors then will kneel before me!
Lords, earls, and viscounts shall adore me.
When in my gilded coach I ride,
My *lady* at his *lordship's* side,
How will I laugh at all I meet
Clatt'ring in pattens down the street!
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,
Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO THE REV. MR. SCOT.

Amongst you bipeds, reputation
Depends on rank and situation;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their birth.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy Dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—"What did his lordship say?—O! fine!
The very thing! bravo! divine!"
And then 'tis buzz'd from route to route,
While ladies whisper it about,
"Well, I protest, a charming hit!
His lordship has a deal of wit:
How ele ant that double sense!
Perdigious! vaistly fine! immense!"
When all my lord has said or done,
Was but the letting off a pun.
Mark the fat cit, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a plumb;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair,
To take the *dust*, which they call air.
Dull Folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from his windows, tells
To all beholders, where she dwells.
Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit
Shall ape the sallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly saint, or city sinner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
H'has told a thousand times before:
Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.
Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the double of his chin.
Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
Make wits and statesmen when they will;
While Genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of situation;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame Poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and tease his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a grain;
While with his lordship it abounds,
And one light grain swells out to pounds.
Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton gallop of the mind;
But since all things increase in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you hence and what I am,
My breed, my blood, my sire, my dam.
My sire was Pindar's Eagle, son
Of Pegasus of Helicon;
My dam, the Hippogryph, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of mettled blood,
The best in all Apollo's stud.
Now critics here would bid me speak
The old horse language, that is, Greek;
For Homer made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of taste and judgment fine,
Allow the passage is divine.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed,
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.

How great each leap, Longinus knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good lord! would clear the world.
But till some learned wight shall show
If accents must be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With asper, lenis, circumflex,
And talk of mark and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to men,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very straw;
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of our days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a trot in easy rhyme.
Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a quadruped should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and sparrows taught to dance,
By monsieur Passerat from France;
The learned dog, the learned mare,
The learned bird, the learned hare;
And all are fashionable too,
And play at cards as well as you.
Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, Hownnyhwm bred
(A word that must be seen, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?
Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensur'd protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the poet's skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.
Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 't would promote sublime
If silver could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of sweeter tune,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the street,
Their heads are always on their feet;
They now and then may get astride
Th' ideal Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys round a room,
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.
Whether Acrostics tease the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words most *capitally* sin,
Unless their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
Could you or I acrostic frame,
Or make the staring letters join,
To form the word, that tells us thine,
Unless we'ad right initials got,
S, C, O, T, and so made Scot?
Or whether Rebus, Riddle's brother,
(Both which had Dullness for their mother)
Employ the gentle poets care,
To celebrate some town or fair,
Which all ad libitum he slits
For you to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or some lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts so weighty, so intense,
Above the reach of common sense,
Distract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer something out;
A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without control,
Where'er its seat is on the soul.
Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.
(We, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am bard at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and be-verst,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk through a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.
Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewel, for here comes Bob,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our plantation.
Robert joins compts with Burnham Black,
Your humble servant, Hanbury's hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENIS.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. Hor.

Dear Wilkes, whose lively social wit
Disdains the prudish affectation
Of gloomy folks, who love to sit
As doctors should at consultation,
Permit me, in familiar strain,
To steal you from the idle hour
Of combating the northern thane,
And all his puppet tools of pow'r.

Shame to the wretch, if sense of shame
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A monster whom the gods detest)
Turns traitor to himself, to court
Or minister or monarch's smile;
And dares, in insolence of sport,
Invade the charter of our isle.

But why should I, who only strive
By telling of an easy tale,
To keep attention half alive
'Gainst Bolgolam and Flimnap rail?
For whether England be the name,
(Name which we're taught no more to prize)
Or Britain, it is all the same,
The Lilliputian statesmen rise
To malice of gigantic size.
Let them enjoy their warmth a while,
Truth shall regard them with a smile,
While you, like Gulliver, in sport
Piss out the fire, and save the court.
But to return—The tale is old;
Indecent, truly none of mine—
What Beroaldus gravely told;
I read it in that sound divine.
And for indecency, you know
He had a fashionable turn,
As prim observers clearly show
In t' other parson, doctor Sterne.
Yet Pope denies it all defence,
And calls it, bless us! want of sense.
But e'en the *decent* Pope can write
Of bottles, corks, and maiden sighs,
Of charming beauties less in sight,
Of the more secret precious hair[1],
"And something else of little size,
You know where[2]."
If such authorities prevail,
To varnish o'er this petty sin,
I plead a pardon for my tale,
And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.

A Genius (one of those I mean,
We read of in th' Arabian Nights;
Not such as every day are seen
At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howsoe'er you change the name,
The clubs and meetings are the same;
Nor those prodigious learned folks,
Your haberdashers of stale jokes,
Who dress them up so neat and clean
For newspaper or magazine;
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
Changing the very course of Nature,
Not Asmodeus on two sticks
Or sage Urganda could do greater.)
Once on a time incog came down
From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
To try folks' tempers and opinions.
When to accomplish his intent
(For had the cobbler known the king,
Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)
In strange disguise he slily went
And stump'd along the high-way track,
With greasy knapsack at his back;
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one star's indulgent spark,
Whether he wanted sleep or not,
Is of no consequence to tell;
A bed and lodging must be got,
For geniases live always well.
At the best house in all the town,
(It was the attorney's you may swear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.

[1] Rape of the Lock. [2] Pope's Letters.

But from the window cried the dame,
"Go, sirrah, go from whence you came.
Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks."
"Be Gentle, ma'm," the Genius cried;
"Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And asks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a crust of bread—
Have pity on the houseless head;
Your husband keeps a lordly table,
I ask but for the offal crumbs,
And for a lodging—barn or stable
Will shroud me till the morning comes."

'Twas all in vain; she rang the bell,
The servants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back agen.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till through a casement's dingy pane,
A rush-light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a house of clay
A wand'ring passenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hospitable fare,
Though not so costly, nice, or rare,
As smokes upon the silver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the Genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
"What want ye, sir?"
"God save you, dame."
And so he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her best, though simple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
Her stranger guest the more to please,
Bespread her hospitable board
With what she had—'twas bread and cheese.

"'Tis honest though but homely cheer;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
Wou'd I could treat you with strong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You see my cot is clean, though small,
Pray Heav'n increase my slender stock!
You're welcome, friend, you see my all;
And for your bed, sir, there's a flock."
No matter what was after said,
He eat and drank and went to bed.

And now the cock his mattins sung,
(Howe'er such singing's light esteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue,
When sung, rhymes better than he scream'd;)
The dame and pedlar both arose,
At early dawn of rising day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
And he to travel on his way;
But much he thought himself to blame,
If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found.

"Hostess," quoth he, "before I go,
I thank you for your hearty fare;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to spare;
But if you'll take this piece of stuff—"
—"No," quoth the dame, "I'm poor as you,
Your kindest wishes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewel—Adieu."
"But first," reply'd the wand'ring guest,
"For bed and board and homely dish,
May all things turn out for the best,
So take my blessing and my wish:
May what you first begin to do,
Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night."

"Thank you," she said, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work; and thought no more.
And now the napkin, which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange increase,
The remnant swells into a piece.
Her caps, her laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of linen,
From such a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got
Within her little shabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-street and Cheapside.

It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who, to be sure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher life,
Who did the parish mighty honour,
Sent for the dame, who, poor and willing,
Would take a job of chariug work,
And sweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed!
She thank'd her much, but had no need.

Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the pedlar and the dame,
Which made th' attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and lady airs,
To get the pedlar tête-à-tête,
And make up all the past affairs:
And though she wish'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
And drop her curtsie at the door.

Now all was rack't, noise and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the pedlar brought.
—What could my dainty madam say,
For not behaving as she ought,
And driving honest folks away?

"Upon my word, it shocks me much,
—But there's such thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were such,
When you came knocking at my gate.
I must confess myself to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get.
Walk in with me at least to night,
And let us set all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take such refreshment as you find,
I'm sure I mean it for the best,
And give it with a willing mind
To such a grave and sober guest.

So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers spread,
Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
And to appear in greater state,
The knives and forks with silver handles,
The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her best mould (tallow) candles,
Were all brought forth to be display'd,
In female housewifry parade.
And more the pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,
Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking past,
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last,
When wishing madam bon repos,
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and went to bed.
Wishing him then at perfect ease,
A good soft bed, a good sound sleep:
Now gentle reader, if you please,
We'll at the lady take a peep:
She could not rest, but turn'd and toss'd,
While Fancy whisper'd in her brain,
That what her indiscretion lost,
Her art and cunning might regain.
Such linen to so poor a dame!
For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not she expect the same,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?

And now she reckon'd up her store
Of cambrics, Hollands, muslins, lawns,
Free gifts, and purchases, and pawns,
Resolv'd to multiply them more,
Till she had got a stock of linen,
Fit for a dowager to sin in.
The morning came, when up she got,
Most ceremoniously inclin'd
To wind up her sagacious plot,
With all that civil stuff we find
'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.

"How shall I, ma'm," reply'd the guest,
"Make you a suitable return
For your attention and concern,
And such civilities exprest
To one, who must be still in debt
For all the kindness he has met?

For this your entertainment's sake,
If aught of good my wish can do,
May what you first shall undertake,
Last without ceasing all day through."

Madam, who kindly understood
His wish effectually good,
Straight dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,
For much she wanted him to go,
That she might look up all her store,
And turn it into thousands more.
Now all the maids were sent to look
In every cranny, hole and nook,
For every rag which they could find
Of any size, or any kind,
Draw'rs, boxes, closets, chests and cases
Were all unlock'd at once to get
Her point, her gauze, her Prussia-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which suit variety of minds.

How shall I now my tale pursue,
So passing strange, so passing true?

When every bit from every hoard,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Lest some more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleasing toil,
And marring half her application,
The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
Before she folds a single rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For she was now resolv'd to labour,
With earnest hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden she would go
To do that necessary thing,
Which must by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By male and female, queen and king;
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove so tedious a transaction,
Or cost her such a sea of cares.
In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and dusty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could she do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Instead of folding cap or mob,
So dreadful was this distillation,
That from a simple watering job,
She fear'd a general inundation.
While for her indiscretion's crime,
And coveting too great a store,
She made a river at a time,
Which sure was never done before[1].

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHYMES.

TO A LADY.

Yes—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And strip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their fairest hue,
Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
The lily, pale, by my direction,
Should fight the rose for your complexion:
Or I could make up sweetest posies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every songster can display,
I've more authorities than Gay;
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And wit's creative pow'r to show,
The very fire should mix with snow;
Your eyes, that brandish burning darts
To scorch and singe our tinder hearts,
Should be the lamps for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing;
While all the snow about your breast
Should leave them hopeless and distrest.
For those who rarely soar above
The art of coupling love and dove,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and separate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.
Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
The poet gives them all a share
In the description of his fair.
She burns, she chills, she pierces hearts
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we trust th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love so well,
As cold as snow, as hot as——.
—O gentle lady, spare your fright,
No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter such *unseemly* word,
Which the politer parson fears
To mention to politer ears.
But, could a female form be shown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumstance should meet
To make the poet's nymph complete,
Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.
Come then, O Muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unsated ear
Of French or Tuscan sonneteer,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the Scotch bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint;
Whether thou dwell'st on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from Laura's face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton Fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the Muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

[1] This story, which occurs in the conference between a papish priest and Villiers duke of Buckingham (see the works of the latter) has been versified by Mr. Merrick. Dodsley's Poems, vol. v. p. 230. *C.*

Her golden locks of classic hair,
Are nets to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead ivory, and her eyes
Each a bright sun to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, Cupid aims
His darts, protect us! tipt with flames;
While the sly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her brow.
Each lip a ruby, parting, shows
The precious pearl in even rows,
And all the Loves and Graces sleek
Bathe in the dimples of her cheek.
Her breasts pure snow, or white as milk,
Are ivory apples, smooth as silk,
Or else, as Fancy trips on faster,
Fine marble hills of alabaster.
A figure made of wax would please
More than an aggregate of these,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great esteem on Earth,
What are they, rightly understood,
Compar'd to real flesh and blood?
And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhyming, loving fools,
Can never twist my mind about
To find such strange resemblance out,
And simile that's only fit
To show my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happiness, the fair,
The favourite subject I pursue,
And write, as who would not, for you.
Perhaps my Muse, a common curse,
Errs in the manner of her verse,
Which, slouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her easy way.
Yes—an acrostic had been better,
Where each good natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name.
But all acrostics, it is said,
Show wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And Fancy dare not jump the lines.
I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.
Like Tristram Shandy, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning,
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
The civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders undesired,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they who take a method worse,
And prose away, like me, in verse,
Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of Apollo's.
—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in rhyme.
Nor think that I am Phœbus'-bit
By the tarantula of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at prose,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the most delight in;
Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;
A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.
—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would, so long as taste prevails,
Compare St. James's with Versailles?
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.
Perhaps I sought the rhyming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse.
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire,
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.
For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.
Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Straight go a courting to the Muse.
But still some difference we find
'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The Muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On Delia, Phyllis, with a score
Of Phyllisses and Delias more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic Muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The Muse detests coquetry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.
Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,

And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 't is charming pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate.
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace.
And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.
So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'ller's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, vide Travels, by Ed. Brown)
At Metz, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.
You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale:
A Robin once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely Flavia's hand.
The nymph, 't is said, his freedom sought,
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an eagle's place.
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.
Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A parrot, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
When honour and affection fail."
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The parrot now came into play,
The Robin! he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

THE COBBLER OF TESSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

My predecessors often use
To cobble verse as well as shoes;
As Partridge (vide Swift's disputes)
Who turn'd Bootes into boots,
Ah!—Partridge!—I'll be bold to say
Was a rare scholar in his day;
He'd tell you when 't would rain, and when
The weather would be fine agen;
Precisely when your bones should ache,
And when grow sound, by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
By, what d'ye call't, astrology,
And skill'd in all the starry system,
Foretold events, and often mist 'em.
And then it griev'd me sore to look
Just at the heel-piece of his book,
Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew matics* art,)
Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts stuck in him through and through.
I warrant him some hardy fool,
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
And dar'd blasphemiously despise
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm sure 't is Swift, or Bickerstaff.
Excuse this bit of a digression,
A cobbler's is a learn'd profession.
Why may not I too couple rhymes?
My wit will not disgrace the times;
I too, forsooth, among the rest,
Claim one advantage, and the best,
I scarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of scholar breeding;
And wanting that's the sole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius, perfect at its birth,
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.
You know they send me to and fro
To carry messages or so;
And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
I'm still of service to the lazy,
For our good squire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion,
And when there's miles betwixt you know
Would rather send by half than go;
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myself by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
Why other people cannot go;
And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in Garrick's room.
In my old age, 't were wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'lling card.
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where.
For, though I ramble at this rate,
He writes it all, and I dictate;
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
(Who keeps a school, and goes to labour)
To tell you all things as they past;
Cobblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
Method pops in and out agen,
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down, and think a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I choose
To plague your worship with my Muse;

I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobbler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song;
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From Wesley's hymns, or Wisdom's psalms[1].
My father often told me, one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest clothes,
Twang the psalmody through my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
And cheerful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of fasting greetings,
And dry religious singing meetings.
But here comes folks a-preaching to us
A saving doctrine to undo us,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man;
And an't I right now, master Show-man?
You seem'd to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace,
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare.
Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For wheresoe'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The Minor, Garrick, Foote, the stage;
(For I must blab it out—but hist,
His reverence is a methodist)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your show folks about Drury,
Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And t'other day—God help his head,
The gardner's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news,
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst he, with humorous delight,
Walks all about and shows the sight,
Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu;

[1] Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, he was a good Latin and English poet of his time. He died 1568.

It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it Garrick's Hill.
The goats their usual distance keep
We never have recourse to sheep;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to say,
But I am sent express away,
To fetch the squire's three children down
To Tissington from Derby town;
And Allen says he'll mend my rhyme,
Whene'er I write a second time.

THE

COBBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

Unus'd to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the Gazetteer;
Now, for the first time, I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O Lloyd, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the great horse of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stoney,
To pace and whistle with your poney;
Sad proof to us you're lazy grown,
And fear to gall your huckle-bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.
There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,
Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into constant use.
Thus Garrick still in ev'ry part
Has pause, and attitude, and start:
The pause, I will allow, is good,
And so, perhaps, the attitude;
The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.
I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the style, that still defends
Yourself, or praises all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on the set;
Say, must the town for ever hear,
And no reviewer dare to sneer,
Of Thornton's humour, Garrick's nature,
And Colman's wit, and Churchill's satire?
Churchill, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, though he's your friend,
And sure we cannot want excuse,
When Churchill's nam'd, for smart abuse—
Churchill! who ever loves to raise
On slander's dung his mushroom bays:
The priest, I grant, has something clever,
A something that will last for ever:
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whose Muse, now queen, and now a slattern,
Trick'd out in Rosciad rules the roast,
Turns trapes and trollop in the ghost,
By turns both tickles us, and warms,
And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

Garrick, to whom with lath and plaster
You try to raise a fine pilaster,
And found on Lear and Macbeth,
His monument e'en after death,
Garrick's a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdasher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all his stages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
As undertakers' men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and sob,
And of their passions make a job.
And Colman too, that little sinner,
That essay-weaver, drama-spinner,
Too much the comic sock will use,
For 'tis the law must find him shoes,
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He swims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, Lloyd, for all his grin
That Harry Fielding holds his chin.
Now higher soar, my Muse, and higher,
To Bonnel Thornton, hight esquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very Peter Paragraph;
The grand conducter and adviser
In Chronicle, and Advertiser,
Who still delights to run his rig
On citizen and periwig!
Good sense, I know, though dash'd with oddity,
In Thornton is no scarce commodity:
Much learning too I can descry,
Beneath his periwig doth lie.——
——I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
Which now the wag with ease can screw,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forsaking
For scribbling, and for merry-making,)
With tye to overshade that brain,
Which might have shone in Warwick-lane?
Why not, with spectacles on nose,
In chariot lazily repose,
A formal, pompous, deep physician,
Himself a sign-post exhibition?
But hold, my Muse! you run a-head:
And where's the clue that shall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangled?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhyme's rough road that serve to deck
My jaded Pegasus his neck.
My Muse with Lloyd alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends;
Unless to show, like handy-dandy,
Or Churchill's ghost, or Tristram Shandy,
Now here, now there, with quick progression,
How smartly you can make digression:
Your rambling spirit now confine,
And speak to Lloyd in ev'ry line.
Tell me then, Lloyd, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a magazine?
A magazine, a wretched olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From pamphlet, newspaper, and book;
Which tost up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,
Of fricasee and rich ragout,
Which dunces dress, as well as you.
Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and so the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harness'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly stage of wit,
The racer stumbles in the shaft,
And shows he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,
Who bind in leathern belt their waist,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to see the strutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumscription of the belt.
Thus women too we idiots call,
Who lace their shapes too close and small.
Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,
Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,"
And in the ring are ever seen,
Or Rotten-row of Magazine,
Will cramp your Muse in four-foot verse,
And find at last your ease your curse.
Clio already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,
For though sometimes she takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.
While namby-pamby thus you scribble,
Your manly genius a mere fribble,
Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.
Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a Prophecy of Famine;
Or like yourself, in days of yore,
Write actors, as you did before:
Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
And make your present friends all hate you.
Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace;
For Ovid says, and pr'ythee heed it,
Os homini sublime dedit.
But if you still waste all your prime
In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And Robert Lloyd be Robert Shallow.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Bring paper, Ash, and let me send
My hearty service to my friend.
How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour scrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with those
Who, gay and easy in their prose,
Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their rhyme.
No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous social mind,
Than Churchill, yet though Churchill hear,
I will pronounce him too severe,

For, whether scribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.
Yet let me urge one honest plea:
Say, is the Muse in fault or he?
The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,
Who boldly plucks, nor waits the bays;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of song;
Writes, from the impulse of the Muse,
What sober reason might refuse.
My lord, who lives and writes at ease,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)
And draws from silver-stand his pen,
To scribble sonnets now and then;
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he slily steals,
And patches up, in courtly phrase,
The manly sense of better days;
Whose dainty Muse is only kist;
But as his dainty lordship list,
Who treats her like a mistress still,
To turn her off, and keep at will;
Knows not the labour, pains, and strife
Of him who takes the Muse to wife.
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Must bear his burthen as he can;
And if my lady prove a shrew,
What would you have the husband do?
Say, should he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation?
Or giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a silken chain?
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like husbands in the common way:
And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them:
True servants always at command,
We hold the pen, they guide the hand.
Why need I urge so plain a fact
To you who catch me in the act?
And see me, (ere I've said my grace,
That is, put sir in proper place,
Or with epistolary bow,
Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how,)
You see me, as I said before,
Run up and down a page or more,
Without one word of tribute due
To friendship's altar, and to you.
Accept, then, in or out of time,
My honest thanks, though writ in rhyme.
And these once paid, (to obligatious
Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,
And hurt the liberal donor more
Than all his lavish gifts before,)
I skip about, as whim prevails,
Like your own frisky goats in Wales,
And follow where the Muse shall lead,
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.
Well might the lordly[1] writer praise
The first inventor of Essays,
Where wanton Fancy gaily rambles,
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
And all things may be sung or said,
While drowsy Method's gone to bed.
And blest the poet, or the rhymist,
(For surely none of the sublimest)
Who prancing in his easy mode,
Down this epistolary road,
First taught the Muse to play the fool,
A truant from the pedant's school,
And skipping, like a tasteless dunce,
O'er all the unities at once;
(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for action, place, and time.)
But critics, (who still judge by rules,
Transmitted down as guides to fools,
And howsoe'er they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wise folks who writ without 'em;)
Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,
Which Fancy takes for her diversion,
As inconsistent with the law,
Which keeps the sober Muse in awe,
Who dares not for her life dispense,
With such mechanic chains for sense.
Yet men are often apt to blame
Those errours they'd be proud to claim,
And if their skill, of pigmy size,
To glorious darings cannot rise,
From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them.
Nay, e'en professors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And speak against themselves, to show,
What they would hate the world shou'd know.
As when the measur'd couplets curse,
The manacles of Gothic verse,
While the trim bard in easy strains,
Talks much of fetters, clogs, and chains;
He only aims that you should think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.
So have I seen in tragic stride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and sulky tread the stage,
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find Alphonso out.
Oft have I heard it said by those,
Who most should blush to be her foes,
That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
Shackles the brave imagination,
Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackless path above the sky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.
From Boileau down to his translators,
Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their sense to rhyme.
Had *he* so maul'd his gentle foe,
But for that lucky word Guineaut?
Or had his strokes been half so fine
Without that closing name Cotin?
Yet dares he on this very theme,
His own Apollo to blaspheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
And murders which ensu'd from thence,
As if they both resolv'd to meet,
Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and massacre each other.
'Tis true, sometimes to costive brains,
A couplet costs exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the skill
Of fluent easy dress at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray
From fertile meads, and lose their way,

[1] Shaftsbury.

Clapt up and fasten'd in the pound
Of measur'd rhyme, and barren sound.
—What are these jarring notes I hear,
Grating harsh discord on my ear!
How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,
Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
Or music grinding on a saw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
—O spare it for Giardini's sake.
'Tis his, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of Ignorance.
From this allusion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artists err,
And rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,
When touch'd by those who well can lead,
Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow;
But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fidler lame and blind,
Who begs in music at your door,
And thrums Jack Latin o'er and o'er.
Some, Milton-mad, (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education)
Approve no verse, but that which flows
In epithetic measur'd prose,
With trim expressions daily drest
Stol'n, misapply'd, and not confest,
And call it writing in the style
Of that great Homer of our isle.
Whilom, what time, eftsoons and *erst*,
(So prose is oftentimes beverst)
Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, classic blank, their all in all.
Can only blank admit sublime?
Go read and measure Dryden's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his song,
See how his numbers roll along,
With ease and strength and varied pause,
Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.
Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your Milton's chime;
Where taste, not wantonly severe,
May find the measure, not the ear.
As rhyme, rich rhyme, was Dryden's choice,
And blank has Milton's nobler voice,
I deem it as the subjects lead,
That either measure will succeed.
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its strength
It palls in works of epic length.
For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offensive to the ear,
The mighty Blackmore gravely sing
Of Arthur Prince, and Arthur King,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And loss of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still, (though peace be to the dead)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.
So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:
While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
Drag the slow tottering weight along,
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.
The Muses dwelt on Ovid's tongue,
For Ovid never said, but sung,
And Pope (for Pope affects the same)
In numbers lisp'd, for numbers came.
Thus, in historic page I've read
Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or spit,
Without some precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a spout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.
Yet, though dame Nature may bestow
This knack of verse, and jingling flow:
(And thousands have that impulse felt,
With whom the Muses never dwelt)
Though it may save the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme presents itself,
Leaves Bysshe untouch'd upon the shelf;
Yet more demands the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which stand like watchmen in the close,
To keep the verse from being prose.
But when reflection has refin'd
This boist'rous bias of the mind,
When harmony enriches sense,
And borrows stronger charms from thence,
When genius steers by judgment's laws
When proper cadence, varied pause
Show Nature's strength combin'd with art,
And through the ear possess the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.
Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
A secret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to bards in ancient time.
And Boileau leaves it as a rule
To all who enter Phœbus' school,
To make the metre strong and fine,
Poets, write first your second line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;
And all the mighty secret here
Lies in the niceness of the ear.
E'en in this measure, when the Muse,
With genuine ease, her way pursues,
Though she affect to hide her skill,
And walks the town in dishabille,
Something peculiar will be seen
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
Which will, though carelessly display'd,
Distinguish madam from her maid.
Here, by the way of critic sample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is Prior's measure, and is mine;
Yet taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with Prior's rhyme.
Yet, take it on a poet's word,
There are who foolishly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By sticking close to imitation.
A double rhyme is often sought
At strange expense of time and thought;
And though sometimes a lucky hit
May give a zest to Butler's wit;

Whatever makes the measure halt
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.
For when we see the wit and pains,
The twisting of the stubborn brains,
To cramp the sense within the bound
Of some queer double treble sound:
Hard is the Muse's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd sense, and ease in pain;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both simile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muses please,
I talk so much of ease and ease,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I scarce have thought of yours before.
'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare science when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common sin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, sir, (at last indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
Apollo whispers you in rhyme,
Or lady Fancy should dispose
Your mind to sally out in prose,
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muse's mail from Flexney's[3] *draw*.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ode,
Or starting in the classic race
Jack-booted for an epic chace.
That bard, as other bards, divine,
Who was a *sacris* to the Nine,
Dan Prior I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;
And, howsoe'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me one resemblance true,
I have my friend, a Shepherd[1] too.
You know, dear sir, the Muses nine,
Though sober maids are woo'd in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous inspiration,
Though others read intoxication.
For there are those who vainly use
This grand elixir of the Muse,
And fancy in their apish fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove Pindus, or Plinlimmon's height.
Whilst more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.
The bard, whose charming measure flows
With all the native ease of prose,
Who, without flashy vain pretence,
Has best adorn'd eternal sense,
And, in his cheerful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whose situation
Makes them the mark of observation,
Example oft gives folly rise,
And imitation clings to vice.
Ennius could never write, 'tis said,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own Horace quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at Bacchus' shrine;
Nay, Addison would oft unbend,
T' indulge his genius with a friend;
(For Fancy, which is often dry,
Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)
What precedents for fools to follow
Are Ben, the Devil, and Apollo!
While the great gawky Admiration,
Parent of stupid Imitation,
Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
And copies errours and defects.
The man, secure in strength of parts,
Has no recourse to shuffling arts,
Seeks not his nature to disguise,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once displays,
Careless of envy, or of praise;
And foibles, which we often find
Just on the surface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't discern
What to avoid, and what to learn.
Errours in wit conspicuous grow,
To use Gay's words, like specks in snow;
Yet it were kind, at least, to make
Allowance for the merit's sake;
And when such beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemishes go by.
Plague on your philosophic sots!
I'll view the Sun without its spots.
Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road
And will contract habitual ways,
Which sober people cannot praise,
And fools admire: such fools I hate;
— Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.
Poor Spurius! eager to destroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The last of witlings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn genius all at once,
But that the wretch mistakes his aim,
And thinks a libertine the same.
Connected as the hand and glove,
Is madam Poetry and Love;
Shall not he then possess his Muse,
And fetch Corinna from the stews,
The burthen of his amorous verse,
And charming melter of his purse,
While happy Rebus tells the name
Of his and Drury's common flame?
How will the wretch at Bacchus' shrine,
Betray the cause of wit and wine,

[2] The bookseller who published most of Churchill's and Lloyd's poems. *C.*

[1] Dr. Richard Shepherd, author of a didactic poem called The Nuptials.

And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taste a very Goth or Hun,
Those little hours of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flask,
And the heart speaks without a mask?
Must thou, whose genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the stagnant pool;
Whose torpid soul and sluggish brains,
Dullness pervades, and wine disdains;
Must thou to nightly taverns run,
Apollo's guest, and Johnson's son?
And in thy folly's beastly fit,
Attempt the sallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of Phœbus' choir?
Think of the adage—ass and lyre[2].
If thou wouldst really succeed,
And be a mimic wit indeed,
Let Dryden lend thee Sheffield's blows,
Or like Will. Davenant lose your nose.
O Lucian, sire of ancient wit,
Who wedding humour, didst beget
Those doctors in the laughing school,
Those giant sons of ridicule,
Swift, Rab'lais, and that favourite child[3],
Who, less eccentrically wild,
Inverts the misanthropic plan,
And hating vices, hates not man:
How do I love thy gibing vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of sots, who proud as modern beaux
Of birth-day suits, and tinsel clothes,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philosophic stupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, stroll the street;
Ostensively exceeding wise;
But knaves, and fools, and walking lies,
External mimicry their plan,
The monkey's copy after man.
Wits too possess this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,
Are slovens, revellers and brutes,
Laborious, absent, prattlers, mutes,
From some example handed down
Of some great genius of renown.
If Addison, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from design,
And be an Addison to mine?
If Pope most feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his posture hit,
And I already ache for wit.
If Churchill, following Nature's call,
Has head that never aches at all,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the lie.
If huge tall words of termination,
Which ask a critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And seem to stand just where they ought;
If language more in grammar drest,
With greater emphasis exprest,
Unstudied, unaffected flows,
In some great wit's conversing prose;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,
'Tis Nature which herself displays,
And Johnson speaks a Johnson's phrase.
But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style,
Who, most dogmatically wise,
Attempts to censure, and despise,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of speech?
What though his pompous language wear
The grand decisive solemn air,
Where quaint antithesis prevails,
And sentences are weighed in scales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of straw?
Or hush'd in mute attention sit,
To hear this critic, poet, wit,
Philosopher, all, all at once,
And to complete them all, this—dunce?
—All this you'll say is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with wine?
Have patience and the Muse shall tell
What you, my friend, know full as well.
Vices in poets, wits and kings,
Are catching, imitable things;
And frailties standing out to view,
Become the objects fools pursue.
Thus have I pictures often seen,
Where features neither speak nor mean,
Yet spite of all, the face will strike,
And mads us that it should be like,
When all the near resemblance grows,
From scratch or pimple on the nose.
To poets then (I mean not here
The scribbling drudge, or scribbling peer.
Nor those who have the monthly fit,
The lunatics of modern wit)
To poets wine is inspiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.
As different liquors, different ways
Affect the body, sometimes raise
The fancy to an eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wondrous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like Lethe's draught, or opiate drug,
Will strike the senses on a heap,
When folks talk wise, who talk asleep;
A whimsical imagination,
Might form a whimsical relation,
How every author writes and thinks
Analogous to what he drinks,
While quaint conjecture's lucky hit,
Finds out his bev'rage in his wit.
Ye goodly dray-nymph Muses, hail!
Mum, Porter, Stingo, mild and stale,
And chiefly thou of boasted fame,
Of Roman and Imperial name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry steals,
His stockings dangling at his heels,
To where some pendent head invites
The bard to set his own to rights,
Who seeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy shrine,
In wormwood draughts of inspiration,
To whet his soul for defamation.
Hail too, your domes! whose master's skill
Takes up illustrious folks at will,
And careless or of place or name,
Beheads and hangs to public fame
Fine garter'd knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, earls and dukes, nay king, or queen,

[2] Asinus ad Lyram.
[3] The late inimitable Henry Fielding, esq.

And sometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps some mighty general there,
Who has not any head to spare.
Or if it more his fancy suit,
Pourtrays or fish, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping, thirsty guest,
To Scott's entire, or Trueman's best.
Ye chequer'd domes thrice hail! for hence
The fire of wit, the froth of sense,
Here gentle puns, ambiguous joke,
Burst forth oracular in smoke,
And inspiration pottle deep
Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.
Hence issue treatises and rhymes,
The wit and wonder of the times,
Hence scandal, piracies and lies,
Defensive pamphlets on excise,
The murd'rous articles of news,
And pert theatrical reviews.
Hither, as to their urns, repair,
Bard, publisher, and minor play'r,
And o'er the porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly shed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At genius, which they cannot hurt.
Smack not their works, if verse or prose
Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,
So frothy, vapid, stale, hum-drum,
Of stingo, porter, purl and mum?
And when the Muse politely jokes,
Cannot you find the lady smokes?
And spite of all her inspiration,
Betrays her alehouse education?
Alas! how very few are found,
Whose style tastes neat and full and sound!
In Wilmot's loose ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much burnt Champaign,
And Dorset's lines all palates hit,
The very Burgundy of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard bestrides his annual hack,
In vain I taste, and sip and smack,
I find no flavour of the sack.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, style, and wit and wine,
Your claret, which I would not waste,
Recalls me to my proper taste;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my letter, glass and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis Shepherd's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

"No author ever spar'd a brother:
Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy so strong,
Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
As that which rages in the breast
Of critic, and of wit profest:
When, eager for some bold emprise,
Wit, Titan-like, affects the skies,
When, full of energy divine,
The mighty dupe of all the Nine,
Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
The critic comes, and cuts the string;
Hence dire contention often grows
'Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;
While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
And measures wit by line and rule,
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
Turns executioner of whim;
While genius, which too oft disdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a sheriff's self might wear
Or grace the wisdom of a may'r)
Turns rebel to dame Reason's throne
And holds no judgment like his own.
Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waste a deal of time,
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme;
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thousand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of song.
The prefatory matter past
The tale, or story, comes at last.
A Candle stuck in flaring state
Within the nozzle of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with smoky light,
The snuff and flame of wondrous height,
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
The dormant Snuffers at his side.
"Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
See how my beams triumphant soar!
See how I gaily blaze alone
With strength, with lustre all my own."
"Lustre, good sir!" the Snuffers cried,
"Alas! how ignorant is pride!
Thy light which wavers round the room,
Shows as the counterfeit of gloom,
Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high
Will waste thy essence by and by,
Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
I fain would lop to make thee clear.
Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,
You shine but as a beggar's link,
To burn away, and die in stink,
No merit waits unsteady light,
You must burn true as well as bright."
Poets like candles all are puffers,
And critics are the candle snuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ship no more,
To bring the cargo safe to shore[1];
Permit, as time and place afford,
A passenger to come aboard.
The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
When all its tempests were asleep,

[1] When this was published in the Saint James's Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that work to Mr. Kenrick.

Dreamt not of danger; glad was he
To sell his flock, and put to sea:
The consequence has Æsop told,
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
No sands affright, no rocks appear;
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
No surges lash the peaceful shore;
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
The tempests dash us on the strand:
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.
The harlot Muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;
Though for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live:
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd;
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.
O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden grey,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.
At first the poet idly strays
Along the greensward path of praise,
Till on his journeys up and down,
To see, and to be seen, in town,
What with ill-natured flings and rubs
From flippant bucks, and hackney scrubs,
His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.
Transient is Fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows stronger after death;
Own then, with Martial, after fate
If Glory comes, she comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praise, by which he cannot live?
But in Apollo's court of Fame
(In this all courts are much the same)
By Favour folks must make their way,
Favour, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've twirl'd yourself about
To wriggle in, you're wriggled out.
Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
Each courtly insect lives or dies;
Tis she dispenses all the graces
Of profits, pensions, honours, places;
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
Nay stamps the currency on worth;
'Tis she that lends the Muse a spur,
And even kissing goes by her.
Far in the sea a temple stands
Built by dame Errour's hasty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid shells
The visionary goddess dwells,
Here o'er her subject sons of Earth
Regardless or of place, or worth,
She rules triumphant; and supplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies:
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
Is built upon the wings of dreams;
The fickle winds her altars bear
Which quiver to the shifting air;
Hither hath Reason seldom brought
The child of Virtue or of Thought,
And Justice with her equal face,
Finds this, alas! no throne of Grace.
Caprice, Opinion, Fashion wait,
The porters at the temple's gate,
And as the fond adorers press
Pronounce fantastic happiness;
While Favour with a Syren's smile,
Which might Ulysses' self beguile,
Presents the sparkling bright libation,
The nectar of intoxication;
And summoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and cheerful face,
Smiles away Reason from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own:
Instant resounds the voice of Fame;
Caught with the whistlings of their name,
The fools grow frantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beside:
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noisy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
Amidst a supple servile train,
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,
So proud, he almost treads in air;
While levee-fools, who sue for place,
Crouch for employment from his grace,
And e'en good bishops, taught to trim,
Forsake their God to bow to him.
The poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind:
Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
He vomits forth sonorous lays;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
And all the world must wake to him.
A while from fear, from envy free,
He sleeps on a pacific sea;
Lethargic Errour for a while
Deceives him with her specious smile,
And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
Gay gilded visions round his head.
When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,
Such as the northern skies deform,
When fell Destruction guides the storm,
Transport him to some dreary isle
Where Favour never deign'd to smile.

Where waking, helpless, all alone,
'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown;
Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
And Desolation stalks around.
Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
And years roll round without a spring;
Where he all hopeless, lost, undone,
Sees cheerless days that know no sun;
Where jibing Scorn her throne maintains,
Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.
Let others, with submissive knee,
Capricious goddess! bow to thee;
Let them with fixt incessant aim
Court fickle Favour, faithless Fame;
Let Vanity's fastidious slave
Lose the kind moments Nature gave,
In invocations to the shrine
Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,
An author, to his latest days,
From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
Let him through every subject roam
To bring the useful morsel home;
Write upon Liberty oppress,
On happiness, when most distrest,
Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,
A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
The Muse's dignity for gain,
Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,
Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
Reluctant genius from his course;
Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
Make notes, or steal them, for the Bible;
Or let him, more judicial, sit
The dull Lord Chief, on culprit Wit,
With rancour read, with passion blame,
Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
And from the dark, but useful shade,
(Fit place for murd'rous ambuscade,)
Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
The gibdon of some modern curl.
For me, by adverse fortune plac'd
Far from the colleges of taste,
I jostle no poetic name;
I envy none their proper fame;
And if sometimes an easy vein,
With no design, and little pain,
Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,
And caught the reader's transient smile,
My Muse hath answer'd all her ends,
Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends;
But, fond of liberty, disdains
To bear restraint, or clink her chains;
Nor would, to gain a monarch's favour,
Let Dulness, or her sons, enslave her[2].

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

The very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife.
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate.

It is, you say; I say 'tis not—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and, after, blows.
Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd,
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.
His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.
A charming housewife nevertheless;
—Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was so wise.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien;
She could not bear the sound of Dame;
—No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.
She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countrified.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.
Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
—"Here, Cicely, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done?"
"Done! what, my love? Your wits are wild;
Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes, child."
"Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings"—"No—upon my life:
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too."
"Who was it shot them, you or I?
They're starlings"—"thrushes"—"zounds you lie."
"Pray, sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."
"Thrush, Cicely!"—"Yes"—"Starling"—"No,"
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.
Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.
A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas as you like, and what you please,
'Till in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.

[2] These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick; to whom the piece was originally addressed.

Quoth Cicely, "This is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife.
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!"
"—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling"—"no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain"—"that I'll deny." [lie."
—"You're wrong, good husband"—"wife, you
Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lie, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They arrue, fight, and buss, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO ******.

What, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due rev'rence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you, in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
Sigh for some awkward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts;
If the Moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town;
If you're returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted wooes
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the I—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no soul alive knew where!
Besides, 't is folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.
My good, wise, venerable sir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by the by)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?
And would you really have my Muse
Employ herself in writing news,
And most unconscionably tease her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Weser;
Or toss up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'ric, Ferdinand or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters?
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What Garrick acts still, and how well,
That Sheridan with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confest;
That Bride[1], if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst Pope for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when Clive no more is nam'd.
Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb show, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit, which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.
Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels?
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the Titans try to move
From seat of empire royal Jove,

[1] Miss Bride an Actress then of Drury-Lane theatre, who soon after quitted the stage. See her character in the Rosciad.

REEL... UNI. OF CALIFORNIA

Then spread my terrours all around,
And his satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turn engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with Mars and I with Venus.
  Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, eccentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy tax for barren praise.
  A friend to universal man,
Is universal good your plan?
God may perhaps your project bless,
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where Charity o'er all presides,
And Sense approves what Virtue guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For rogues hate virtue, blockheads sense.
  Believe me, opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis war for war, and dare who dare;
But your sly, sneaking, worming souls
Whom Friendship scorns and Fear controuls,
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like heifers, neither bulls, nor calves;
Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
Are truly as the serpent wise,
But cannot all the precept love,
And be as harmless as the dove.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good sound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main design,
  y drinking its success in wine;
And when his feet and senses reel,
Totters with correspondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wise,
But that his wisdom's in disguise,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the sin of drowth,
  atching the full perpetual glass,
Cannot afford a word to pass.
  Such, who like true churchwardens eat,
Because the parish pays the treat,
And of their bellyful secure,
O'erser, or *over-look* the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
And faithful guardians of their trust,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their heirs for ever,
That Charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where she begins, at home;
Who make all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And Charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsome protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and smirks, and strokes my face,
And all so tender, fond, and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softness of a dove,
And p—xes me to show her love.
  The maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—" What, Delia handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass,
—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace!
And all the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
—I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wish that she would wear
A more reserv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
Though the world says, that parson there,
That smock-fac'd man with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes frequent visits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myself aver is true,
I saw him lead her to his pew."
  Thus Scandal, like a false quotation,
Misrepresents in defamation;
And where she haply cannot spy
A loop whereon to hang a lie,
Turns every action wrong side out
To bring her paltry tale about.
  Thus excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark set up on high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch post for public itch,
Where hog, or man, may scrub his breech:
  But thanks to Nature, which ordains
A just reward for all our pains,
And makes us stem, with secret pride,
Hoarse Disappointment's rugged tide,
And like a lordly ship, which braves
The roar of winds, and rush of waves,

Weather all storms, which jealous Hate
Or frantic Malice may create.
'Tis Conscience, a reward alone,
Conscience, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.
From her dark cave, though Envy rise
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though Hatred league with Folly vain,
And Spleen and Rancour join the train;
Shall Virtue shrink, abash'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle shade?
Fear works upon the fool, or knave,
An honest man is always brave.
While Opposition's fruitless aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a pagan persecution,
Enforces faith and resolution.
Though Prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reason blinds;
Though Wit, which not e'en friends will spare,
Affect the sneering, laughing air,
Though Dullness, in her monkish gown,
Display the wisdom of a frown,
Yet Truth, will force herself in spite
Of all their efforts, into light.
See bigot monks in Spain prevail,
See Galileo dragg'd to jail:
Hear the grave doctors of the schools,
The Golgotha of learned fools,
As damnable and impious brand
That art they cannot understand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a standing libel,
On every good and useful plan
That rises in the brain of man.
O Bigotry! whose frantic rage
Has blotted half the classic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that Faith's increase,
Whose ways are righteousness and peace,
With rods and whips, and sword and axe,
With prisons, tortures, flames and racks,
With Persecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldst pluck down Reason from her throne
To raise some phantom of thy own;
Alas! the fury undiscerning,
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that wisdom you defend.
Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The nine stale virgins out of doors;
For let the abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever saint or poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of Winifrede, of sainted fame,
Who to the church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modest lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of life as well as honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.
No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the legendary lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;
Make saint of pope, or saint of thief,
Believe almost in unbelief;
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
By book and bell, and candle swear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your stem and favourite sect;
That he who made the world, has blest
One part alone, to damn the rest,
As if th' Allmerciful and Just,
Who form'd us of one common dust,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.
Thus his own eyes the bigot blinds,
To shut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam transmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the sky,
While ev'ry path by Science trod,
Leads us with wonder up to God,)
Is doom'd by ignorance to make
Atonement at the martyr's stake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame
No persecution will avail;
No inquisition racks, nor jail;
When learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive these sickly fogs away;
A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See shame and scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of Fame
Sink truth, and Galileo's name?
How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the wit, who well had tried
That malice which his parts defied;
When merit's sun begins to break,
The dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
And amity of dunce with dunce,
Fingers out genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly women hate a toast;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.
Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When Gulliver fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A giant in a pigmy land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, "To arms;"
The trumpets echoed all around,
The captain slept exceeding sound,
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size,
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;

But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise:
Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
That Vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly close ally'd,
And match'd, like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend;
Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies.
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Most wags, whose pleasure is to smoke,
Would rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something queer,
And there's vast humour in a sneer;
That jest, alike all witlings suits,
Which lies no further than the boots,
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from Nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.
And will my friend for once excuse
This off'ring of a lazy Muse?
Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed, which first by Raleigh brought,
Gives thinking look instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room.
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin Muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.
Such ease no doubt suits easy rhyme;
Folks walk about who write sublime,
While Recitation's pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And Action waves her hand and head,
As those who bread and butter spread.
You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whose Muse superlatively high
Takes lodgings always near the sky;
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight;
May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in ether floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Carelesly perch'd on yonder spray,
The linnet sings a pretty lay.
What horrid, what tremendous sight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With Argus' hundred eyes he marks,
With triple mouth the monster barks;
And while he scatters flaming brands
Briareus lends him all his hands.
Hist! 'tis a critic.—Yes—'tis he
What would your graceless form with me?
It is t' upbraid me with the crime
Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it must offend
You lofty sirs who can't descend,
To fame has often made its way
From Butler, Prior, Swift, and Gay;
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.
I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I most revere;
When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
I cannot match a Churchill's skill,
But may be Langhorne when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
Your mimic bards as well as mimic play'rs,
Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a Churchill's style.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be Paul Whitehead, tho' he honours Pope?
If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
If found alone an easy triumph gains,
While Fancy bleeds, and Sense is hung in chains,

Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode;
See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack,
For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the Muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.
To Churchill's Muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please
Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease,
Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.
Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
And copy Churchill as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant Muse, too saucy grown,
Prefers that manner she can call her own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

Thou child of Nature, Genius strong,
Thou master of the poet's song,
Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
Where Fancy, bright aërial maid!
Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore;
Whom every Muse endow'd with every skill,
And dipt him in that sacred rill,
Whose silver streams flow musical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with raptur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
Vain every phrase in curious order set,
On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme, still tinkling in the close,
While pure description shines in measur'd prose,
Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,
Upon the dull mechanic train;
Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone,
Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inspir'd with energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred shrine.
Since Taste[1], with absolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy shade,
The blooming scyons of fair Fancy's tree;
Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
In many a wreath of richest poesie.

For when the oak denies her stay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more she twists her branches round,
But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd Genius go?
Since only those the laurel claim,
And boast them of the poet's name,
Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.
Why sleep the sons of Genius now?
Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung?
And thou, blest bard[2]! around whose sacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From Dulness' servile tribe, and Art's unhallowed throng.

[1] By Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

PROLOGUS. 1757.

Est schola rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra juventus;
Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore sonos.
Quâ quisque assumit tragicas novus histrio partes,
Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.
Ingenia hic crescunt, mox successura theatris,
Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.
Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
Ejusâ telum prendit inane manu.
Multus ibi, infuscat cui vultus suber adustum
Immodicis sævit raucus Othello minis.
Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur;
Auribus insidiæ sunt, oculisque suæ:
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,
Certatim et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.
Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,
Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui!
Hac studeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!
Non tamen est nobis inde petendus honor.
Ingenua ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,
Et sensim assuescat fortius ore loqui;
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
Ingredimur scenam; nec clam vos, docta corona,
Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
Hinc sapere et fari discit generosa juventus,
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
Hic stabilita vigent curia, rostra, forum.

PROLOGUS. 1758.

Hic nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana theatri,
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet:
Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas:
Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,
Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias:
Nec freta cæruleâ turgent undosa papyro,
Nec resinato fulgurat igne polus:
Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.

[2] Dr. Akenside.

—Heus! nemòn' audit?—fac sursum aulea trahantur!
—En! qualis qualis sit, nova scena patet.
En Illæ, quas vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi Musa domum.
Hic sese ostendunt prisci monumenta laboris,
Quèis usa est modulis Vitruviana manus;
Hic stat Ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile Fanum,
Hic arce in summâ, Casta Minerva tuum.
Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt
Omnia. Personæ, fabula, scena, sales.
Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ lætentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas jactant vos, recoluntque suos.

PROLOGUS. IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

Cum patres populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
Scenis extinctum condecorâsse ducem.
Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hâc qui spectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cæptis,
Quà Sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
Successûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
Esto tua hæc, Wolfi, laus, propriumque decus.
Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
Dicet, sic detur vincere, sic moriar.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

Quanta intus turba est! quanto molimine sudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
Monstrum informe maris—Testudo—in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.
Pullina esca placet?—vitulina?—suilla?—bovina?
Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper,
Qui jecur et pulmonem in frusta minutula scindat,
Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchré flavescat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adepa.
His rité instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam tu,
Testudo! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.
Quám cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere con-
Sed vereor Calipash dicere—vel Calipee. [chæ!
Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellem et rellicuas participare dapum.
At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

Cum nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
Inchoat assuetos simulatrix regia ludos.
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula currûs
Erucæ sunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat: sub nocte silenti
Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perstringit Amantis;
Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
Malarum labrique rosas, perfusaque collo
Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et scritur aurum
Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libans
Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
Væ tibi, si Lemurum videat regina colorem
Mentitum fuco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;
Continuo rostrum conscendens hic thema trinas
Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, tubasque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiscit.
Nunc rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin casu visat facilis regina poetam,
Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amænos somniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
Quam vellet semper dormire!—Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
Emuncto subolet causa. Interdum Dea fesso,
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit at patriam carosque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus orco
Quas dedit insontes; furiis agitatur acerbis
Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
Quà carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum est cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ
Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
Radit iter liquidem cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O tu! quicunque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferox instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitiis Posteribus, Apr. 5, 1753.

CARMINA AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLES DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHECÆ RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Pri. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

Augustus, artium usque fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauspicato numine
Condi imperavit consecrata literis;
Eo nitore & partiam elegantiâ,
Ut invidenda sint vel illis ædibus
Quæ sæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris superbiunt, justissima
Romæ recentis & vetustæ gloria.
Nec his supellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
Id ille abundè caverat, novissimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.
Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
Legesque tutari & fovere literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctas, Cami feliciter artes
Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,
Quod domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque pa-
Exemplo & monitis exstimulata tuis. [trumque,
Perge, fovere artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Musa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quanquam ipsa ruet; monumenta, Ca-
Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die. [mens

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those ragged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke!
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

IN CÆMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

Audistin! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallescunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra & cœlum, quà patet; omne silet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere sero
Raucisonans pigram quà rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi quà faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quàque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonûm,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem, [aura,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe hi rastris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quàque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, historiasque breves!

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedêre boni,
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Wherethrough the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, superbi,
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui?
Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forsan jaceat sub cespite, sceptra
Cujus tractârint imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipso forsan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priscæ
Nunquam divitias explicuêre suas.
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
Aspera, & angustæ sors inimica domi.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latescit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
Ponit & occiduo pendula sole caput.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Æmules Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis,
Quem patriæ indignans exstimulavit amor;
Ausus hic exiguo est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Asserere & forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forsan fatoque inglorius alter
Hac vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

Illorum vetuit sors improba:—nec tamen arcto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
Excipere & surdâ supplicis aure preces.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
Conscia suffusus quò notat ora pudor.
Luxuriâ hi nunquam sêse immersere superbâ,
Nec Musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
Quisque sibi vivens, & sponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen & anni
Quæ formâ inscribit rustica Musa rudi:
Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs,
Ducis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Jussus, & æternas jam subiturus aquas,
Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

Ad tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,
Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis sors tua forte roget,

Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultro
Cui niveis albent tempora sparsa comis;
"Vidimus hunc quàm sæpe micantes roribus herbas
Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

"Sæpe sub hâc fago, radices undique circum
Quæ variè antiquas implicat alta suas,
Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,
Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

"Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridesque recessus
Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.
Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

"Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

"Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver
Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.
Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus.
Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, & sincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miserans inopi, lachrymasque profudit.
—Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.
A Cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas,
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,
In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY[1].

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions:
Nature must give way to art.

[1] From Pope's works.

CARMEN ELEGANS.

TUQUE adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
  All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
  Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar in silence creeping,
  Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
  Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
  Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrours,
  Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
  Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
  Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
  Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,
  Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
  With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
  Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
  Melody resigns to fate.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
  Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aspicite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,
  Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea saxa perit!

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypris,
  Deceptusque Deam tristius ursit amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per densa silentia noctis
  Incautum sævo dente momordit aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrê Prudentia ludens,
  Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas sopire canendo,
  Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
  O tu terrorum rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, quà passim chrystallina flumina currunt,
  Elysiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæsti salices, tristesque cupressi,
  Aureliæ æternum serta dicata meæ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Morpheu,
  Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Tristè fluens, sed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
  Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
  Cui tua submittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem
  Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum;
Aspice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
  Descendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

God of the bow! Apollo, thee I sing;
Thee, as thou draw'st amain the sounding string,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: she with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' etherial dome suspends,
Then smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,
To share the mighty Thund'rer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad sire prepares,
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares;
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son confest.
  Thrice blest Latona! from thee, goddess, sprung
Diana chaste, and Phœbus ever-young:
Her in Ortygia's isle[1], and him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.
  O Phœbus, where shall I begin thy praise?
Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river side, or on the sea's hoarse shore,
Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with music's magic sound,
And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.
Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore[2]?
How first from other isles, beset with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief.
Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,
Nor durst one isle receive the future god.

[1] Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different islands in the original.

[2] Here several verses containing nothing but a mere list of the names of islands are omitted.

At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And suppliant thus besought her needful care:
  "Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raise
A glorious temple to record his praise!
Then shall he govern thee with gentle sway,
And only Phœbus shall thine isle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,
Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king[3],
Oblations rich shall every nation bring;
For ever from thy altars shall arise
The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren soil,
Receive the god, and live by others' toil!"
  She spake: with inward rapture Delos smil'd,
And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.
  "Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly would Delos ease thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witness the glories of Apollo's birth:
The mighty god would raise my lowly name,
And consecrate his native isle to fame.
One fear alone distracts my beating heart;
That fear, O goddess, list while I impart.
Second to none amid th' etherial skies,
Apollo soon all terrible shall rise:
All nations shall adore the mighty god,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah! dire fears my soul infest,
And fill with horrour my tumultuous breast)
Soon as the glorious godhead shall be born,
My desert region will he view with scorn,
Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,
And plunge into the waves my hated isle.

[3] *Bowyer-king* and *Bowyer-god* are expressions frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Iliad, to signify Apollo.

Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a solemn sacred oath to swear,
That here the god his glorious seat shall hold,
And here his sapient oracles unfold,
Your sacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
Here view the godhead bursting into day."
Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But soon with solemn vows thus ratified:
"Witness O Heaven and Earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no god may break!
In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd, [ver'd."
Delos, his best belov'd, most honour'd, most re-
Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Blest in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguish of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in sorrowing mood,
Around her many a sister-goddess stood.
Aloft in Heaven imperial Juno sat,
And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.
Lucina too, the kind assuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the goddess shrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring
So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair,
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris sent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid,
But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent.
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart she call'd the maid,
Then sought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her soul: when soon with dove-like pace
Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.
Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came
The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms she threw the palm around,
And prest with deep-indented knee the ground:
Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth smil'd beneath, and Heaven rang with joy.
The sister pow'rs that round Latona stood
With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden swathe around.
He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,
In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood,
Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease, he broke,
And thus the wond'ring deities bespoke:
"The lyre, and sounding bow, and to declare
The Thund'rer's counsels, be Apollo's care."
He spake; and onwards all majestic strode;
The queen of Heaven awe-struck view'd the god.
Delos beheld him with a tender smile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy isle;
Her happy isle, Apollo's native seat,
His sacred haunt, his best-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with stately pines.
Now stony Cynthus would the god ascend,
And now his course to various islands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love;
But chiefly Delos: the Ionians there,
With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair,
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a solemn rite and sacred game;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the cæstus urge the manly war.
If, when their sacred feast th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant sports a stranger should behold,
View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the softer charms of female grace;
Then mark their riches of a thousand kinds,
And their tall ships born swift before the winds,
So goodly to the sight would all appear,
The fair assembly gods he would declare.
There to the Delian virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre;
To Phœbus first they consecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaste Diana praise,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,
And soothe the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.
Each voice, the Delian maids, each human sound
With aptest imitation sweet resound:
Their tongue so justly tune with accents new,
That none the false distinguish from the true.
Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
Blest Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefest care,
All hail! and O with praise your poet crown,
Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
If haply some poor pilgrim shall inquire,
"O, virgins, who most skilful smites the lyre?
Whose lofty verse in sweetest descant rolls,
And charms to ecstasy the hearers souls?"
O answer, "A blind bard in Chios dwells,
In all the arts of verse who far excels."
Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame.
And distant nations shall record my name,
But Phœbus never will I cease to sing,
Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great pow'r,
The blest Miletus' habitants adore;
But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore.
Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,
And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,
Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,
And ev'ry hill with heavenly music rings.
Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the gods.
Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire
To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.
Drawn by the magic sound, the Virgin-Nine
With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join:
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full sweetly carol bounteous Heaven's praise;
And now in dirges sad, and numbers slow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
Woe, by the gods on wretched mortals cast,
Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay [away."
Death's certain shaft to ward, or chase old age
The Graces there, and smiling Hours are seen,
And Cytherea, laughter-loving queen,
And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, shines the huntress-queen,

Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir,
There Mars and Mercury with awkward play,
And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.
There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thousand glories play around his face;
In splendour drest he joins the festive band,
And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright godhead with parental love;
And, as the deities around him play, [vey[4].
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port sur-

FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
And sometimes almost strikes me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puss,
And thought myself above her;
And yet I feel it, to my cost,
That when I rail against her most,
I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;
Bad faction's furious discord cease to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
Baffled the daring league's rebellious schemes,
Mayenne's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:
With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's sire. [height
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
My verse illume! and O, let mortals hear
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!
Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And show what ills from civil discord rise!

[4] The translator, when he began this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far less agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr. Akenside's most classical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
The prince's errours, and the people's woes:
And O! if Fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces spread;
If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace! [bow'r,
Still Valois reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's
O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r:
'The trampled law had lost its ancient force,
And right confounded, miss'd her even course.
'Twas thus when Valois France's sceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;
His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,
Which conquest hung upon his infant brow;
Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
'The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.
Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,
His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
Quelus, St. Maigrin, death-cemented pair,
Joyeuse the gay, and D'Esperon the fair,
The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.
Mean time, the Guises, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
Then rose the fatal league in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their sacred monarch brav'd,
Led by those tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.
His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crowding stranger saw.
Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;
And all was lost, when virtuous Bourbon came;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active presence breath'd an instant flame;
No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
And spring to war from pleasure's silken charms:
To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.
Within was Discord, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the league, and haughty Mayne,
The people, and the church: and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
Discord, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy;
To neither party ought of mercy shown,
Well-pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
Scenes now, where Pleasure's soft retreats are found,
Where triumphs Art, and Nature smiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
(For war's stern combat and relentless rage)
Th' unhappy Valois bad his troops advance,
There rush'd at once the generous strength of France.
A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
By sects divided, from revenge unite.
These virtuous Bourbon leads, their chosen guide,
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.
It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.
The sacred Louis, sire of Bourbon's race,
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the hero with paternal care;
With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,
He saw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errours, though he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
More will'd the saint, the light which shines to save.
Still Henry's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown;
His help from Heaven the holy prophet sent;
But hid the arm his wise indulgence lent:
Lest sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.
Already Mars had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful Conquest held her even scale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,
When Valois thus his partner king addrest,
The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.
"You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
The dauntless league, by hardy chieftains led,
Which hisses faction with her Hydra head,
Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.
Though I long since the regal circle wear,
Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
To me their present, you their future king.
Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest fame;
Yet from that throne's hereditary right
Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.
Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
And holy councils join her firm decree:
Rome, though she raise no soldier's martial band,
Yet kindles war through every awe-struck land;
Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;
No kindred now the kind affection shows,
All fly their king, abandon, or oppose:
Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
Midst foes like these, abandon'd, and betray'd,
France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:
Shall Britain's court by secret methods try,
And win Eliza for a firm ally.
Of old I know between each pow'rful state,
Subsists a jealous and immortal hate;
That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
Have now no subjects, and no country own:
Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
The snail-pac'd agents, whose deliberate way,
Creeps on in trammels of prescrib'd delay,
Such fit not now; 'tis you, great prince, alone
Must haste a suppliant to Eliza's throne,
Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
Plead the king's cause, and raise their generous flame!
My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
But from thy virtue I must hope for friends."
Thus spoke the king, while Henry's looks confest,
The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breast,
Lest others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,
Himself with Conde shook the trembling league.
When those command, who hold the regal sway,
It is a subject's virtue to obey.
Resolv'd to follow what the king commands,
The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate seem'd depending on the chief's return.
His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the sudden blow;
While Valois' troops still feel their hero's flame,
And Virtue triumphs in her Henry's name.
Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save Mornay brave, his soul's familiar friend.
Mornay of steady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'rers strain;
Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on errour's side;
With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Censor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.
Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
To Dieppe's strong port the hero's steps repair,
The ready sailors ply their busy care.
The tow'ring ships, old Ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air display their canvas wings;
Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly shore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At distance rose full fairly to the sight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll;

The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horrour and despair.
No partial fear the hero's bosom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It seem'd his looks toward her in silence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.
So Cæsar, striving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempests hurl'd,
Trusting, undaunted, and securely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave,
Though leagu'd with Pompey Neptune's self engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.
Mean time that God, whose power the tempest binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That God, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,
Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,
Beheld the hero with considering eyes.
God was his guide, and 'mid the tempests roar
The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore;
Where Jersey rises from the Ocean's bed,
There, Heaven-conducted, was the hero led.
At a small distance from the shore, there stood
The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement saves
From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.
A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows
The simple grace, which Nature's hand bestows.
Here far from court remov'd, a holy sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only study was himself to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,
Or lost in love, or pleasure's flowry maze.
No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,
While all his passions to a calm subside;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the simple herb, his drink the stream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,
And join with God himself to part no more.
The God he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous sage,
And bless'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age:
Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,
And from Fate's volume read events below.
The sage with conscious joy the prince address'd,
And spread the table for his royal guest;
The prompt repast, which simple Nature suits,
The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots,
Not unaccustom'd to the homely fare,
The warriour sat; for oft from busy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,
The hero dar'd to throw the king aside:
And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repast, and cheerful look;
Found in himself the joys to kings unknown
And self-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.
The world's contention to their minds supplies
Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.
Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.
The zeal of Mornay, like a stubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support.
Henry, still doubting, sought th' indulgent skies,
That light's clear ray might burst upon his eyes,
"Must then," said he, "the truth be always found,
To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round?
Must I still err? my way in darkness trod,
Nor know the path which leads me to my God?
If all alike he will'd us to obey,
The God who will'd it, had prescrib'd the way."
"Let us not vainly God's designs explore!"
(The sage reply'd) "be humble and adore!
Arraign not madly Heav'n's unerring laws
For faults, where mortals are themselves the cause.
These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
Then, though with blood it now distains the earth,
Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,
I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,
Without one friend to combat in the cause.
Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
Slow winding, and asham'd to rear her head,
Till, at the last, upheld by pow'rful arms,
'Midst cannon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
Burst forth the monster in the glare of light,
With tow'ring front full dreadful to the sight;
To scoul at mortals from her tyrant seat,
And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
I wail'd religion's and my country's lot;
Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
Some dawn of hope presents its cheerful rays.
So new a worship cannot long survive,
Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
With that it rose, with that shall die away,
Man's works and man are bubbles of a day.
The God, who reigns for ever and the same,
At pleasure blasts a world's presumptuous aim.
Vain is our malice, vain our strength display'd,
To sap the city his right hand hath made;
Himself hath fix'd the strong foundations low,
Which brave the wreck of Time, and Hell's inveterate blow:
The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
With bright effulgence of diviner light;
On thee, great prince, his mercies he'll bestow,
And shed that truth thy bosom pants to know.
That God hath chose thee, and his hand alone
Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.
Conquest already (for his voice is fate,)
For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
If on thy sight the truth unnotic'd falls
Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,
Though splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,
O shun, great prince, the syren's poison'd charms!
O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious reign,
Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!
And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'erthrown,
A league's great conqueror, and what's more your own,
When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,
And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's God:
Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.
Go prince,—who trusts in God,—can never fail."
Each word the sage's holy lips impart,
Falls, like a flame, on Henry's generous heart.
The hero stood transported in his mind
To times, when God held converse with mankind,
When simple Virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
And Truth commanding bad e'en kings adore.

His eager arms the reverend sage embrace,
And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
Untouch'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,
Stood Mornay brave; for still on Mornay's eyes
Hung errour's mist, and God's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to Henry's breast reveal'd.
His wisdom idly would the world prefer,
Whose lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt sage fulfilling God's behest,
Spoke inspiration to the prince's breast,
Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the seas, and Nature smil'd around.
The sage his guide, the hero sought his way
Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.
While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
Where laws, abus'd by foul intestine foes,
Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody stage,
Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence descended springs
Th' illustrious lineage of a hundred kings,
Like Henry, long in adverse fortune school'd,
O'er willing English hearts a woman rul'd:
And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long lustre of her crowded race.
Eliza then, in Britain's happiest hour,
Held the just balance of contending pow'r;
Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
No sad remembrance of its former woes;
Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the distant world:
All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over ocean's god.
Proud London now, no more of babarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together sate,
King, lords, and commons, in their threefold state.
Though separate each their several interest draw,
Yet all united form the stedfast law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
But spreading terrour to its neighbours round,
Blest, when the people duty's homage show,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
More blest, when kings for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
"Ah when," cry'd Bourbon, "shall our discord cease,
Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?
Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
A woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
Your countries bleed with factious rage oppress,
While she reigns happy o'er a people blest."
Mean time the hero reach'd the sea-girt isle,
Where Freedom bids eternal plenty smile;
Not far from William's tow'r at distance seen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the virgin queen.
Hither, the faithful Mornay at his side,
Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
But glare unheeded to the hero's view,
The prince arriv'd: with bold and manly sense
He spoke; his frankness all his eloquence;
Told his sad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act submission's part;
For needful aids the British queen addrest,
While, in the suppliant, shone the king confest.
"Com'st thou," reply'd the queen, with strange surprise,
"Com'st thou from Valois for the wish'd allies?
Ask'st thou protection for a tyrant foe,
Whose deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?
Far as the golden Sun begins to rise,
To where he drives adown the western skies,
His strife and thine to all the world is known:
Stand'st thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?
And is that hand, which Valois oft hath fear'd,
Arm'd in his cause, and for his vengeance rear'd?"
When thus the prince; "A monarch's adverse fate
Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
Valois was then a slave, his passion's slave,
But now himself a monarch firm and brave;
He bursts at once the ignominious chain,
Resumes the hero, and asserts his reign.
Blest, if of nature more assur'd and free,
He'd sought no aid but from himself and me!
But led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,
He was my foe from weakness and from fear.
His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
I've gain'd the conquest—grant me vengeance, you;
For know the work is thine, illustrious dame,
To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest fame,
Let thy protection spread her ready wings,
And fight with me the injur'd cause of kings!"
Eliza then, for much she wish'd to know,
The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence rising first the civil discord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
"To me, great prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,
And spreads abroad her indigested lies.
Deaf to her tales, from thee, illustrious youth,
From thee alone Eliza seeks the truth,
Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,
Valois' brave friend, or Valois' conquering foe,
Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,
Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;
Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone
Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.
Teach me thy woes, for know thy story brings
A moral lesson to the pride of kings."
"And must my memory then, illustrious queen,
Recall the horrours of each dreadful scene?
O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which knows
How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
Oblivion then had snatch'd them from the light,
And hid them buried in eternal night.
Nearest of blood, must I aloud proclaim
The princes' madness, and expose their shame?
Reflection shakes my mind with wild dismay—
But 'tis Eliza's will, and I obey.
Others, in speaking, from their smooth address,
Might make their weakness or their crimes seem less,
The flow'ry art was never made for me,
I speak a soldier's language, plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's presence bless'd her longing swain:
How could he brook the sluggish time's delay,
What charm could soften such an age of pain?

One fond reflection still his bosom cheer'd,
And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
'T was that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,
And Fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

"O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

"Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

"Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
(For love in trifles is conspicuous shown)
Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

"And trust me, love, I could almost believe,
This little spot the mansion of my fair;
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

"Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

"The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly drest,
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

"The lily pale, the purple-blushing rose,
In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.

"The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
When sultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.

"'Tis all another paradise around,
And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
Like the first man were I not lonely found,
And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

"For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here blest with thee, t'enjoy thy pleasing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

"The rustic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
With careful steps have worn its edge away.

"With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
While Fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

"Oft as I wander through the rustic crowd,
Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

"They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;
Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

"Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
And all around their clustring foliage spread,
Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nect'rine sweet,
And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

"And all along the river's verdant side,
I've planted elms, which rise in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

"Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
Imagination forms a thousand schemes,
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

"O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
And we shall meet again to part no more."

A BALLAD.

YE shepherds so careless and gay,
Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed lest you frolic away
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear mischief beware.
You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithesome it shines,
With an aspect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in sorrow declines,
And it sets in the night of despair.
Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
While Fancy her visions bestows,
And gilds every dream with delight,
But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
Though she love not her shepherd again,
Her Damon must love her the more.
For it was not the pride of her sex,
That treated his vows with disdain,
For it was not the pleasure to vex,
That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas his, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd;
'Twas her's to be fatally cold,
—He lov'd—andwas fondly deceiv'd;
For such is of lovers the doom,
While passions their reason beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to presume,
If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my Phillis would seem
To prize me most shepherds above;

But that might be only esteem,
While I foolishly constru'd it love.
Yet others, like Damon, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
And others, like him, were deceiv'd,
Like him, though they cannot complain.

Of Phyllis was always my song,
For she was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Would call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
How her hand to my bosom I prest,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,
These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,
Now her Damon is pleasing no more,
And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.
May he that my fair shall obtain,
May he, as thy Damon, be true;
Or haply thou't think of that swain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

If Chloe seek one verse of mine
I call not on the tuneful Nine
With useless invocation;
Enough for me that *she* should ask;
I fly with pleasure to the task,
And her's the inspiration.

When poets sung in ancient days,
The Muses that inspir'd their lays,
Of whom there such parade is;
Their deities, let pride confess,
Were nothing more, and nothing less,
Than earth-born mortal ladies.

Did any nymph her subject choose?
She straight commenc'd inspiring Muse?
And every maid, of lovely face,
That struck the heart of wounded swain,
Exalted to yon starry plain,
Was register'd a Grace.

These were the compliments of old,
While nymphs, among the gods enroll'd,
Claim'd love's obsequious duty;
Thus, while each bard had favourite views,
Each nymph became a Grace, or Muse,
A Venus every beauty.

Say, in these latter days of ours,
When Love exerts his usual powers,
What difference lies between us?
In Chloe's self at once I boast,
What bards of every age might toast,
A Muse, a Grace, a Venus.

In Chloe are a thousand charms,
Though Envy call her sex to arms,
And giggling girls may flout her,
The Muse inhabits in her mind,
A Venus in her form we find,
The Graces all about her.

TO THE MOON.

All hail! majestic queen of night,
Bright Cynthia! sweetest nymph, whose presence brings
The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings
Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
Stale jest, and flippant mirth, and strife-engendering noise.
When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my solitary way,
And hie me to some lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of Love)
Whose social branches, far outspread,
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the summer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy silver light,
Have lovers' tongues beguil'd the night?
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.
While ev'ry artful strain confest
The mutual passion in their breast,
The lovers' hours fly swift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.
Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,
When beauty is the meed of truth!
Yet not the happy Loves alone,
Has thy celestial presence known.
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;
And the dull swain, with folded arms,
Still musing on his false one's charms,
Frames many a sonnet to her name,
(As lovers use to express their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcast silence feeds despair;
Or when the air dead stillness keeps,
And Cynthia on the water sleeps;
Charms the dull ear of sober Night,
With love-born Music's sweet delight.
Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou list'nest to the various sound
Of shepherds' hopes and maidens' fears
(Those conscious Cynthia silent hears,
While Echo, which still loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock.)
But shift we now the pensive scene,
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the pansie-paven ground
In frolic measures round and round;
These Cynthia's revels gayly keep,
While lazy mortals snore asleep;
Whom oft they visit in the night,
Not visible to human sight;
And as old prattling wives relate,
Though now the fashion's out of date,
Drop sixpence in the housewife's shoe,
And pinch the slattern black and blue.

They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the ladies pleasant dreams.
Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides?
While Oberon, blithe fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies' lips;
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming kiss,
In dreams the nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that woos.
Yet, sportive youth, and lovely fair,
From hence, my lesson read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preside,
We care not where the fairies glide;
And Oberon will never miss
To greet his fav'rites with a kiss;
Nor ever more ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ———'s lips.
When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithesome elfs their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy these elfin sparks,
Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is virtue, all is grace.
Not only elfin fays delight
To hail the sober queen of night,
But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale;
And as the lover pensive goes,
Chants out her symphony of woes,
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all sounds which Art has known.
But hist——the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,
Which on yon mountain's misty height,
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome light.
Now the shrill lark in ether floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide,
Cynthia, farewell——the pensive Muse,
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of day.

SONG.

The beauty which the gods bestow,
Did they but give it for a show?
No——'twas lent thee from above,
To shed its lustre o'er thy face,
And with its pure and native grace
To charm the soul to love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
This evening drink of Oceans' streams,
To morrow springs to light.
But when thy beauty sets, my fair,
No morrow shall its beam repair,
'Tis all eternal night.

See too, my love, the virgin rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies!
How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal life's declining hour,
Such is the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;
Then crop the rose in time.
Be blest and bless, and kind impart
The just return of heart for heart,
Ere love becomes a crime.

To pleasure then, my charmer, haste,
And ere thy youth begins to waste,
Ere beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of love employ,
Improve each moment into joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,

OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE, ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

While vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And Virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan[1], on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,
The wise man's study, though the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.
Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world t'was thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

Th' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous Time, with slow decay,
May all all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which Chloe's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"Do, study more—discard that siren, Ease,
Whose fatal charms are murd'rous while they please.
Wit's scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
If Learning's spring withhold the fresh supply.
Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,
Nor blush to know what ancients wrote before.

[1] See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends?
Exert your talents; read, and read to write!
As Horace says, *mix profit with delight.*"
'Tis rare advice: but I am slow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend:
Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish'd all—
I list' no more to Phœbus' sacred call,
Smit with the Muse, 'tis true I sought her charms;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And swear no lady Clio like my own.
All unambitious of superior praise,
My fond amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,
Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curse;
Hitch'd into rhyme, and dragg'd through muddy prose,
By butcher critics, worth's confed'rate foes.
If then the Muse no more shall strive to please,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease;
If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;
'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,
Make such rude inroads on the land of Taste,
Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.
As for myself, I own the present charge;
Lazy and lounging, I confess at large:
Yet Ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,
And the next hour becomes an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all things as the humour hits,
For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,
Variety—O! dear variety's the thing!
Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
All the wise dictums of poetic law,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim follows,
(See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the case Apollo's)
"The god of verse disclaims the plodding wretch,
Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."
However great my thirst of honest fame,
I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
But own no curst monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned shelf,
Because I dare form judgments for myself.
—Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look
Up to the one, the universal book!
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For Nature's open to the general view—
Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,
And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd before.
Mean while with them, while Grecian sounds impart
Th' eternal passions of the human heart,
Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' Augustan age!
Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the Muse to everlasting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

SONGS

IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AIR I.

While the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance through the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a cheerful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful Colin ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied Nature sinks to rest.
All my labours to beguile,
Love shall wake me with a smile.

AIR II.

Though my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest,
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
O! I caper'd and sung;
The lasses came flocking apace.
But now turn'd of threescore
I can do so no more,
——Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine,
You've yours, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

AIR III.

'Tis thus in those toys
Invented for boys
To show how the weather will prove,
The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t'other keeps home,
Insipid, and dull as a drone,
Though near to each other
As sister and brother,
They both take their airing alone.

AIR IV.

When the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
Ó those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday clothes,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Colin prove such.
Odzooks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And Morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee
To think on him who doats on me.

When Eve embrowns the verdant grove
And Philomel laments her love,
Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

AIR VI.

YES that's a magazine of arms[1]
To triumph over Time;
Whence Beauty borrows half her charms
And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and saint,
Industrious sets her face,
While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spanish wool to give the blush,
The pearl to die them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freshest beauty strong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

AIR VII.

GO! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

AIR VIII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave,
I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My soul shall take the juster part,
And love shall yield to rage.

AIR IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all over scratches!
That your curious hands must place,
Such odd spots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.

[1] The toilette.

How I totter in my gait,
From a dress of so much weight,
With my robe too dangling after;
Could my Colin now but see
What a thing they've made of me,
Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

AIR X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds,
Awhile put forth their blushing heads,
But ere the close of parting day
They wither, shrink, and die away.

But these which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art or pleasure can renew.

AIR XI.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
I rov'd without restraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast (alas! how few!)
I gave to Nature's care,
As vice ne'er spoilt their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

How strange the mode which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely Nature taught,
Though rude in speech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus ——— a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fair disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shows
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis Folly's sceptre first design'd
By Love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

AIR XIV.

IF tyrant Love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till left, her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

AIR XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling through the lofty trees
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.
Thus free from Envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure unruffled heart.

While jarring thoughts our peace deform,
And swell our passions to a storm.

AIR XVI.

Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

AIR XVII.

From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to day
To morrow shall be slighted.

AIR XVIII.

When far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

AIR XIX.

Flattering hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Noisy show of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

AIR XX.

What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights and jingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content and tranquil joys.

AIR XXI.

Return, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple Nature mildly reigns;
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

AIR XXII.

Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true.

AIR XXIII.

Why should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendour never knows?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

AIR XXIV.

No doubt but your fool's-cap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy hind?

To be sure, like a good-natur'd spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
The court is a wonderful school,
—My lord you've an excellent taste.
—And, son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.

THE

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

THE

LIFE OF MATTHEW GREEN.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

For the only information I have been able to procure respecting this poet, I am indebted to a short notice in the last edition of Dodsley's Poems, and the communication of an anonymous writer in the European Magazine for July, 1785.

Matthew Green was descended from a family in good repute among the dissenters, and had his education in some of the sects into which that body is divided. He was a man of approved probity, and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give offence. He had a post in the Custom-house, where he discharged his duty with the utmost diligence and ability, and he died at the age of forty-one years, at a lodging in Nag's Head court, Gracechurch-street, in the year 1737.

Mr. Green, it is added, had not much learning, but knew a little Latin. He was very subject to the hip, had some free notions on religious subjects, and, though bred amongst the dissenters, grew disgusted at the preciseness and formality of the sect. He was nephew to Mr. Tanner, clerk of Fishmonger's-hall. His poem entitled the Spleen was written by piece-meal, and would never have been completed, had he not been pressed to it by his friend Mr. Glover, the celebrated author of Leonidas, &c. By this gentleman it was committed to the press soon after Green's death.

This very amusing author published nothing in his life-time. In 1732, he printed a few copies of the Grotto, since inserted in the fifth volume of Dodsley's collection; but, for reasons which cannot readily be guessed at, the following introductory lines are omitted:

We had a water-poet once,
Nor was he register'd a dunce.

I'll lay awhile my toiling by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry,
And stow my apostolic boat,
And try to raise a swan-like note;
For fishing oft' in Twick'nam reach,
I've heard fine strains along the beach,
That tempt to sing a cave's renown,
And fetch from thence an ivy crown.

Again, after the line

That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale
Of treaty of intriguing kind,
With secret article here sign'd;
And beds, conceal'd with bushy trees,
Planted with Juno's lettuces.

After the line

We best what is true nature find,

these two lines should follow:

Chymists and cards their process suit,
They metals, these the mind transmute.

The following anecdotes are given from indisputable authority:

Mr. Sylvanus Bevan, a quaker and a friend of Mr. Green, was mentioning, at Batson's coffee-house, that, while he was bathing in the river, a waterman saluted him with the usual insult of the lower class of people, by calling out, "A quaker, a quaker, quirl!" He at the same time expressed his wonder, how his profession could be known while he was without his clothes. Green immediately replied, that the waterman might discover him by his swimming against the stream.

The department in the Custom-house to which Mr. Green belonged was under the control of the duke of Manchester, who used to treat those immediately under him once a year. After one of these entertainments, Mr. Green, seeing a range of servants in the hall, said to the first of them, "Pray, sir, do you give tickets at your turnpike?"

In a reform which took place in the Custom-house, amongst other articles, a few pence, paid weekly for providing the cats with milk, were ordered to be struck off. On this occasion, Mr. Green wrote a humorous petition as from the cats, which prevented the regulation in that particular from taking place.

Mr. Green's conversation was as novel a his writings, which occasioned one of the commissioners of the customs, a very dull man, to observe, that he did not know how it was, but Green always expressed himself in a different manner from other people.

Such is the only information which the friends of this poet have thought proper to hand down to posterity, if we except Glover, the author of the preface to the first edition of The Spleen, who introduces the poem in these words:

"The author of the following poem had the greatest part of his time taken up in business: but was accustomed at his leisure hours to amuse himself with striking out small sketches of wit or humour for the entertainment of his

friends, sometimes in verse, at other times in prose. The greatest part of these alluded to incidents known only within the circle of his acquaintance. The subject of the following poem will be more generally understood. It was at first a very short copy of verses; but, at the desire of the person to whom it is addressed, the author enlarged it to its present state. As it was writ without any design of its passing beyond the hands of his acquaintance, so the author's unexpected death soon after disappointed many of his most intimate friends in their design of prevailing on him to revise and prepare it for the sight of the public. It therefore now appears under all the disadvantages that can attend a posthumous work. But it is presumed, every imperfection of this kind is abundantly overbalanced by the peculiar and unborrowed cast of thought and expression, which manifests itself throughout, and secures to this performance the first and principal character necessary to recommend a work of genius, that of being an original."

The Spleen had not been long published before it was admired by those whose opinion was at that time decisive. Pope said there was a great deal of originality in it. Mr. Melmoth (in Fitzosborne's Letters) after remarking a double beauty in images that are not only metaphors but allusions, adds, "I was much pleased with an instance of this uncommon species in a little poem entitled, The Spleen. The author of that piece (who has thrown together more original thoughts than I ever read in the same compass of lines) speaking of the advantages of exercise in dissipating those gloomy vapours, which are so apt to hang upon some minds, employs the following image—

Throw but a stone, the giant dies—

"You will observe that the metaphor here is conceived with great propriety of thought, if we consider it only in its primary view: but when we see it pointing still farther, and hinting at the story of David and Goliath, it receives a very considerable improvement from this double application."

Gray, in his private correspondence with the late lord Orford, observes of Green's poems, then published in Dodsley's collection, "There is a profusion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonised his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music."

The Spleen was first printed in 1737, a short time after the author's death, and afterwards was taken, with his other poems, into Dodsley's volumes, where they remained until the publication of the second edition of Dr. Johnson's Poets. In 1796, a very elegant edition was published by Messrs. Cadell and Davies, which, besides some beautiful engravings, is enriched with a prefatory essay from the pen of Dr. Aikin.

"The writer before us," says this ingenious critic, "was neither by education nor situation in life qualified to attain skill in those constituent points of poetical composition upon which much of its elegance and beauty depends. He had not, like a Gray or a Collins, his mind early fraught with all the stores

of classic literature; nor could he devote months and years of learned leisure to the exquisite charms of versification or the refined ornaments of diction. He was a man of business, who had only the intervals of his regular employment to improve his mind by reading and reflection; and his powers appear to have been truly no more than hasty effusions for the amusement of himself and his particular friends. Numbers of works thus produced are born and die in the circle of every year; and it is only by the stamp of real genius that these have been preserved from a similar fate. But nature had bestowed on the author a strong and quick conception, and a wonderful power of bringing together remote ideas, so as to produce the most novel and striking effects. No man ever thought more copiously or with more originality; no man ever less fell into the beaten track of common-place ideas and expressions. That cant of poetical phraseology, which is the only resource of an ordinary writer, and which those of a superior class find it difficult to avoid, is scarcely any where to be met with in him. He has no hacknied combinations of substantives and epithets: none of the tropes and figures of a school-boy's Gradus. Often negligent, sometimes inaccurate, and not unfrequently prosaic, he redeems his defects by a rapid variety of beauties and brilliancies all his own, and affords more food to the understanding or imagination in a line or a couplet than common writers in half a page. In short, if in point of versification, regularity and correctness, his place is scarcely assignable among the poets: in the rarer qualities of variety and vigour of sentiment, and novelty and liveliness of imagery, it would not be easy to find any, in modern times at least, who has a right to rank above him."

This opinion, which belongs chiefly to The Spleen, may be adopted with safety; but the praise bestowed afterwards by the same judicious critic on the author's system, or the philosophy of the poem, although qualified by exceptions, is, perhaps, yet higher than it deserves. To me it appears that Green had no regular or serious purpose in writing this poem, unless to make it the vehicle of satire on opinions and subjects which he had relinquished or disliked. There is so little knowledge of the nature or cure of the Spleen in what he advances, that whoever is induced by the title to consult it, may be occasionally diverted by its wit, but will not benefit by its prescriptions.

What, indeed, is his theory of the disorder, and what his remedy? He begins, not improperly, by informing his friend that he does not mean to write a treatise on the Spleen, but to acquaint that friend with the course he had himself taken to drive the Spleen away and to live quietly. He first adopted the commonly received remedies, temperance, chastity and exercise, and then he expatiates on the use of mirth, but how is mirth to be procured by the melancholy sufferer? By laughing, he tells us, at witlings, bad tragedies, dissenters saying grace, a clergyman preaching for a lectureship, and other common topics, some of which are surely improper topics for laughter, and could excite it only in those who are predisposed to throw ridicule upon

what is serious, which is very far from being the case with persons of a melancholic temperament. He then recommends the playhouse, or a concert; during rainy weather, books, or a visit to the coffee-house, the tavern, the card-table, or a joco-serious cup; and the company of the fair-sex, but with the exception of marriage. Such are the remedies he professes to have taken; and he proceeds next to enumerate the causes of the Spleen which are to be avoided, or which he avoids. He never goes to a dissenting meeting, or to law; never games, rarely bets; does not like to lend money, or to run in debt, by which means he avoids that undoubted cause of melancholy, duns and bailiffs; never meddles with politics in church or state; avoids both the regular clergy and the puritans, but conforms to church and state "both for diversion and defence;" abhors all reformers, and especially the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, which he reviles, I do not hesitate to say, with contemptuous malignity. In addition to all this, he never dances attendance at the levees of the great; avoids poetical enthusiasm and all its evils, and has no ambition. He then addresses Contentment, expresses a wish for a small farm in the country, has no expectations from a state of future existence, and concludes with a hacknied allegory on human life.

It may be doubted whether, since the days of the Theriaca, a medicine has been composed of such heterogeneous ingredients, or a cure for listlessness and melancholy recommended, which has a more direct tendency to induce insanity, by overthrowing all established opinions, and substituting darkness and perplexity, indolence towards the concerns of our fellow-creatures, and indifference to all the sympathies of civil and social life. If its tendency should fall short of this, it must at least increase that selfish security which so often drives the splenetic into solitude, or renders them inactive members of society.

As an apology for Green's opinions on religious subjects, so freely expressed in this poem, it has been said, that he was bred among puritanical dissenters, whose principles tended to inspire a gloomy, unamiable and unsocial disposition. Of whatever avail this apology may be in the present case, it is not much in its favour that we find it usually advanced by those who are glad of an excuse for looseness of principle and contempt for revealed religion. It may, however, be said, with confidence, that if no other spleen existed than what is induced by strictness of religious principle, it would not be of sufficient consequence to require the aid either of the poet or the physician. The disorder, all experience and observation show, exists among two classes, those who inherit a constitutional melancholy, or those who from defect of education, possess weak minds: it has no natural connection with any system of religion or politics, but much with folly and vice, and most of all, with that waste of time and talents which, in many conditions of life, fashion commands and countenances.

But enough has been said of a system, if it deserves the name, the evil

tendency of which is too obvious and too absurd to create much mischief. The poetical beauties of The Spleen, its original and happy imagery, and its many striking allusions and satirical touches, will ever secure it a place among the most popular collections of English poetry[1].

Of Green's lesser poems, The Grotto only was printed in his life-time, and dispersed privately among his friends. When queen Caroline built her grotto, it became a fashion with the minor poets of the day to write verses on it, some in a courtly and some in a satirical strain. A considerable number of these may be seen in the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. Green, on this occasion, contributed the poem before us, under the name of Peter *Drake*, a fisherman, with a playful allusion to Stephen *Duck*, the thresher, to whose custody the grotto was committed, but with no assumption of the humble character of a fisherman. The author's aim, indeed is not very clear, unless to introduce a variety of common topics, which he illustrates in a manner very novel, and pleasingly fanciful. The same opinion may be given of the lines on Barclay's Apology, which have yet less regularity. The rest of his pieces require little notice. That entitled Jove and Semele is omitted in this edition on account of its indelicacy.

[1] A very beautiful poem on the Spleen was written long before, by Anne, countess of Winchelsea. It may be seen in her article in the General Dictionary, fol. vol. X.

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

THE SPLEEN[1].

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.
The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon[2] sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won[3]:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More[4] so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.
First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.
When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.
I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.
I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.
Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:

[1] "In this poem," Mr. Melmoth says, "there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines."
Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 114.

[2] Gildon's Art of Poetry.

[3] A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
Howard's British Princes.

[4] James More Smith, esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

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But after no field-honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the Morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,
With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf;
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointer'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.
If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight,
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.
Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That 's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who 've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it Heav'n to be serene;
Pain, Hell, and purgatory, Spleen.
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.
Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,

Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cythera's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face,
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But oh, what pity 't is to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I 'm quite undone;
And haun't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.
Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;
Of every folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd;
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill;
You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.
The world's great author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of Nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away:
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge then not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, consider friend;
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease:
A gypsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fo.* unes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes; and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verd'rers every day
Are changing still the public way:
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wand'rers tire; and tear their skin;
And then get out where they went in.
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn;
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I 've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace!
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak!
I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;

Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan.
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world 's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.
Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We 're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers:
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art;
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The Press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.
Since disappointment gauls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation[5],
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.
I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.
When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should wed
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.
When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;

[5] The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the house of commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muse's revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.
You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholst'rers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.
A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho[6] taught his birds to sing;
Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaus imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
In bulrush ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
But there's a youth[7] that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
"This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow."
From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.
Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsly-envy'd scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sunshine in the face,

[6] Psapho was a Lybian, who desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means: he took young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great god. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

[7] Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.

And pleasure fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.
Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire;
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town;
A serving-man, not quite a clown;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of nie ce
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n (it 's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behin l, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurûs, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind,
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.
But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.
Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own;
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;

For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?
That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of Fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain.
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that 's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint,
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Syrens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters, I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 't is to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make, (may Heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE REV. MR. LAURENCE ECHARD'S AND BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
LAURENCE proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures doth display;
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive.
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
  Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
  Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
  The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
  The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art
  Of strong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
  And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
  To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
  Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
  He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
  Relapses for the ring.

Mean while within her beauteous breast
  Two different passions strove;
When av'rice ended the contest,
  And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
  Thy pains the sex display,
Who, only to repair a ring,
  Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
  Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
  Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
  Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
  A Venus kill her bird.

THE SEEKER.

When I first came to London, I rambled about
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity bachelor, try'd
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems, which they recommended.
  Said a lech'rous old fri'r skulking near Lincoln's-inn,
(Whose trade 's to absolve, but whose pastime 's to sin;
Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
"Ah! pity your soul; for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation."
  Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)
"Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves against."
  Being Christ's little flock every where spoke
  Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
"If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in errour, the last a deceiver:
That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is;
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*."
  Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)
"Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay."

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS[1].

These sheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these is shown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign:
To scripture plainness dress is brought,
And speech, apparel to the thought.
They hiss from instinct at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and press the law of love:
Breathing the spirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they detest,
As manufactur'd by the priest;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For stuff, which never mends the way;
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
And frank the gospel for our use.
They sable standing armies break;
But the militia useful make:
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by these rules as well as they;
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
The world can't hear the small still voice,
Such is its bustle and its noise;
Reason the proclamation reads,
But not one riot passion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
Which here below our homage share:
They, if one votary they find
To mistress more divine inclin'd,

[1] This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

In truth's pursuit, to cause delay,
Throw golden apples in his way.
Place me, O Heav'n, in some retreat;
There let the serious death-watch beat,
There let me self in silence shun,
To feel thy will, which should be done.
Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When last the senses' doors are shut;
For so divine and pure a guest
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.
O Contemplation! air serene!
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found.
Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind;
Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine, that kindles grace;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
Till darkness be by dying past.
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguish'd by superior light.
Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
And raise despair; my lamp can last,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.
False eloquence! big empty sound!
Like showers that rush upon the ground!
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along, and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.
His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That king Agrippa's case is mine.
Well-natur'd, happy shade forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That from dependence life exempt;
And constitution frain'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worst.
Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.
"Consider well your state," she cries,
"Like others kneel, that you may rise;
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd;
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use.
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture how they please.
"The honour'd prophet that of old,
Us'd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat."

THE GROTTO[1].

WRITTEN BY MR. GREEN, UNDER THE NAME OF PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1732, BUT NOT PUBLISHED.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum. Hor.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIEU awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.
Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much-sung Grotto of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's pride[2] (his greatest guilt)
And what great William since has built;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens[3])
From Sion-house[4], whose proud survey
Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
And view, from highest swell of tide,
The milder scenes of Surry side.
Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore;
Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a grott, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love.
(O, might our laureat study here,
How would he hail his new-born year!)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy,
Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
As Superstition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go:
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the Virtues gather round,
To see her consecrate the ground.
If thou, the god with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat,

[1] A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written many other verses appeared on the same subject.

[2] Hampton Court, begun by cardinal Wolsey, and improved by king William III.

[3] Queen Anne, consort to king Richard II. and queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

[4] Sion-house is now a seat belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

And jealous gods resentment show
At altars rais'd to men below;
Tell those proud lords of Heaven, 't is fit
Their house our heroes should admit;
While each exists, as poets sing,
A lazy lewd immortal thing,
They must (or grow in disrepute)
With Earth's first commoners recruit.
Needless it is in terms unskill'd
To praise whatever Boyle[5] shall build;
Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame;
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone[6],
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds dispos'd to musing teach:
Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise;
Or maladies, begun within,
Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
From maggot-youth through change of state,
They feel like us the turns of fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
And some that did their six wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep;
They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less:
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil incessant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wise sense of want by future store;
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
'Till death, and then are never miss'd.
Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace,
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to successors, and away.
Let not prophane this sacred place,
Hypocrisy with Janus' face;
Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care;
Court Kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware;
Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;
Or art politic, which allows
The jesuit-remedy for vows;
Or priest, perfuming crowned head;
'Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives;
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe and knaves apply;
Or frolic Mirth, prophanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.
O Delia! when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair! with downcast look
Mind not so much the murm'ring brook;
Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe:
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping like sick linnet sit.
With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the Moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell:
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding-sheet:
Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
Or when the corruscation gleams,
Find out not first the bloody streams;
Nor in imprest remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;
Nor rise to see in antique hall
The moon-light monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass
Trailing their sables o'er the grass.
Let vice and guilt act how they please
In souls, their conquer'd provinces;
By Heaven's just charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears,
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,
Live at discretion in your breast?
Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
As notions, meteors of the brain;
And sights perform'd, illusive scene!
By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
Where decent Mirth and Wisdom join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind:
Call back the Cupids to your eyes,
I see the godlings with surprise:
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—
Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.
No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falshood with them shall disagree;
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way see
Through blinkers of authority;

[5] Richard Boyle, earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. "Never was protection and great wealth more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December 4, 1753.

[6] The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Nor they who its four saints defame
By making virtue but a name;
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)
Artists, who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and standard touch:
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark:
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come, nymph, with rural honours drest,
Virtue's exterior form confest,
With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence;
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipt Sun,
With bolder eye we look upon;
Learning shall with obsequious mien
Tell all the wonders she has seen;
Reason her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion sit;
Religion with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense;
Philosophy and she embrace,
And their first league again take place;
And Morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing Beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck;
Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls instead of leaves:
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing;
And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
To traffic in exchange of sweets;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity entreats
The fair to grace its upper seats.
O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For satire's shots but slightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.
What virtue is we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true nature find:
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How steams create tempestuous air,
'Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make Heaven and you serene again:
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes;
We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began:
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak;
Our watch how Luna strays above
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in science know
From your known love for riddles flow.
Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundress well
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness delighted to undress;
Science a sceptr'd hand caress;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wise men canonize.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN BYROM.

BY MR. CHALMERS,

The life of Mr. Byrom was written for the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica by Dr. Nichols, with some inaccuracies, and has been copied into Dr. Kippis's edition of that work, without much improvement. By more attention to dates and to contemporary notices than these gentlemen appear to have bestowed, a few additional particulars have been recovered, and the general narrative, it is hoped, rendered more consistent.

John Byrom, a younger son of Edward Byrom, a linen-draper of Manchester, was born at Kersall in the neighbourhood of that town, in 1691, and after receiving such education as his native place afforded, was removed to Merchant Taylor's-school in London, where he made such extraordinary progress in classical learning, as to be deemed fit for the university. At the age of sixteen, he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr., afterwards Dr. Baker. During his residence here, the proficiency he had made in classical knowledge was probably neither remitted, nor overlooked, but he is said to have paid no greater share of attention to logic and philosophy than was necessary to enable him to pass his examinations with credit. In 1711 he was admitted to his degree of bachelor of arts.

His inclination to poetry appeared very early, but was imparted principally to his friends and fellow-students. The first production, which brought him into general notice, was probably written in his twenty-third year. At this time the beautiful pastoral of Colin and Phebe appeared in the eighth volume of the Spectator, and was, as it continues to be, universally admired.

The Phebe of this pastoral was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity College. This young and very amiable lady was afterwards married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert and Killaloe in Ireland, and was the mother of Richard Cumberland, esq. the well-known dramatic writer, who in his Memoirs, lately published, has honoured her memory with genuine filial affection. It has been asserted, but without any foundation, that Byrom paid his addresses to Miss Bentley. His object was rather to recommend himself to the notice of her father, who was an admirer of the Spectator, and likely to notice a poem of so much merit coming, as he

would soon be told, from one of his college. Byrom had before this sent two ingenious papers on the subject of dreaming to the Spectator, and these specimens of promising talent introduced him to the particular notice of Dr. Bentley, by whose interest he was chosen fellow of his college, and soon after admitted to the degree of master of arts.

Amidst this honourable progress, he does not appear to have thought of any profession, and as he declined going into the church, the statutes of the college required that he should vacate his fellowship. Perhaps the state of his health created this irresolution, for we find that in 1716, it became necessary for him to visit Montpelier upon that account, and his fellowship being lost, he returned no more to the university.

During his residence in France, he met with Malebranche's Search after Truth, and some of the works of Mademoiselle Bourignon, the consequence of which, Dr. Nichols informs us, was, that he came home strongly possessed with the visionary philosophy of the former, and the enthusiastic extravagancies of the latter. From the order of his poems, however, which was probably that of their respective dates, he appears to have been at first, rather a disciple of the celebrated Mr. Law, and a warm opponent of those divines who were termed latitudinarian. His admiration of Malebranche, and of Bourignon, afterwards increased, but he never followed either so far as to despise human learning, in which his acquirements were great; and the delight which he took in various studies, ended only with his life.

By what means he was maintained abroad, or after his return, are matters of conjecture. His biographer tells nothing of his father's inclination or abilities to forward his pursuits. It is said that he studied medicine in London for some time, and thence acquired, among his familiar friends, the title of Dr. Byrom. But this pursuit was interrupted by his falling in love with his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Byrom, a mercer at Manchester, then on a visit in London. To this young lady he disclosed his passion, and followed her to Manchester, where the ardour of his addresses soon procured a favourable return. Her father, however, was extremely averse to the match, and when it took place without his consent, refused the young couple any means of support. Dr. Nichols assigns two reasons for this conduct, which are not very consistent: the one that the father was in opulent circumstances: the other that he thought our poet out of his senses, and therefore would not permit him to superintend the education of his children, but took that care upon himself. If so, however wrong his reasons might be, he could not be said to withdraw his support; and I suspect he was soon convinced that he had formed an erroneous estimate of his son-in-law's understanding and general character.

In this dilemma, however, Mr. Byrom had recourse to the teaching of short-hand writing, as a means of supporting himself and his wife, who adhered to him with affectionate tenderness in all his vicissitudes. Dr. Nichols informs us that he had invented his short-hand at Cambridge on the following occasion: some manuscript sermons being communicated to him, written in short-hand, he easily discovered the true reading, but observing the method to be clumsy and ill-contrived, he set about inventing a better. The account given by the editor of his System, published in 1764, is somewhat different. It is said that the first occasion of his turning his attention that way arose from his acquaintance with Mr. Sharp of Trinity College, son to archbishop Sharp. Mr. Sharp had been advised by his father to study the art, and Mr. Byrom joined him. All the systems then in vogue appearing inadequate to the end, he devised that which now goes by his name. This discovery was made, not without considerable exultation, and provoked Weston, then the chief stenographer, to a trial of skill, or rather

a controversy, which terminated in favour of Byrom. Weston published his system in 1725, and the dispute was carried on probably about that time.

Of the respective merits of these systems, I do not pretend to judge. Angel, another professor of the art, who prefixed a short history of Stenographers to his own system (published in 1758), considers Weston's method as one that few have either capacity, patience, or leisure to learn: he also tells us that *Dr.* Byrom "so far distinguished himself as a professor or teacher of the art of short-writing, that about the year 1734, he obtained an act of parliament" (perhaps he means a patent) "for that purpose, as presuming he had discovered a wonderful secret: and great care has since been taken to preserve it inviolably such, except to his pupils, in hopes that by exciting a greater curiosity, it might increase their number:" and, as Mr. Angel had a new system to propose, it was necessary for him to add, "that he could discover no peculiar excellence in Byrom's, either in the form of the letters, the rules, or the application of them." Byrom, however, preserved his system in manuscript as long as he lived. When his friends wished to publish it after his death, they found no part of it finished for the press, although he had made some progress in drawing it up in form, enough, says his editor, to show the plan upon which he intended to proceed.

Among his scholars, of whom an ample list is given, in honour of his system, we find the names of many distinguished scholars, of Isaac Hawkins Browne, Martin Folkes, Dr. Hoadley, Dr. Hartley, lord Camden, &c. Lord Chesterfield, according to Dr. Nichols, was likewise taught by him, which appears to be doubtful. The same biographer informs us, that it was Byrom's practice to read a lecture to his scholars upon the history and utility of short-hand, interspersed with strokes of wit that rendered it very entertaining. About the same time he became acquainted with that irregular genius Dr. Byfield, with whom he used to have skirmishes of humour and repartee at the Rainbow-coffee-house, near Temple Bar. Upon that chemist's decease, who was the inventor of the *sal volatile oleosum*, Byrom wrote the following impromptu:

Hic jacet Dr. Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

These circumstances are perhaps trifles, but they prove that the study of the mystic writers had not at this time much influence on our author's temper and habits, and I suspect that it was not until much later in life that he became an admirer of Jacob Behmen.

He first taught short-hand at Manchester, but afterwards came to London during the winter months, and not only had great success as a teacher, but became distinguished as a man of general learning. In 1723-4, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to that learned body two letters; one containing some remarks on the elements of short-hand, by Samuel Geake, esq. which was printed in the Philosophical Transactions No. 488, and another letter, printed in the same volume, containing remarks on Mr. Lodwick's alphabet. The summer months he was enabled to pass with his family at Manchester.

By the death of his elder brother, Edward Byrom, without issue, the family estate at Kersall devolved to him. At what time this happened, his biographer has not informed us, but in consequence of this independence, he began to relax from teaching, and passed the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the quiet comforts of domestic life, for which he had the highest relish, and which were heightened by the affectionate temper of his wife. It is said by Dr. Nichols, that he employed the latter part of his life in writing his poems, but an inspection of their dates and subjects will show that a

very considerable part must have been written much sooner. Some he is said to have committed to the flames a little before his death: these were probably his juvenile effusions. What remain were transcribed from his own copies.

He died at Manchester September 28, 1763, in the seventy-second year of his age. His character is given briefly in these words: "As the general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive, so he bore his last illness with resignation and cheerfulness. The great truths of Christianity had made from his earliest years a deep impression on his mind, and hence it was that he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects." Of his family we are told only that he had several children, and that his eldest son was taken early into the shop of his grandfather, where he acquired a handsome fortune.

To this short account it may be added, that his opinions and much of his character are discoverable in his poems. At first he appears to have been a disciple of Mr. Law, zealously attached to the church of England, but with pretty strong prejudices against the Hanoverian succession. He afterwards held some of the opinions which are usually termed methodistical, but he rejected Mr. Hervey's doctrine of imputed righteousness, and entertained an abhorrence of predestination. His reading on subjects of divinity was extensive, and he watched the opinions that came from the press with the keenness of a polemic: whenever any thing appeared adverse to his peculiar sentiments, he immediately opposed it in a poem, but as scarcely any of his writings were published in his life-time, he appears to have employed his pen chiefly for his own amusement or that of his friends.

At what time he began to lean towards the mysticism of Jacob Behmen is uncertain. An anonymous writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (vol. LI.) says, that in 1744 he learned High Dutch of a Russian at Manchester, in order to read Jacob's works in the original, and being asked "whether Jacob was more intelligible in that than in the English translation, he affirmed that he was equally so in both; that he himself perfectly understood him, and that the reason others do not, was the blindness and naughtiness of their hearts." If this account be true, Byrom was farther gone in Behmenism than we should conjecture from his works. It certainly does not appear by them that he really thought he understood Jacob perfectly, for he adopts, concerning him, the reply of Socrates concerning Heraclitus' writings:

> All that I understand is good and true,
> And what I don't, is, I believe, so to.

In the present collection may be found a version of one of Behmen's epistles, which will at least afford the reader an opportunity of determining whether it be most intelligible in prose or verse.

The character of Byrom, as a poet, has been usually said to rest on his pastoral of Colin and Phebe, which has been universally praised for its natural simplicity. Yet, if we inquire what it is that pleases in this poem, we shall probably find that it is, not the serious and simple expression of a pastoral lover, but the air of delicate humour which runs through the whole, and inclines me to think, contrary to the received opinion, that he had no other object in view. Much, therefore, as this piece has been praised, he appears to have more fully established his character, in many of those poems, written at a more advanced age, and published, for the first time, in two elegant volumes, at Manchester, in 1773[1]. I allude principally to The Verses spoken extempore at the

[1] These for some years past have been sold at a very high price. *C.*

Meeting of a Club—The Astrologer—The Pond—Contentment, or The happy Workman—Most of his Tales and Fables, and the paraphrase on the twenty-third psalm, entitled A Divine Pastoral. In these there appears so much of the genuine spirit of poetry, and so many approaches to excellence, that it would be difficult, even upon the principles of fastidious criticism, and impossible upon those of comparison, to exclude Byrom from a collection of English poets. His Muse is said to have been so kind, that he always found it easier to express his thoughts in verse than in prose, and although this preference appears in many cases where the gravity of prose only ought to have been employed, yet merely as literary curiosities, the entire works of Byrom are too interesting to be longer neglected.

It is almost superfluous to add that, with such an attachment to rhyme, he wrote with ease: it is more to his credit that he wrote in general with correctness, and that his mind was stored with varied imagery and original turns of thought, which he conveys in flowing measure, always delicate and often harmonious. In his Dialogue on Contentment, and his poem On the Fall of Man in Answer to Bishop Sherlock, he strongly reminds us of Pope in the celebrated Essay, although in the occasional adoption of quaint conceits he appears to have followed the example of the earlier poets. Of his long pieces, perhaps the best is Enthusiasm, which he published in 1751[2], and which is distinguished by superior animation and a glow of vigorous fancy suited to the subject. He depicts the classical enthusiast, and the virtuoso, with a strength of colouring, not inferior to some of Pope's happiest portraits in his Epistles.

His controversial and critical verses, I have already hinted, are rather to be considered as literary curiosities than as poems, for what can be a poem which excludes the powers of invention, and interdicts the excursions of fancy? Yet if there be a merit in versifying terms of art, some may also be allowed to the introduction of questions of grammar, criticism and theology, with so much ease and perspicuity.

Byrom's lines On the Patron of England are worthy of notice, as having excited a controversy which is perhaps not yet decided. In this poem he endeavoured to prove the non-existence of St. George, the patron saint of England, by this argument chiefly, that the English were converted by Gregory the First, or the Great, who sent over St. Austin for that purpose: and he conceives that in the ancient *Fasti*, Georgius was erroneously set down for Gregorius, and that George no where occurs as patron until the reign of Edward III. He concludes with requesting that the matter may be considered by Willis, Stukeley, Ames or Pegge, all celebrated antiquaries, or by the society of antiquaries at large, stating the plain question to be, "Whether England's patron was a knight or a pope?"

This challenge must have been given some time before the year 1759 when all these antiquaries were living, but in what publication, if printed at all, I have not been able to discover. Mr. Pegge, however, was living when Byrom's collected poems appeared, and judged the question of sufficient importance to be discussed in the society.

[2] In 1749 he published An Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple. In 1755 a pamphlet was published, entitled The Contest, in which is exhibited a preface in favour of blank verse: with an experiment of it in an ode upon the British country life, by Roger Comberbach, esq.: an epistle from Dr. Byrom to Mr. Comberbach, in defence of rhyme, and an eclogue by Mr. Comberbach, in reply to Dr. Byrom, 8vo. Chester. This pamphlet I have never seen. It was published by Mr. Comberbach, and is probably alluded to in our author's Thoughts on Rhyme and Blank Verse. Comberbach was a barrister. C.

His Observations on the History of St. George were printed in the fifth volume of the Archaeologia, in answer, not only to Byrom, but to Dr. Pettingal, who, in 1760, expressed his unbelief in St. George, by a dissertation on the equestrian figure worn by the knights of the garter; Mr. Pegge is supposed to have refuted both. The controversy was, however, revived at a much later period (1795) by Mr. Milner of Winchester, who, in answer to the assertions of Gibbon, the historian, has supported the reality of the person of St. George, with much ingenuity.

It only remains to be noticed that The Lancashire Dialect, printed in Byrom's works, is here omitted as unintelligible to readers in general, and one or two other pieces are likewise rejected, which are offensively tinctured with political prejudices long and deservedly forgotten. Our poet's verses On buying the Picture of F. Malebranche, a pleasing jeu d'esprit, is now added from Mr. Nichols' Collection of Fugitive Poetry.

Byrom's devotional pieces are entirely preserved. Those composed on the collects, and on subjects connected with the great festivals of our church, will not, I think, suffer much by a comparison with those of Watts, but it must be confessed that Cowper, in our own times, has given a peculiar and elegant simplicity to this species of poetry which none of his predecessors attained.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1773 IN TWO VOLUMES OCTAVO.

THE publication of the following sheets is in compliance with the request of many of Mr. Byrom's friends, who were much pleased with some of his poetical compositions which had casually circulated in his life-time. Much might here be said of the author's learned and poetical talents; but it does not seem to be the business of an editor to endeavour to anticipate the reader's judgment.—By it's own intrinsic worth, and the candid opinion of the public, the following work is left to stand or fall.

A deference due to the public may however make it necessary to assure them, that the poems here presented are the genuine production of Mr. Byrom. They are carefully transcribed from his own manuscripts; but as many of them were written rather for private, than for public perusal, it is hoped that all favourable allowance will be made for small inaccuracies.

The reader may be surprised perhaps to find in these volumes so many learned and critical questions discussed in verse.—This is indeed a singularity almost peculiar to our author: but he had so accustomed himself to the language of poetry, that he always found it the easiest way of expressing his sentiments upon all occasions. He himself used to give this reason to his friends for treating such subjects in so uncommon a method; and it is presumed, that if they are not found deficient in other respects, the novelty of the manner will be rather a recommendation than otherwise.

At a time when party disputes are so happily subsided, it may *seem* to want an apology, that in the following collection some few pieces are inserted, which *appear* to be tinctured with a party spirit[1]. A small attention however will convince the warmest partizan, that what Mr. Byrom has written of this cast was intended to soften the asperity, and prevent the mischiefs of an over-heated zeal. Since this was the author's chief motive for writing, it is imagined no other apology will be necessary for the publication of such pieces.

The great truths of Christianity had made, from his earliest years, a deep impression upon the author's mind; and as it was his manner to commit his sentiments of every kind to verse, so he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects.—To the purposes of instruction, and the interests of virtue, all his abilities were ever made subservient. This will appear, more particularly, from the second volume of the following sheets, in which it was thought proper to select such pieces as treat on subjects of a deeper and more important nature.—The reader, it is not doubted, will be pleased to find that the author's natural talent for wit and humour has so often given place to something more solid and substantial.

[1] Some of these are omitted in the present edition. *C.*

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POEMS

OF

JOHN BYROM.

A PASTORAL.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHEN A STUDENT AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE SPECTATOR.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day,
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart——I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 't was music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah;" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made!
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'T was nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro'.
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for——a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay, [say.
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

A DESCRIPTION OF TUNBRIDGE,

IN A LETTER TO P. M. ESQ.

DEAR Peter, whose friendship I value much more,
Than bards their own verses, or misers their store;
Your books, and your bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else,
Lay aside for a while, and come down to the Wells:
The country so pleasant! the weather so fine!
A world of fair ladies! and delicate wine!
The proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,
Then hear, if you come, what you are to expect.

Some sev'n or eight mile off, to give you the meeting,
Barbers, dippers, and so forth, we send to you greeting.
Soon as they set eyes on you, off flies the hat,
Does your honour want this, does your honour want that?
That being a stranger, by this apparatus [at us.
You may see our good manners, before you come
Now this, please your honour, is what we call Tooting,
A trick in your custom to get the first footing.

Conducted by these civil gen'men to town
You put up your horse, for rhyme sake at the Crown: [word
My landlord bids welcome, and gives you his
For the best entertainment the house can afford:
You taste which is better, his white, or his red,
Respeak a good supper, good room, and good bed:
In short——just as travellers do when they light,
So, to fill up the stanza——I wish you good night.

But then the next morning, when Phœbus appears, cheers,
And with his bright beams our glad hemisphere
You rise, dress, get shav'd, and away to the walks,
The pride of the place, of which ev'ry one talks:
There I would suppose you a drinking the waters,
Didn't I know that you come not for any such matters;
But to see the fine ladies in their dishabille,
A dress that's sometimes the most studied to kill.

The ladies you see, ay, and ladies as fair,
As charming, and bright as you'll see any where:
You eye, and examine the beautiful throng,
As o'er the clean walks they pass lovely along;
And if any, by chance, looks a little demurer,
You fancy, like ev'ry young fop, you could cure her;
Till from some pretty nymph a deep wound you receive,
And yourself want the cure, which you thought you could give.

Not so wounded howe'er, as to make you forget,
That your honour this morn has not breakfasted yet;
So to Morley's you go, look about, and sit down;
Then comes the young lass for your honour's half-crown;
She brings out the book, you look wisely upon her,
"What's the meaning of this?"——"To subscribe, please your honour:" [ye,
So you write, as your betters have all done before
'Tis a custom, and so there's an end of the story.

And now, all this while, it is forty to one
But some friend or other you've happen'd upon:
You all go to church, upon hearing the bell, [tell:
Whether out of devotion——yourselves best can
From thence to the tavern to toast pretty Nancy,
Th' aforesaid bright nymph, that had smitten your fancy; [mands,
Where wine and good victuals attend your com-
And wheatears, far better than French ortolans.

Then, after you've din'd, take a view of our ground, [round,
And observe the fine mountains that compass us
And, if you could walk a mile after your eating,
There's some comical rocks, that are worth contemplating;
You may, if you please, for their oddness and make, [o' Peak;
Compare 'em——let's see——to the De'el's Arse
They're one like the other, except that the wonder
Does here lie above ground, and there it lies under.

To the walks, about seven, you trace back your way, [day;
Where the Sun marches off, and the ladies make
What crowding of charms! gods! or rather goddesses! [and dresses!
What beauties are here! what bright looks, airs,
In the room of the waters had Helicon sprung,
And the nymphs of the place by old poets been sung, [reason,
To invite the gods hither they would have had
And Jove had descended each night in the season.

If with things here below we compare things on high,
The walks are like yonder bright path in the sky,
Where heavenly bodies in such clusters mingle,
'Tis impossible, sir, to describe 'em all single:
But if ever you saw that sweet creature Miss K—y,
If ever you saw her, I say, let me tell ye,
Descriptions are needless; for surely to you,
No beauty, no graces, can ever be new.

But when to their gaming the ladies withdraw,
Those beauties are fled, which when walking you saw:
Ungrateful the scene which you there see display'd,
Chance murd'ring those features which Heav'n had made:
If the fair ones their charms did sufficiently prize,
Their elbows they'd spare for the sake of their eyes;
And the men too—what work! its enough, in good faith is't,
Of the nonsence of chance, to convince any atheist.

But now 'tis high time, I presume, to bid vale,
Lest we tire you too long with our Tunbridgiale;
Which, if the four critics pretend to unravel,
Or at these our verses should stupidly cavil;
If this be the case, tell the critics I pray,
That I care not one farthing for all they can say:
And so I conclude, with my service, good Peter,
To yourself, and all friends—farewell Muse—farewell metre.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN HORRID AND BARBAROUS ROBBERY, COMMITTED ON EPPING FOREST, UPON THE BODY OF THE CAMBRIDGE COACH. IN A LETTER TO M. F. ESQ.

Arma virumque cano.

Dear Martin Folkes, dear scholar, brother, friend;
And words of like importance without end;
This comes to tell you, how, in Epping Hundred,
Last Wednesday morning I was robb'd, and plunder'd.
Forgive the Muse, who sings what, I suppose,
Fame has already trumpeted in prose;
But Fame's a lying jade: the turn of fate
Let poor Melpomene herself relate:
Spare the sad nymph a vacant hour's relief,
To rhyme away the remnants of her grief.

On Tuesday night, you know with how much sorrow
I bid the club farewel—"I go to morrow—"
To morrow came, and so accordingly
Unto the place of rendezvous went I.
Full was the house, and Bishopsgate the street,
The coach as full as it could cram; to wit,
Two fellow-commoners de Aula Trin.
And eke an honest bricklayer of Lynn,
And eke two Norfolk dames, his wife and cousin,
And eke my worship's self made half a dozen.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our way
Thro' the wild brakes of Epping Forest lay:
With travellers and trunks, a hugeous load,
We hagg'd along the solitary road;
Where nought but thickets within thickets grew,
No house nor barn to cheer the wand'ring view;
Nor lab'ring hind, nor shepherd did appear,
Nor sportsman with his dog or gun was there;
A dreary landscape, bushy and forlorn,
Where rogues start up like mushrooms in a morn.

However, since we, none of us, had yet
Such rogues, but in a Sessions-paper, met,
We jok'd on fear; tho', as we pass'd along,
Robbing was still the burden of the song.
With untry'd courage bravely we repell'd
The rude attacks of dogs—not yet beheld.
With val'rous talk still battling, 'till at last
We thought all danger was as good as past.
Says one—too soon alas! "Now let him come,
Full at his head I'll fling this bottle of rum."
Scarce had he spoken, when the brickman's wife
Cry'd out, "Good Lord! he's here, upon my life."
Forth from behind the wheels the villain came,
And swore such words as I dare hardly name;
But you 'll suppose them, brother, not to drop
From me, but him—"G-d d—n ye, coachman, stop:
Your money, zounds, deliver me your money,
Quick, d—n ye, quick; must I stay waiting on ye?
Quick, or I 'll send"—(and nearer still he rode)
"A brace of balls amongst ye all, by —."

I leave you, sir, to judge yourself what plight
We all were put in, by this cursed wight.
The trembling females into labour fell;
Big with the sudden fear, they pout, they swell;
And soon, deliver'd by his horrid curses, [purses:
Brought forth two strange and preternatural
That look'd indeed like purses made of leather;
But let the sweet-tongued Manningham[1] say whether
A common purse could possibly conceal [Shillings, half-crowns, and half-pence by piecemeal.

The youth, who flung the bottle at the knave
Before he came, now thought it best to wave
Such resolution, and preserve the liquor;
Since a round guinea might be thrown much quicker:
So with impetuous haste he flung him that,
Which the sharp rascal parried with his hat.
His right-hand man, a brother of our quill,
Prudently chose to show his own good will
By the same token, and without much scruple
Made the red-rugg'd collector's income duple.

My heart—for truth I always must confess—
Did sink—'an inch exactly—more or less[2].'
With both my eyes I view'd the thief's approach;
And read the case of—Bristol versus Coach.
A woeful case, which I had oft heard quoted;
But ne'er before in all my practice noted.
So when the lawyers brought in their report,
Guinea per Christian to be paid in court,
Well off, thinks I, with this same son of a whore,
If he prefers his action for no more.

No more! why hang him, is not that too much,
To pay a guinea for his vile High Dutch?
'T is true, he has us here upon the hank,
With action strong; and swears to it point blank:
Yet why resign the yellow one pound one?
No, tax his bill, and give him silver, John.
So said, so done, and putting fist to fob
I flung th' apparent value of the job,
An ounce of silver, into his receiver,
And mark'd the issue of the rogue's behaviour.

He, like a thankless wretch, that 's overpaid,
Resents, forsooth, th' affront upon his trade;
And treats my kindness with a—"this won't do,
Look ye here, sir, I must ha' gold from you."
To this demand of the ungrateful cur,
Defendant John thought proper to demur.
The bricklayer joining in the white opinion,
Tender'd five shillings to Diana's minion;
Who still kept threat'ning to pervade his buff,
Because the payment was not prompt enough.

Before the women, with their purses each,
Had strength to place contents within his reach,

[1] Dr. Manningham; who wrote a pamphlet in defence of the well-known story of the Rabbit-Woman.

[2] An expression used by ——— of the Royal Society, and afterwards proverbially adopted in ridicule by the author and his friends.

One of his pieces, falling downwards, drew
The rogue's attention hungrily thereto.
Straight he began to damn the charioteer:—
"Come down, ye dog, reach me that guinea there."
Down jumps th' affrighted coachman on the sand,
Picks up the gold, and puts it in his hand:
Missing a rare occasion, tim'rous dastard,
To seize his pistol, and dismount the bastard.

Now, while in deep and serious ponderment
I watch'd the motions of his next intent,
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try
The matter in dispute 'twixt him and I;
And how my silver sentiments would hold
Against that hard dilemma, balls or gold.
"No help!" said I, "no tachygraphic pow'r,
To interpose in this unequal hour!
I doubt—I must resign—there 's no defending
The cause against that murderous fire-engine."

When lo! descending to her champion's aid
The goddess Short-hand, bright celestial maid,
Clad in a letter'd vest of silver hue[3],
Wrought by her fav'rite Phœbe's hand, she flew.
Th' unfolded surface fell exactly neat,
In just proportions o'er her shape complete;
Distinct with lines of purer flaming white,
Transparent work, intelligibly bright;
Form'd to give pleasure to th' ingenious mind,
But puzzle and confound the stupid hind.

Soon as the wretch the sacred writing spy'd,
"What conjuration-sight is this," he cry'd!
My eyes meanwhile the heav'nly vision clear'd,
It show'd how all his hellish look appear'd.
(Heav'n shield all travellers from foul disgrace,
As I saw Tyburn in the ruffian's face;
And if aright I judge of human mien,
His face ere long in Tyburn will be seen.)
The hostile blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant blood;
He star'd—turn'd short—and fled into the wood.

Danger dismiss'd, the gentle goddess smil'd,
Like a fond parent o'er her fearful child;
And thus began to drive the dire surprise
Forth from my anxious breast, in jocund wise.
"My son," said she, "this fellow is no Weston[4],
No adversary, child, to make a jest on.
With ink sulphureous, upon human skin
He writes indenting, horrid marks therein;
But—thou hast read his fate—the halter'd slave
Shall quickly sing his penitential stave.

"Pursue thy rout; but when thou tak'st another,
Bestride some generous quadruped or other.
Let this enchanted vehicle confine,
From this time forth, no votaries of mine:
Let me no more see honest short-hand men
Coop'd up in wood, like poultry in a pen.
And at Trin. Col. whene'er thou art enlarging
On Epping Forest, note this in the margin:
'Let Cambridge scholars, that are not quite bare,
Shun the dishonest track, and ride thro' Ware.'

"Adieu! my son—resume thy wonted jokes;
And write account hereof to Martin Folkes."
This said, she mounts—the characters divine
Thro' the bright path immensely brilliant shine.
Now safe arriv'd—first for my boots I wrote—
I tell the story—and subjoin the note—
And lastly, to fulfil the dread commands,
These hasty lines presume to kiss your hands.
Excuse the tedious tale of a disaster,
I am your humble servant and Grand Master[5].

[3] Alluding to some short-hand characters neatly cut in paper by the author's sister, and presented to M. F. esq.

[4] Weston, the inventor of a method of short-hand, then in some vogue; the great irregularity and defects of which our author had often humorously exposed.

[5] A title usually given to the author by his short-hand scholars.

A LETTER TO R. L. ES[2].

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

Dear Peter[1], whose absence, whate'er I may do
In a week or two hence, at this present I rue;
These lines, in great haste, I convey to the Mitre,
To tell the sad plight of th' unfortunate writer:
You have left your old friend so affected with grief,
That nothing but rhyming can give him relief;
Tho' the Muses were never worse put to their trumps,
To comfort poor bard in his sorrowful dumps.

The moment you left us, with grief be it spoken,
This poor heart of mine was as thoff it were broken;
And I almost faint still, if a carriage approach
That looks like a Highgate or Barnet stage-coach;
And really, when first that old vehicle gap'd
To take in friend Pee—so the fare had but 'scap'd—
If I did not half wish the man might overturn it,
And swash it to pieces—I am a sous'd gurnet.

The Rhenish and sugar, which at your departure
We drank, would have made me, I hop'd, somewhat heartier;
Yet the wine but more strongly to weeping inclin'd,
And my grief, I perceiv'd, was but double refin'd:
It is not to tell how my breast fell a throbbing,
When at the last parting our noses were bobbing:
Those sad farewell accents! (I think on 'em still)
"You'll remember to write John?"—"Yes, Peter, I will."

You no sooner was gone, but this famous metropolis,
That seem'd just before so exceedingly populous,
When I turn'd me towards it, seem'd all of a sudden
As if it was gone from the place it had stood in:
But for squire Hazel's brother, sagacious Jack,
I should hardly have known how to find my way back;
How he brought me from Smithfield to Dick's I can't say,
But remember the Charter-house stood in our way

At Dick's I repos'd me, and call'd for some coffee,
And sweeten'd, and supt, and still kept thinking of ye;
But not with such pleasure as when I came there
To wait 'till sir Peter should chance to appear:

[1] R. L. esq. generally called by his college-acquaintance, *sir Peter*.

There, while I was turning you o'er in my mind,
"Doctor, how do you do?" says a voice from behind; [organ—
Thought I to myself I should know that same
And who should it be but my friend doctor Morgan.

The doctor and I took a small walk, and then
He went somewhere else, I to Richard's again:
All ways have I try'd the sad loss to forget,
I have saunter'd, writ short-hand, eat custard, et cet.
With honest Duke Humphrey I pass the long day,
To others, as yet, having little to say;
For indeed, I must own, since the loss of my chum,
I am grown, as it were, a mere gerund in dumb.

But Muse! we forget that our grief will prevent us [mentous.
From treating of matters more high and mo-
Poor Jonathan Wild!—Clowes, Peer Williams, and I
Have just been in waiting to see him pass by:
Good law! how the houses were crowded with mobs,
That look'd like leviathan's picture in Hobb's;
From the very ground-floor to the top of the leads,
While Jonathan past thro' a Holborn of heads.

From Newgate to Tyburn he made his procession,
Supported by two of the nimble profession:
Between the unhepded poor wretches he sat,
In his night-gown and wig, but without e'er a hat;
With a book in his hand he went weeping and praying,
The mob all along, as he pass'd 'em, huzzaing;
While a parcel of verses the hawkers were hollowing,
Of which I can only remember these following.

"The cunning old pug, ev'ry body remembers,
That when he saw chesnuts a roasting i' th' embers,
To save his own bacon, took puss's two foots,
And so out o' th' embers he tickled his nuts.
Thus many a poor rogue has been burnt in the hand,
And 't was all nuts to Jonathan, you understand;
But he was not so cunning as Æsop's old ape,
For the monkey has brought himself into the scrape."

And now, Peter, I'm come to the end of my tether, [ther:
So I wish you good company, journey, and wea-
When friends in the country inquire after John,
Pray tender my service t'em all every one,
To the ladies at Toft, Mr. Legh of High-Legh,
To the Altringham Meeting, if any there be,
Darcy Lever, Will Drake, Mr. Cattell, and Cottam— [tom!
An excellent rhyme that, to wind up one's bot-

Richard's, Monday night,
May 24, 1725.

P.S. What news? Why the lords, if the minutes say true, [two,
Have pass'd my Lord Bolingbroke's bill three to
Three to one I would say; and resolved also
That the Commons have made good their articles—ho!
And to morrow, earl Thomas's fate to determine,
Their lordships come arm'd both with judgment and ermine: [case,
The surgeons, they say, have got Jonathan's car-
If so—I 'll go see 't—or it shall be a hard case.

VERSES,

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE AT THE MEETING OF A CLUB, UPON THE PRESIDENT'S APPEARING IN A BLACK BOB WIG, WHO USUALLY WORE A WHITE TYE.

Our President, in days of yore,
Upon his head a caxen wore;
Upon his head he wore a caxen,
Of hair as white as any flaxen;
But now he cares not of a fig;
He wears upon his poll a wig,
A shabby wig upon his poll,
Of hair as black as any coal.

A sad and dismal change alas!
Choose how the duce it came to pass:
Poor President! what evil fate
Revers'd the colour of his pate?
For if that lamentable dress
Were his own choosing, one would guess,
By the deep mourning of his head,
His wits were certainly gone dead.

Sure it could ne'er be his own choosing
To put his head in such a housing:
It must be ominous, I fear;
Some mischief, to be sure, is near:
Nay, should that black foreboding phiz
Speak from that sturdy trunk of his,
One could not help but think it spoke
Just like a raven from an oak.

A caxen of so black a hue,
On our affairs looks plaguy blue:
We do not meet with such an omen
In any story, Greek or Roman:
A comet, or a blazing star,
Were not so terrible by far;
No; in that wig the Fates have sent us
Of all portents the most portentous,

Who does not tremble for the Club
That looks upon his wig—so scrub!
Without a knot! without a tye!—
What can we hang together by?
So scrub a wig to look upon,
How can the dire phenomenon
Be long before it has undone us?
Oh! 't is a cruel bob upon us.

The President, when 's wig was white,
He was another mortal quite;
Nay, when he sprinkled it with powder,
No man in Manchester talk'd louder.
How blest were we! but now alack!
The wearing of a wig so black
Such a disgrace has brought about—
Burn it! 't will never be worn out.

Thou art a lawyer, honest Joe,
I prithee wilt thou let us know
Whether the black act wont extend,
So as to reach our worthy friend.

What! can he wear a wig so shabby,
When folks are hang'd from Waltham Abbey,
For loving ven'son, and appearing
So like that head there, so like Fearing.

You're a divine sir; I'll ask you,
Is that a Christian, or a Jew,
Or Turk? Aye, Turk, as sure as hops,
You see the Saracen—in his chops:
And yet these chops, tho' now so homely,
Were Christian-like before, and comely:
That wicked wig! to make a face
So absolutely void of grace!

You, master doctor! will you try
Your skill in physiognomy?
Of what disease is it a symptom?
Do n't look at me, but look at him, Tom.
Is it not scurvy, think you?—Yes,
If any thing be scurvy, 't is:
A phrenzy? or a periwigmanie
That over-runs his pericranie?

It seems to me a complication
Of all distempers, o' some fashion:
It is a coma, that is plain,
A great obstruction of the brain:
A man to take his brains, and bury 'em
In such a wig!—a plain deliriam:
I never saw a human face
That suffer'd more by such a case.

If you examine it, you 'll see 't is
Piss-burnt—that shows a diabetes.
Bad weather has relax'd, you see,
The fibres to a great degree:
Certes the head, in these black tumours,
Is full of vitiated humours;
Of vitiated humours full,
Which shows a numbness of the scull.

So of the rest—But now, friend Thomas,
The cure will be expected from us;
For while it hangs on him, of course,
It will, if possible, grow worse:
Habit so foul! there is, in short,
Nothing but salivation for 't:
But what can salivation do?
It has been fluxt, and refluxt too.

But why to doctors do I urge on
The bus'ness of a barber-surgeon?
Your barber-surgeon is the man
It must be cur'd by, if it can:
Ring for my landlord Lawrenson;
Come let 's e'en try what can be done;
A remedy there may be found,
Provided that the brain be sound.

THE ASTROLOGER.

Fellow citizens all, for whose safety I peep
All night at the stars, and all day go to sleep;
Attend, while I show you the meaning of fate
In all the strange sights we have seen here of late;
And thou, O Astrology, goddess divine,
Celestial decypheress, gently incline,
Thine ears, and thine aid, to a lover of science,
That bids to all learning, but thine, a defiance.

For what learning else is there half so engaging,
A- an art where the terms of themselves are presaging?
Which by muttering o'er, any gentle mechanic
May put his whole neighbourhood into a panic;
Where a noddle well turn'd for prediction, and shoes,
If it can but remember hard words, cannot choose,
From the prince on his throne, to the dairy-maid milking,
But read all their fortunes in yonder blue welkin.

For the sky is a book, where, in letters of gold,
Is writ all that almanacs ever foretold;
Which he that can read, and interpret also—
What is there, which such a one cannot foreshow?
When a true son of art ponders over the stars,
They reflect back upon him the face of affairs;
Of all things of moment they give him an inkling,
While empires and kingdoms depend on their twinkling.

Your transits, your comets, eclipses, conjunctions,
Have all, it is certain, their several functions;
And on this globe of Earth here, both jointly, and singly,
Do influence matters most astonishingly.
But to keep to some method, on this same occasion,
We'll give you a full and true interpretation
Of all the phenomena, we have rehearst;
Of which, in their order; and first, of the first.

As for Mercury's travelling over the Sun,
There 's nothing in that, sirs, when all 's said and done;
For what will be, will be; and Mercury's transit,
I 'm positive, will neither retard, nor advance it:
But when a conjunction, or comet takes place,
Or a total eclipse, that 's a different case:
They, that laugh at our art, may here see with their eyes,
That some things, at least, may appear from the skies.

A conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars,
You may turn, if you please, gentlemen, to mere farce:
But what if it plainly appear, that three men
Are foretold by three planets—what will ye say then?
Now, to prove this, I 'll only make one small request,
That is, that you 'll all turn your faces to th' east;
And then you shall see, 'e're I 've done my epistle,
If I don't make it out, aye, as clear as a whistle.

In the first place, old Saturn, we very well know,
Lost his kingdom and provinces some while ago;
Nor was it long after old Saturn's disgrace,
That Jupiter mov'd to step into his place;
And Mars we all know was a quarrelsome bully,
That beat all his neighbours most unmercifully;
And now, who can doubt who these gentlemen are,
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars,—Sophy, Sultan, and Czar.

But to prove, nearer home, that the stars have not trift'd,
Pray have we not lost, cruel star! doctor Byfield[1]?

[1] Dr. Byfield, a chymist of an extravagant genius, and inventor of the sal volatile oleosum: the author had frequent skirmishes of wit and humour with him at Richard's Coffee-house, and upon his death wrote the following short epitaph impromptu.

Hic jacet Dr. Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

Alas! friends at Richard's, alas! what a chasm
Will be made in the annals of enthusiasm!
As soon as the comet appear'd in the sky,
Pray did not the doctor straight fall sick and die?
I wonder how folk could discover a comet,
And yet never draw this plain consequence from it.

The death of the regent might show, if it needed,
Why they saw it in France so much plainer than we did;
And how well it forebodes to our nobles and princes,
That its tail was here shorter by several inches:
But so near to the eagle this comet appear'd,
That something may happen, it is to be fear'd:
Great men have been known by the arms which they bore,
But—God bless the emperor—I say no more.

And now for th' eclipse, which is such an appearance,
As perhaps will not happen this many a year hence:
The king of France dy'd, the last total eclipse,
Of a mortification near one of his hips;
From whence by our art may be plainly made out,
That some great man or other must die at this bout:
But as the eclipse is not yet, nor that neither,
You know 't is not proper to say more of either.

Yet two, that are safe, I shall venture to name,
Men of figure, and parts, and of unspotted fame;
Who, all parties will own, are, and always have been
Great ornaments to the high station they 're in;
Admir'd of all sides; who will therefore rejoice,
When, consulting the stars, I pronounce it their voice,
That, for all this eclipse, there shall no harm befal,
Those two honest—giants, that are in Guildhall.

So much for great men—I come now to predict
What evils, in gen'ral, will Europe afflict:
Now the evils, that conjurers tell from the stars,
Are plague, famine and pestilence, bloodshed and wars,
Contagious diseases, great losses of goods,
Great burnings by fire, and great drownings by floods;
Hail, rain, frost and snow, storms of lightning and thunder;
And if none of these happen—'t will be a great wonder.

CONTENTMENT:

OR, THE HAPPY WORKMAN'S SONG.

I AM a poor workman as rich as a Jew,
A strange sort of tale, but however 't is true,
Come listen awhile, and I 'll prove it to you,
So as no-body can deny, &c.

I am a poor workman, you 'll easily grant,
And I 'm rich as a Jew, for there 's nothing I want,
I have meat, drink, and clothes, and am hearty and cant,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I live in a cottage, and yonder it stands,
And while I can work with these two honest hands,
I'm as happy as they that have houses and lands,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I keep to my workmanship all the day long,
I sing and I whistle, and this is my song,
Thank God, that has made me so lusty and strong,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I never am greedy of delicate fare,
If he give me enough, tho' 't is never so bare,
The more is his love, and the less is my care,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

My clothes on a working day looken but lean,
But when I can dress me—on Sundays, I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarse, they are clean,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

Folk cry'n out hard times, but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will set my heart up o' th' ward,
So 't is all one to me, bin they easy or hard,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I envy not them that have thousands of pounds,
That sport o'er the country with horses and hounds;
There 's nought but contentment can keep within bounds,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I ne'er lose my time o'er a pipe, or a pot,
Nor cower in a nook like a sluggardly sot,
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,
I help a poor neighbour or diligent friend;
He that gives to the poor, to the Lord he doth lend,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I grudge not that gentlefolk dressen so fine;
At their gold and their silver I never repine,
But I wish all their guts were as hearty as mine,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

With quarrels o' th' country, and matters of state,
With Tories and Whigs, I ne'er puzzle my pate;
There 's some that I love, and there 's none that I hate,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

What tho' my condition be ever so coarse,
I strive to embrace it for better and worse,
And my heart, I thank God, is as light as my purse,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

In short, my condition, whatever it be,
'T is God that appoints it, as far as I see,
And I'm sure I can never do better than he,
Which no-body can deny, &c.

THE DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

FROM THE SPECTATOR, NO. 275.

WE found by our glasses, that what, at first sight,
Appear'd to be brains was another thing quite;
A heap of strange stuff fill'd the holes of his scull,
Which, perhaps, serv'd the owner as well to the full.
And as Homer acquaints us, (who certainly knew)
That the blood of the gods was not real, and true,

Only something that was very like it; just so,
Only something like brain is the brain of a beau.

The pineal gland, where the soul's residence is,
Smelt desperate strong of perfumes, and essences,
With a bright horny substance encompast around,
That in numberless forms, like a diamond, was ground;
In so much that the soul, if there was any there,
Must have kept pretty constant within its own sphere;
Having bus'ness enough, without seeking new traces,
To employ all its time with its own pretty faces.

In the hind part o' th' head there was Brussels, and Mechlin,
And ribands, and fringes, and such kind of tackling;
Billet-doux, and soft rhymes lin'd the whole cerebellum;
Op'ra songs and prickt dances, as 't were upon vellum.
A brown kind of lump, that we ventur'd to squeeze,
Dispersé in plain Spanish, and made us all sneeze.
In short, many more of the like kind of fancies,
Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other vacancies.

On the sides of this head were in several purses,
On the right, sighs and vows; on the left, oaths and curses:
These each sent a duct to the root of the tongue,
From whence to the tip they went jointly along.
One particular place was observed to shine
With all sorts of colours, most wonderful fine;
But when we came nearer to view it, in troth,
Upon examination 't was nothing but froth.

A pretty large vessel did plainly appear
In that part of the scull, 'twixt the tongue and the ear;
With a spongy contrivance distended it was,
Which the French virtuosos call galimatias;
We Englishmen nonsense; a matter indeed
That most peoples heads are sometimes apt to breed;
Entirely free from it, not one head in twenty,
But a beau's, 'tis presum'd, always has it in plenty.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the skin of his front,
And, what is more strange, not a blood vessel on't;
From whence we concluded, the party deceast
Was never much troubled with blushing at least:
The os cribriforme, as full as could stuff,
Was cramm'd, and in some places damag'd, with snuff:
For beaus with this ballast keep stuffing their crib,
To preserve their light heads in a true equilib.

That muscle, we found, was exceedingly plain,
That helps a man's nose to express his disdain,
If you chance to displease him, or make a demand,
Which is oft the beau's case, that he don't understand.
The reader well knows, 't is about this same muscle,
That the old Latin poets all make such a bustle,
When they paint a man giving his noddle a toss,
And cocking his nose, like a rhinoceros.

Looking into the eye, where the musculi lay,
Which are call'd amatorii, that is to say,
Those muscles, in English, wherewith a man ogles,
When on a fair lady he fixes his goggles,
We found 'em much worn; but that call'd th' elevator,
Which lifts the eyes up tow'rds the summit of Nature,
Seem'd so little us'd, that the beau, I dare say,
Never dazzled his eyes much with looking that way.

The outside of this head, for its shape and its figure,
Was like other heads, neither lesser nor bigger;
Its owner, as we were inform'd, when alive,
Had past for a man of about thirty-five.
He eat, and he drank, just like one of the crowd:
For the rest, he drest finely, laught often, talkt loud;
Had talents in's way; for sometimes at a ball
The beau show'd his parts, and outcaper'd 'em all.

Some ladies, they say, took the beau for a wit,
But in his head, truly, there lay—deuce a bit:
He was cut off, alas! in the flow'r of his age,
By an eminent cit, that was put in a rage:
The beau was, it seems, complimenting his wife,
When his extreme civility cost him his life;
For his eminence took up an old paring shovel,
And on the hard ground left my gem'man to grovel.

Having finish'd our work, we began to replace
The brain, such as 't was, in its own proper case.
In a fine piece of scarlet we laid it in state,
And resolv'd to prepare so extraordinary a pate;
Which wou'd eas'ly be done, our anatomist thought,
Having found many tubes, that already were fraught
With a kind of a substance, he took for mercurial,
Lodg'd there, he suppos'd, long before the beau's burial.

The head laid aside, he then took up the heart,
Which he likewise laid open with very great art;
And with many particulars truly we met,
That gave us great insight into the coquet:
But having, kind reader, already transgrest
Too much on your patience, we 'll let the heart rest:
Having giv'n you the beau for to day's speculation,
We 'll reserve the coquet for another occasion.

A SONG.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify
For to bustle, and make such a rout?
It is virtue alone that can dignify,
Whether clothed in ermin, or clout.
Come, come, and maintain thy discretion;
Let it act a more generous part;
For I find, by thy honest confession,
That the world has too much of thy heart.

Beware, that its fatal ascendency
Do not tempt thee to moap and repine;
With an humble, and hopeful dependency
Still await the good pleasure divine.
Success in a higher beatitude
Is the end of what's under the pole;
A philosopher takes it with gratitude,
And believes it is best on the whole.

The world is a scene, thou art sensible,
Upon which, if we do but our best,
On a wisdom, that's incomprehensible,
We may safely rely for the rest:
Then trust to its kind distribution,
And however things happen to fall,
Prithee, pluck up a good resolution
To be cheerful, and thankful in all.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

UPON A TRIAL OF SKILL BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT MASTERS OF THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF DEFENCE, MESSRS. FIGG AND SUTTON.

Long was the great Figg, by the prize fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Marybone plains;
To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend;
Where liv'd Mr. Sutton, pipe-maker by trade,
Who, hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
Resolv'd to put in for a share of his fame,
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

With alternate advantage two trials had past,
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last.
To see such a contest, the house was so full,
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted;
'Till wearied at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cry'd, "Come, the masters, the masters."

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours, as usual, and yearn'd to engage;
Then Figg, with a visage so fierce and sedate,
Came and enter'd the list with his fresh shaven pate;
Their arms were encircled by armigers two,
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue.
Thus adorn'd the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
Shook hands, and went to't, and the word it was bilbo.

Sure such a concern, in the eyes of spectators,
Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres:
Our commons, and peers, from their several places,
To half an inch distance all pointed their faces;
While the rays of old Phœbus, that shot thro' the sky-light,
Seem'd to make on the stage a new kind of twilight;
And the gods, without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,
Were peeping there thro' to do justice between 'em.

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast fury,
That he broke his huge weapon in twain, I assure you;
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
His head from his shoulders had quite been discarded;
Figg arm'd him again, and they took t'other tilt,
And then Sutton's blade run away from its hilt.
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,
In truth, they ne'er minded, but at it again.

Such a force in their blows, you'd have thought it a wonder,
Every stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them asunder;
Yet so great was their courage, so equal their skill,
That they both seem'd as safe as a thief in a mill:
While in doubtful attention dame Victory stood,
And which side to take could not tell for her blood,
But remain'd, like the ass 'twixt two bottles of hay,
Without ever moving an inch either way.

Till Jove, to the gods, signified his intention,
In a speech that he made them, too tedious to mention;
But the upshot on 't was, that, at that very bout,
From a wound in Figg's side the hot blood spouted out.
Her ladyship then seem'd to think the case plain;
But Figg stepping forth with a sullen disdain,
Show'd the gash, and appeal'd to the company round,
If his own broken sword had not given him the wound?

That bruises and wounds a man's spirit should touch,
With danger so little, with honour so much!—
Well, they both took a dram, and return'd to the battle,
And with a fresh fury they made the swords rattle;
While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,
By a touch from his rival; so Jove had decreed;
Just enough for to show that his blood was not icor,
But made up, like Figg's, of the common red liquor.

Again they both rush'd with so equal a fire on,
That the company cry'd,—"Hold, enough of cold iron.
To the quarter-staff, now lads."—So first having dram'd it,
They took to their wood, and i' faith never sham'd it:
The first bout they had was so fair, and so handsome,
That to make a fair bargain, 't was worth a king's ransom;
And Sutton such bangs to his neighbour imparted,
Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

Then after that bout they went on to another,
But the matter must end on some fashion or other;
So Jove told the gods he had made a decree,
That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
Tho' Sutton disabled, as soon as he hit him,
Would still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him;
'T was his fate, not his fault, that constrain'd him to yield,
And thus the great Figg became lord of the field.

Now, after such men, who can bear to be told
Of your Roman and Greek puny heroes of old?
To compare such poor dogs as Alcides and Theseus
To Sutton and Figg would be very facetious.
Were Hector himself, with Apollo to back him,
To encounter with Sutton—zooks, how he would thwack him!
Or Achilles, tho' old mother Thetis had dipt him,
With Figg—odds my life, how he would have unript him!

To Cæsar, and Pompey, for want of things juster,
We compare these brave boys, but 't will never pass muster:
Did those mighty fellows e'er fight hand to fist once?
No, I thank you; they kept at a laudable distance.
What is Pompey the Great, with his armour begirt,
To the much greater Sutton, who fought in his shirt?
Or is Figg to be pay'd with a cap-a-pee Roman,
Who scorn'd any fence but a jolly abdomen?

VERSES SPOKEN AT THE BREAKING UP OF THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, IN MANCHESTER.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

A TALE.

TALE—that will raise the question, I suppose,
What can the meaning be of three black crows?
It is a London story, you must know,
And happen'd, as they say, some time ago.
The meaning of it custom would suppress,
Till at the end—but come, nevertheless,
Tho' it may vary from the use of old,
To tell the moral 'till the tale be told,
We'll give a hint, for once, how to apply
The meaning first—and hang the tale thereby.—
People, full oft, are put into a pother,
For want of understanding one another:
And strange, amusing stories creep about,
That come to nothing, if you trace them out;
Lies of the day, or month perhaps, or year,
That serve their purpose, and then disappear;
From which, meanwhile, disputes of ev'ry size,
That is to say, misunderstandings rise;
The springs of ill, from bick'ring, up to battle,
From wars and tumults, down to tittle tattle.
Such as, for instance, for we need not roam
Far off to find them, but come nearer home;
Such, as befall by sudden misdivining
On cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing,
Or (may good sense avert such hasty ills
From this foundation, this assembly) mills[1]:
It may, at least it should, correct a zeal
That hurts the public or the private weal,
By eager giving of too rash assent,
To note, how meanings, that were never meant,
Will fly about, like so many black crows,
Of that same breed of which the story goes.
Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
"Hark-ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.—"No! I 'm surprised at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat:
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And, that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay but it 's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you—"
"From whose, I pray?"—So having nam'd the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes sir I did; and if it 's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such a-one, he told it me, [three—"
But, by the by, 't was two black crows, not
Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir"—and so forth—. "Why yes; the thing is fact,
Tho' in regard to number not exact;
It was not two black crows, 't was only one,
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case—"
"Where may I find him?"—"Why in such a place."
Away goes he, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—"
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And beg'd to know, if true what he had heard;
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie! [I—"
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one;
And here, I find, all comes, at last, to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?—"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over."—"And, pray sir, what was 't?"
"Why I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow."

[1] Alluding to some local matters then in agitation at Manchester, particularly an application to parliament to destroy the custom of grinding wheat at the school mills.

VERSES

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION WITH THE PRECEDING.

'TIS not to tell what various mischief springs
From wrong ideas fix'd to words, or things;
When men of hasty, and impatient thought,
Will not examine matters as they ought;
But snatch the first appearance, nor suspect,
What is so oft the case, their own defect.
Defect——which, if occasion offers, makes
The most absurd, ridiculous mistakes,
To say no worse——for evils to recite
Of deeper kind is not our task to night;
But just to versify a case, or two,
That grave divines relate; and, when they do,
Justly remark that, in effect, the prone
To hasty judgment make the case their own.
When Martin Luther first grew into fame,
His followers obtain'd a double name;
Some call'd them Martinists, and some again
Express'd by Lutherans the self same men;
Meaning the same, you see, and same the ground;
But mark the force of diff'rence in the sound:
Two zealous proselytes to his reform,
Which then had rais'd an universal storm,
Meeting, by chance, upon a public walk,
Soon made religion subject of their talk;
It's low condition both dispos'd to own,
And how corrupt the church of Rome was grown;
In this preliminary point indeed,
Tho' strangers to each other, they agreed;
But, as the times had bred some other chiefs,
Who undertook to cure the common griefs,
They were oblig'd, by farther hints, to find,
If in their choice, they both were of a mind:
After some winding of their words about,
To seek this secondary problem out,
"I am," declar'd the bolder of the two,
A Martinist——and so, I hope, are you."——
"No:"——said the other, growing somewhat hot,
"But I'll assure you, sir, that I am not;
I am a Lutheran; and live, or die,
Shall not be any thing beside, not I."——
"If not a Martinist,"——his friend reply'd,
"Truly——I care not what you are beside."——

Thus fray began; which critics may suppose,
But for spectators, would have come to blows;
And so they parted, matters half discuss'd,
All in a huff, with mutual disgust.
The prose account in Dr. More, I think,
Relates the story of two clowns in drink;
The verse has cloth'd it in a different strain;
But, either way, the gentle hint is plain,
That——'tis a foolish bus'ness to commence
Dispute on words without regard to sense.
Such was the case of these two partizans.
There is another of a single man's
Still more absurd, if possible, than this, [yes."
Must I go on, and tell it you? (Chorus) "Yes
A certain artist, I forget his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or *helps to read*——as, when they first were sold,
Was writ, upon his glaring sign, in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allow'd, by readers, to surpass:
There came a man, into his shop, one day,
"Are you the *spectacle contriver*, pray?"
"Yes, sir," said he, "I can, in that affair,
Contrive to please you; if you want a pair."——
"Can you? pray do then."—So, at first, he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And book produc'd, to see how they would fit,
Ask'd how he lik'd 'em——"Like 'em?——not a bit."—
"Then sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye."——
"No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you own;
Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these; [please,
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
Now sir?"——"Why now——I'm not a bit the better."——
"No! Here take these that magnify still more;
How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before."—
In short, they tried a whole assortment thro',
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do:
The operator, much surpris'd to find
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind;
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball.—
Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all?"
"No, you great blockhead! if I could, what need
Of paying you for any *helps* to read?"
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolv'd to post him for an *arrant cheat*.

THE APE AND THE FOX,

A FABLE. SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Old Æsop so famous was certainly right
In the way that he took to instruct and delight,
By giving to creatures, beasts, fishes, and birds,
Nay to things, tho' inanimate, language and words.
He engag'd, by his fables, th' attention of youth,
And forc'd even fiction to tell them the truth:

Not so quickly forgot, as the mind is more able
To retain a true hint in the shape of a fable;
And allusions to nature insensibly raise
The reflection suggested by fabular phrase,
That affords less exception for cavil to find,
While the moral more gently slides into the mind.

Thus to hint that a kingdom will flourish the most, [post;
Where the men in high station are fit for their
And disgraces attend, both on person and station;
If regard be not had to due qualification;
He invented, they tell us, this fable of old,
Which the place I am in now requires to be told.

The beasts, on a time, when the lion was dead,
Met together in council to choose them a head;
And, to give to their new constitution a shape
Most like to the human, they fix'd on the Ape;
They crown'd, and proclaim'd him by parliament [plan,
And never was monkey so like to a man.

The Fox, being fam'd for his cunning and wit,
Was propos'd to their choice, but they did not think fit
To elect such a sharper, lest, watching his hour,
He should cunningly creep into absolute pow'r;
No fear of king Ape; or of being so rid;
He would mind his diversion, and do as they did.

Sly Reynard, on this, was resolv'd to expose
Poor Pug, whom the senate so formally chose;
And having observ'd, in his rambles, a gin,
Where a delicate morsel was nicely hung in,
He let the king know what a prize he had found,
And the waste, where it lay, was his majesty's ground.

"Show me where," said the Ape; so the treasure was shown, [own;
Which he seiz'd with paw royal, to make it his
But the gin, at same time, was dispos'd to resist,
And clapping together caught Pug by the wrist;
Who perceiv'd, by his fingers laid fast in the stocks, [Fox.
What a trick had been play'd by his subject the

"Thou traitor!" said he—"but I'll make thee anon,
An example of vengeance"—and so he went on,
With a rage most monarchical.—Reynard, who ey'd [ply'd,
The success of his scheme, gave a sigh, and re-
"Well! adieu royal sir! 'twas a cruel mishap,
That your majesty's grace did not understand *trap!*"

DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSÆ.

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Of all companions, that a man can choose,
Methinks, the sweetest is an honest Muse;
Ready, the subject proper, and the time,
To cheer occasion with harmonic rhyme;
Of all the Muses (for they tell of nine)
Melpomene, sweet flowing Mel. be mine.

Her's the judicious, and the friendly part,
To clear the head, to animate the heart;
Their kindred forces tempering to unite,
Grave to instruct, and witty to delight;
With judgment cool, with passions rightly warm,
She gives the strength to numbers, and the charm.

Her lines, whatever the occasion be,
Flow without forcing, natural and free:

No stiff'ning of 'em with poetic starch,
Whether her bard is to be grave, or arch:
Of diff'rent topics, which the times produce,
She prompts the fittest for the present use.

She decks, when call'd, when honour'd to attend
On sacred Piety,—her best lov'd friend,—
Decks with a grace, and arms with a defence,
Religion, virtue, morals, and good sense;
Whatever tends to better human mind,
Sets Mel. at work, a friend to all mankind.

A foe, but void of any rancour, foe
To all the noisy bustlings here below;
To all contention, clamour, and debate,
That plagues a constitution, church, or state;
That plagues a man's ownself, or makes him will
His other self, his neighbour, any ill.

Life, as Mel. thinks, a short, uncertain lease,
Demands the fruits of friendship and of peace;
Arms and the man her sister Clio sings,
To her she leaves your heroes and your kings;
To sound the present, or to act the past,
And tread the stage in buskin, and bombast.

With nymphs and swains fond Mel. would strow the fields, [shields;
With flocks and herds, instead of spears and
Recall the scenes that blest a golden age,
E'er mutual love gave way to martial rage;
And bards, high soaring above simpler phrase,
To genuine light preferr'd the glaring blaze.

She scorns alike, ignobly to rehearse
The spiteful satire, or the venal verse;
Free in her praise, and in her censure too,
But merit, but amendment is her view;
A rising worth still higher to exalt,
Or save a culprit from a future fault.

No sour, pedantical, abusive rage,
No vicious rant defiles her freest page;
No vile indecent sally, or prophane,
To pleasure fools, or give the wise a pain;
Her mirth is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,
And what the chastest of her sex may read.

She looks on various empires, various men,
As all one tribe, when she directs the pen;
She loves the Briton, and she loves the Gaul,
Swede, Russ, or Turk, she wishes well to all:
They all are men, all sons of the same sire,
And must be all belov'd, if Mel. inspire.

It would rejoice her votaries to see
All Europe, Asia, Africa agree;
"But the new world, new England's dire alarms!
Should not Melpomene now sing to arms?"—
No, she must ever wish all war to cease,
While folks are fighting, she must hold her peace.

Content to hope that, what events are due
Will bless new England, and old England too;
Friend to fair traders, and free navigation,
And friend to Spain, but foe to depredation:
And friend to France, but let heroic Clio
Demolish French encroachments at Ohio.

Safe from all foreign and domestic foes
Be all your liberties in verse or prose:
Be safe abroad your colonies, your trade,
From *guarda-costas*, and from *gasconade*:
At home, your lives, your acres, and your bags;
And plots against ye vanish all to rags.

But much of safety, let concluding line
Observe, depends upon yourselves—in fine,
Home or abroad, the world is but a school,
Where all things roll to teach one central rule,
That is, if you would prosper, and do well,
Love one another, and remember Mel.

THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

A FABLE. SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destin'd day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class [ass!
Was heard to say: "Look! look there, at that
And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
That have not, either of 'em, sense to ride;
Asses all three!"—And thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;
And thus began their comment there upon:
"Ne'er heed 'em, lad."—"Nay, faither, do get on."
"Not I indeed."—"Why then let me, I pray."
"Well do; and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much farther on, before another knot,
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad pad,
Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot."

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount:
Till a third party, on a farther stretch,
"See! see!" exclaim'd, "that old hard hearted wretch!
How like a justice there he sits, or squire;
While the poor lad keeps wading thro' the mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,
"Stop father; stop; let me get on behind."
Thus done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! Or one of you at least,
You both deserve to carry the poor beast;
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,
With such an huge, unconscionable load."

On this, they both dismounted; and some say,
Contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em; prints, they add, are seen
With man and lad, and slinging ass between:
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow; says, The man
Rubb'd down the ass, and took to his first plan;
Walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice:
"Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;
To think of pleasing all—is all a jest."

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.———

PYTHAGORAS, an ancient sage, opin'd
That form and shape were indexes of mind;
And minds of men, when they departed hence,
Would all be form'd according to this sense:
Some animal, or human shape again,
Would show the minds of all the former men.
Let us adopt this transmigration plan,
And mark how animal exhibits man:
Tyrants, for instance, (to begin with those
Who make the greatest noise, the greatest woes:)
Of their dominion lions are the key,
That reign in deserts now, and hunt their prey;
Sometimes dethron'd, and brought upon a stage,
Or coop'd, like Bajazet, within a cage;
For sixpence, safe from all tyrannic harms,
One may see kings, perhaps, at the King's-arms.
See savage monarchs, who had shown before
The tusky temper of the wildest boar,
Vested in proper shape, when they are dead,
Reviv'd and caught, and shown at the Boar's-head.
In some tam'd elephants our eyes may scan
The once great, rich, o'ergrown, half-reas'ning man:
My lord had sense to wind into his maw
All within reach, that lay within the law;
What would have fed a thousand mouths was sunk
To fill his own, by hugeous length of trunk,
He grew to monstrous grandeur, liv'd a show;
And stones high rais'd told where he was laid low:
By transmigration it appears at least,
That such great man is really a great beast.
From animals, that once were men, to pass
To men, of now almost ambiguous class:
Players, and Harlequins, and pantomimes,
Who sell their shapes, to mimic men and times;
With all the servile, second-handed tribe
Of imitators, endless to describe,
In their own figures when they come to range,
With small transition into monkeys change:
For now men-monkeys have not in their view
What should be done by men, but what they do.
Of tempers, by inferior forms express'd,
And seen for nothing, something may be guess'd.
When the sly fox ensnares the silly geese,
Who does not see that mind is of a piece
With former lawyers, who devour'd by far
The sillier clients drawn into the bar?
"Why not physicians?" Hear the lawyer say;
"Are not they too as wily in their way?"
"Why yes, dear barrister; but then they own
The shapes in which their cunning arts are shown:
Serpents confess, around the rod entwin'd,
Wily or wise the Esculapian kind."
"Why not divines?" The doctor may object;
"They have devourers too in every sect;"
"True: but if one devour, there is for him
A transmigration more upon the grim;
In human shape when he has spent his years,
Stript of sheep's clothing, real wolf appears."
Plain in four footed animals, let's try
Instance, that first occurs, in such as fly:
The parrot shows, by its unmeaning prate,
Full many a talker's metamorphos'd fate,
Whose tongue outstrips the clapper of a mill,
And still keeps saying the same nothing still:
As full the city, and as full the court,
As India's woods, with creatures of this sort.
If rightly the gay feather'd bird foretels
The future shape of eloquenter belles,
Or beaux, transmigrated, the human dolls
Will talk, and shine caress'd in pretty Polls.
Belles, you may see, pursue a butterfly
With painted wings that flutter in the sky;
And sparkling to the solar rays, unfold
Red mix'd with purple, green with shining gold;
Nor wonder at the fond pursuit, for know
That this same butterfly was once a beau;
And, dress'd according to the newest whim,
Ran after them, as they run after him.
Footed or flying, all decypher men:
Enough to add one other instance then,
One from a courtier, a creeping thing;
He takes new colours as there comes new king;
Lives upon airy promises, and dies;
His transmigration can be no surprise;
Cameleon-shape by that he comes to share;
Still changes colours, and still feeds on air.
By his ingenious fiction, in the end,
What could the wise Pythagoras intend?
Too wise a man not to intend a clue
To change, hereafter, literally true.
The solar system of our boasted age
Was known of old to this enlighten'd sage:
So might his thoughts on man's immortal soul,
Howe'er express'd, be right upon the whole:
He meant, one need not scruple to affirm,
This real truth, by transmigration term.
Our tempers here must point to the degree
In which hereafter we design to be.
From vice in minds, undoubtedly will grow
More ugly shapes than any here below;
But sacred virtue, piety, and love,
What beauteous forms will they produce above!

THE POND.

At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in
undis. Hor.

ONCE on a time, a certain man was found
That had a pond of water in his ground:
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
Yet so it was—a strange unhappy dread
Of wanting water seiz'd the fellow's head:
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventur'd on a hearty draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refresh'd, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself reviv'd his fright,
"Better," quoth he, "to be half chok'd than
quite."

Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent;
Consuming all his time and strength away,
To make the pond rise higher every day:
He work'd and slav'd, and—oh! how slow it fills!
Pour'd in by pail-fulls, and took out—by gills.
In a wet season—he would skip about,
Placing his buckets under ev'ry spout;
From falling show'rs collecting fresh supply,
And grudging ev'ry cloud—that passed by;
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,
Altho' it rain'd as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty spot,
Where any little moisture could be got;
And when he had done draining of a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog:
And cry'd, whene'er folks blam'd him, "What d'ye mean?
It costs—a world of water to be clean!"
If some poor neighbour crav'd to slake his thirst,
"What!—rob my pond! I'll see the rogue hang'd first:
A burning shame, these vermin of the poor
Should creep unpunish'd thus about my door!
As if I had not frogs and toads enoo,
That suck my pond whatever I can do."
The Sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always of quest in matters—that were wet:
Betimes he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the ev'ning too.
With soughs and troughs he labour'd to enrich
The rising pond from ev'ry neighb'ring ditch;
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts, and sluices,
From growing plants he drain'd the very juices;
Made ev'ry stick of wood upon the hedges
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges;
By some conveyance or another, still
Devis'd recruits from each declining hill:
He left, in short, for this beloved plunder
No stone unturn'd—that could have water under.
Sometimes—when forc'd to quit his awkward toil,
And—sore against his will—to rest awhile;
Then straight he took his book, and down he sat
To calculate th' expenses he was at;
How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
For them he reckon'd—not a single figure:
He knew a wise old saying, which maintain'd
That 't was bad luck to count what one had gain'd.
"First, for myself—my daily charges here
Cost a prodigious quantity a year:
Altho', thank Heaven, I never boil my meat,
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat:
But things are come to such a pass, indeed
We spend ten times the water that we need;
People are grown with washing, cleansing, rincing,
So finical and nice, past all convincing;
So many proud fantastic modes in short
Are introduc'd, that my poor pond pays for't.
"Not but I could be well enough content
With what, upon my own account, is spent;
But those large articles, from whence I reap
No kind of profit, strike me on a heap:
What a vast deal each moment, at a sup,
This ever thirsty Earth itself drinks up!
Such holes! and gaps! Alas! my pond provides
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides:
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many creatures as it keeps alive!
That creep from ev'ry nook and corner, marry!
Filching as much as ever they can carry:
Then all the birds that fly along the air
Light at my pond, and come in for a share:
Item, at ev'ry puff of wind that blows,
Away at once—the surface of it goes:
The rest, in exhalations to the Sun—
One month's fair weather—and I am undone."
This life he led for many a year together;
Grew old and grey in watching of his weather;
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopt, as the saying is, his vital breath;
For as th' old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burthen than he well could wield,
He miss'd his footing, or some how he fumbl'd
In tumbling of it in—but in he tumbled:
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He scream'd and scrambl'd, but 't was all in vain:
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side,
And so—i' the middle of his pond—he dy'd.
What think ye now from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?—
"Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making;
No fool can be suppos'd in such a taking:
Your own warm fancy"—Nay, but warm or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool:
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure
Are those, which numbers *labour* to endure.—
"What! for a pond?"—Why, call it an *estate*;
You change the name, but realize the fate.

THE NIMMERS.

Two foot companions once in deep discourse,
"Tom," says the one—"let's go and steal a horse."
"*Steal!*" says the other, in a huge surprise,
"He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies."
"Well, well," replies his friend,—no such affront,
I did but ask ye—if you won't—you won't."
So they jogg'd on—till, in another strain,
The querist mov'd to *honest* Tom again;
"Suppose," says he,—for supposition sake,—
'T is but a supposition that I make,—
Suppose—that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"
"Filch! filch!" quoth Tom,—demurring by the way;
"That's not so bad as downright *theft*—I own—
But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone:
It sounds something pitiful and low;
Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say—why no—
I'll filch no filching;—and I'll tell no lie:
Honesty's the best policy—say I."
Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb
His comrade paus'd—at last, says he,—"Come,
Thou art an *honest* fellow—I agree—
Honest and poor;—alas! that should not be:
And dry into the bargain—and *no drink!*
Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost' think?"
How clear things are when liquor's in the case!
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,
"*Nim?* yes, yes, yes, let's *nim* with all my heart,
I see no harm in *nimming*, for my part;
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,
That *honesty* should trudge i'th' dirt a foot;

So many empty horses round about,
That honesty should wear its bottoms out;
Besides—shall honesty be chok'd with thirst?
Were it my lord mayor's horse—I'd *nim* it first.
And—by the by—my lad—no scrubby tit—
There is the best that ever wore a bit, [friend,
Not far from hence"—" I take ye," quoth his
" Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end."
Good wits will jump—both meant the very steed;
The top o'th' country, both for shape and speed:
So to't they went—and, with an halter round
His feather'd neck, they *nimm'd* him off the ground.
And now, good people, we should next relate
Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek:
Some say, that Tom would honestly have peach'd,
But by his blabbing friend was over-reach'd;
Others insist upon't that both the elves
Were, in like manner, *halter-nimm'd* themselves.
It matters not—the *moral* is the thing,
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song
Fair warning all: he that has got a cap,
Now put it on—or else beware a rap:
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet
Has a long reach with it—videlicet,
'Twixt right and wrong how many gentle trimmers
Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers!

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where e'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;
For Fortune's favour or her frown;
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;
If simple sense will not succeed
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i'th' wrong, and we're i'th' right,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave;
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Tho' if a bus'ness budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think:
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

ON PATIENCE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

PART I.

" A VERSE on patience?" Yes;—but then prepare
Your mind, friend T—c—t, with a reading share;
Or else 't will give you rather less than more,
To hear it mention'd, than you had before:
If *mine* to write, remember, 't is *your* task
To bear the lines, which you are pleas'd to ask.

Patience the theme?—a blessed inmate this!
The nursing parent of our bosom bliss:
Abroad for bliss she bids us not to roam,
But cultivate its real fund at home:
A noble treasure—when the patient soul
Sits in the centre, and surveys the whole.

The bustling world, to fetch her out from thence,
Will urge the various, plausible pretence;
Will praise perfections of a grander name,
Sound great exploits, and call her out to fame;

Amuse and flatter, till the soul, too prone
To self-activity, deserts her throne.

Be on your guard—the bus'ness of a man
Is, to be sure, to do what good he can;
But first at home; let patience rule within
Where charity, you know, must first begin:
Not monied love, as fondly understood,
But calm, sedate propensity to good;

The genuine product of the virtue, friend,
Which you oblige me here to recommend;
The trial this of all the rest beside,
For without patience they are all but pride:
A strong ambition shines within its sphere,
But proves its weakness—when it cannot bear.

There lies the test; bring ev'ry thing to that;
It shows us plainly what we would be at:
Of gen'rous actions we may count the sum,
But scarce the worth, till disappointments come:
Men oft are then most gen'rously absurd,
Their own good actions have their own bad word.

Impatience hates ingratitude, forsooth;
Why?—it discovers an ungrateful truth;
That having done for interest or fame
Such and such doings, she has lost her aim;
While thankless people, really in her debt,
Have all got theirs—and put her in a fret.

Possest of patience, a right humble mind,
At all events, is totally resign'd;
Does good for sake of good, not for th' event,
Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its content:
Good to be done, or to be suffer'd ill,
It acts, it bears with meek submissive will—

"Enough, enough.—Now tell me, if you please,
How is it to be had, this mental ease?"
God knows, I do not, how it is acquir'd—
But this I know—if heartily desir'd,
We shall be thankful for the donor's leave
To ask—to hope—and wait till we receive.

PART II.

"Virtues," you say, "by patience must be tried—
If that be wanting, they are all but pride,
Of rule so strict, I want to have a clue."
Well, if you'll have the same indulgence too,
And take a fresh compliance in good part,
I'll do the best I can with all my heart.

Pride is the grand distemper of the mind;
The source of ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind:
That love of self, wherein its essence lies,
Gives birth to vicious tempers, and supplies:
We coin a world of names for them, but still
All comes to fondness for our own dear will.

We see, by facts, upon the triple stage
Of present life, youth, manhood, and old age,
How to be pleas'd—be honour'd—and be rich—
These three conditions commonly bewitch:
From young to old, if human faults you weigh,
'Tis selfish pride, that grows from green to grey.

Pride is, indeed, a more accustom'd name
For quest of grandeur, eminence, or fame;
But that of pleasure, that of gold betrays
What inward principle it is that sways:
The rake's young dotage, and the miser's old,
One same inslaving love to self unfold.

If pride be thus the fountain of all vice;
Whence must we say that virtue has its rise,
But from humility? and what the sure,
And certain sign, that even this is pure?
For pride itself will in its dress appear,
When nothing touches that same self too near.

But when provok'd, and say unjustly too,
Then pride disrobes; then what a huge ado!
Then who can blame the passion of a pride
That has got reason, reason of its side;
"He's in the wrong—and I am in the right—
Resentment come, Humility, good night!"

Now the criterion, I apprehend,
On which, if any, one may best depend,
Is patience;—is the bear and the forbear;
To which the truly virtuous adhere;
Resolv'd to *suffer*, without pro and con,
A thousand evils, rather than *do* one.

Not to have patience, and yet not be proud,
Is contradiction not to be allow'd:
All eyes are open to so plain a cheat,
But of the blinded by the self-deceit;
Who, with a like consistency, may tell
That nothing ails them, tho' they are not well.

Strict is the rule; but notwithstanding *true;*
However *I* fall short of it, or *you:*
Best to increase our stock, if it be small,
By dealing in it with our neighbours all;
And then, who knows, but we shall in the end,
Learn to have patience *with ourselves*—and mend.

REMARKS

UPON DR. AKENSIDE'S AND MR. WHITEHEAD'S VERSES WHICH WERE PUBLISHED AND ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1758.

"WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled[1]?"
How came this query in the doctor's head?
Whither is Britain's—one had sooner guess'd,
In ode to his own countrymen address'd:
But as outlandish rivers soon infer it,
(Six in three lines) it must be Europe's spirit.

Of "valiant tenants of her shore," 't is said,
"Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped"—
Let bow be warrior, and let dart be strong;
Verse does not speed so speedily along;
"The strong dart sped"—does but go thump, thump, thump, [plump.
That quick as thrown should pierce the liver

"And with firm hand the rapid poleax bore"—
If it had been the *rapid* dart, before,

[1] ———rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glebas. Hor.

Whither is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
Where are the valiant tenants of her shore?
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid poleax bore?

See an Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England by Dr. Akenside.

And the *strong* poleax, here, it had agreed
With a firm hold as well, and darting speed:
Whither are fled from ode-versification,
The ancient—Pleasures of Imagination[2]?

Really these fighting poets want a tutor,
To teach them—ultra crepidam ne sutor;
To teach the doctor, and to teach the laureat,
Ex Helicone sanguinem ne hauriat:
Tho' blood and wounds infect its limpid stream,
It should run clear before they sing a theme.

Ye—"Britons rouse to deeds of death!"—says one[3],
"Whither," the next, "is Europe's spirit gone?"
While real warriors think it all a farce
For them to bounce of either Mors or Mars:
Safe as one sacks it, under bloodless bay;
And sure as t'other even death must pay.

But you shall hear what captain * * * * * said,
When he had heard both ode and verses read:
On mottos—Versibus exacuit—
And—Proles militum—he mus'd a bit;
Then having cast his hunting wits about
In quest of rhymes, he thus at last broke out:—

"Poh! let my serjeant, when his dose is taken,
Britons strike home! with moisten'd pipe rehearse,
To deeds of death 'twill sooner much awaken,
Than a cart load full of such ode and verse."

If these two bards will, by a tuneful labour,
Show, without sham, their love to killing life,
Let Akenside go thump upon the tabor;
And Whitehead grasp th' exacuating fife.

A HINT TO A YOUNG PERSON,

FOR HIS BETTER IMPROVEMENT BY READING OR CONVERSATION.

In reading-authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think on at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in *black* and *white;*
Such a respect is wisely shown
That makes another's sense one's own.

When you're asleep upon your bed
A thought may come into your head,
Which may be of good use if taken
Due notice of when you're awaken;
Of midnight thoughts to take no heed,
Betrays a sleepy soul indeed;
It is but dreaming in the day
To throw our nightly hours away.

In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak or quote in prose or rhyme
Things or facetious or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not,
A good thing sav'd's a good thing got.

Let no remarkable event
Pass with a gaping wonderment,
A fool's device—"Lord who would think!"
Commit it safe to pen and ink
Whate'er deserves attention now,
For when 'tis pass'd, you know not how,
Too late you'll find it to your cost
So much of human life is lost.

Were it not for the written letter,
Pray what were living men the better
For all the labours of the dead,
For all that Socrates e'er said?
The morals brought from Heav'n to men
He would have carried back again:
'Tis owing to his short-hand youth
That Socrates does now speak truth.

[2] Alluding to a celebrated poem, written by Dr. Akenside, entitled The Pleasures of the Imagination.

[3] ———Animos in martia bella
Versibus exacuit. Hor.
Britons, rouse to deeds of death!—
See Verses to the People of England, 1758, by William Whitehead, esq. poet laureat.

TO LADY B—— W——,

UPON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH THE MOIETY OF A LOTTERY TICKET.

This ticket is to be divided—well;
To lady Betty let these presents tell
How much I value, chances all apart,
This gentle token of her friendly heart;
Without regard to prizes or to blanks,
My obligation is immediate thanks;
And here they come as hearty and as free
As this unlook'd for favour came to me.

Five thousand pounds perhaps—a handsome sum—
Ay, but in specie five may never come.—
That as you please, dame Fortune, in my mind
I have already taken it in kind;
Am quite contented with my present lot,
Whether you're pleas'd to second it or not:
Chance is but chance, however, great or small,
The spirit of a loving gift is all.

"Three tickets offer'd to make choice of one,
And write the memorandum thereupon"—
Spread in successive order, as they lie,
May all be prizes for her sake, thought I!
That upon which my fancy chose to fix,
Was (let me see) four hundred fifty-six:
Four, five, and six—they are, if I can read,
Numbers that regularly should succeed.

Thou backward Fortune, that in days of yore
Hast read from six to five, from five to four,
Once, for the lady's sake, reverse thy spite,
And trace a luckier circle to the right,
If thou art angry that I should despise
Thy gifts, which never dazzl'd much my eyes;
Now speak me fair, nor let the occasion slip
Of such an honourable partnership.

Stand still a moment on thy bridge's pier,
And the conditions of success let's hear;
Say what the bard shall offer at thy shrine,
Any thing less than worship, and 'tis thine.

If not so quite (as they relate thee) blind,
See both our names, which thus together join'd,
I'd rather *share* ten thousand pounds, I own,
Than court thee for ten millions *alone*.

"Thousands and millions, sir, are pompous sounds
For poets, seldom conversant in pounds."—
Yes; but I'm only looking on th' event
As corresponding to a kind intent.
Should it turn out its thousands more or less,
I should be somewhat puzzl'd I profess,
And must upon a case so new, so nice,
Fly to my benefactress for advice.

What shall I do with such a monstrous prize?
But—we'll postpone the question—till it rise.—
Let it's to morrow manage that,—To day
Accept the thanks which I am bound to pay;
Enrich'd, if you permit me still to share
Your wish of welfare, and your gen'rous care:
The greatest bliss, if I have any skill,
Of human life, is mutual good-will.

This, without question, has your hand confest;
This, without flatt'ry, warms a willing breast:
So much good nature shown with so much ease;
Bestow your sums, dame Fortune, where you please;
That kind of satisfaction which I feel
Comes not within the compass of your wheel;
No prize can heighten the unpurchas'd grace,
Nor blanks the grateful sentiments efface.

THE CENTAUR FABULOUS[1].

ZEUXIS of old a female Centaur drew,
To show his art; and then expos'd to view:
The *human* half, with so exact a care,
Was join'd to limbs of a Thessalian *mare*,
That seeing from a different point the piece,
Some prais'd the *maid* and some the *mare* of Greece.

Like to this Centaur, by his own relation,
Is doctor Warburton's Divine Legation:
Which superficial writers on each hand,
Christians and deists did not understand;
Because they both observ'd, from partial views,
Th' incorporated church and state of Jews.

Th' ingenious artist took the pains to draw,
Full and entire, the compound of the law;
The two societies, the civil kind
And the religious, perfectly combin'd;
With God Almighty, as a temp'ral prince,
Governing both, as all his proofs evince;

Without the doctrine of a future state?—
Here with opponents lies the main debate:

They cannot reconcile to serious thought
God's church and state—with life to come, untaught:
With law or gospel cannot make to suit
Virgin of Sion sinking down to brute.

Zeuxis the *new*, they argue, takes a pride
In shapes so incompatible ally'd;
And talks away as if he had pourtray'd
A real creature mixt of mare and maid:
All who deny the existence of th' pad,
He centaurizes into fool and mad[2].

If one objected to a maiden hoof;
"Why, 'tis an animal;"—was all his proof:
If to an animal with human head;
"O! 'tis a beauteous woman;"—Zeuxis said.
"What! animal and woman both at once?"
"Yes,—that's essential to the whole, ye dunce."

His primary and secondary sense,
Like mare and maid, support his fond pretence:
From joining spot he skips to each extreme;
Or strides to both, and guards the motley scheme;
Solving, with like centauriformal ease,
Law, prophets, gospel, quoted as you please.

Thus both went on, long labour'd volumes thro'—
Now what must fair impartial readers do?
Must they not grieve, if either of them treat
On law or grace with rudeness or with heat?
Of either Zeuxis they allow the skill;
But that—the Centaur is a fable still.

THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF HUMAN NATURE,

AS REPRESENTED IN THE SYSTEMS OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

STRONG passions draw, like horses that are strong,
The body-coach of flesh and blood along;
While subtle reason, with each rein in hand,
Sits on the box and has them at command;
Rais'd up aloft to see and to be seen,
Judges the track, and guides the gay machine.

But was it made for nothing else—beside
Passions to draw, and reason to be guide?
Was so much art employ'd to drag and drive,
Nothing within the vehicle alive?
No seated mind that claims the moving pew,
Master of passions and of reason too?

The grand contrivance why so well equip
With strength of passions rul'd by reason's whip?
Vainly profuse had apparatus been,
Did not a reigning spirit rest within;
Which passions carry, and sound reason means
To render present at pre-order'd scenes.

[1] The delicate poignancy of the wit with which this allegorical piece is enlivened, will be obvious to the reader who is acquainted with the writings of the celebrated author of the Divine Legation; and therefore any extracts to illustrate the epithets and allusions which refer to them in the following verses, would only serve to swell the notes into a tedious prolixity: however one quotation is annexed in order to justify a charge, which might be suspected of exaggeration by those who are strangers to the learned writer's manner of treating his opponents.

[2] Who has not signalised himself against the Divine Legation? Bigots, Hutchinsonians, methodists, answerers, free-thinkers, and fanatics, have in their turns been all up in arms against it. The scene was opened by a false zealot, and at present seems likely to be closed by a Behmenist. A natural and easy progress from folly to madness. See the dedication prefixed to the 1st v. of the 2d part of the D. L.

They who are loud in human reason's praise,
And celebrate the drivers of our days,
Seem to suppose by their continual bawl,
That passions, reason, and machine, is all;
To them the windows are drawn up, and clear
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

Matter and motion, and superior man
By head and shoulders, form their reas'ning plan;
View'd, and demurely ponder'd, as they roll;
And scoring traces on the paper soul,
Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unfurnish'd plate,
With new ideas, none of them innate,

When these adepts are got upon a box,
Away they gallop thro' the gazing flocks;
Trappings admir'd, and the high mettl'd brute,
And reason balancing its either foot;
While seeing eyes discern at their approach,
Fulness of skill, and emptiness of coach.

'Tis very well that lively passions draw,
That sober reason keeps them all in awe;
The one to run, the other to control,
And drive directly to the destin'd goal: [gin;
"What goal?"—Ay, there the question should be-
What spirit drives the willing mind within?

Sense, reason, passions, and the like are still
One self-same man, whose action is his will;
Whose will, if right, will soon renounce the pride
Of an *own* reason for an *only* guide;
As God's unerring spirit shall inspire,
Will still direct the *drift* of his desire.

ON THE PATRON OF ENGLAND,

IN A LETTER TO LORD WILLOUGHBY, PRESIDENT OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

WILL you please to permit me, my very good lord,
Some night when you meet upon ancient record,
Full worthily filling Antiquity's throne,
To propose to your sages a doubt of my own,
A certain moot point of a national kind;
For it touches all England to have it defin'd
With a little more fact, by what kind of a right
Her patron, her saint, is a *Cappadox knight?*

I know what our songs and our stories advance,
That St. George is for England, St. Denys for France;
But the French, tho' uncertain what Denys it was,
All own he converted and taught 'em their mass;
And most other nations, I fancy, remount
To a saint whom they chose upon some such account,
But I never could learn, that for any like notion,
The English made choice of a knight Cappadocian.

Their conversion was owing (event one would hope
Worth remembring at least) to a saint and a pope,
To a Gregory known by the First, and the Great,
Who sent, to relieve them from Pagan deceit,
St. Austin the monk; and both sender and sent
Had their days in old Fasti that noted th' event:
Now, my lord, I would ask of the learn'd and laborious,
If *Ge-orgious* ben't a mistake for *Gregorious?*

In names so like letter'd it would be no wonder
If hasty transcribers had made such a blunder;
And mistake in the names, by a slip of their pen,
May perhaps have occasion'd mistake in the men.
That this has been made, to omit all the rest,
Let a champion of yours, your own Selden, attest;
See his books upon titles of honour—that quarter
Where he treats of St. George, and the knights of the garter.

There he quotes from Froissart, how at first on [the plan
Of a lady's blue garter, blue order began
In one thousand three hundred and forty and four,
But the name of the saint in Froissart is *Gregore;*
So the chronical writer or printed or wrote [note:
For George, without doubt, says the marginal
Be it there a mistake—but, my lord, I'm afraid
That the same, vice versa, was anciently made.

For tho' much has been said by the great antiquarian
Of an orthodox George——Cappadocian——and Arian;
"How the soldier first came to be patron of old,
I have not," says he, "light enough to behold:"
A soldier-like nation he guesses (for want [saint;
Of a proof that it did so) would choose him for
For in all his old writings no fragment occurr'd
That saluted him patron, till Edward the Third.

His reign he had guess'd to have been the first time, [rhyme,
But for old Saxon prose and for old English
Which mention a George, a great martyr and saint, [want;
Tho' they say not a word of the thing that we
They tell of his tortures, his death, and his pray'r,
Without the least hint of the question'd affair;
That light, I should guess, with submission to Selden,
As he was not the patron, he was not beheld in.

The name in French, Latin, and Saxon, 'tis hinted, [ed;
Some three or four times is mis-writ or mis-print-
He renders it George—but allowing the hint,
And the justice of change both in writing and print,
Some George, by like errour (it adds to the doubt)
Has turn'd our converter St. Gregory out:
He, or Austin the monk, bid the fairest by far
To be patron of England—till garter and star.

In the old Saxon custom of crowning our kings,
As Selden has told us, amongst other things
They nam'd in their pray'rs, which his pages transplant,
The Virgin—St. Peter—and one other saint;
Whose connection with England is also exprest;
And yields in this case such a probable test,
That a patron suppos'd; we may fairly agree,
Such a saint is the person whoever it be.

Now with Mary, and Peter, when monarchs were crown'd,
There is only a Sanctus Gregorious found;
And his title—Anglorum Apostolus—too;
With which a St. George can have nothing to do:

While Scotland, and Ireland, and France and Spain claims
A St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. Denys, St. James,
Both apostle and patron—for saint so unknown
Why should England reject an apostle her own?

This, my lord, is the matter—the plain simple rhymes [times:
Lay no fault, you perceive, upon protestant
I impute the mistake, if it should be one, solely
To the pontiffs succeeding, who christen'd wars holy,
To monarchs, who, madding around their round tables,
Prefer'd to conversion their fighting and fables:
When soldiers were many, good Christians but few,
St. George was advanc'd to St. Gregory's due.

One may be mistaken—and therefore would beg
That a Willis, a Stukely, an Ames, or a Pegge,
In short, that your lordship, and all the fam'd set
Who are under your auspices happily met
In perfect good humour—which you can inspire,
As I know by experience—would please to enquire,
To search this one question, and settle I hope,
Was old England's old patron a *knight* or a *pope*?

ON SPECIOUS AND SUPERFICIAL WRITERS.

How rare the case, tho' common the pretence,
To write on subjects from a real sense!
'T is many a celebrated author's fate,
To print effusions just as parrots prate:
He moulds a matter that he once was taught
In various shapes, and thinks it to be thought.
Words at command he marshals in array,
And proves whatever he is pleas'd to say;
While learning like a torrent pours along,
And sweeps away the subject, right or wrong:
One follows for a while a rolling theme,
Toss'd in the middle of the rapid stream;
Till out of sight, with like impetuous force,
Torn from its roots, another takes the course;
While froth and bubble glaze the flowing mud,
And the man thinks all clear and understood;
A shining surface and a transient view,
Makes the slight-witted reader think so too:
It entertains him, and the book is bought,
Read and admir'd without expense of thought:
No tax impos'd upon his wits, his cash
Paid without scruple, he enjoys the trash.

THE PASSIVE PARTICIPLE'S PETITION,

TO THE PRINTER OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

URBAN, or Sylvan, or whatever name
Delight thee most, thou foremost in the fame
Of magazining chiefs, whose rival page
With monthly medley courts the curious age;
Hear a poor passive Participle's case,
And if thou can'st, restore me to my place.

Till just of late, good English has thought fit
To call me *written*, or to call me *writ*;
But what is writ or written, by the vote
Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote*:
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke*;
And measures never to be *broken*, *broke*.

I never could be *driven*, but, in spite
Of grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes;
But what a world of enemies have *rose*!
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Passive I am, and would be, and implore
That such abuse may be henceforth *forbore*,
If not *forborn*, for by all Spelling Book,
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook*:
And, in plain English, it had been as well
If what had *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell*.

Since this attack upon me has *began*,
Who knows what lengths in language may be *ran*?
For if it once be *grew* into a law,
You'll see such work as never has been *saw*;
Part of our speech and sense, perhaps beside
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *dy'd*.

Then let the preter and imperfect tense
Of my own words to me remit the sense;
Or since we two are oft enough agreed,
Let all the learned take some better heed;
And leave the vulgar to confound the due
Of preter tense, and participle too.

THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A PATIENT in Bedlam that did pretty well,
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:
One day, when they gave him that freedom, he spy'd
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side;
With an huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,
That swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
The Bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round;
While a waiter suppress't the young captain's alarm,
With—"You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."
At the last he broke out—"Aye, a very fine show!
May I ask him one question?"—"What's that?" said the beau.—

"Pray what is that long, dangling, cumbersome thing,
That you seem to be ty'd to with ribband and string?"
"Why, that is my sword."—"And what is it to do?"
"Kill my enemies, master, by running them thro'."
"Kill your enemies!—Kill a fool's head of your own;
They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone."

AN

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING LETTER,

REQUESTING THE AUTHOR'S SOLUTION OF A REBUS, COMMONLY ASCRIBED TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Good Mr. Diaphanus,

I have a very great opinion of your ingenuity, and I know you love to employ it: if you'll not think the asking the favour to unravel the following rebus too great an impertinence, you will by the discovery very much oblige

your friend,

Chester, and most obedient servant,
March 22, 1765. APHANUS.

You'll please to direct to your old acquaintance, Benj. N——s.

THE REBUS.

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest scene that Nature can impart,
The well known signal in the time of peace,
The point essential in the tenant's lease,
The farmer's comfort when he holds the plough,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
A contract made before the nuptial tie,
A blessing riches never can supply,
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,
An engine us'd in fundamental cases,
A planet seen between the Earth and Sun,
A prize which merit never yet has won,
A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,
The death of Judas and the fault of Eve,
A part between the ancle and the knee,
A patriot's toast and a physician's fee,
A wife's ambition and a parson's dues,
A miser's idol and the badge of Jews.
If now your happy genius can divine
The correspondent words to every line,
By the first letters will be plainly found
An ancient city that is much renown'd.

THE ANSWER.

Paucis, friend Aphanus, abhinc diebus,
With no small pleasure I receiv'd a rebus:
Not that the rebus gave it understand,
But old acquaintance Benjamin's own hand:
For all the blessings due to mortal men,
Rebus in omnibus, I wish to Ben.

At his request I sought for ancient city
That lay conceal'd in cabalistic ditty;
So did we all—for when his letter came
Some friends were chair'd around the focal flame;
But rebus out not one of all could make;
Diaphanus himself was quite *opake*.

Tho' pleas'd with pleasing, when he can do so,
His ingenuity he loves to show;
If such a thing falls out to be his lot;
He is as free to own when it does not:
Here he had none, nor any succedaneum,
That could discover this same Herculaneum.

Altho' it seem'd to ask when it appear'd,
No great Herculean labour to be clear'd;
So many different wits at work, no doubt
The city's name would quickly be found out;
But, notwithstanding variorum lecture,
The name lay snug without the least detecture.

You stand entitl'd hereupon to laugh
At hapless genius in your friend Diaph.
But in excuse for what he must confess,
Nor men, nor even ladies here could guess;
To variorum seen, or variarum,
No more of ancient city than old Sarum.

One thing however rose from this occasion,
It put an end to fears of French invasion;
And wits, quite frighten'd out of dames and men,
When rebus came, came into 'em again:
Tho' little skill'd to judge of either matter,
Yet the more pleasing puzzle was the latter.

You'll think I'm thinking, upon second thought,
That tho' we mist of city that was sought,
We might have told you somewhat of the guesses
Of luckless neighbours and of neighbouresses;
So let us try to give you just an item:
For it would take a volume to recite 'em.

"I can't divine," said Chloe, "for my part,
What the man means by 'noblest work of art,'—
From clock to temple, pyramid, and ship,
And twenty diff'rent handyworks you skip;
Now, I dare say, when all your votes are past,
City or work—'tis Dresden at the last."

"Nor I," said Phillis, "what the man can mean
By his next hint of—'Nature's brightest scene—'
Amongst so many of her scenes so bright,
Who can devise which of 'em is the right?
To name a word where brightest scene must lie,
And speak my own opinion, sirs,—'tis eye."

"Peace," said a third, of I forget what sex,
"Has well known signal that may well perplex;
It should be olive-branch, to be well known,
But rebus, unconfin'd to that alone,
May mean abundance, plenty, riches, trade,—
Who knows the signal that is here display'd?"

Thus they went on—but, tho' I stir its embers,
It is not much that memory remembers:
Two ladies had a long disputing match,
Whether charm-adding spot was mole or patch;
While none would venture to decide the vole—
One had a patch and t'other had a mole.

So 'wife's ambition' made a parted school;
Some said—to *please* her husband—some to *rule*.—
On this moot point too rebus would create,
As you may guess, a pretty smart debate;
Till one propos'd to end it thus, with ease;
"The only way to rule him—is to please."

Hold! I forgot—One said, a parson's dues
Was the same thing with rhyming 'badge of Jews,'
And tithe was it—but corn, or pig, or goose;
What earth or animals of earth produce,
From calf and lamb, to turnip and potatoe,
Might be the word—which he had nought to say to.

Made for excuse, you see, upon the whole
The too great number of the words that poll
For correspondency to ev'ry line;
And make the meant one tedious to divine:
But we suspect that other points ambiguous,
And eke unfair, contribute to fatigue us,

For first, with due submission to my betters,
What ancient city could have eighteen letters?

Or more?—for, in the latter times, the clue
May have one correspondent word, or two:
Clue should have said, if only one occurr'd,
Not correspondent words to each, but word.

From some suspicions of a bite, we guess
The number of the letters to be less;
And, from expression of a certain cast,
Some joke, unequal to the pains at last:
Could you have said that all was right, and clever,
We should have try'd more fortunate endeavour.

It should contain, should this same jeu de mots,
Clean-pointed turn, short, fair, and a-propos;
Wit without straining; neatness without starch;
Hinted, tho' hid; and decent, tho' 't is arch;
No vile idea should disgrace a rebus—
Sic dicunt Musæ, sic edicit Phœbus.

This, Aphanus, tho' short of satisfaction,
Is what account occurs of the transaction,
Impertinent enough—but you 'll excuse
What your own postscript half enjoin'd the Muse:
She, when she took the sudden task upon her,
Believe me, did it to oblige your honour.

THOUGHTS ON RHYME AND BLANK VERSE.

WHAT a deal of impertinent stuff, at this time,
Comes out about verses in blank or in rhyme!
To determine their merits by critical prose,
And treat the two parties, as if they were foes!—
It 's allotting so gravely, to settle their rank,
All the bondage to rhyme, all the freedom to blank,
Has provok'd a few rhymes to step forth, and repress
The pedantical whim, grown to such an excess:

Not to hinder the dupes of this fanciful wit
From retailing its maxims, whene'er they think fit;
But to caution young bards, if in danger to waste
Any genius for verse on so partial a taste;
That (allowing to blank all the real pretence
To what freedom it has) if supported by sense,
For words without any, they may not neglect
Of as free flowing rhyme the delightful effect.

Here are two special terms which the sophisters mingle,
To be sauce for the rest, to wit, fetters, and jingle;
And, because a weak writer may chance to expose
Very ill-chosen words to such phrases as those,
The unthinking reflecters sit down to their rote,
And pronounce against rhyme th' undistinguishing vote:
Sole original this, in the petulant school,
Of its idle objections to metre, and rule.

For to what other fetters are verses confin'd,
Whether made up of blank, or of metrical kind?
If a man has not taste for poetical lines,
Can't he let them alone; and say what he designs,
Upon some other points, in his unfetter'd way;
And contemn, if he will, all numerical lay?
But the fashion, forsooth, must affect the sublime,
The grand, the pathetic, and rail against rhyme.

Blank verse is the thing—tho', whoever tries both,
Will find of its fetters a plentiful growth;
Many chains to be needful to measure his ground,
And keep the sublime within requisite bound:
If a laudable product in rhyme should, perhaps,
Extort an applause from these exquisite chaps,
They express it so shily, for fear of a fetter—
"Had the rhyme been neglected, it would have been better."—

And so they begin with their jingle (or rattle,
As some of them call it) the delicate battle;
"The sense must be cramp'd," they cry out, "to be sure,
By the nature of rhyme, and be render'd obscure:"
As if blank, by its grandeur, and magnifi'd pause,
Was secure in its freedom from any such flaws;
Tho' so apt, in bad hands, to give readers offence,
By the rattling of sound, and the darkness of sense.

All the arguments form'd, as they prose it along,
And twist them and twine, against metrical song,
Presuppose the poor maker to be but a dunce;
For, if that be not true, they all vanish at once:
If it be, what advantage has blank in the case,
From counting bad verses by unit, or brace?
Nothing else can result from the critical rout,
But,—a blockhead 's a blockhead, with rhyme, or without.

It came, as they tell us, from ignorant Moors,
And by growth of fine taste will be turn'd out o' doors:
Two insipid conceits, at a venture entwin'd,
And void of all proof both before and behind:
Too old its reception, to tell of its 'age;
Its downfall, if taste could but fairly presage,
When the bees of the country make honey no more,
Will then certainly come—not a moment before.

Till then it will reign, and while, here and there spread,
Blank verse, like an aloe, rears up its head;
And, fresh from the hot-house, successfully tow'rs
To make people stare at the height of its flow'rs;
The variety, sweetness, and smoothness of rhyme
Will flourish, bedeck'd, by its natural clime,
With numberless beauties; and frequently shoot,
If cherish'd aright, into blossom and fruit.

But stuffing their heads, in these classical days,
Full of Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and plays;
And finding that rhyme is in none of the four,
'T is enough, the finetasters have gotten their lore:
And away they run on with their words in a string,
Which they throw up at rhyme with a finical fling;
But to reach its full sweetness nor willing, nor able,
They talk about taste, like the fox in the fable.

To the praise of old metre it quitted the stage,
In abhorrence of tragical ranting and rage;
Which with heights, and with depths of distresses enrich'd,
Verse and prose, art and nature, and morals bewitch'd;
All the native agreements of language disgrac'd,
That theatrical pomp might intoxicate taste;
Still retaining poor blank, in its fetters held fast,
To bemoan its hard fate in romantic bombast.

'T is the subject, in fine, in the matter of song,
That makes a blank verse, or a rhyme to be wrong:
If unjust, or improper, unchaste or prophane,
It disgraces alike all poetical strain:

If not, the possessor of tunable skill
Unfetter'd, unjingled, may take which he will;
Any plan, to which freedom and judgment impel—
All the bus'ness he knows, is to execute well.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclin'd
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a canon too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for aught I know,
may be made a bishop.

St. Be it so—
What then?

Y. Why, cardinal 's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. Suppose it was—what then?

Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance for being pope one day?

St. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this Earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.

St. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish and hope, and may be all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be; and indeed,
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

ADVICE TO THE REV. MESSRS. H—— AND H—— TO PREACH SLOW.

Brethren, this comes to let you know
That I would have you to preach slow;
To give the words of a discourse
Their proper time, and life, and force;
To urge what you think fit to say,
In a sedate, pathetic way;
Grave and delib'rate, as 't is fit
To comment upon holy writ.
Many a good sermon gives distaste,
By being spoke in too much haste;
Which, had it been pronounc'd with leisure,
Would have been listen'd to with pleasure:
And thus the preacher often gains
His labour only for his pains;
As (if you doubt it) may appear
From ev'ry Sunday in the year.

For how indeed can one expect
The best discourse should take effect,
Unless the maker thinks it worth
Some care and pains to set it forth?
What! does he think the pains he took
To write it fairly in a book,
Will do the bus'ness? not a bit—
It must be spoke as well as writ.

What is a sermon, good or bad,
If a man reads it like a lad?
To hear some people, when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither raise a word, nor sink,
Our learned bishops, one would think,
Had taken school-boys from the rod,
To make ambassadors of God.

So perfect is the Christian scheme,
He that from thence shall take his theme,
And time to have it understood,
His sermon cannot but be good:
If he will needs be preaching stuff,
No time indeed is short enough;
E'en let him read it like a letter,
The sooner it is done, the better.

But for a man that has a head,
Like yours or mine, I 'd like to have said,
That can upon occasion raise
A just remark, a proper phrase;
For such a one to run along,
Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,
Shows only that a man, at once,
May be a scholar and a dunce.

In point of sermons, 't is confest,
Our English clergy make the best:
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the pulpit, but the press:
They manage, with disjointed skill,
The matter well, the manner ill;
And, what seems paradox at first,
They make the best, and preach the worst.

Would they but speak as well as write,
Both excellencies would unite,
The outward action being taught,
To show the strength of inward thought:
Now, to do this, our short-hand school
Lays down this plain and general rule,
"Take time enough"—all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.

TO THE SAME,

ON PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

The hint I gave, some time ago,
Brethren, about your preaching slow,
You took, it seems; and thereupon
Could make two sermons out of one:
Now this regard to former lines,
Paid so successfully, inclines
To send advice the second part:
Try if you cannot preach by heart—

Be not alarm'd, as if regard
To this would prove so very hard;
The first admonishment you fear'd
Would so turn out, 'till it appear'd
That custom, only, made to seem
So difficult in your esteem,
What, upon trial, now procures
Your hearers ease, and also yours.

Do but consider how the case
Now stands in fact, in every place,
All Christendom almost, around,
Except on our reformed ground:
The greatest part, untaught to brook
A preacher's reading from a book,
Would scarce advance within his reach,
Or, then, acknowledge him to preach.

Long after preaching first began,
How unconceiv'd a reading plan!
The rise of which, whatever date
May be assign'd to it, is late:
From all antiquity remote
The manuscriptal reading rote:
No need, no reason prompted, then,
The pulpit to consult the pen.

However well prepar'd before,
By pond'ring, or by writing o'er
What he should say, still it was said
By him that preach'd; it was not read:
Could ancient memory, then, better
Forbear the poring o'er the letter,
Brethren, than yours? if you 'll but try,
That fact I 'll venture to deny.

Moderns, of late, give proofs enoo
(Too many, as it seems to you)
That matters of religious kind,
Stor'd up within the thoughtful mind,
With any care and caution stor'd,
Sufficient utterance afford,
To tell an audience what they think,
Without the help of pen and ink.

How apt to think too, is the throng,
A preacher short, a reader long!
Claiming, itself, to be the book
That should attract a pastor's look:
If you lament a careless age
Averse to hear the pulpit page,
Speak from within, not from without,
And heart to heart will turn about.

Try it; and if you can't succeed,
'T will then be right for you to read;
Altho' the heart, if that 's your choice,
Must still accompany the voice;
And tho' you should succeed, and take
The hint, you must not merely make
Preaching extempore the view,
But ex æternitate too.

ON CLERGYMEN PREACHING POLITICS.

TO R—— L——, ESQ.

INDEED, sir Peter, I could wish, I own,
That parsons would let politics alone;
Plead, if they will, the customary plea,
For such like talk, when o'er a dish of tea:
But when they tease us with it from the pulpit,
I own, sir Peter, that I cannot gulp it.

If on their rules a justice should intrench,
And preach, suppose a sermon, from the bench,
Would you not think your brother magistrate
Was touch'd a little in his hinder pate?
Now which is worse, sir Peter, on the total
The lay vagary, or the sacerdotal?

In ancient times, when preachers preach'd indeed
Their sermons, ere the learned learnt to read,
Another spirit, and another life,
Shut the church doors against all party strife:
Since then, how often heard, from sacred rostrums,
The lifeless din of Whig and Tory nostrums!

'T is wrong, sir Peter, I insist upon 't;
To common sense 't is plainly an affront:
The parson leaves the Christian in the lurch,
Whene'er he brings his politics to church;
His cant, on either side, if he calls preaching,
The man 's wrong-headed, and his brains want bleaching.

Recall the time from conquering William's reign,
And guess the fruits of such a preaching vein:
How oft its nonsense must have veer'd about,
Just as the politics were in, or out:
The pulpit govern'd by no gospel data,
But new success still mending old errata.

Were I a king (God bless me) I should hate
My chaplains meddling with affairs of state;
Nor would my subjects, I should think, be fond,
Whenever theirs the Bible went beyond.
How well, methinks, we both should live together,
If these good folks would keep within their tether!

MOSES'S VISION.

MOSES, to whom, by a peculiar grace,
God spake (the Hebrew phrase is) face to face,
Call'd by an heav'nly voice, the rabbins say,
Ascended to a mountain's top one day;
Where, in some points perplex'd, his mind was [eas'd,
And doubts, concerning Providence, appeas'd.
During the colloquy divine, say they,
The prophet was commanded to survey,
And mark what happen'd on the plain below:
There he perceiv'd a fine, clear spring to flow,
Just at the mountain's foot; to which, anon,
A soldier, on his road, came riding on;
Who, taking notice of the fountain, stopt,
Alighted, drank, and, in remounting, dropt
A purse of gold; but as the precious load
Fell unsuspected, he pursu'd his road:
Scarce had he gone, when a young lad came by,
And, as the purse lay just before his eye,
He took it up; and, finding its content,
Secur'd the treasure; and away he went:
Soon after him, a poor, infirm old man,
With age, and travel, weary quite, and wan,
Came to the spring, to quench his thirst, and drank,
And then sat down, to rest him, on the bank:
There while he sat, the soldier, on his track,
Missing his gold, return'd directly back;

Light off his horse, began to swear, and curse,
And ask'd the poor old fellow for his purse:
He solemnly protested, o'er and o'er,
With hands and eyes uplifted, to implore
Heav'ns attestation to the truth, that he
Nor purse, nor gold, had ever chanc'd to see:
But all in vain; the man believ'd him not,
And drew his sword, and stab'd him on the spot.
Moses, with horrour and amazement seiz'd,
Fell on his face—the voice divine was pleas'd
To give the prophet's anxious mind relief,
And thus prevent expostulating grief—
"Be not surpris'd; nor ask how such a deed
The world's just Judge could suffer to succeed:
The child has caus'd the passion, it is true,
That made the soldier run the old man thro';
But know one fact, tho' never yet found out,
And judge how that would banish ev'ry doubt—
This same old man, thro' passion once as wild,
Murder'd the father of that very child."

ON THE AUTHOR'S COAT OF ARMS.

The hedge-hog for his arms, I would suppose,
Some sire of ours, beloved kinsfolk, chose,
With aim to hint instruction wise, and good,
To us descendants of his Byrom blood;
I would infer, if you be of this mind,
The very lesson, that our sire design'd.

He had observ'd that Nature gave a sense,
To ev'ry creature, of its own defence;
Down from the lion, with his tearing jaws,
To the poor cat, that scratches with her paws;
All show'd their force, when put upon the proof,
Wherein it lay, teeth, talons, horn, or hoof.

Pleas'd with the porcupine, whose native art
Is said to distance danger by his dart;
To rout his foes, before they come too near,
From ev'ry hurt of close encounter clear—
This, had not one thing bated of its price,
Had been our worthy ancestor's device.

A foe to none; but ev'ry body's friend;
And loath, although offended, to offend;
He sought to find an instance, if it could,
By any creature's art, be understood,
That might betoken safety, when attack'd;
Yet where all hurt should be a foe's own act.

At last the hedge-hog came into his thought,
And gave the perfect emblem that he sought:
This little creature, all offence aside,
Rolls up itself in its own prickly hide,
When danger comes; and they that will abuse
Do it themselves, if their own hurt ensues.

Methinks I hear the venerable sage—
"Children! descendants all thro' ev'ry age!
Learn, from the prudent urchin in your arms,
How to secure yourselves from worldly harms:
Give no offence;—to you if others will,
Firmly wrapt up within yourselves, be still.

"This animal is giv'n for outward sign
Of inward, true security divine:
Sharp, on your minds, let pointed virtues grow,
That, without injuring, resist a foe;
Surround with these an honest, harmless heart,
And he, that dwells in it, will take your part.

"Whatever ills your christian peace molest,
Turn to the source of grace, within your breast:
There lies your safety—O that all my kin
May ever seek it—where 't is found—within!
That soul no ills can ever long annoy,
Which makes its God the centre of its joy."

VERSES,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE BREAKING UP OF THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL IN MANCHESTER, IN THE YEAR 1748, WHEN LAUDER'S CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM UPON MILTON ENGAGED THE PUBLIC ATTENTION.

THE MASTER'S SPEECH.

Our worthy founder, gentlemen, this day,
Orders the youth an hour's poetic play:
Me, on its annual return, to choose
One single subject for their various Muse;
That you may see how Fancy will create
Her diff'rent image in each youngster's pate.

Now, since our Milton, a renowned name,
Had been attack'd for stealing into fame;
I told 'em—"Lads, now be upon your guard;
Exert yourselves, and save your famous bard:
He 's call'd a plagiary—'t is your's to show
The vain reproach, and silence Milton's foe.

"The point," said I, "at which ye now take aim,
Remember, as ye rhyme, is Milton's fame;
Fame as a poet only, as attack't
For plund'ring verses—ne'er contest the fact;
Defend your bard, tho' granted; and confine
To three times six, at most, your eager line."

Then lend a fav'ring ear, whilst they rehearse
Short, and almost extemporary verse:
A thought work'd up, that came into the mind,
With rhymes the first, and fittest, they could find.
Such was their task—the boys have done their best;
Take what you like, sirs,—and excuse the rest.

FIRST LAD.

Milton pursu'd, in numbers more sublime,
Things unattempted yet in prose, or rhyme:
'T is said,—the bard did but pretend to soar,
For such,—and such—attempted them before.

'T is now an age ago since Milton writ;
The rest—are sunk into Oblivion's pit:
A critic diving to their wrecks, perhaps,
Has, now and then, bro't up some loosen'd scraps.

We 'll not dispute the value of them now—
But, say one thing which critics must allow;
Which all the nations round us will confess—
Milton alone—attempted with success.

SECOND LAD.

When Milton's ghost into Elysium came,
To mix with claimants for poetic fame,
Some rose, the celebrated bard to meet;
Welcom'd, and laid their laurels at his feet.

"Immortal Shades," said he, "if aught be due
To my attempts—'t is owing all to you:"
Then took the laurels, fresh'ning from his hand,
And crown'd the temples of the sacred band.

Others, in crowds, stood muttering behind,
"Who is the guest?—He looks as he were blind——
O! this is Milton, to be sure—the man
That stole, from others, all his rhymeless plan;

"From those conceited gentlemen, perchance,
That rush to hail him with such complaisance;
Ay—that 's the reason of this fawning fuss;
I like him not—he never stole from us."

THIRD LAD.

CRIME in a poet, sirs, to steal a thought?
No, that 't is not; if it be good for aught:
'T is lawful theft; 't is laudable to boot;
'T is want of genius if he does not do 't:
The fool admires—the man of sense alone
Lights on a happy thought—and makes it all his own;

Flies, like a bee, along the Muses' field,
Peeps in, and tastes what any flow'r can yield,
Free, from the various blossom that he meets,
To pick, and cull, and carry home the sweets;
While, saunt'ring out, the heavy, stingless drone
Amidst a thousand sweets—makes none of 'em his own.

FOURTH LAD.

A CRITIC, once, to a Miltonian, made
Of Milton's plagiarisms a long parade;
To prove his work not owing to his genius,
But to Adamus Exul, and Masenius;
That he had stol'n the greater part, by much,
Both of his plan, and matter, from the Dutch:

His Abdiel, his fine characters, he took,
And heav'nly scenes, from such and such a book;
His hellish too the same; from such a one
He stole his Pandemonium,—and so on—
Till Milton's friend cri'd out, at last, quite giddy,
"Poh! hold thy tongue—he stole the Devil, did he?"

FIFTH LAD.

WHEN Oxford saw, in her Radclivian dome,
Greek skill, and Roman rival'd here at home;
Wond'ring she stood; 'till one judicious spark
Address'd the crowd, and made this sage remark—
"The most unlicens'd plagiary—this Gibbs—
Nothing in all his pile, but what he cribs.

"The ground he builds upon is not his own—
I know the quarry whence he had his stone—
The forest too where all his timber grow'd—
The forge wherein his fused metals flow'd—
In short, survey the edifice entire,
'T is all a borrow'd work, from base to spire."

Thus, with our epic architect, he deals,
Who says that Milton in his poem steals:
Steals, if he will—but, without licence? no;
Pedlars in verse, unmeaningly, do so:
Him Phœbus licens'd; and the Muses Nine
Help'd the rare thief to raise up—a design.

SIXTH LAD.

LAUDER,—thy authors Dutch, and German,
There is no need to disinter, man:
To search the mould'ring anecdote,
For source of all that Milton wrote:
We 'll own—from these, and many more,
The bard enrich'd his ample store.

Phœbus himself could not escape
The tricks of this poetic ape;
For, to complete his daring vole[1],
From his enliven'd wheels he stole,
Prometheus-like, the solar ray,
That animated all his clay.

Prometheus-like, then chain him down;
Prey on his vitals of renown;
With critic talons, and with beak,
Upon his fame thy vengeance wreak:
It grows again at ev'ry hour,
Fast as the vulture can devour.

SEVENTH LAD.

MILTONUM, vir, O facinus nefarium!
Exagitavit tanquam plagiarium:
Miramur, hanc qui protulisset thesin,
Quid esse, Momus, crederet poesin.
Num, quæso, vult ut, hâc obstetricante,
Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante?

O admirandam hominis versuti
Calliditatem, quâ volebat uti!
Dixisset ipse, nimium securus,
Quod nemo dicet præsens, aut futurus,
Dum felis ungues persequentur murem,
Miltonum, scilicet, fuisse furem.

Exulent ergo, (ejus ex effatis)
Quicunque nomen usurparint vatis;
Nullum vocemus, prorsus, ad examen
Eorum sensum, vim, aut modulamen;
Furantur omnes—habeamus verum
Poetam, exhinc, unicum Lauderum!

A DIALOGUE ON CONTENTMENT.

J. WHAT ills, dear Phebe, would it not prevent,
To learn this one short lesson—"be content!"
No very hard prescription, in effect,
This same content; and yet, thro' its neglect,
What mighty evils do we human elves,
As Prior calls us, bring upon ourselves!
Evils that Nature never meant us for,
The vacuums, that she really does abhor:
Of all the ways of judging things amiss,
No instance shows our weakness more than this,
That men on Earth won't set their hearts at rest,
When God in Heaven does all things for the best:
What strange, absurd perverseness!—

P. Hold, good brother,
Don't put yourself, I pray, in such a pother;
'T is a fine thing to be content; why, true;
'T is just, and right, we know, as well as you;
And yet, to be so, after all this rout,
Sometimes has puzzled you yourself, I doubt.

[1] From the French word *vol*, signifying theft.

Folks in the vigour of their health, and strength,
May rail at discontent, in words at length;
Who yet, when disappointed of their wishes,
Will put you off with surly humphs, and pishes;
"Let 's be content and easy;"—gen'ral stuff!
Your happy people are content enough;
If you would reason to the purpose, show,
How they who are unhappy may be so;
How they who are in sickness, want, or pain,
May get their health, estate, and ease again:
How they—

J. Nay, Phebe, don't go on so fast;
Your just rebuke now suits yourself at last;
Methinks you wander widely from the fact—
'T is not how you, or I, or others act,
That we are talking of, but how we shou'd—
A rule, tho' ill observ'd, may still be good:
Nor did I say that a contented will
Would hinder all, but many sorts of ill:
This it will do; and, give me leave to say,
Much lessen such as it can't take away;
You said yourself, 't was just, I think you did—

P. Yes, yes; I don't deny it—

J. Sense forbid
That e'er you should; it's practice then, perchance,
Is monstrous hard, in many a circumstance—

P. Monstrous? why monstrous? let that word be barr'd,
And I shan't stick to say, I think it hard,
And very hard, nay, I could almost add,
That, in some cases, 't is not to be had—

J. Not to be had! content! it costs us nought;
'T is purchas'd only with a little thought;
We need not fetch it from a distant clime,
It may be found at home, at any time;
Our very cares contribute to its growth,
It knows no check, but voluntary sloth;
None but ourselves can rob us of its fruit;
It finds, whene'er we use it, fresh recruit;
The more we gather, still the more it thrives,
Fresh as our hopes, and lasting as our lives:
Not to be had is wrong;—but I forgot,
You did not say quite absolutely not,
But could almost have said so; the almost,
Perhaps, was meant against a florid boast
Of such content as, when a trial came
Severe enough, would hardly own its name—

P. Perhaps it was, and now your fire is spent,
You can reflect, I find, that this content,
Which you are fond of celebrating so,
May, now and then, be difficult to show,
So difficult that—

J. Hold a bit—or ten
To one the chance, that I shall fire again;
'T is just and right, you own, as well as me;
Now, for my part, I rather choose to see
The easiness of what is just and right,
Which makes it more encouraging to sight,
Than scarecrow hardships, that almost declare
Content an un-come-at-able affair;
And, consequently, tempt one to distrust,
For difficulties, what is right and just:
Thus I object to hardship; if you please,
Show for what reason you object to ease—

P. Why, for this reason—tho' it should be true,
That what is just and right, is easy too,
Such ease is nothing of a talking kind,
But of right will, that likes to be resign'd,
And cherishes a grace which, with regard
To the unpractis'd, may sometimes be hard:
You treat content as if it were a weed,
Of neither cost, nor culture; when indeed,
It is as fine a flower as can be found
Within the mind's best cultivated ground;
Where, like a seed, it must have light and air
To help its growth, according to the care
That owners take, whose philosophic skill
Will much depend upon the weather still; [bad
Good should not make them careless, nor should
Discourage—

J. Right, provided it be had,
I'll not dispute; but own, what you have said
Has hit the nail, directly, on the head:
Easy or hard, all pains, within our pow'r,
Are well bestow'd on such a charming flow'r.

TOM THE PORTER.

As Tom the porter went up Ludgate-hill;
A swinging show'r oblig'd him to stand still;
So, in the right-hand passage thro' the gate,
He pitch'd his burthen down, just by the grate,
From whence the doleful accent sounds away,
"Pity—the poor—and hungry—debtors—pray."
To the same garrison, from Paul's Churchyard,
An half-drown'd soldier ran to mount the guard:
Now Tom, it seems, the Ludgateer, and he
Were old acquaintance, formerly, all three;
And as the coast was clear, by cloudy weather,
They quickly fell into discourse together.
'T was in December, when the Highland clans
Had got to Derbyshire from Preston Pans;
And struck all London with a general panic—
But mark the force of principles Britannic.
The soldier told 'em fresh the city news,
Just piping hot from stockjobbers, and Jews;
Of French fleets landing, and of Dutch neutrality;
Of jealousies at court amongst the quality;
Of Swarston-bridge, that never was pull'd down;
Of all the rebels in full march to town;
And of a hundred things beside, that made
Lord may'r himself, and aldermen afraid;
Painting with many an oath the case in view,
And ask'd the porter—what he thought to do?
"Do?" says he, gravely—"what I did before;
What I have done these thirty years, and more;
Carry, as I am like to do, my pack,
Glad to maintain my belly by my back;
If that but hold, I care not; for my part,
Come as come will, 't shall never break my heart;
I don't see folks that fight about their thrones,
Mind either soldiers' flesh, or porters' bones;
Whoe'er gets better, when the battle's fought,
Thy pay nor mine will be advanc'd a groat—
—But to the purpose—now we are met here,
I'll join, if t' will, for one full mug of beer."
The soldier, touch'd a little with surprise
To see his friend's indifference, replies—
"What you say, Tom, I own is very good,
But—our religion!" (and he d—n'd his blood)

"What will become of our religion!"—"True!"
Says the jail-bird—"and of our freedom too?
If the Pretender" (rapt he out) "comes on,
Our liberties and properties are gone!"
And so the soldier and the pris'ner join'd
To work up Tom into a better mind;
He staring, dumb, with wonder struck and pity,
Took up his load, and trudg'd into the city.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE art of English poetry, I find,
At present, Jenkins, occupies your mind;
You have a vast desire to it, you say,
And want my help to put you in the way;
Want me to tell what books you are to read;
How to begin, at first, and how proceed—
Now, tho' in short-hand I may well pretend
To give directions, my Salopian friend,
As having had the honour to impart
Its full perfection to that English art;
Which you, and many a sagacious youth,
By sure experience, know to be the truth;
Yet how, in matters of poetic reach,
Untaught myself, shall I pretend to teach?
Well I remember that my younger breast
The same desire, that reigns in yours, possest;
Me, numbers flowing to a measur'd time,
Me, sweetest grace of English verse, the rhyme,
Choice epithet, and smooth descriptive line,
Conspiring all to finish one design,
Smit with delight, full negligent of prose,
And, thro' mere liking, tempted to compose,
To rate, according to my schoolboy schemes,
Ten lines in verse worth half a hundred themes.
Without one living person to consult,
The years went on, from tender to adult;
And, as for poring to consult the dead,
Truly, that never came into my heads
Not Homer, Virgil, Horace! (if you ask)
Why, yes, the rod would send me to the task;
But all the consultation that came out
Had its own end—to 'scape the whipping bout.
Beside, if subject wanted to be sung,
The Muse was question'd in the vulgar tongue;
Who, if she could not answer well in that,
Would hardly mend herself in Greek or Lat.
But poor encouragement for you to hope
That my instructions will attain the scope:
Yet since the help, which you are pleas'd to seek,
Does not concern the Latin, or the Greek;
In ancient classics, tho' but little read,
I know and care as little what they said,
In plain, familiar English, for your sake,
This untry'd province I will undertake;
And rules for verse as readily instill,
As if ability had equall'd will:
Fair stipulation, first, on either side,
In form, and manner, here annex'd, imply'd—
Conditions are—that, if the Muse should err,
You gave th' occasion, and must pardon her:
If aught occur, on sitting down to try,
That may deserve the casting of your eye;
If hint arise, in any sort, to suit
With your intent—you shall be welcome to 't,
You may remember, when you first began
To learn the truly tachygraphic plan,
How tracing, step by step, the simplest line,
We grounded, rais'd, and finish'd our design:
How we examin'd language, and its pow'rs,
And then adjusted ev'ry stroke to ours:
Whilst the same method, follow'd, in the main,
Made other matters more concisely plain;
Made English, French, Italian—Hebrew too—
Appear the clearest in a short-hand view;
Which, in all points, where language was concern'd,
Explain'd how best, and soonest they were learn'd;
Show'd where to end, as well as to commence,
At that one central point of view—good sense.
There fix your eye then,—if you mean to write
Verse that is fit to read, or to recite:
A poet, slighting this initial rule,
Is but, at best, an artificial fool;
Of learning verse quite needless the expense,
Plain prose might serve to show his want of sense.
But you, who have it, and would give to prose
The grace, that English poetry bestows,
Consider how the short-hand scheme, in part,
May be apply'd to the poetic art:
To write, or read in that, you understood,
There must be sense, and sense that must be good;
The more that words were proper and exact,
In book, or speech, the more we could contract:
The hand, you know, became a kind of test,
In this respect, what writings were the best.
If incorrect the language, or absurd,
It cost the fuller noting of each word;
But, when more apt, grammatical, and true,
Full oft a letter for a word would do.
Form to yourself, directly, the design
Of so constructing a poetic line;
That it may cost, in writing it our way,
The least expense of ink, as one may say;
That word, or phrase—in measure that you please,—
May come the nearest to prosaic ease:
You 'll see the cases from the rule exempt,
Whilst it directs, in gen'ral, your attempt;
How word, or sentence, you may oft transpose,
And verse be, still, as natural as prose.
As natural—for, tho' we call it art,
The worth in poetry is Nature's part:
Here—artis est celare artem—here,
Art must be hid that Nature may appear;
So lie conceal'd behind the shining glass,
That Nature's image may the best repass:
All o'er, indeed, must quicksilver be spread,
But all its useless motion must lie dead.
The art of swimming—next that comes to mind—
Perhaps may show you what is here design'd:
A young beginner struggling, you may see,
With all his might—'t was so at least with me—
With all the splutter of his limbs to swim,
And keep his brains, and breath, above the brim;
Whilst, the more eager he to gain his art,
The sooner ev'ry limb is thrown athwart;
Till by degrees he learns, with less ado,
And gentler stroke, the purpose to pursue;
To Nature's motions poising he conforms,
Nor puts th' unwilling element in storms;
Taught, as the smoother wave shall yield, to yield,
And rule the surface of the wat'ry field.

Soon as you can then, learn to lay aside
All wild endeavours against Nature's tide;
Which way she bends take notice, and comply;
The verse that will not, burn, or throw it by:
May be the subject does not suit your skill—
Dismiss, dismiss—till one comes up that will:
If sense, if Nature succour not the theme,
All art and skill is strife against the stream;
If they assist to waft your verses o'er,
Stretch forward, and possess the wish'd-for shore.
'T was from a certain native sense, and wit,
That came—Poeta nascitur, non fit—
Adage forbidding any rhyming blade,
That was not born a poet, to be made:
For if to sing, (in music) or to hear,
Require a natural good voice, or ear;
If art and rule but awkwardly advance,
Without a previous, pliant shape, to dance,
Well may the Muse, before she can inspire,
Versatile force of subtle wit require.
Of this if critics should demand a sign,
Strong inclination should be one of mine;
A fair desire is seldom known to spring,
But where there is some fitness for the thing:
Tho', by untoward circumstances check'd,
There lies a genius, but without effect;
Many a fine plant, uncultivated, dies;
And worse, with more encouragement, may rise:
Des Mecænates—what had Maro been,
Had not Mecænas rais'd the Muse within?
Yours, honest pupil, when you are inclin'd,
May versify, according to your mind;
She has no reason, to no patron ty'd,
To prostitute her favours to a side;
Nor to false taste, if any such the age
Shall run into, to sacrifice her page;
Much less, with any vicious topic vile,
An art of chaster offspring to defile:
All verse unworthy of an English Muse,
Of short-hand race, she may, and must refuse.
Ancient and modern aptitude to run
Into some errours, which you ought to shun,
Will now and then occasion, I foresee,
In place, or out, a præcipe from me:
When this shall happen, never stand to try
The where of its appearance, but the why;
Lest, by authorities, or old, or new,
You should be tempted to incur them too;
Since the most celebrated names infer
No sort of privilege in you to err:
Far from it—even, where they may excel,
Barely to imitate is not so well;
Much less should their authority prevail,
Or warrant you to follow, where they fail.
'T is not to search for precedents alone,
But how to form a judgment of your own;
In writing verse that is your main affair,
Main end of all my monitory care,
Who hate servility to common law,
That keeps an equitable right in awe;
By use and custom justifies its lot,
Its modes, and fashions, whether right, or not;
Cramps the free genius, clips the Muse's wing,
And to one poet ties another's string;
Producing, from their hardly various lines,
So many copies, and so few designs.
By neither names, nor numbers, be deter'd;
Nor yield to mix amongst the servile herd:
Exert the liberty, which all now,
Tho' slaves in practice—and begin just now,
Begin with me, and construe what I write,
Not to preclude your judgment, but excite;
Just as you once examin'd what I taught,
From first to last, with unaddicted thought,
So while, at your request, I venture here
To play the master, see that all be clear;
Preserve the freedom, which you always took,
Nor, if it teach amiss, regard the book.
Thus, unencumber'd, let us move along,
As road shall lead us, to the mount of song;
Still keeping, so far by agreement ty'd,
Good verse in prospect, and good sense for guide.

SENSE presuppos'd, and resolute intent
To regulate thereby poetic bent,
Let us examine language once again,
As erst we did to regulate the pen;
And then observe how the peculiar frame
Of words, in English, may assist your aim.
The end of speech, vouchsaf'd to human kind,
Is to express conceptions of the mind:
By painted speech, or writing's wond'rous aid,
The lines of thought are legibly display'd;
In any place, at any time appear,
And silent figure speaks to mental ear;
Surprising permanence of meaning, found
For distant voice, and momentary sound:
Whether by Heav'n, at first, the huge effect
Reveal'd, or by inventive wit—reflect
What good may follow, if a man exert
The talent right, what ill, if he pervert;
And to exertion, whether good, or bad,
What strength engaging poetry may add;
That, if successful in your present drift,
You may not risk to desecrate the gift.
You see, in speaking, or by sound, or ink,
The grand inceptive caution is—to think;
To measure, ponder, ruminate, digest,
Or phrase whatever, that betokens best
A due attention to make art, and skill,
Turn all to good, or least of all to ill;
Never to give, on any warm pretence,
To just observers cause of just offence:
To truth, to good, undoubtedly, belong
The skill of poets, and the charms of song.
In verse, or prose, in nature, or in art,
The head begins the movement, or the heart;
If both unite, if both be clear and sound,
Then may perfection in a work be found;
Then does the preacher, then the poet shine,
And justly take the title of divine.
By common sense the world has been all led
To make distinction of the heart and head;
Distinction worthy of your keenest ken,
In passing judgment upon books, and men;
Upon yourself, before you shall submit
To other judges what yourself has writ.
The heart, the head, it may suffice to note,
Two diff'rent kinds of poetry promote;
One more sublime, more sacred, and severe,
That shines in Poetry's celestial sphere;
One of an useful, tho' an humbler birth,
That ornaments its lower globe of Earth;
These we shall here ascribe, if you think fit,
One to good sense, the other to good wit;
And grant that, whichsoever be display'd,
It must have something of the other's aid;
Without some wit solidity is dull,
As bad the sprightly nonsense, to the full.

To clothe them both in language, and by rule,
Let us again revise the short-hand school,
And trace the branching stamens of discourse
From their most plain and primmerly resource.
Four parts of speech, you know, we us'd to make
The best arrangement, for inquiry's sake;
And how, spontaneous, to determine those,
The noun, and adnoun, verb, and adverb rose.
Occurring hints, but to no stiffness ty'd
Of formal method, let these four divide;
They do, in fact, partition out, you know,
The sense of words, as far as words can go;
For of a thing the clear ideal sense,
The properties that really spring from thence,
Actions, and modes of action that ensue,
Must all unite to make the language true;
If false, some one or other of these four
Unveils delusion ent'ring at its door;
But—wonted lessons I shall here pass by,
Trusting to your remembrance—and apply.
The noun, the name, the substantive, the thing,
Let represent the subject that you sing:
The main, essential matter, whereupon
You mean to set the Muse at work anon:
E'er you begin the verse that you intend,
Respice finem—think upon its end;
One single point, on which you are to fix,
Must govern all that you shall intermix;
Before you quest for circumstances round,
Peg down, at first, the centre of your ground;
Each periodic incident when past,
Examine gently whether that be fast:
How can you help, if it should e'er come out,
Mistaking quite the point you are about?
How, with no tether fix'd to your designs,
Help incoherent, loose, unmeaning lines?
You need not ask of classic Rome, or Greece,
Whether your work should all be of a piece;
The thing is plain—and all that rule can tell
Is—Memorandum to observe it well;
To frame, whatever you shall intersperse
Of decoration, well connected verse;
That shall, whatever may across be spread,
From end to end, maintain an equal thread;
That botch, or patch, or clumsy, awkward seam
Mar not poetic unity of theme.
This theme, or subject, for your English Muse
Belongs, of right, to you and her to choose:
Your own unbiass'd inclinations best
The freer topics for a verse suggest;
All, within bound of innocence, is free;
And you may range, without consulting me,
The just, delightful, and extensive sphere;
All else,—what need of caution to forbear?
None—if the bards, and some of them renown'd,
Had not transgrest, and overleap'd the bound;
This may indeed bid you to have a care,
Me, to renew the warning, to beware;
While, unrestrain'd, you set yourself the task,
Let it be harmless, and 't is all I ask.
Some, to be sure, more excellent, and grand,
Your practis'd genius may in time demand;
To these in view, no doubt, you may, in will,
Devote, at present, your completer skill;
And whilst, in little essays, you express,
Or clothe a thought in versifying dress,
On fair ideas they may turn, and just,
And pave the way to something more august:
If well your earlier specimens intend,
From small beginnings you may greatly end;
Write what the good may praise, as they peruse,
And bless, with no unfruitful fame, the Muse.
A youthful Muse, a sprightly one, may crave
To intermix the cheerful with the grave—
Indulge her choice, nor stop the flowing stream,
Where verse adorns an inoffensive theme.
Unwill'd endeavour is the same as faint,
And brisk will languish if it feel constraint:
From task impos'd, from any kind of force,
A stiff, and starch'd production comes, of course;
Unless it suit, as it may chance to do,
The present humour of the Muse, and you:
Sooner, so ask'd, that willing numbers flow,
The more acceptable, and a-propos;
Tho' prompt, if proper the occasion rise,
Her nimbler aid no gen'rous Muse denies;
But if a fair and friendly call invite,
Speeds on the verse to opportune delight;
Cuts all delays to satisfaction short,
When friends and seasons are in temper for 't:
As, by this present writing, one may see,
Dear Muse of mine, is just the case with thee.
A gen'rous Muse, I must again repeat,
Disdains the poor, poetical conceit
Of poaching verse, for personal repute,
And writing—only to be thought to do 't;
Without regarding one of its chief ends,
At once to profit, and to pleasure friends.
Tho' to the bard she dictate first the line,
The reader's benefit is her design:
Mistaken poets seek for private fame;
'T is gen'ral use that sanctifies the name.
Be free, and choose what subject then you will,
But keep your readers in remembrance still,
Your future judges—tho' 't is in your choice
In what committees who shall have a voice:
Their satisfaction if the Muse prefers,
And their esteem, who justly merit hers,
They who do not, however prompt of throat,
Stand all excluded from the legal vote.
Verse any readers, for whom verse is writ,
May to the press, or to the flames commit:
A poet signs the judgment on his verse,
If readers, worthy to be pleas'd, rehearse;
But, when the blockheads meddle in the cause,
Laughs at their blame, and smiles at their applause.
'T will add to future versifying ease
To think on judges, whom you ought to please;
To fancy some of your selected friends
Discussing points, to which a subject tends;
By whom you guess it would be well discuss'd,
And judgment form'd, that you might safely trust;
If you conceive them sitting on the bench,
Hints, what is fit to add, or to retrench,
Anticipating Fancy may supply,
And save the trouble to the real eye:
Judgment awaken'd may improve the theme
With righter verdict, tho' the court 's a dream.

ON INOCULATION.

WRITTEN WHEN IT FIRST BEGAN TO BE PRACTISED IN ENGLAND.

I HEARD two neighbours talk, the other night,
About this new distemper-giving plan,
Which some so w. ng, and others think so right;
Short was the dialogue—and thus it ran.

"If I had twenty children of my own,
I would inoculate them ev'ry one.—"
"Ay, but should any of them die! what moan
Would then be made, for vent'ring thereupon?"

"No; I should think that I had done the best;
And be resign'd, whatever should befall.—"
"But could you really be so, quite at rest?"
"I could"—"Then why inoculate at all?

"Since to resign a child to God, who gave,
Is full as easy, and as just a part,
When sick, and led by Nature to the grave,
As when in health, and driv'n to it by Art."

AN ANSWER TO SOME INQUIRIES,

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF A SERMON PREACHED AT —— UPON THE OPERATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SAY to the sermon?—Why, you all were by,
And heard its whole contents, as well as I—
Without discussing what the preacher said,
I'll tell you, sirs, what came into my head.

While he went on, and learnedly perplext
The genuine meaning of his chosen text,
I cast my eyes above him, and explor'd
The dove-like form upon the sounding board.

That bird, thought I, was put there as a sign
What kind of spirit guides a good divine:
Such as, at first, taught preachers to impart
The pure and simple gospel to the heart:

A perfect, plain, intelligible rule,
Without the dark distinctions of the school;
That, with a nice, sophistical disguise,
Hide the clear precepts from the people's eyes.

Whatever doctrine in one age was true,
Must needs be so in all succeeding too;
Tho' circumstance may change—its inward aim,
Thro' ev'ry outward state, is still the same.

No thinking Christian can be pleas'd to hear
Men, who pretend to make the Scripture clear,
With low remarks, upon the letter play,
And take the spirit of it quite away.

Be time, or place, or person, or what will,
Urg'd in support of such a wretched skill,
It all amounts but to a vain pretence,
That robs the Gospel of its real sense.

Taught by the Saviour, and by holy men,
'Tis now the very same that it was then;
Not to be alter'd by unhallow'd pains;
The world may vary, but the truth remains.

Its consecrated phrases, one would think,
That priests and pulpits were not made to sink;
Prophaner wits can do it that disgrace—
What need of *holy orders* in the case?

The modish critical haranguer, heard,
May be admir'd; may be perhaps preferr'd;
Who sinks the dictates of the sacred page
Down to the maxims of the present age.

But o'er his sounding canopy, why bring
The harmless dove to spread its hov'ring wing?
How in the church by such a shape exprest
Fulness of brain, and emptiness of breast?

Of heads so fatten'd, and of hearts so starv'd,
A different emblem should, methinks, be carv'd;
The owl of Atheus, and not Sion's dove,
The bird of learning—not the bird of love.

REMARKS ON DR. BROWN'S ESTIMATE,

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A LADY.

THE book appears to my perusing sight,
So rambling, scambling, florid, and polite,
That tho' a manly skill may trace the clue,
A simple female knows not what to do;
Where to begin remark, or where to close,
Lost in a thousand—beauties, I suppose.

One seeming proof of such a coalition
Of num'rous beauties is—a fifth edition;
As, reading authors, I have just now found
In the Whitehall—price three and sixpence bound:
Many a good book, but less of print concise,
Less clean of margin, sells for half the price.

So that the nation grows in books, 'tis plain,
"Luxurious, effeminate and vain[1]:"
That is the purchasers—or, if I durst,
I would have said the writers of 'em first;
And the luxuriant framer of this plan,
First of the first, should be the leading man

Somewhere before the middle of the book,
It seems the author, whom I really took
But for a politician, was in fine,
To my surprise, a protestant divine:
A protestant divine! in whose high flight
The question capital is—who shall *fight*[2]?

Not who shall *pay*—as some divines have plann'd,
One has heard tell, the capital demand:
Both needless questions when divines arose
Who neither su'd their friends nor fought their foes.
Now what more vain, effeminate, luxurious,
Than parson's talk, so capitally furious?

Truly the works of distaff and of needle
Are worth whole volumes of courageous Tweedle;
With the sum total—"Britons! all be free;
Take the brown musket up, and follow me:
Let us be strong, be hardy, sturdy, rough;
Till we are all beat:fi'd in buff."

[1] "We may with truth and candour conclude that the ruling character of the present times is that of a vain, luxurious, and selfish effeminacy." Brown's Estimate. Sect. 6.

[2] "It hath been urged indeed as a proof that the natural spirit of defence is not yet extinguished, that we raised such large sums during the Rebellion, and still continue such plentiful supplies for the support of our fleets and armies. This is weak reasoning: for will not cowardice, at least as soon as courage, part with a shilling or a pound to avoid danger?—The capital question therefore still remains—Not who shall pay, but who shall fight?" Sect. 6.

WITH manners just the same, as we are told,
Men are effeminate, and women bold[3]:
If aught like satire or like ridicule
Should seem to rise, we must apply this rule
To solve the case—and so I think we may—
"It comes from folly's natural display[4]."

Person and dress is left us to apply,
And little else, to know the sexes by:
Characteristics formerly made out,
Are now confounded by a present rout:
All would be lost if, as the cassoc warm,
With rage as just, the petticoat should arm.

But while men fight, both clergyfi'd and lay,
Who left but women to cry—Let us pray!
While men are marshalling in prose Pindaric
Religion, Virtue, Warburton, and Garrick,
Women must pray, that Heav'n would yet annex
Some little grace to the talk-valiant sex.

Love of our country is the manly sound
That clads in armour all the Virtues round:
Where is this lovely country to be sought?
Why 'tis Great Britain, in their little thought:
And the two states which these divines advance,
The Heav'n of England, and the Hell of France.

Women must pray—and, if divines can reach
No higher a theology—must preach.
This world—this sea bound spot of it—may seem
The central Paradise in men's esteem,
Who have great souls; but women who have none,
Have other realms to fix their hearts upon.

If such there be—the only certain scheme
To guard against each possible extreme,
Is to put on, amidst the world's alarms,
With a good heart, our *real* country's arms;
Faith, hope, and patience, from the tow'rs above,
All-bearing meekness, and all conqu'ring love.

REMARKS

ON A PAMPHLET, ENTITLED, EPISTLES TO THE GREAT[1], FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.—IN A LETTER TO DR. S.——

DOCTOR, this new poetic species
Sense may do; but never *decies:*
For a Chapelle, or a Chaulieu,
The new devis'd conceit may do;
In rambling rhymes, La Farre, and Gresset,
And easy diction may express it;
Or madam's muse, Deshoulieres,
Improve it farther still than theirs:
But in the name of all the Nine,
Will an epistolary line,
In English verse and English sense,
Admit to give them both offence,
The Gaulbred insipiditee
Of this new fangl'd melodee?
Indeed it won't—if Gallic phrase
Can bear with such enervate lays,
Nor *pleasure* nor *pain-pinion'd hours*
Can ever suffer them in ours;
Or *ivy'crown'd*, endure a theme
Silver'd with *moonshine's maiden gleam*:
Not tho' so *garlanded* and *flow'ry*,
So *soft*, so *sweet*, so *myrtle-bow'ry*;
So *balmy*, *palmy*—and so on—
As is the theme here writ upon:
Writ in a species that, if taking,
Portends sad future verse unmaking:
Brown's Estimate of times and manners,
That paints effeminacy's banners,
Has not a proof in its detail
More plain than this, if this prevail;
Forbid it sense, forbid it rhyme,
Whether familiar or sublime;
Whether ye guide the poet's hand
To easy diction or to grand;
Forbid the Gallic namby pamby
Here to repeat its crazy crambe:
One instance of such special stuff,
To see the way on't is enough;
Excus'd for once; if *Aristippus*
Has any more within his *cippus*,
Let him suppress;—or sing 'em he
With *gentle Muse, sweet Euterpee;*
Free to salute her, while they chirp,
For easier rhyming—*sweet Euterp:*
It is allow'd that verse to please
Should move along with perfect ease;
But this coxcombically mingling
Of rhymes, unrhyming, interjingling,
For numbers genuinely British
Is quite too finical and skittish;
But for the masculiner *belles*,
And the polite he *ma'moiselles;*
Whom *Dryads*, *Naiads*, *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*,
Meads, *woods*, and *groves*, and *lakes*, and *lawns*,
And *loves*, and *doves*—and fifty more
Such jaded terms, besprinkl'd o'er
With compound epithets uncouth,
Prompt to pronounce 'em verse, forsooth!
Verse let 'em be; tho' I suppose
Some verse as well might have been prose,
That *England's common courtesy*
Politely calls good poetry:
For if the poetry be good,
Accent at least is understood;
Number of syllables alone,
Without the proper stress of tone,

[3] "The sexes have now little other apparent distinction beyond that of person and dress: their peculiar and characteristic manners are confounded and lost: the one sex having advanced into boldness, as the other have sunk into effeminacy." Sect. 5.

[4] "Thus we have attempted a simple delineation of the ruling manners of the times: if any thing like ridicule appears to mix itself with this review, it ariseth not from the aggravation, but the natural display of folly." Sect. 5.

[1] These Epistles were published in the year 1757.——"The species of poetry," says the editor, "in which they are written has been used with great success among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Farre, Gresset, madame Deshoulieres, and others."—To quote from them all the expressions alluded to in the following verses, would but swell out the notes to an unnecessary length. It is thought sufficient therefore to distinguish such allusions by Italic characters.

Will make our metre flat and bare
As Hebrew verse of bishop Hare:
Add, that regard to rhyme is gone,
And verse and prose will be all one;
Or, what is worse, create a pother
By species neither one nor t'other:
A case, which there is room to fear
From dupes of Aristippus here—
The fancied sage, in feign'd retreat,
Laughs at the follies of the great
With wit, invention, fancy, humour,
Enough to gain the thing a rumour;
But if he writes resolv'd to shine
In uncoafin'd and motley line,
Let him Pindaric it away,
And quit the lazy labour'd lay;
Leave to *La Farre* and to *La France*,
The warbling, soothing *nonchalance*.—
When will our bards unlearn at last
The puny style, and the bombast?
Nor let the pitiful extremes
Disgrace the verse of English themes;
Matter, no more, in manner paint
Poppish, affected, queer, and quaint;
Nor bounce above Parnassian ground,
To drop the sense, and catch the sound;
Except—in writing for the stage,
Where sound is best for buskin'd rage;
Except—in operas, where sense
Is but superfluous expense:
Be then the bards of sounding pitch
Consign'd to Garrick and to Rich;
To *Tweedledums* and *Tweedledees*,
The singy songing *Euterpees*.

EPILOGUE

TO HURLOTHRUMBO, OR THE SUPERNATURAL[1].

Enter *Hurlothrumbo*.

LADIES and gentlemen, my lord of Flame
Has sent me here to thank you in his name;
Proud of your smiles, he's mounted many a story
Above the tip-top pinnacle of glory:
Thence he defies the sons of clay, the critics;
"Fellows," says he, "that are mere paralytics,
With judgments lame, and intellects that halt,
Because a man outruns them—they find fault."
He is indeed, to speak my poor opinion,
Out of the reach of *critical* dominion.

Enter *Critic*.

Adso! here's one of 'em.——

Cr. A strange odd play, sir;

Enter *Author*, pushes *Hurlothrumbo* aside.

Au. Let me come to him.—Pray, what's that you say, sir?

Cr. I say, sir, rules are not observ'd here.—

Au. Rules,
Like clocks and watches, were all made for fools.
Rules make a play? that is——

Cr. What, Mr. Singer?

Au. As if a knife and fork should make a finger.

Cr. Pray, sir, which is the *hero* of your play?

Au. Hero? why they're all heroes in their way.

Cr. But here's no *plot!* or none that's understood.

Au. There's a *rebellion* tho'; and that's as good.

Cr. No spirit nor genius in't.

Au. Why didn't here
A spirit and a genius both appear?

Cr. Poh, 'tis all stuff and nonsense.—

Au. Lack-a-day!
Why that's the very essence of a play.
Your old-house, new-house, opera and ball,
'Tis nonsense, critic, that supports 'em all.
As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,
Whilst on their nonsense you have built your own.

Cr. Here wants——

Au. Wants what? why now, for all your canting,
What one ingredient of a play is wanting?
Music, love, war, death, madness without sham,
Done to the life by persons of the dram:
Scenes and machines, descending and arising;
Thunder and lightning; ev'ry thing surprising!

Cr. Play, farce, or opera, is't?

Au. No matter whether
'Tis a rehearsal of 'em all together.
But come, sir, come, troop off, old Blundermonger,
And interrupt the *Epilogue* no longer.

[*Author* drives the *Critic* off the stage.

Hurlo, proceed.——

Hurlo. Troth! he says true enough,
The stage has given rise to wretched stuff:
Critic or player; a Dennis or a Cibber,
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber;
A thousand murd'rous ways they cast about
To stifle it—but murder like—'twill out.
Our author fairly, without so much fuss,
Shows it—in puris naturalibus;
Pursues the point beyond its highest height,
Then bids his men of fire, and ladies bright,
Mark how it looks! when it is out of sight.
So true a stage, so fair a play for laughter,
There never was before, nor ever will come after:
Never, no never; not while vital breath
Defends ye from that *long-liv'd mortal*, Death.
Death!——something hangs on my prophetic tongue,
I'll give it utterance—be it right or wrong:
Handel himself shall yield to Hurlothrumbo,
And Bononcini too shall cry—"Succumbo."
That's if the *ladies* condescend to smile;
Their looks make sense or nonsense in our isle.

[1] This play was written by Mr. Samuel Johnson, a dancing master, of Cheshire, and performed in the year 1722, at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, where it had a run of above thirty nights. We must refer the reader to the piece itself, to give him a just idea of the humour and propriety of the following epilogue; which was written by our author, with a friendly intention to point out to Mr. Johnson the extravagance and absurdity of his play.—Mr. Johnson, however, so far from perceiving the ridicule, received it as a compliment, and had it both spoken and printed.

REMARKS

ON DR. MIDDLETON'S EXAMINATION OF THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON'S DISCOURSES CONCERNING THE USE AND INTENT OF PROPHECY.

2 PETER i. 19.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

THIS passage, sir, which has engag'd of late
So many writers in such high debate
About the nature of prophetic light
Has not, I think, been understood aright:
Nor does the critic Middleton's new tract
Relate the meaning fairly, or the fact.
Peter, you know, sir, by his own account,
Was with our Saviour in the holy Mount;
Where he, and two apostles more, beheld
The shechinah, or glory that excell'd; 10
Saw that divine appearance of our lord,
Which three of the evangelists record;
His face a sun, and light his whole array,
Prophetic glimpse of that eternal day,
Wherein, the glance of Sun and Moon suppress,
God shall himself enlighten all the blest;
Shall from his temple, from the sacred shrine,
Shine forth of human majesty divine.
To this grand vision, which the chosen three
Were call'd before they tasted death to see, 20
Was added proof to the astonish'd ear,
That made presential Deity appear;
And by a voice from God the Father's throne,
His well beloved Son was then made known.
Now search of mysteries the whole abyss,
What more entire conviction, sir, than this?
Of human reason search the wide pretence,
What more miraculous, and plain to sense?
But reason oft interprets past event
Just as the human heart, and will is bent: 30
The doctor, whom his own productions call
No hearty friend to miracles at all,
Disguises this to bring his point about,
As if both sight and hearing left a doubt;
Left some perplexity on Peter's mind,
Quite against all that he himself defin'd.
"This wond'rous apparition, sir, might leave
Something too hard precisely to conceive;
And circumstances raise within his soul
Suspense about the nature of the whole[1]." 40
What kind of sauntering spirit could suggest
Such groundless cavil to a Christian breast?
What Christian priest, at least, would choose to
His Saviour's glory in a light so faint?— [paint
But let this suit the priesthood, if you will,
Pray what foundation for his critic skill?
For Peter's doubting what he *saw* and *heard*—
For scruples—first imagin'd, then infer'd?
The reason here assign'd is "Fear and dread,
So great that Peter knew not what he said; 50
He, and his partners in the vision too,
Fell on their faces at its awful view;
Nor durst look up, till Jesus, at the last,
Came to, and rais'd them, when 't was overpast."
O vain suggestion? could they see and hear
Without an adoration? without fear?
If they were struck with more than mortal awe,
Their very fear was proof of what they saw;
For strength to see, and weakness to sustain,
Made, both alike, the heavenly vision plain: 60
Nor has he once attempted to devise [prise.
What else should strike them with so great sur-
If, overcome with reverential dread,
Th' amaz'd apostle wist not what he said,
Unbias'd reason would itself confess
A greater light diminishing its less.
Thus in the sacred books, if we recall
The first recorded presence since the fall,
Themselves from God when our first parents hid,
It might be said, they wist not what they did: 70
Yet were they taught their comfortable creed,
The promise of the woman's conq'ring seed;
As here, th' apostles were empower'd to see
That Jesus, God's beloved Son, was he.
If, when God spake, each fell upon his face—
How oft in ancient times was this the case?
What prophet, sir, to whom he spake of yore,
His voice, or vision, unsupported bore?
Moses himself, when unawares he trod
On holy ground and heard the voice of God, 80
Tho' turn'd aside on purpose to inquire
What kept the bush unburnt amidst the fire,
Stop'd in his search by the divine rebuke,
Straight hid his face, and was afraid to look.
Abram, the covenanted sire of all,
Who, in his faith, upon the Lord should call,
When he receiv'd the seal of it, the sign
Of circumcision, from the voice divine,
Fell on his face—and must we then conceit
His proofs, that God talk'd with him, incomplete?
Read how Isaiah thought himself undone 91
When he had seen God's glory in his Son;
Until the seraph, with a living coal
From off the altar, purg'd the prophet's soul.
Read how Ezekiel too, with like surprise,
When Heav'n was open'd to his wond'ring eyes,
Fell on his face, at the same glorious sight;
Till, by God's spirit, made to stand upright,
Thus Daniel prostrate, thus the great divine
Who saw the apocaliptic scenes—in fine, 100
Thus human strength alone could never stand,
When God appear'd, unaided by his hand.
To urge a reason then from *fear*, to doubt
The glorious fact, that could not be without,
Only befits a feeble, faithless mind,
To heav'nly voice and vision deaf and blind.
The learned prelate, against whose Discourse
This gentleman has aim'd his present force,
Thought it absurd in any one to make
St. Peter, for his own conviction's sake, 110
Say, that old prophecies should be prefer'd
To God's immediate voice, which he had heard:
Such a comparison, he thought, became
No sober man—much less the saint—to frame;

[1] "This wonderful apparition and heavenly voice might be accompanied with such circumstances as would naturally leave some doubt and perplexity on the mind concerning the precise manner and nature of the whole transaction. For Peter, as we read, was in such a fright and amazement at what he saw and heard, that he knew not what he said: and both he and the two other apostles then with him, James and John, were so greatly terrified, that they fell upon their faces to the ground, and durst not so much as look up, till Jesus, when the vision was over, came to raise and encourage them."—Dr. Middleton's Treatise, p. 55.

Concluding it impossible from hence
That this could ever be St. Peter's sense.
Tho' "'tis not only possible, it seems,
But weak, moreover[2]," as the doctor deems,
"To doubt it—a comparison so just
Peter not only *might* have made, but *must*.—" 120
And then he cites rabbinical remarks,
To prove the paradox from learned clerks:
Not that he minds what any of them writes,
But most despises whom he chiefly cites.
Lightfoot's authority, to instance one,
Is first, and last, and most insisted on;
"The soundness of whose faith he interjects,
And erudition nobody suspects[3]:"
Or if the reader wants a full display [way[4]
Of these endowments,—"Lightfoot shows the
How, by assuming liberty to take 131
For granted, straight, what premises we make;
Whatever notions or opinions tend
To favour that which we would recommend,
We may demonstrate, by such arts as these,
A doctrine true, divine, or what we please."
This, sir, is his description of sound faith.—
Let us now see what argument it hath:
This trusty evidence, amongst the rest,
Is call'd to prove a voice from Heav'n a jest; 140
The Jews *bath-kol*, a cunning acted part,
A fable, phantasy, or magic art;
Voice of the devil, or of devilish elves,
To cheat the people and promote themselves:

And hence th' apostle (is the inference drawn,
"That claims the special notice of the lawn;"
That comes to clear this famous prelate's sight)
With reason good prefer'd prophetic light.
So, introduce an Hebrew, foreign term;
Take all for true that quoted lines affirm; 150
And then assume that the apostle too
Just thought and argued, as these critics do;
And we may prove from Peter's own design,
That God the Father's voice was not divine.
But should the prelate think it mere grimace
To talk of fable in St. Peter's case,
Whose words exclude it, and expressly speak
Of heav'nly truth; how frivolous and weak,
In his more sober and sedate esteem,
Must all this patch-work erudition seem! 160
How will a Christian bishop too conceive
Of what the doctor's margins interweave,
Touching that scripture, where our Saviour
And Heav'n the glorifying answer made! [pray'd,
While from his note, sir, nothing can be learn'd
But casual thunder, or bath-kol concern'd[5].
Will he not ask—Is it this author's aim,
Under his bath-kol figments to disclaim
All faith in voices of a heavenly kind?
Is that the purpose of his doubting mind? 170
You see th' apostle is extremely clear,
That such a voice himself did really hear:
He also had such wond'rous proofs beside,
That voice concurrent cannot be deny'd. [came
And, when our Lord had been baptis'd, there
A voice from Heav'n, in words the very same.
Here, in his answer'd prayer, tho', by mistake,
Some said it thunder'd, some, an angel spake,
We have his own authority divine; [mine."
"This voice," said he, "came for your sakes, not
Would not the bishop rightly thus oppose 181
Plain scripture facts to learning's empty shows?
What signifies it then, upon the whole,
How poor blind Jews have talk'd about bath-kol?
What jarring critics of a later day,
Or Lightfoot, here thrice ridicul'd, may say?
Or Middleton himself—whose pious care
For giftless churches prompts him to compare
Voices from Heav'n, in his assuming page,
To miracles beyond th' apostles age[6]: 190
Taking for granted, without more ado,
His wild hypothesis about *them* too.
Prodigious effort! see obstructed quite
The Gospel promise, and the Christian right;

[2] P. 47. "Let us now return to the bishop's Discourses, in which he goes on to demonstrate the inconsistency of the author's (Collins) exposition, by telling us, that 'it makes Peter to say, in his own person, that the dark prophecies of the Old Testament were a surer and more certain evidence to himself, than the immediate voice of God, which he had heard with his own ears. And is it possible,' adds he, 'that St. Peter, or any man in his wits, could make such a comparison?' To which question, so smartly and confidently put, I readily answer, that it is not only possible, that St. Peter might make such a comparison, but even weak to imagine that he could make any other."

[3] P. 52. "Doctor Lightfoot also, the soundness of whose faith and erudition is allowed by all, speaks more precisely to my present purpose, and says, that 'If we observe two things, first, that the Jewish nation, under the second temple, was given to magical arts beyond measures; we may safely suspect that those voices, which they thought to be from Heaven, and noted with the name of *bath-kol*, were either formed by the devil in the air, to deceive the people; or, by magicians with devilish art, to promote their own affairs.' From which he draws this inference, which I would recommend to the special consideration of this eminent prelate: 'Hence,' adds he, 'the apostle Peter saith with good reason, that the word of prophecy was surer than a voice from Heaven.'"

[4] P. 141. "Now by the same method of reasoning, and the liberty which his lordship every where assumes, of supposing whatever premises he wants, and taking every thing for granted, which tends to confirm his hypothesis, we may prove any doctrine to be true, or divine, or whatever we please to make of it. Dr. Lightfoot has shown us the way."

[5] P. 48. "N. B. Thus when Jesus, a little before his death, was addressing himself to the Father, in the midst of his disciples and people of Jerusalem, and saying: 'Father, save me from this hour; Father, glorify thy name.' There came a voice from Heaven, saying: 'I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.' Upon which the people, that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered; others said, that an angel spake to him. (John xii. 28.) That is, part of the company believed it to be nothing more than an accidental clap of thunder; while others took it to be the bath-kol, or the voice of God, or of an angel, which was accompanied always with thunder."

[6] P. 142, 145, 171. P. 50. "The reality of this oracular voice (bath-kol) is attested, as I have said, by all the Jewish writers, after the cessation of prophecy, in the same positive manner as the miraculous gifts of the Christian church by the primitive fathers, after the days of the apostles."

Cut off at once miraculous supply;
All healing ceases when apostles die:
No tongue inspir'd, no demon dispossest;
With them the working spirit went to rest:
Forgot the prophecies that Christ had made, 200
And left believers without signal aid:
Although no limit, in what scripture saith,
Be put to miracles, but want of faith;
Although, without one, foolish to pretend
To know their nature, or to fix their end;
Yet if a daring genius advertise
That all but scripture miracles are lies,
What crowds embrace the new belief, and hope!
It suits their taste—and saves them from the pope.
Others contend that wond'rous gifts survive
The first three centuries—or four—or five.— 210
Then, sir, they close their jealous, partial view,
And grudge diviner influence its due:
Take diff'rent stations in the doctor's track,
Blaming, and backing his more close attack;
All miracles, beyond his earlier fence,
Are want of honesty, or want of sense:
All faith in bishops, confessors, and saints,
Who witness facts, a Christian priest recants:
They must—he says they must—be fables all,
That pass the bounds of his gigantic wall. 220
Such strange delusion if a man embrace,
Without some voice, some miracle of grace,
It is in vain, to reas'ners of his cast,
To urge the evidence of ages past:
With minds resolv'd to disbelieve, or doubt,
Small is the force of history throughout.
Freedom of thought exerted, and of will,
To claim the privilege of judging ill,
Prophets, apostles, martyrs cannot move, 229
Nor holy church, throughout the world, disprove.
But to return—how does his first assault
On miracles defend a second fault!
Or rabbies, or rabbinical divines,
Help Lightfoot's comment, or his own designs!
Lightfoot, without detracting from his skill,
Wrote, in this instance, with a careless quill:
Such inf'rence else had never been annext;
He must have seen that the apostles text
Could not, with reason either good or great,
Compare the prophets with a dev'lish cheat. 240
This learned writer, sir, did not attend
To Peter's meaning, or not apprehend;
Or, if excuse may for his haste atone,
He did not well, perhaps, express his own.
Since, by his present citer here, you see
How quite forgetful learned men may be:
For after all the scraps he had amass'd,
And this triumphant inference at last:
"The text," he says, "had, in St. Peter's views,
No ref'rence to himself—but to the Jews[7]." 250

Not, in his haste, aware that what he said
Knock'd all the bath-kol pedantry o' th' head;
That what, he thought, his borrow'd pages won,
His own gave up, as soon as he had done.
For if "St. Peter's words do not imply,
What he himself was most persuaded by;
But only show what arguments were fit
For their attention, sir, to whom he writ:"
The bishop's reas'ning, which he strives to cloud,
Is not unanswer'd only, but allow'd: 260
The very thing pretended to be shown
Is, by his own confession, overthrown.
Do but observe the point in question, sir,
On which the doctor makes this learned stir;
How he, who talks of "its perpetual change[8]
By others," takes the liberty to range:
When a comparison was judg'd absurd,
Peter could make no other, was the word;
Then by a contradiction plain and flat,
Peter's comparison could not be that; 270
And then again,—supposing that it could,
Thus he attempts to make the matter good.
"Let Peter be himself assur'd," says he,
"As fully as 'twas possible to be,
Of ev'ry circumstance that past; he might
Have still prefer'd the old prophetic light:
This was a standing evidence, and lay
Open to cool deliberate reason's sway;
A firmer argument, that brought along
Conviction, sir, more permanent and strong, 280
To men of sober senses, and sedate,
Than could the vision which his words relate[9]."
Set the perplex'd equivocation by
"That's here involv'd," how easy the reply
To reasons void, if we distinguish right
Betwixt a real, and reported sight:
For *be* the proof, that prophecies procure,
More to the Jews comparatively sure,
As oft the text is commented upon,
(Thro' a mistake, as will appear anon) 290
Yet *his* conviction vacates the pretence
Of reason, argument, and sober sense;
Because the prophets, here to be compar'd,
As evidences of what God declar'd,
Could but originally hear and see;
And be as fully satisfy'd as he.
The use of reason has, I apprehend,
When full assurance is attain'd, an end:
When we are certain that we see, and hear,
And ev'ry circumstance is plain, and clear, 300

[7] P. 53. "Yet St. Peter's words, after all, as they are expounded by the freethinking author above mentioned, do not necessarily imply him to mean, that prophecy was a surer argument to himself, than the voice from Heaven, but to the Jewish converts in general, who did not hear that voice, but received it only from the reports of others. It was not his view in this epistle to declare what sort of arguments was the most convincing to himself, but to propose such as were most worthy of the attention of those to whom he was writing."—P. 54. "When St. Peter therefore says, we have a more sure word of prophecy: the occasion of his words oblige us to interpret them, as spoken, not with any particular reference to himself, but to the general body of the Jewish converts."

[8] P. 62. "And thus the apostle's sense, as it is expounded by the author, (Collins) is clear and consistent, not liable to any exception but what flows from that perplexity, in which his lordship has involved it by his use of equivocal terms, and perpetual change of the point in question."

P. 52. "Let Peter be as perfectly assured, as we can suppose him to be of every circumstance, which passed in the Mount, he might still take prophecy, considered as a standing evidence, always lying open to the cool and deliberate examination of reason to be a firmer argument on the whole, and to carry a more permanent conviction with it to the sober senses of men, than the vision with which he here compares it."

What can examination teach, or learn?
By what criterion, sir, shall we discern,
When reason comes to be so deadly cool,
The sage deliberator from the fool?
Conceive St. Peter, if you can, entic'd
(Eye-witness of the majesty of Christ;
Of what the Father, in the Mount, had done
By showing forth the glory of the Son)
To disbelieve his senses, and to pore
Some ancient standing evidences o'er; 310
To see if that, which, on the holy spot,
He saw and heard, was seen and heard, or not:
Would such a cool deliberating plan
Have made him pass for a more sober man?
If so, then Middleton has hit the white;
Sherlock, if not, is thus far in the right;
And well may say that no man, in his wits,
Could be attack'd by such cold reas'ning fits.
But thus the frigid argument is brought,
Why Peter might, in full persuaded thought, 320
Prefer predictions in the ancient law
To what himself most surely heard, and saw:
"For, after all the full convincing scene,
Which he had witness'd, how did he demean?—
With faith infirm, he shamefully deny'd
His Master, seen so greatly glorify'd[1]."
Yes; so he did—and gave an humbling stroke
To human confidence in reason's cloak:
Enough to lay all syllogizing trust
In bare conclusions only in the dust; 330
An ample proof that, in a trying hour,
Ev'n demonstration loses all its pow'r;
That, without grace, and God's assisting hand,
In time of need, no evidence can stand.
Suppose a person of the clearest head,
In logic arts well grounded, and well read;
If, with a selfish love to truth, alone,
He arm himself with weapons all his own,
When a temptation comes—alas! how soon
The valiant reas'ner turns a mere poltroon! 340
Peter, tho' void of learning, and of art,
Had a courageous, had an honest heart;
Had natural abilities, beyond
All those of which the critics are so fond:
Had hidden qualities, beyond their ken;
They fish for words—he was to fish for men.
His faith, in outward evidence, was such
That Peter trusted to himself too much:
When his denial plainly was foretold, [bold:
What should have humbled made him grow more
"Tho' all should be offended—yet not I—
Not death itself shall tempt me to deny."
We see in him, sir, what the utmost height
Of boasted reason, evidence, and light,
Of courage, honesty, and even love
Could do, without assistance from above:
It could to humbler thoughts resist the call;
It proudly could prefer itself to all:
It could, in short, upon conclusions true,
Do all that numbers upon false ones do; 360
Rest on itself, be confident and bounce;
And, when the call to suff'ring came—renounce.
As human resolution, courage, skill,
Conviction, evidence, or what you will,
Can, in their nature, only reach so far
As things are subject to an human bar;
All these, tho' actuating Peter's zeal,
To Christian doctrine could not set the seal.
God-like humility—the sacred root
Whence ev'ry virtue branches into fruit, 370
Lays the foundation of the Christian life;
As reason governs that of human strife.
And, I appeal, sir, setting grace aside,
How oft is human reason human pride?
Human desire of victory, or fame?
A Babel tow'ring to procure a name?
A self assurance? an untutor'd boast?
That can but form intention, at the most;
Which, tho' directed right, must humbly ask
Divine assistance to perform its task. 380
This Peter fail'd in—and a servant maid
Made him, with all his bold resolves, afraid;
With all his sure convictions, he began
To curse, and swear, and did not know the man.
'Till, for a lesson, wond'rously addrest
To sink full deep into his humbled breast,
The cock pronounc'd, by an awakening crow,
Peter the man, whom Peter did not know.
But how, sir, did his coward speech betray
Doubt of his Maker's glorious display? 390
By what account in hist'ry are we taught
That e'er it came into his frighted thought?
Or, since 't is certain that he did deny,
What prophecy did he prefer thereby?
'T is then a cold absurdity to draw,
From Peter's weakness, this pretended flaw;
To hint delusion in the god-like sight,
Because the man was put into a fright:
If, from distrust of evidence, his fears,
From whence his bitter penitential tears? 400
Whence was it that the holy pris'ner shook
The soul of Peter, with one gracious look?
No glory then, to credit, or distrust;
And yet th' apostle's penitence was just;
And he himself but proof, upon the whole,
That grace alone can fortify a soul.
'T is urg'd that, "on the other hand, we find,
With faith confirm'd, and with enlighten'd mind,
After the mission of the Holy Ghost,
That argument which he appli'd the most 410
Was what he calls" (for so the doctor too,
Takes here a vulgar errour to be true)
"This more sure word of prophecy, the chief
Of all his motives to enforce belief;
From whence he prov'd that Jesus was, of old,
Describ'd by all the prophets, and foretold[2]."
Peter's condition, sir, is that of all
Who, from the heart, obey the Christian call:
They, by experience, have the triple sight
Of weakness, penitence, and heav'nly light; 420
While others wrangle about outward show;
Nature, and grace, and miracle they know:

[1] P. 56. "For after all the convictions which he himself had received from it, we know, that his faith was still so infirm, as to betray him into a shameful denial of his Master, whom he had seen so wonderfully glorified."

[2] P. 56. We know on the other hand, that after our Lord's ascension, when his faith was more fully confirmed, and his understanding enlightened by the mission of the Holy Ghost, the chief argument, which he applied in all his sermons, to evince the truth of the Gospel, was this *more sure word of prophecy*, as he calls it; from which he demonstrated to the Jews, how the character, doctrine, and mission of Jesus were foretold and described by the mouths of all their prophets.

Tho' not inspir'd, like Peter, and th' eleven;
Or struck, like walking Paul, by voice from Heav'n,
They meet, what others foolishly evade,
The real mission of celestial aid:
Of which, howe'er the tokens are perceiv'd,
No faithful soul can ever be bereav'd.
What does the share of it that Peter had
To all the doctor's forc'd refinements add? 430
Might not the bishop, justly, give him back
Some compliments bestow'd in his attack?
Such as "the nothing but an empty strain
Of rhet'ric, insignificant, and vain—
The choosing not to see, of any theme,
More than may suit his preadopted scheme—
The passing over what he should confute,
With matters foreign to the main dispute [3]"—
And such-like flow'rs, upon his pages thrown,
That, full as well, become the doctor's own. 440
For, has the bishop, in his book, deny'd
That prophecy was properly apply'd?
No—but that Peter did a thing so odd,
As to prefer it to the voice of God.
This was the point requir'd to be explain'd,
In contradiction to what he maintain'd;
That which the doctor undertook to clear,
And make the pref'rence of the saint appear:
But while we look'd what reasons he would bring
For so incomprehensible a thing, 450
As common sense must reckon an appeal
From what th' Almighty should himself reveal,
Shifting the circumstances, time, and place,
In short, the question, to another case,
He tells us—not of prophecy preferr'd
To voice from Heav'n, which he had just averr'd,
But—how the saint apply'd, in his discourse,
Prophetic words, to give the Gospel force;
How Peter argued from them, he relates,
And proves full well—what nobody debates. 460
How gravely, sir, from fallacy so crude,
He prompts th' amused reader to conclude
"That any man, especially a Jew,
(As Peter was) might think the pref'rence due!
And what himself had heard th' Almighty speak,
Might be esteem'd, comparatively, weak [4]!"
Under this millstone, oft, the struggling page
Bestirs itself, but cannot disengage.
"At all events resolving to confute [5],
(To use his logic) or at least dispute, 470
Its author shows great spirit, and great art,
And well performs the contradicting part;"
But, in his subsequent remarks, we find
How lamely confutation limps behind.
Fully resolv'd, and singly, to maintain
A paradox, so quite against the grain,
The learned antithaumatist must choose
"Not to instruct his reader, but amuse [6];"
Whene'er he touches a prophetic clause,
"Not to illustrate, but perplex the cause," 480
To speak some truth, that shows the favour'd side,
And, that which gives the whole connection, hide.
Why, else, a total silence on the head
Of miracles, in what St. Peter said?
How could recited prophecies, alone,
Prove to the Jews that Jesus was foreshown?
Had not there been that other previous proof,
To every thoughtful Jew, in his behoof?
Had not such wond'rous facts struck up the light,
That show'd their application to be right? 490
Trace the quotations, sir, that Peter made,
"And see their force impartially display'd;
See what solution stated fact supplies,
Without contriv'd evasion, or disguise [7]."
The first occasion, which th' apostle took
To cite a passage from a prophet's book,
Was at that public, wonderful event,
Upon the blessed Spirit's first descent:
The faithful flock, that met, with one accord,
To wait the gifts of their ascended Lord, 500
Soon as the tokens of his presence came,
The sound celestial, and the sacred flame,
Began to speak, with holy ardour fir'd,
In various hymns, by Heav'n itself inspir'd;
This joyful voice, of a diviner laud,
Was spread thro' all Jerusalem abroad;
And pious Jews, from ev'ry distant clime
Residing there, that providential time,
Devout epitome of all mankind,
Were drawn to witness that which God design'd:
His wond'rous works as Galileans sung,
All understood the spirit-utter'd tongue;
Of language, then, was no confusion known;
Each heard this one, and heard it as his own:
God gave the word himself; and all the good
Shar'd in the promis'd gift, and understood:
Tho', then, astonish'd at the wond'rous theme,
Prepar'd to spread it to the world's extreme.
Others, insensible of grace divine,
Mock'd at its influence, and talk'd of wine; 520
Themselves intoxicated with that pride,
By which the deaf in spirit still deride.
'T was then that Peter, standing up to show
Th' absurd reproach, gave all of them to know
That, what these mockers call'd a drunken fit,
Was God's performance of what Joel writ

them, (the free-thinker's words); which last part he has performed with great spirit, but how far he has succeeded in the first, will be seen in the following remarks."

[6] P. 4. "Proper rather (speaking of the bishop's works) to perplex than to illustrate the notion of prophecy; and to amuse rather than instruct an inquisitive reader."

[7] P. 153. "Instead of contriving any evasive expedients, or fanciful systems to elude the force of such objections, I thought it my duty to examine seriously and impartially, what solution of them the subject itself, when fairly stated, would supply."

Of days, then dawning, when he would impart
His gospel gifts to ev'ry faithful heart;
Pour out his heav'nly spirit, and refresh
Not single nations only, but all flesh; 530
All should partake, that would, of richer grace
Now fully purchas'd for the human race.
For this was what St. Peter, then inspir'd,
Went on to show, and argument requir'd;
The Jews all knew, Messiah was to come;
That this of all prediction gave the sum:
The question was, if it had been fulfill'd
In Jesus? whom their wicked hands had kill'd.
Now, to prove this, th' apostle first applies
The miracles, perform'd before their eyes; 540
God's approbation of him, he defines,
Was manifest by wonders, and by signs,
Done in the midst of them—see here the ground
Prepar'd, before he offer'd to expound,
By arguments of such immediate force,
So plain, so striking, that they must, of course,
Make, secondly, to such as should take heed,
The word of prophecy more sure indeed,
And then he shows how the prophetic word
With its exact accomplishment concurr'd: 550
What David had prophetically said
Jesus fulfill'd, in rising from the dead;
Whereof we all are witnesses—here lay
The strength of all that any words could say:
When numbers present could the fact attest,
Thousands of souls th' accomplished word confest;
That this was he, the Lord, the Holy One,
Whom David fix'd his heart and hopes upon;
And so describ'd, as only could agree
To him, whose flesh should no corruption see. 560
His resurrection, you perceive, it was
That show'd the prophet's word now come to pass;
That made th' apostle's intimation clear,
"He shed forth this, which we now see, and hear."
Again; when Peter had restor'd the lame
To perfect soundness, in our Saviour's name,
He told the wond'ring throng, that they had slain
The Prince of Life, whom God had rais'd again;
"Whereof we are the witnesses," says he;
Then shows how all the prophecies agree; 570
All have successively foretold these days, [raise.
And mark'd the prophet, whom the Lord should
So, when the priests and Sadducees, aggriev'd
That such increasing multitudes believ'd,
Ask'd by what pow'r he acted, Peter said,
"By that of Jesus, risen from the dead;
By him this healing miracle is wrought:"
Then quotes—"The stone, which ye have set at nought,
On this, rejected by the builders' hands,
As a sure basis, all salvation stands." 580
No priest was then so impotently skill'd,
As to suggest the passage unfulfill'd;
All, by the wond'rous cure, were overcome;
The living proof was there, and struck them dumb.
In vain, a council then, as well as now,
To silence miracles, or disavow:
Peter and John could neither be deterr'd;
They needs must speak what they had seen, and heard:
Nor charge, nor chains, nor meditated death
Could stop to God's commands th' obedient breath;
His final argument, still, Peter brings,
"We are his witnesses of all these things."
This, you may read, sir, was the real path
That Peter trod, in his confirmed faith;
That all the preachers of the gospel trod,
When they explain'd the oracles of God:
Preach'd what themselves, without a learned strife,
"Saw, heard, and handled of the Word of Life;"
When, in their days, so mightily it grew,
And wrought such proofs that prophecy was true:
Which, tho' it pointed to the future scene,
And oft prefigur'd the Messiah's reign,
Yet gave a light, comparatively dim,
That ow'd its shining certainty to him.
Thus, sir—to come directly to the text,
With which the critics are so much perplex'd;
Whereof the real meaning, fairly trac'd,
Lays heaps of paper, printed on it, waste;
Had they adverted that St. Peter, still,
From what he saw, upon the holy hill, 610
Argues apostles not to have surmis'd,
Or follow'd fables cunningly devis'd;
But to have witness'd only what they knew,
From their own sight, and hearing, to be true;
And to have justly gathered, from thence,
The sure completion of prophetic sense:
To which the Jews did rightly to attend,
'Till they themselves should see it in the end;
Had they consider'd this, they would have found
Of all their wide perplexities the ground; 620
Have soon perceiv'd that, in the various brawl,
A wrong translation was the cause of all.
Peter makes no comparison between
Prophetic word, and what himself had seen;
As if he thought the vision in the Mount
Less sure to him, upon his own account.
This is a stretch by which the doctor meant
"Of public patience, sure, to try th' extent;"
Or, (still to copy so polite a clown)
"To try how far his nonsense would go down. 630
To say the truth, his pages indevout
Have furnish'd matter of offence throughout;
But here, from knowing what the world would bear,
Grown, without ceremony, quite severe[8],"
He would oblige his readers to admit
A thing, that shocks or plain, or critic wit;
That dark old prophecy, in Peter's choice,
Was held more sure than God's immediate voice:
They must admit, or else they must be weak,
Something more sure than truth itself could speak.
Nor does St. Peter, as the learned gloze,
Speaking to Jewish converts, here suppose,
That they would think comparative distrust
Of an apostle's own experience just:

[8] P. 8. "But to say the truth, I have never observed a stranger instance of the public patience and blind deference to the authority of a great name, than in the case of these very Discourses; which, though in all parts greatly exceptionable, and furnishing matter of offence in every page, have yet passed through many editions, not only without reproof, but with some degree even of approbation. And it was this experience perhaps of what the world would bear, which made his lordship resolve to withdraw his preface, and to treat us no longer with any ceremony; having seen that, notwithstanding the consciousness, which he had declared, of being in the wrong, the public was still disposed to think him in the right, and that his nonsense would go down with them, without giving him the trouble of making an excuse for it."

No true construction of the text can guide
To such suspicion, sir, on either side.
His words import, directly, if you seek
Their genuine meaning in the vulgate Greek,
And mind the previously related scene;
His words, I say, most evidently mean, 650
"We saw the glory—heard the voice, and thus
Have the prophetic word made sure to us;"
Which ye do well to follow, as a spark
That spreads a ray through places that are dark;
'Till ye, with us, enjoy the perfect light,
And want no prophecies to set you right.
An English reader may be led, indeed,
To think, that, as th' apostle's words proceed
With "we have also"—it was something more,
Some surer proof than what had gone before: 660
But "also," tho' without italics read,
Is an addition to what Peter said:
It only shows how our translation fail'd,
And made the blunder, that has since prevail'd;
Which, tho' sufficiently provok'd to mend,
The learned still choose rather to defend.
A writer, whose freethinking schemes incite
The bishop, and the doctor both to write;
Who had, it seems, in prophecies, a rule
First to extol, and then to ridicule, 670
Took, sir, his stand on this corrupted place,
From whence he both might heighten, and disgrace:
One point the vulgar errour gain'd, alone;
While, for the other, he employ'd his own.
Ingenious authors answer'd him apace,
But got no triumph in this knotty place:
Good sense oblig'd them wholly to reject
St. Peter's pref'rence, in his own respect;
Collins himself th' absurdity forbore;
That height was left for Middleton to soar. 680
But still some other they suppos'd there was,
Something that prophecy must needs surpass:
What it was not, they easily could see;
But what it was, scarce two of them agree:
Intent some kind of pref'rence to provide,
Which "also" plainly, and "more sure" imply'd:
All, by an errour, which the simple thought
Of constr'ing right had rectifi'd, were caught.
In this mistake the bishop too has shar'd,
"Asserting prophecy indeed compar'd, 690
And, by St. Peter, to the voice preferr'd,
Which he himself, upon the Mount, had heard:
Yet not, says he, as that freethinker meant;
The words relate but to that one event,
That stands upon prophetical record,
To wit, the glorious coming of our Lord[9].
But, one or all, to make a surer word
Than heav'nly demonstration is absurd;
And glaring, in the instance that he chose,
Because that coming, as the context shows, 700
Was of such majesty, as Peter knew
That Christ was really cloth'd with; in his view;
And, therefore, could not possibly say, *We*
Have also something surer than *to see:*
We were *eye-witnesses* of what we preach,
Yet think *more certain* what the *prophets* teach.
He contradicts, in splitting on the shelf
Of our translation, Peter, and himself;
The saint—by such restriction of his own,
As was, by him, unthought of, and unknown; 710
Himself—who says that Peter, in this place,
Admitting gospel truth to be the case,
Far from preferring the prophetic test,
Has manifestly said 't was not the best.
And of all gospel truths, that you can name,
This glorious coming is the one great aim;
The sum, and substance, with respect to man,
Of heav'nly purpose, since the world began:
Divine intention could no more have been
For Christ to suffer, than for man to sin; 720
Tho', since that fatal accident befell,
Incarnate love would save him from a hell.
Whereas his glorious reign amongst mankind
Might, from their first existence, be design'd:
And since his suff'ring, saving advent past,
What sense of justice can deny the last?
His reigning glory, were the prophets dumb,
All things, in nature, cry aloud will come.
Besides, what better does the text afford,
To any tolerable sense restor'd, 730
Compare, prefer, or construe how you will,
Than that divine appearance on the hill?
That ascertaining, in a heav'nly light,
Our Saviour's glory, by a present sight;
That record, which the Father, thereupon,
Gave of his Son to Peter, James, and John:
So full of proofs that, let what will be chief,
Doubt is too near akin to disbelief.
The doctor says, "'t is surely no offence
To true religion, or to common sense, 740
To think that, tracing circumstances out,
Perplext apostles might be left in doubt[1]."
Yet may a serious reader think it is,
From one plain circumstance, and that is this;
When they descended from the sacred place,
After partaking of this heav'nly grace,
Our Saviour charg'd them that they should not tell,
To any man, the vision that befell;
'Till he himself was risen from the dead:
The vision then—if he knew what he said— 750
Was true, and real; while, if you complete
The doctor's hints of possible deceit,
To give his rash reflections any force,
Our Lord himself must be deceiv'd, or worse:
Such things would follow—but the horrid train
Is too offensive, even to explain.
In fine—these comments, which the learned make
On Peter's words, are owing to mistake:
Those, which the doctor has been pleas'd to frame,
Upon his whole behaviour, are the same. 760
Nor is more learning needful in the case,
Than to consult the untranslated place:
The phrase, you 'll see, asserts what I assert,
And leaves no critic room to controvert.

[9] P. 29. "His lordship's exposition of the text is this: 'that the word of prophecy is compared, indeed and preferred here by St. Peter to the evidence of that heavenly voice, which he himself had heard in the Mount,' yet not, as that freethinking author imagines, on the account of its being a surer proof, or better argument for the general truth of the gospel, but only for the particular article of Christ's coming again in glory, to which case alone the comparison relates; for with regard to the truth of the gospel, Peter is so far from speaking of prophecy in this place, as the best evidence, that he manifestly speaks of it as not the best."

[1] P. 54. "It is no offence surely, either to reason or religion, to imagine that this wonderful apparition," &c. before quoted, line 37.

Grotius[2], whose paraphrase the doctor quotes,
Gives it this meaning in his learned notes;
"The word of prophecy we all allow
To be of great authority, but now,
With us, much greater, who have seen th' event
So aptly correspond with its intent." 770
This paves the way to a becoming sense,
And overthrows our author's vain pretence;
"Vain art and pains, employ'd upon the theme,
To dress up an imaginary scheme,
Of which, the whole New Testament around,
Nor foot, nor footstep, sir, is to be found[3]."
Tradition—tho' of apostolic kind,
Such as was Enoch's prophecy—you find
Contemptuously call'd, "I know not what[4],"
Tho' by St. Jude so plainly pointed at:
Because, if Jude's authority be good,
Prophets existed long before the flood: 780
That glorious advent—set so oft in view,
Both in the ancient Scriptures, and the new—
Of him, who first was promis'd at the fall,
Hope of all ages, was foretold in all.
If Enoch and if Noah preach'd away,
Was Adam, think ye, silent in his day?
Had he no loss to tell his children then?
No saving righteousness to preach to men?
Did God ordain two Saviours, in the case
Of ante, and of post diluvian race? 790
Let oral mention, or let written fail,
If good, that is, if Christian sense prevail,
It never can permit us to reject
Consistency of truth, for their defect:
One God, one Saviour, and one Spirit still
Recurs, let bookworms reason as they will:
Whatever saves a man from being cursed,
What man can say, God hid it from the first?
Or, if he does, and talks as if he knew,
Will want of writings prove that he says true? 800
With, or without them, fancy can take aim;
If wanting, triumph; or, if not, disclaim:
Let them abound, no miracles make out;
Let them be silent, make apostles doubt.
The two main pillars of his whole discourse,
Whereon the doctor seems to rest its force,
And begs the reader, sir, to recollect
In his conclusion, are to this effect;
"That gospel proofs on prophecies rely'd,
Singly, and independently apply'd; 810
And, that the first, from whom its preachers draw
Their proof of Christ, is Moses in the law[5]."
Both which St. Peter's evidence, again,
Shows to be slips of his too hasty pen:
For when th' apostle, at the temple gate,
Restor'd the cripple to a perfect state;
And took occasion, from the healed lame,
To preach the gospel, in our Saviour's name;
Thus he bespake the people that stood by,
"God, by the mouth—(observe the sacred tie)—
Of all his prophets hath foreshown his Son, 821
Jesus, by whom this miracle is done."
Which of them, singly then, did Peter cite?
What independency, where all unite?
Where all predicted, as one spirit bid,
That Christ should suffer, as he really did.
"And enter into glory"—for that next
The preacher speaks to, in the following text:
Where, in his exhortation to repent,
Jesus, he tells them, shall again be sent; 830
Heav'ns must receive mankind's appointed head,
'Till time hath done whatever God hath said
By all his prophets, since the world began—
For so the sense, without curtailing, ran;
Of which the doctor, quoting but a part,
Has yet dissolv'd the charm of all his art:
Since all the prophets—let the world begin
With Moses, if he will—are taken in;
And join'd together, must, whate'er he thinks,
Produce a chain, however few the links. 840
'T is true, he afterwards begins to quote,
And, first, the prophet of whom Moses wrote:
Adding—"that all, who in succession came,
Had likewise spoken of the very same:"
The same—(see how prophetic words conspire)
God's own predicted to the Jewish sire:
"And in thy seed," so Peter's words attest,
"Shall all the kindreds of the Earth be blest:"
Proofs of our Saviour Christ you see him draw
From in, from after, from before the law. 850
What can be said in answer, sir, to this?
The fact is plain, tho' Peter judg'd amiss;
For such defect, he scruples not to own,
"Collins against th' evangelist has shown:
The very gospels have some proofs assign'd
Of loose, precarious, and uncertain kind[6]."
This unbeliever (in the shocking terms,
In which his cause a clergyman confirms)
"Has arguments unanswerably strong,
To prove their manner of applying wrong: 860
Altho' whatever difficulties lie
Against the way, wherein they shall apply,
It is the best, which, of all other ways,
The case affords,"—so runs his rev'rend phrase.
So deist, and divine, but both in vain,
Seek to unfasten the prophetic chain.
Should the New Testament be treated so
By one, whose character we did not know,

[2] P. 32. "And Grotius paraphrases the same words, as if the apostle had said, 'The word of prophecy had always great authority with us, but now a much greater, after we have seen the events corresponded so aptly with the predictions concerning the Messiah.'"

[3] P. 4. "I found much art and pains employed (by the bishop) to dress up an imaginary scheme, of which I had not discovered the least trace in any of the Four Gospels."

[4] P. 18. "Nor do they (the apostles) refer us, for the evidences of our faith, to I know not what prophecies of Enoch."

[5] See the quotation in the next column.

[6] P. 151. "From these two observations, it follows, that whatever difficulties may be charged to the particular applications of prophecies, which are found in the New Testament, yet on the whole, that way of applying them must be esteemed by Christians, as the best which the case affords; and that the authority of the gospel, as far as it is grounded on prophecy, rests on those single and independent predictions, which are delivered occasionally, here and there, in the Law and the Prophets. It must be confessed, however, that the author, against whom the bishop's discourses are levelled, has alleged several strong and even unanswerable objections to some of them, which are cited by the evangelists in proof of the mission of Jesus, as being of too loose and precarious a nature to build any solid argument upon."

Might not the language miss its aim'd effect?
And rather tempt the reader to suspect 870
That some presumptuous mocker, and self-will'd,
Had Enoch's, Jude's, and Peter's words fulfill'd!
To clear a tortur'd passage from abuse,
This good effect may, possibly, produce,
That when a writer, of the modern mode,
Shall cast reflections on the sacred code,
Men will not, merely upon sudden trust
In bold assertions, take them to be just;
Since it may be—that he has only made
Of great mistakes a critical parade; 880
Has only spoken evil of those things,
Of which he does not really know the springs;
Has met with matters high above his reach,
And, scorning to be taught, presum'd to teach:
Raising, about them, an affected cry,
That ends in nothing but a—who but I?
"Bare prophecy" the doctor has profest,
"Admits completion only for its test:
Th' event, foretold by it, must also be
What human prudence never could foresee; 890
Nor human power produce; or else no sign
Could, thence, appear of agency divine[7]."
Prophecy then, as his descriptions own,
Can be made sure by miracles alone:
It is, what he himself is pleas'd to call,
While unfulfill'd, no evidence at all.
How is it, then, in his repeated term,
Of standing evidence, more sure and firm?
How is this consonant to standing still
As none at all, till miracles fulfill? 900
If it has none till they are overpast,
Is not the evidence from them at last?
From them prophetic word, before obscure,
Becomes an evidence confirm'd, and sure;
Its truth is first demonstrated, and then,
Reflects its light on miracles again.
A hungry question, therefore, to inquire,
Of two great proofs, that actually conspire,
Which is the best; when, with united light,
They both produce an evidence so bright. 910
But "the freethinker, with a crafty view,"
(If what his learn'd assistant says be true)
"Had rais'd prophetic credit to excess,
In order, more securely, to depress;
And, for this cause, his lordship undertook
To write, it seems, at all events, a book[8]."

This being, then, the motive which he had,
A reader asks—what is there in it bad?
With what decorum does a priest accuse
A bishop, writing against crafty views? 920
Views of an enemy to gospel truth—
Is the defending of him less uncouth?
Does such defence, with such a rudeness writ,
The priest, the bishop, or the cause befit?
So interlarded with that loose reproach,
Which want of argument is wont to broach;
So deeply ting'd the Ciceronian style
With, what the critics commonly call, bile;
That they, who thought it worth their while to seek
The author's motive, judg'd it to be pique. 930
Soon as you enter on the work, you see
An instant sample what the whole will be:
First, "being jealous of the bishop's views,
His book, for years, he dar'd not to peruse;
Afraid to trust so eminent a guide,
For fear his judgment should be warp'd aside:"
Tho' quite secure—"for he had ever found
Authority to be a treach'rous ground;
And even this"—this capital affair,
That was to lead his judgment to a snare, 940
"He found—and just as he expected too—
Who fear'd before a bias from his view"
When graciously inclin'd to see it since,
"Quite of a kind that never can convince[9]:"
Which, to be sure, afforded reason good
To write a book against it, lest it should.
Had any other author, less polite,
With vulgar phrase attempted thus to write;
And, thus, begun so fine a scheme to spin;
"The reas'ners of this world had broken in, 950
Rudely unravell'd all his fine-spun scheme[10],"
And sent him forth to seek another theme.
How suited this to any good design,
That should engage a Christian, a divine?
"But what are names—if not a single one
Be worth regard, for sixteen ages gone?
If to inquire what any of them say
Be, as he thinks, but wasting time away[11]?

[7] P. 40. "Whereas a bare prophecy, delivered as the proof of a divine character in any person or doctrine, is incapable of any persuasive force, or of giving any sort of conviction, until it be accomplished; the completion of it being the sole test, by which its veracity can be determined. The event likewise, foretold by it, must be of a kind, which neither human prudence could foresee, nor human power produce; for otherwise it could not give any assurance of a divine interposition."

[8] P. 29. "As far as these words go, there is certainly nothing in them but what a sincere advocate of the gospel might freely allow and join issue upon; but they came from an enemy, who had a crafty view in extolling the credit of prophecy, in order to depress it afterwards the more effectually; and this was the ground of his lordship's resolution to confute, or, at all events, to contradict them, &c." quoted p. 18.

[9] P. 2. "I knew his lordship also to be eminently qualified to dress up any subject into any form, which would best serve his own views, and was jealous of warping my judgment by some bias, which his authority might be apt to imprint: for so far as my experience had reached, I had ever found authority a treacherous guide to a searcher after truth." P. 4. "Upon this task I soon after entered, and found this capital work of his lordship's to be just such as I expected, exhibiting a species of reasoning peculiar to himself, ever subtle and refined, yet never convincing."

[10] P. 106. "But his lordship being apprehensive that the reasoners of this world might break in upon him, and rudely unravel his fine-spun scheme."

[11] P. 3. "I thought it an idle curiosity and waste of time, to inquire what any modern divine had preached or written about it (viz. the nature of prophecy), because the whole that can be known authentically, concerning its relation to Christianity, must be learnt from those who first planted Christianity, and were instructed by the author of it, on what foundation it rested, and how far the argument of prophecy was useful to its propagation and support."

Himself excepted in the modest creed,
Unless he writes for nobody to read. 960
Sure, of all treach'rous guides, the greatest cheat
Is that of wild, unchristian self-conceit:
Possess'd by this domestic, inbred pride,
The wise freethinkers scorn the name of guide:
Their own sufficiency, with eyes their own,
Clearly beheld, they trust to that alone.
Resolv'd no other maxims to imbibe,
Than what their reason, and their sense prescribe;
That is themselves—for what a man calls his,
In such a case, is really what he is: 970
Choose how refin'd an egotist may be,
His reason, judgment, mind, and sense is he.
In such confinement if he sits enthrall'd,
No matter by what title he is call'd;
Blind, as a Sadducee, to heav'nly light,
He will believe his own conceptions right:
No prophecy, to him, can seem more sure;
Nor miracle attested work his cure.
That of conversion from his own dark mind
Must first convince him, that he once was blind:
Then may he see, with salutary grief, 981
The dire effects of wretched unbelief;
Looser, and looser from all sacred ties,
To what strange heights a self-taught sophist flies.
Friendship to doctor Middleton, sincere,
Must, if exerted, wish him to forbear
A kind of writing on the Christian cause,
That gains him no desirable applause:
That, whether meant or not, may, unawares,
Involve a reader in freethinking snares. 990
Involve himself—If frequent the relapse,
A teacher of divinity, perhaps,
May run the risque of being quite bereft;
Of having nothing, but the habit, left.
May that, which teaches rightly to divide
The word of truth, be his petition'd guide!
Or, if resolv'd, at present, to pursue,
At future leisure, a mistaken clue;
May future leisure—an uncertain date—
If granted, find him in a better state! 1000

FOUR EPISTLES

TO THE REV. MR. I.——, LATE VICAR OF BOWDEN, UPON THE MIRACLE AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

EPISTLE I.

Our folks, gone a visiting, reverend sir,
Having left me at home here, less able to stir,
I am thinking on matters, that lovingly past,
Where the 'squire of the house, and I, visited last;
At the vicar's of Bowden, old friend of us two,
And a lover of learning, fair, honest, and true;
Especially such, as shall make to appear
Any passage of Scripture more easy, and clear.

The Scripture was writ, and is oft understood,
By persons unlearned, but pious and good;
Who have much better helps, than mere learning can yield,
Which may yet be of use, in it's own proper field;
If it be but to mend its own faults in a brother;
And correct, in one man, the mistakes of another;
Or to combat our scruples, and fix a true thought,
When the head shall confirm what the heart has been taught.

One thing, I remember, that fell in our way,
Was the speaking in tongues, on the Pentecost day;
Which our friend, the divine, had conceiv'd in a [light,
That, however so thought, does not seem to be right:
All the comments, 't is true, that one ever has met,
Concur with his notions about it; but yet
The mistake is so plain, that I wish, by some means,
To obtain his review of those wonderful scenes.

It is not my thought; for I first was appris'd
Of the thing by a Jacob, too greatly despis'd;
Dipping into whose writings, which little I knew,
Some expression like this was presented to view—
"All languages spoken by Peter in one—"
A truth, which the moment I entered upon,
All the force of simplicity, fitness, and fact,
Extorted assent, that I could not retract.

If the honest old vicar, our visited friend,
To St. Luke's own account will be pleas'd to attend,
I cannot but think, that the current conceit
Will yield to solution, so clear, and complete,
Of a number of difficult points, that arise
Upon viewing the text with unprejudic'd eyes;
If speakers were more than apostles; and spoken
But to one in fifteen was a sensible token.

For the names to that number, if rightly I count
By a Baguly Bible, of nations amount,
Who all understood what a Peter, or John,
Or whoever he will, was discoursing upon:
And to all, at one time; for, how plain to be seen,
That persons, nor place, could admit of fifteen?
When Parthians, and Medes, Elamites—and the rest—
Must be too intermix'd to be singly addrest.

"Are not these"—said the men (the devout) of each land, [stand?—"
"Galileans, that speak? whom we all under-
As much as to say—by what wonderful pow'rs
Does the tongue Galilean become, to us, ours?
While the good were so justly astonish'd, the bad,
Whose hearts were unopen'd, cry'd out, they are
Unaccountable charge, if we do not recall [mad:
That, in one single tongue, the apostles speak all.

For separate speakers, and tongues, it is clear;
Good and bad, without madness, might equally hear;
And surprise, in the bad, would be equally keen,
How illiterate men could speak all the fifteen:
But the miracle, wrought in the simplest of ways,
In both good and bad, well accounts for amaze;
One was sensibly touch'd with a gift so divine,
One stupidly rais'd the reproach of new wine.

When St. Peter stood up, and, to all the whole throng,
Show'd the truth, in a sermon so good, and so long,
But to one-fifteenth part was it only then shown?
To the worst, the Jerusalem scoffers alone? [word,
Whilst all the good strangers, not knowing one
Stood unedifi'd by? This is greatly absurd:
God pour'd out his spirit—that answers all mock—
And spake, by St. Peter, to all his whole flock.

The vulgar objection, which commenting strain
Has made to a thing so exceedingly plain,
Is—the miracle then would not be in the speaker,
It would be in the hearers—now what can be weaker?
For the gift, in this case, had a twofold respect,
And must needs be in both, to produce its effect;
To account for the fact, which the comments forgot,
Why the pious could hear what the mockers could not.

It is no where affirm'd, that th' apostles acquir'd
Any tongue but their own, tho' divinely inspir'd:
St. Peter, St. John are soon mention'd again,
And describ'd as unlearned, and ignorant men:
—But enough—or too much—for the shortness of time
Gives a hint to set bounds to the extension of rhyme;
Our friend will acknowledge, tho' hasty the letter,
This question's solution—or give us a better.

So I shall not, here, touch upon Hebrew, and Greek,
Where a rabbi, so able, if minded to seek,
May observe other points, in which learning, that makes
Many things clear enough, has occasion'd mistakes:
Whether this be one instance, I only desire,
That a suitable leisure may prompt to inquire;
For, to me, it appears, that the miracle done
Was all by one language—as clear as the Sun.

Baguley, August 12, 1756.

EPISTLE III.

MANY thanks have been order'd, this day, to attend
The receipt of your letter, dear vicar, and friend;
Which, at first, being left to your leisure to frame,
Was sure to be welcome, whenever it came:
The point, which the Muse had a mind to propose
In her free spoken rhymes, you have handled in prose;
All fair on both sides, because say it, or sing,
Truth alone, in the case, is the principal thing.

But I cannot but marvel, that much better sight
Than my own, should not see so meridian a light,
As that of the speaking, at Pentecost time,
By the Spirit of God, to the good of each clime,
In one single tongue, by that Spirit inspir'd,
Whose assistance did all, that could then be required;
Whose power, it is certain, could make itself known,
By a number of tongues, or by one tongue alone.

So needless the many, so simple the one,
That I wonder what judgment can hesitate on,
Or a learned inquiry, that finds, if it seek,
That the tongue might be one, in construction of Greek:
Which as comma takes place (as old Gregory said,
Nazianzen I think) either way may be read;
They speak in our tongues—or, as crystalline clear,
The fact is, to my understanding—we hear.

I sent you some reasons, from Baguley, why
The tongue was but one, which you choose to pass by;
And to comment St. Luke in a many-tongu'd way,
That darkens the light, which I took to be day:
And day it is still—for account that you give,
"So plain and so obvious" is water in sieve;
Which seems to be something, at first-looking through,
But by holes plain, and obvious, it quickly runs view.

"The tongues which appear'd, and which sat upon each,
All cloven, and fiery, (you argue,) may teach,
And, by notice symbolical, make it discern'd
That they spake in such tongues, as they never had learn'd[1]."—
Need I tell an Hebrœan, that tongue is the same,
In relation to fire, as the English word flame?
Which appears to be cloven, and proof that is spun
From the tongues, or the flames—has too much of the pun.

When you ask—"Pray, what reason can else be assign'd
For tongues?" I ask you—"Pray, what reason for wind?"
Not to shun a fair question; but tongue being flame
May have answer'd, already, your questioning aim:
I think that an air, that a flame from above,
Both is, and betokens, the life, and the love,
Which if Christians were blest with, one language would do;
And their whole body fill'd with, there could not be two.

But let them be symbols, the tongues, if you will,
Of the grace which the Spirit was pleas'd to instil;
His gift is as good, if, in speaking their own,
Men made the same truth, in all languages, known:
This effect, you will grant, the good gift to intend;
Now, supposing two ways of attaining one end,
Is that explication less likely, or just,
Which takes the more simple, more plainly august?

Your account is quite new, in one thing that I meet,
That is—"That the speakers went into the street;
Or went out of the house to the multitude met[2]"—
For of this going out I have never read yet;
Or, if ever I did, have forgotten the book,
And can find nothing said in th' account of St. Luke,

[1] "The cloven tongues like fire, which sat upon each of the persons mentioned (Acts i. 15.), were a plain symbolical notice, that by the Holy Ghost, with which they were then baptized, they should be endowed, for the propagation of the gospel in all nations, with divers languages. If this is not the case, pray what reason can be assigned why there should be an appearance of fiery tongues divided, and sitting upon each of the apostles and disciples?"—Mr. Lancaster's Letter to Dr. Byrom.

[2] "The apostles and disciples, upon the rumour of what had happened being spread abroad by those of the house in which they were assembled, went out to the multitude, whom such a report had brought together; and then, in order, first one of them in one language, and then another of them in another, and so on, till all the languages of the nations specified were used, addressed the multitude; who hearing illiterate Galileans speaking after such a manner, to each different class amongst them, in their own proper language, in which they were born, were amazed and confounded."—Mr. L.'s Letter.

But what should imply both profane, and devout
Coming into the house; and not them to go out.

May one ask what authority, then, you have got
For the scene, and succession, which here you allot
To the speaking disciples, in number fifteen,
By an order well fancied, but, not to be seen
In the Acts, or elsewhere, the New Testament through,
Nor—what I shall just give a hint of to you—
Will you find an apostle, not even a Paul,
In a tongue, not his own, ever preaching at all.

I agree that "the mockers, who mock'd with the throng,
Knew only their vulgar, Jerusalem tongue[3]"—
But when you say, farther, what cannot but strike,
"That the nations, too, all understood it alike"—
Your order'd confusion of speaking a store
To a crowd, out of doors—is more puzzling, and more! [light,
In the midst of such darkness, if you can see
You need not complain of the want of eye-sight[4].

Thus, my dear old acquaintance, I run thro' your plan,
And defend my conviction, as well as I can,
As to what a Bengelius, or Wesley[5], may raise
From twelve hundred and sixty prophetical days;
As the book is not here, if it otherwise could,
My skill in the German can do you no good;
But the part, that you mention, my author foretells
Will be put in our tongue, by a doctor at Wells.

So writes younger Wesley, who call'd here, and din'd,
And to him I subscrib'd for it; tho' in my mind,
What prophets have written, it's learning in vain,
Without some prophetical gift, to explain;
Nay, in points that are clear, beyond any fair doubt,
It is fifteen to one—that the learned are out.
This ratio, I find, in one instance is true;
Excuse the presumption—dear vicar, adieu.

November 30, 1756.

EPISTLE III.

I HOPE that the vicar will pardon the haste
With which an occasion, once more, is embrac'd
Of getting some knowledge, in points that I seek,
From one so well vers'd both in Hebrew and Greek;
In a question of fact, where a friendly pursuit
Has the truth for its object, and not the dispute:
Which, tho' haste should encroach upon metrical leisure,
Will be sure, if it rise, to be kept within measure.

It would save much voluminous labour, sometimes,
If disputes were ty'd down to dispassionate rhymes,
As well as to reasons—but, not to digress—
Having weigh'd his responses both larger, and less;
I resume the same subject, same freedom of pen,
To entreat for some small satisfaction again,
In relation to points, which, appearing absurd,
Have extorted poetical favour the third.

Three things are laid down in prose favour the last, [them past;
And regard to his thoughts would have none of
To his first it was paid, to his future shall be;
But let veritas magis amica be free;
First,—"manage the comma," says he, "how you will, [it still[1],"
Speak,—or hear—the same sense will result from
Yes; the sense of the context—λαλουσιν αυτων—
While they speak in their tongue, we all hear in our own.

"The Hebrew word לשון, or tongue," says he next,
"Whene'er it is us'd, by itself, in a text,
Never signifies fire, never signifies flame"—
And believing it true, I say also the same;
But in joint אש לשון, tongue of fire, or a blaze,
Foreign languages claim no symbolical phrase;
Tho' tongue may occasion mistake to befall,
It has here no relation to language at all.

Short issue, he thinks, the dispute will admit,
And desires me to answer this query, to-wit,
"Were the tongues, the new tongues, which a promise was made [play'd,
That disciples should speak, as St. Mark has dis-
New languages? (such as have never been got
By learning, before-hand, to speak them) or not?"
To which, for the present, till somebody show
That it must have this meaning, my answer is—No.

Now this, if he can, I could wish he would do,
And prove the construction—new languages—true
In the sense that he means; for, when all understood
One person who spake, it was really as good
As if numbers had spoken, or promised grace
Were interpreted languages here in this place;
The effect was the same, and may answer the pith
Of all that his second has favour'd me with.

[3] "The mockers appear to be such as understood the Jewish language. St. Peter's speech (beginning Acts ii. 14.) is addressed to all the multitude; and as being so, is spoke in the Jewish language, which all of them, tho' of different nations, understood."——Mr. L.'s Letter.

[4] "A much greater complaint than this I have to make, and that is want of eye-sight—for what appears to you as clear as the Sun, does not appear to me clear at all."——Mr. L.'s Letter.

[5] "The rev. Mr. John Wesley in his Explanation of the New Testament, this year published, says that the 1260 prophetical days in the Revelations are not, as some have supposed 1260, but 777 common years; and that Bengelius in his German Introduction has shown this at large. You understand the German language. and therefore, if Bengelius be in your library, I desire in a few lines you will let me know how he makes this out."
Mr. L.'s Letter.

[1] "You send me to Hebrew and Greek, and the result of my inquiry is, however the comma be managed in the verse you mean, (Acts ii. 11.) the sense is the same; and that לשון, when used by itself, never signifies fire or flame. And therefore, to bring the dispute to a short issue, I desire your answer to the following query.

"Were the new tongues, which our Saviour (St. Mark xvi. 17.) promised his disciples should speak with, new languages, i. e. such as they had never learned—or not?"——Mr. L.'s Letter.

Still difficult then, if we carefully sift,
Is the vulgar account of the Pentecost gift;
Which the learned advance, and establish thereon
What the vicar has built his ideas upon,
With additions thereto, which, as far as I see,
Not one of the learned has added, but he;
For example—if some, very few I presume,
Have describ'd the disciples as quitting the room.

But let them be many—what reason, what trace,
Do we find of their leaving the sanctify'd place?
Of a wind from above did they fear at the shake?
And the house, thro, a doubt of its falling, forsake?
Or did they go forth to the gathering quire, [fire?
Lest the many bright flames should have set it on
If a thought could have enter'd of going away,
What circumstance was not strong motive to stay?

Then again—that the foreigners, all of them,
The language then us'd at Jerusalem too— [knew
For the miracle's sake one would here have de-
murr'd,
Which is render'd so needless, improper, absurd,
That Jerusalem mockers would really have had
A pretence, to allege—that the pious were mad;
For of speaking strange tongues what accountable
aim, [same?
Or of hearing fifteen—when they all knew the

Add to this—the disciples, the hundred and
twenty, [like plenty;
Spake, amongst one another, strange tongues, in
"One by one," says the vicar, who very well saw
What confusion would rise without some such a
law, [gan
As the text has no hint of; which says—they be-
To speak by the Spirit—not—man after man:
Could time have suffic'd for so doing, yet why
Speak the tongues of such men—as were none of
them by?

The vicar saw too, that this could not attract
Any multitude thither—supposing it fact—
And so he conceiv'd that a rumour was spread
By the men of the house, of whom nothing is said.
Now when men of his learning are forc'd to find
Such unchronicl'd salvos to dissipate doubt, [out
One is apt to infer a well grounded suspense;
And the more to look out for more natural sense.

I wish my old friend would consider the case,
And how ill it consists with effusion of grace
To speak Parthian, and Median, and so of the rest,
To none but themselves being present address'd.
Unless he can grant, on revolving the point,
That indeed there is something not rightly in
joint,
Or solve one's objections, or show one the way
How to clear up the matter—what can a man say?

EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE with attention, dear vicar, repass'd
Your obliging reply to the lines in my last;
Am sorry 'tis final; yet cannot but say [way,
That your patience to hear me has gone a great
And extinguish'd all right to require any more,
If I put you to prove two and two to make four[1];

Very difficult task, as one cannot deny, [it by.
When there's nothing more plain to demonstrate

But if—"two and two, four,"—I am thinking
has claim
To self-evident truth, has this comment the same?
—"The new tongues, which are mention'd in pro-
mising page
Are the old ones, subsisting for many an age:"—
Is it really as plain, as that four is twice two,
That in no other sense they could ever be new,
But as new to the speaker, John, Peter, or Paul;
While the tongues in themselves had no newness
at all?

Were this a true thesis, and right to maintain,
Yet—two halves are one whole—is however more
plain; [pear
Till the proof, which is wanted, shall make it ap-
How the two propositions are equally clear:
This proof may be had from the chapter, you say,
Which relates what was done on the Pentecost
day—
The best of all proofs—but, to do the fair thing,
Give me leave to examine what reasons you bring.

"That γλωσσαι is languages oft, if you seek
In the Septuagint, or the New Testament Greek,
Acknowledge you must."—Yes; 'tis really the
case—
"ταις ἡμετεραις γλωσσαις—in this very place
Must mean, in our languages; sense, you must
Is the same as in—τῃ διαλεκτῳ ἡμων— [own,
In our languages, or in our dialect[2];"—Yes,
Two and two making four is not plainer than this.

But how it flows hence, that in cited St. Mark
It has no other meaning, I'm quite in the dark:
Few words of a language are always confin'd
To a meaning precisely of just the same kind:
For the roots of the Hebrew, in Hutchinson's
school,
I remember they had such a kind of a rule;
But the reach of its proof has been out of my
pow'r, hour.
Tho' I've talk'd with their master full many an

I believe, that by grace, which the Spirit in-
still'd, [actly fulfill'd
"They shall speak with new tongues" was ex-
In our Saviour's disciples; that, grace being got,
They did so speak in tongues, as before they could
not.

[1] "Your answer to the query—Were the tongues which our Saviour (St. Mark 16. 17.) promised his disciples they should speak with, such languages as they then knew not? is, No. This is doing things to the purpose—a bold Alexandrine stroke—and I am put upon the difficult task of showing, that two and two make four."——Mr. L's Letter.

[2] "You cannot but own that the word γλωσσαι in several places of the Old Testament, according to the seventy, and in many places of the New Testament, signifies languages. And that it does so in the above cited (St. Mark 16. 17.) may be fully proved from the very chapter (Acts 2) in which, what was done on the day of pentecost is related. In v. 11. the signification of—ταις ἡμετεραις γλωσσαις—is evidently, in our languages, the same as is otherwise expressed in v. 6. by—τῃ ιδιᾳ διαλεκτῳ, and in v. 8. by τῃ διαλεκτῳ ἡμων." Mr. L's. Letter.

With respect to good strangers, partaking of grace;
For—"speak with new tongues"—with new languages place,
And the promise fulfill'd we may very well call,
By one spirit-form'd tongue, which instructed them all.

If the bold Alexandrian stroke of a *no* [so,
Had been *yes*, in my last (and it would have been
If the facts had requir'd it) what could it have shown,
Tho' the text had this meaning, if not this alone?
For how do all languages, spoken in one,
Disagree with the promise insisted upon?
I allow it fulfill'd; let the vicar allow
The fulfilling, *itself*, to determine the *how*.

God's wonderful works, when disciples display'd,
And spake by the Spirit's omnipotent aid,
Ev'ry one understood, in a language his own,
Loquentibus illis[3]—λαλουντων αυτων— [good sense,
While they spake—at the first; for good Greek, and
Forbid us to form an unwritten pretence
For dividing of tongues; when the Spirit's descent
Gave at once both to speak, and to know what was meant.

But thus to interpret[3], it seems you forbid,
By placing the stop as old Gregory did;
Who thought as you think; tho' you bring, I [agree,
At least a more plausible reason than he;
From a passage that suits with your meaning alone,
Acts the 10th—for they heard—ηκουον γαρ αυτων λαλουντων—them speaking (&c) γλωσσαις—in tongues,
Where, indeed, to that Greek that construction belongs.

By transposing two words the grammatical lot
Shows when they are absolute; when they are not;
But be it—"them speaking" as you would collect,
"In our languages"—still, it will never affect
The force of those reasons, from which 'tis inferr'd, [heard;
That at once they were spoken, at once they were
Nor of those, which deny that tongues, quatenus
Mean always precisely what languages do. [new,

That evidence[4], vicar, which here you have brought,
Cross examined, will certainly favour this thought;
For Cornelius converted, and company too,
Without intervention of languages new,
How can any one think, but from prejudice bred,
Tho' honest, from what he has often heard said,
That then they were all on a sudden inspir'd
To speak with strange tongues, when no reason requir'd?

But now being got to the end of a tether,
Prescrib'd to your trouble—I leave to you, whether
Tongues, any where else, in the sense you assert,
Were spoken to purpose, that is to convert?

[3] "Let me observe that the words—λαλουντων αυτων—(v. 11.) are not as you would have them put absolutely, but are governed of ακουομεν; as λαλουντων αυτων (v. 6.) are of ηκουον and as αυτων λαλουντων γλωσσαις are of the same verb (Acts 10. v. 46.)" Mr. L's Letter.

[4] See the last reference, where the vicar points to Acts 10. v. 46.

Or whether your patience can bear to excuse
A reply to your hints on the sense that I choose?
In the mean time I thank you for favours in hand;
And speaking or silent—am
Yours to command.

AN EPISTLE TO J. BL—K—N. ESQ.

OCCASIONED BY A DISPUTE CONCERNING THE FOOD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE point, Mr. Bl—k—n, disputed upon, [John,
Whether insects or herbs were the food of St.
Is a singular proof how a learned pretence
Can prevail with some folks over natural sense,
So consistent with herbs, as you know was allow'd;
But the dust that is rais'd by a critical crowd
Has so blinded their eyes, that plain simple truth
Is obscur'd by a posse of classics forsooth!

Diodorus and Strabo, Solinus and Ælian,
And authorities down from the Aristotelian,
Have mention'd whole clans that were wont to subsist,
In the East, upon locusts as big as your fist:
Ergo, so did the Baptist—now were it all true
That reporters affirm, but not one of them knew;
What follows, but hearsay how savages eat?
And how locusts sometimes are necessity's meat?

If, amongst their old tales, they had chanc'd to determine [vermin;
That the Jews were accustom'd to feed on these
It would have been something; or did they produce
Any one single hermit that stor'd them for use,
Having pick'd 'em, and dri'd 'em, and smok'd in the sun,
(For this before eating they tell us was done;)
The example were patter than any they bring,
To support such an awkward improbable thing.

Hermitical food the poetical tribe
Of classics have happen'd sometimes to describe;
And their native descriptions are constantly found
To relate in some shape to the fruits of the ground;
If exception occurs, one may venture to say,
That the locust conceit never came in their way;
Or let its defender declare if he knows
Any one single instance in verse or in prose.

But the word which the text has made use of 'tis said,
Means the animal locust, wherever 'tis read,
Of a species which Jews were permitted to eat;
There is therefore no need of a plantal conceit,
Of tops; summits, or buds, pods, or berries of trees,
For to this, the sole proof is, no classic agrees;
And the Latin locustæ came, only from want
Of attention, to signify tops of a plant,

It would take up a volume to clear the mistakes,
Which, in this single case, classic prejudice makes,
Thro' attachment to writers, who pass a relation,
Which others had sign'd without examination;
As the authors have done, who have read and have writ,
That locusts are food, which the law did permit;

And the place, which they quote for a proof that it did,
Is one that will prove them expressly forbid.

I appeal to the Hebrew, and for the Greek word,
To the twenty-third Iliad, where once it occur'd;
And where the old prince of the classics one sees,
Never once thought of insects, but branches of trees,
As the context evinces; tho' all to a man,
Translators adopt the locustical plan:
How the Latin locustæ should get a wrong sense
Is their business to prove who object the pretence.

But the classical Greek, tho' it often confirm,
Cannot always explain, a New Testament term,
Any more than an Old one; and therefore to pass
All authorities by of a paganish class,
Let them ask the Greek fathers, who full as well knew
Their own tongue, and the gospel, which meaning is true?
But for insects to find a plain proof in their Greek
Will cut a librarian out work for a week.

For herbs here is one, which unless it is match'd,
Ought to carry this question as fairly dispatch'd;
Isidorus, Greek father of critical fame,
Has a letter concerning this very Greek name,
Dismissing the doubt, which a querist had got,
If the Baptist did eat animalcules or not,
"God forbid," says the father, "a thing so absurd!
The summits of plants is the sense of the word."

Such an ancient decision, so quite a propos,
Disperses at once all the classical show
Of a learning, that builds upon Africa's east,
And the traunts, how wild people were fabl'd to feast
Upon fancied huge locusts, which never appear,
Or huge, or unhuge, but five months in the year:
To be hoarded, and pickl'd in salt and in smoke:
How Saint John is employ'd by these critical folk!

Where the locust could feed such an abstinent saint,
Of food for his purpose, could never have want:
If the desert was sandy, and made such a need,
How account for the locusts descending to feed?
In short, Mr. Bl—k—n, they cannot escape
The charge of absurd, in all manner of shape;
If they can, let them do it—mean while I conclude
That St. John's was the plantal, not animal food.

Thus, sir, I have stated, as brief as I'm able,
The friendly debate that we had at your table;
Where the kind entertainer, I found, was inclin'd,
And acknowledge the pleasure, to be of my mind:
Having only to add, now I make my report,
That howe'er we may differ in points of this sort,
Our reception at Orford, all pleas'd we review,
And rejoice in the health of its master——Adieu.

THREE EPISTLES TO G. LLOYD, ESQ.

ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN HOMER.

Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και κυνας αιγυς,
Αυταρ επειτ' αυτοισι βελος εχεπευκες εφιεις
Βαλλ', αιει δη πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι.
Iliad, A. lin. 50.

EPISTLE I.

THUS Homer, describing the pestilent lot
That amongst the Greek forces Apollo had shot,
Tells how it began, and who suffer'd the first,
When his ill-treated priest the whole army had curs'd:
Or rather *what* suffer'd; for custom computes
That Apollo's first shafts fell amongst the poor brutes;
Instructing both critics to construe, and schools,
Κυνας αιγυς the dogs—and ημιονας the mules.

Now, observing old Homer's poetical features,
I would put in one word for the guiltless dumb creatures.
And the famous blind bard; for, as far as I see,
The learn'd, in this case, are much blinder than he:
At the mules, and the dogs, in his versify'd Greek,
Nor Phœbus, nor priest, had conceiv'd any pique;
And I doubt, notwithstanding the common consent,
That the meaning is mist which Mæonides meant.

Why the brutes were first plagu'd, an Eustathius, and others,
Have made a great rout with their physical pothers,
Of the nature, and causes, and progress of plague;
And all, to the purpose, quite foreign and vague:
But be medical symptoms whatever they will,
Such matters I leave to friend Heberden's skill,
And propose a plain fact to all cunninger ken—
—That the mules and the dogs, in this passage, are men.

Just then, as they rise, to explain my ideas—
Let the lexicon tell what is meant by ημιονας;
In plain, common sense, without physical routs,
The Grecian outguards, the custodes, or scouts:
The word may be mules too, for aught that I know,
For my scapula says, 'tis, Ionice, so;
And refers to the lines above quoted from Homer,
Where mules, I conceive, is an arrant misnomer.

If a word has two meanings, to critical test,
That which makes the sense better is certainly best;
The plague is here plainly describ'd to begin
In the skirts of the camp, then to enter within;
To rage, and occasion, what Iliad styles,
Incessantly burning their funeral piles;
Which the Greeks, I conjecture, were hardly such fools
As to burn or erect for the dogs and the mules.

The common Greek word, the Homerical too,
For mules is 'ημιονος, where it will do;
And there was, as it happened, no cause to coerce
Its use in this place, for it suited the verse:
Whereas a plain reason oblig'd to discard,
If this was the point to be shown by the bard,
That first to the parties about the main camp
Apollo dispatch'd the vindicative damp.

Thus much for ημιονας—the meaning of κυνες
Is attended, I own, with a little more newness;
For the sense, in this place, will oblige us to plant
A meaning for κυνες, which lexicons want:
And if that be a reason for some to reject,
'Tis no more than correction, tho' just, may expect;
But if it be just, the true critics will add,
'Tis a meaning that lexicons ought to have had.

Both canes in Latin, and κυνες in Greek,
And the Hebrew word for them, if critics would seek,
Should be rendered sometimes in prose writers or bards,
By slaves or by servants, attendants, or guards:

Θηρας and κυνας have here, in my thought,
Much a like kind of meaning, as really they ought,
The difference, perhaps, that for camp preservation, [tion.
One mov'd, or patroll'd; while the other kept sta-

Αργος, which is *white*, in the commonest sense,
To describe the dogs here, has no sort of pretence;
Nor here will the lexicons help a dead lift,
That allow the odd choice too of *slow*, or of *swift*:
If the dogs were demolish'd, 't will certainly follow
That *white*, *slow*, or *swift*, was all one to Apollo;
Whose fam'd penetration was rather too deep
Than to take dogs for soldiers, as Ajax did sheep.

Why them? or why mules? for description allows
That he shot at no horses, bulls, oxen, or cows;
With a vengeance selecting, from all other classes,
Poor dogs of some sort, and impeccant half-asses;
Now granting what poem shows plainly enough,
That Homer abounds with nonsensical stuff,
Yet it should, for his sake, if it can, be confin'd
To the pagan, and not the poetical kind.

The mules and the dogs, being shot at, coheres
No better with sense, than the bulls and the bears:
To exculpate old Homer, my worthy friend, Lloyd,
Some sort of correction should here be employ'd;
And, for languages sake, in which matters are spread
Of a greater concern, if old writers are read,
Where it seems to be wanting, the critics should
To make out fair English for Latin or Greek. [seek

If the words have a meaning both human and brute,
Where Homer describes his Apollo to shoot,
Tho' brute, in the Latin, possesses the letter,
I take it for granted that human is better:
Do you think this a fair postulatum?—"I do;
But you only affirm that the human is true."—
That's all that I want in this present epistle;
In the next I shall prove it—as clear as a whistle,

EPISTLE II.

You consent, I made bold to suppose, in my
To a fair postulatum had readily pass'd; [last,
That a mulish distemper, or that a canine,
Neither suited Apollo's, nor Homer's design,
Like making the subjects, who felt its first shock,
To be men like their masters, tho' baser of stock:
Now proof, at the present, comes under the pen,
That ηρωες and κυνες, may signify men.

You'll draw the conclusion, so fair, and so just,
That if they may do it, they certainly must;
It would look with an unphilosophical face,
And anti-Rawthmelian[1], to question the case:
Tho' the proofs of this point, which I formerly noted,
Have slipt my remembrance, and cannot be quoted;
From Homer himself it may chance to appear,
As I promis'd to make it, no whistle more clear.

That ηρωες are guards, in Iliadal lore,
You may see in book Kappa, line eighty and four;

[1] Alluding to Rawthmel's coffee-house, where several members of the Royal Society usually spent their evenings.

Where the wise commentators confess in their rules,
That—here it is guards, not ἡμιονοι mules:
Being join'd with ἑταιροι companions, they knew
As ἑταιροι were men, that ηρωες were too:
Now let us illustrate the combated place,
As near as we can, by a parallel case.

Plain sense, as I take it, if once it is shown
That Homer opposes to—being alone—
Having two κυνες αργοι along with an hero,
Will call 'em companions, not dogs, in Homero:
Turn then to his Odyssey, Beta, line ten,
Where dogs, as they call 'em, are certainly men;
Attended by whom (he will second who seeks)
Telemachus went to a council of Greeks.

With his sword buckl'd on, and a spear in his hand, [band;
He went (having summon'd) to meet the whole
So bravely set forth, so equipt, and so shod,
That, as Homer has phras'd it, he look'd like a god;
Not alone—to enhance the description of song,
But he took with him two κυνας αργους along;
Two swift footed dogs! yes—two puppies no doubt,
That Apollo had sav'd from the general rout!

One can but reflect how we live in an age
That scruples the sense of all sensible page;
Any kind of old nonsense more pleas'd to admit,
If in Homer, or Virgil, or Horace, 't is writ;
But yet, to do justice to these, and the rest
Of the poor pagan poets, it must be confest,
That time, and transcribing, and critical note
Have father'd much on them, which they never wrote.

This place is a proof how the critics made bold
To foist their own sense into verses of old;
For instead of two Greeks here, attending their master,
And footing a pace neither slower nor faster;
They have made in some places, to follow his track,
Of their swift-footed dogs, an indefinite pack;
The son of Ulysses unskilfully forcing
To go to a council, as men go a coursing.

Ουκ οιος—ουκ οιη—for master and dame,
Not alone—to interpret by Homer's true aim,
There are places enoo to evince that attendants
Were men, or were maidens, were friends or dependants:
Thus Achilles—ουκ οιος—Omega rehearses,
Had two Θεραποντες both nam'd in the verses,
Automedon—Alcimus—whom, it is said,
He valued the most, for Patroclus was dead.

Penelope thus, in first Odyssey strain,
Two αμφιπολοι follow'd—two women, 'tis plain,
When the dame was ουκ οιη—and mention'd anon,
How they stood to attend her, on either side one.
Had αμφιπολοι signify'd cats in the Greek, [seek?
Would not sense have oblig'd us new meaning to
And two dogs as unfit as two cats, you will own,
To describe man, or woman—not being alone.

To close the plain reasons, that rise in one's mind,
Take an instance from Virgil of similar kind;

Where, in fair imitation of Homer, no doubt,
He describes king Evander to dress, and march out;
And discern, by the help of his Mantuan pen,
How custodes and canes were both the same men;
Where canes are dogs, as all custom opines—
See Virgil's eighth book—come I'll copy the lines—

Nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto
Procedunt, gressumque canes comitantur herilem.——

Κυνες αργοι in Homer were then in his view,
When Virgil, in Latin, thus painted the two;
And the canes in him are the very custodes,
Most aptly repeated, dignissime sodes:
Did ever verse yet, or prose ever, record
Any literal dogs, that kept pace with their lord?
Proceeding—attending—how plain the suggestion
That dogs, in the case, are quite out of the question!

And now I appeal to all critical candour,
If Homer's young hero, or senior Evander,
Had dogs for companions, to honour their gressus,
As translators in verse, and in prose, would possess us:
The moderns I think (tho' a lover of metre)
Should manage with judgment a little discreeter,
Than to gape and admire what old poets have sung, [tongue.
If it will not make sense in their own mother

EPISTLE III.

Having shown you the passage, one cannot avoid
An appendix so proper, kind visitant Lloyd,
To the mules and the dogs, which a little while since [evince:
Were guards and piquets, as verse sought to
Whether κυνες attended, two footed, or four,
Upon heroes or kings, let the critics explore;
But ουρηας for mules, in old Homer's intent,
I suspect that his rhapsodies never once meant.

The word is twice us'd in the twenty-third book,
In the space of five lines; where I made you to look;
I'll refresh your attention—Achilles, know then,
Had desir'd Agamemnon, the monarch of men,
To exhort 'em to bring, when the morning appear'd,
And prepare proper wood, for a pile to be rear'd,
For the purpose of burning, as custom instill'd,
The remains of Patroclus, whom Hector had kill'd.

When the Morning appear'd, with her rosyfy'd fingers,
Agamemnon obey'd; and exhorted the bringers,
The mules and the men;—as translation presents——
Exhorted them all to come out of their tents:
So the men and the mules lay amongst one another,
If this be the case, in some hammocs or other;
And the men, taking with 'em ropes, hatchets, and tools, [mules.
Were conducted, it seems, to the wood by the

For the mules went before 'em—the Latinists say—— [way:
Which, a man may presume, was to show 'em the
Or, since there was danger, the mules going first
Might, perhaps, be because the men none of 'em durst;
For they all were to pass, in their present employ,
To the woods of mount Ida, belonging to Troy;
And if Trojans fell on them, for stealing their fire,
The men in the rear might the sooner retire.

However, both mulish, and well booted folks
Came safe to the mountain, and cut down its oaks;
And, with more bulky pieces of timber cut out,
They loaded such mules, as were mules without doubt:
When you found in the Latin, so certain a place,
Where the loading description show'd mules in the case,
Your eyes to the left, I saw rolling, to seek
If the word for these mules was ουρηων in Greek.

And had they discover'd that really it was,
Conjecture had come to more difficult pass;
But since it was not, since 'ημιονων came,
What else but the meaning could vary the name?
Why should Homer, so fond, as you very well noted, [quoted,
Of repeating the words which his Muse had once
Make so awkward a change, without any pretence
Of a reason suggested by metre, or sense?

'Ημιονοι, mules, tho' a masculine ender,
Is always in Greek of the feminine gender;
But ουρηες, you'll find, let it mean what it will,
Never is of that gender, but masculine still;
How ridiculous then, that ουρηες the Hees,
Should become, by their loading 'ημιονοι, Shees?
In a Latin description would poetry pass,
That should call 'em *mulos*, and then load 'em *mulas?*

Both the word, and the sense, which is really the bard's,
Show the masculine mules to be certainly guards:
Any mules I desire any critic to name,
If Jacks in the gender, that are not the same:
One place, which I hinted at, over our tea,
May be offer'd, perhaps, as a masculine plea;
But if folks were unbiass'd, they quickly would find
A mistake to be there of the very same kind.

The Trojans met Priam at one of their gates,
With the corps of his Hector—Omega relates—
Whom they would have lamented there, all the day long,
Had not Priam, addressing himself to the throng,
Made a speech—"Let me pass with the mules"—and so on—— [upon:
For mules drew the hearse which the corps lay
Now the words that he said, at the entrance of
Were——Ουρευσι διελθεμεν ειξατε μοι. [Troy,

Priam said to the people, still hurrying down,
"Let me pass thro' the guards"—(to go into the town)
This is much better sense, by the leave of the schools,
Than for Priam to say,—"Let me pass with the mules."——
For Idæus directed the mulish machine,
While horses drew that in which Priam was seen;

Who thought of no mules, but of reaching the dome, [home.
Where they all might lament over Hector, at

The mules had been nam'd very often before,
In the very same book, times a dozen, or more;
And the proper term for 'em had always occurr'd;
It is only this once that we meet with this word:
That it signifies guards, it is granted, sometimes,
As I instanc'd, you know, in the Baguley rhymes;
And will critics suppose that the poet would make
Variation for mere ambiguity's sake?

That Apollo should plague, Agamemnon exhort,
These irrational creatures is stupid, in short;
Where no metamorphosis, fable, or fiction,
Can defend such abuse of plain, narrative diction.
Perchance, as a doctor, you'll think me unwise,
For poring on Homer, with present sore eyes;
But a glance, the most transient, may see in his plan,
That a mule is a mule, and a man is a man.

CRITICAL REMARKS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN,

UPON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN HORACE.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

PROPOSING A CORRECTION IN THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE.

Si non Acrisium Virginis abditæ
CUSTODEM PAVIDUM Jupiter et Venus
Risissent—— Lib. 3. ode 16.

So then you think Acrisius really sold
His daughter Danae, himself, for gold;
When the whole story of the Grecian king
Makes such a bargain so absurd a thing,
That neither poetry nor sense could make
The poet guilty of the vile mistake.
No, sir; her father, here, was rich enough;
Satire on him, for selling her, is stuff:
Fear was his motive to a vast expense
Of gates, and guards to keep her in a fence:
But some dull blockhead happ'ning to transcribe,
When half asleep, has made *him* take the bribe,
Which Jupiter and Venus, as the bard
Had writ, made use of to corrupt the guard:
All the remarks on avarice are just;
But 'twas the keeper that betray'd his trust.
Passage from Virgil, which you here select us,
How gold is cogent of mortale pectus;
And from Euripides, that gold can ope
Gates—unattempted even by the pope;
Show money's force on subjects that are vicious;
But what has this to do with king Acrisius?
Who spar'd no money to secure his life,
Lest, if his daughter once became a wife:
He shut her up for fear of death—and then
Sold her himself!—all stuff, I say again:
Death was his dread; nor was it in the pow'r
Of love's bewitchment, or of money'd show'r,
Of Venus, Jupiter, or all the fry
Of Homer's heav'n to hire the man to die.
Where is his avarice, of any kind,
Noted in all the fables that you find?
Except in those of your inventing fashion
That make him old, and avarice his passion?
To hide the blunder of amanuenses,
Who, writing words, full oft unwrit the senses:
Fact, that in Horace, in a world of places,
Appears by irrecoverable traces;
On which the critics raise a learned dust,
And still adjusting, never can adjust.
Having but one of all the Roman lyrics
To feed their taste for slavish panegyrics,
The more absurd the manuscriptal letter,
They paint, from thence, some fancy'd beauty better:
Hunting for all the colours round about,
To make the nonsense beautifully out;
Adorning richly, for the poet's sake,
Some poor hallucinating scribe's mistake.
Now I would have a short-hand son of mine
Be less obsequious to the classic line,
Than, right or wrong, to yield his approbation,
Because Homeric, or because Horatian;
Or not to see, when it is fairly hinted,
Either original defect, or printed.
Not that it matters two-pence in regard
Of either Grecian, or of Roman bard;
If schools were wise enough to introduce
Much better books for education's use;
But since, by force of custom, or of lash,
The boys must wade thro' so much traunt and trash,
To gain their Greek and Latin, they should learn
True Greek, at least, and Latin to discern;
Nor, for the sake of custom, to admit
The faults of language, metre, sense, or wit:
Because this blind attachment, by command,
To what their masters do not understand,
Makes reading servile, in the younger flock,
Of rhyming Horace, down to prosing Lock;
Knowledge is all mechanically known,
And no innate ideas of their own.——
But, while I'm rhyming to you what comes next,
I shall forget th' Acrisius of the text——
Your reasons then, why this custodem pavidum
Should not be chang'd to custodemque avidum,
Turn upon avarice; you think the father
Fond of the bribe; I think the keeper rather,
Who had no fear from Danae—the wife—
Who could receive the gold, and lose no life,
Must needs be he, and that, without the change,
The verse is unpoetically strange:
You make Acrisius to have been the guard,
And to be pavidus—extremely hard
To make out either; for what other place
Shows that the king was jailor in the case?
And is not pavidus a dictum gratis?
Was not his Danae—munita satis?
Safe kept enough? If pavidus come after,
The dear joy Horace must provoke one's laughter:
Plain common sense suggesting all the while,
—Not fear, but fancy'd safety gave the smile:
Safe as Acrisius thought himself to be,
The custos avidus would take a fee;
A golden shower, they knew, would break his oath,
And Jupiter and Venus laugh'd at both.

Sume Mæcenas cyathos amici
Sospitis CENTUM—— Lib. 3. ode 8.

A DIALOGUE.

WHAT! must Mæcenas, when he sups
With Horace, drink a hundred cups?

A hundred cups Mæcenas drink!
Where must he put them all d'ye think?
Pray have the critics all so blunder'd,
That none of 'em correct this hundred?

"Not that I know has any one
Had any scruple thereupon:
And for what reason pray should you?
The reading, to be sure, is true;
A hundred cups—that is to say—
Mæcenas come and drink away."

If that was all the poet meant,
It is express'd without the cent:
Sume Mæcenas cyathos——
Does it full well without the dose,
The monstrous dose in cup or can,
That suits with neither bard nor man.

"Nay, why so monst'rous? Is it told
How much the cyathus would hold?
You think perhaps it was a mug
As round as any Jonian jug:
Thy drank all night: if small the glass,
Would centum mount to such a mass?"

Small as you will, if 'twas a bumper,
Centum for one would be a thumper:
It's bulk Horatian terms define,
Vates attonitus[1] with nine;
Gratia—forbidding more than three—
They were no thimbles you may see.

"Not in that ode—in this they might
Intend a more diminish'd plight;
And then Mæcenas and the bard
That night, I warrant ye, drank hard;
'Perfer in lucem'—Horace cries;
To what a pitch might numbers rise!"

A desperate long night! my friend,
Before their hundred cups could end;
Nor does the verse invite, throughout,
Mæcenas to a drunken bout:
Perfer in lucem comes in view
With procul omnis clamor too.

"Was it no bout, because no noise
Should interrupt their midnight joys?
Horace, you read, with annual tap,
Notes his escape from dire mishap:
Must he, and friends conven'd, be sober,
Because 'twas March, and not October?"

Sober or drunk is not the case,
But word and meaning to replace,
Both here demolish'd: did they, pray,
Do nothing else but drink away?
For friends conven'd had Horace got
No entertainment, but to sot?

"Yes to be sure; he might rehearse
Some new or entertaining verse;
Might touch the lyre, invoke the Muse;
Or twenty things that he might choose;
No doubt but he would mix along
With cup, and talk, the joyous *song*."

Doubtless he would; and that's the word,
For which a centum so absurd
Has been inserted, by mistake
Of his transcribers, scarce awake;
Which, all the critics, when they keep,
Are, quoad hoc, quite fast asleep.

"For that's the word"—"What word d'ye mean?
For song does *centum* intervene?
Song would be—O, I take your hint,
Cantum, not *centum*, you would print;
Sospitis cantum—but the clause
Can have no sense with such a pause."

Pause then at *sospitis*, nor strike
The three cæsuras all alike;
One cup of Helicon but quaff,
The point is plain as a pike-staff;
The wine, the song, the lustre's light—
The verse, the pause, the sense is right.

"Stay, let me read the Sapphic out
Both ways, and then resolve the doubt"—

"Sume Mæcenas cyathos amici
Sospitis centum—et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem—procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.

"Sume Mæcenas cyathos amici
Sospitis—cantum, et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem—procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira."

"Well, I confess, now I have read,
The thing is right that you have said;
One vowel rectify'd, how plain
Does Horace's intent remain!"

—NONUMQ. prematur in annum.

HOR. Art. Poet. l. 388.

YE poets, and critics, and men of the schools,
Who talk about Horace, and Horace's rules;
Ye learned admirers, how comes it, I wonder,
That none of you touch a most tangible blunder?
I speak not to servile, and sturdy logicians,
Who will, right or wrong, follow printed editions;
But you, that are judges, come rub up your eyes,
And unshackle your wits, and I'll show where it lies.

Amongst other rules, which your Horace has
To make his young Piso for poetry fit,
He tells him, that verses should not be pursu'd,
When the Muse (or Minerva) was not in the mood;
That whate'er he should write, "he should let it descend
To the ears of his father, his master, his friend;"
And let it lie by him—now prick up your ears—
Nonumque prematur in annum—nine years.

Nine years! I repeat—for the sound is enough,
With the help of plain sense, to discover the stuff.
If the rule had been new, what a figure would nine
Have made with your Pisos, ye masters of mine?
Must a youth of quick parts, for his verse's perfection,
Let it lie for nine years—in the House of Correction?

[1] Hor. lib. 3. ode 19. v. 14.

[1] —In Mettii descendat judicis aures,
Et patris et nostras.——

Nine years if his verses must lie in the leaven,
Take the young rogue himself, and transport him for seven.

To make this a maxim, that Horace infuses,
Must provoke all the laughter of all the nine Muses.
How the wits of old Rome, in a case so facetious,
Would have jok'd upon Horace, and Piso, and Metius,
If they all could not make a poetical line
Ripe enough to be read, 'till the year had struck nine!
Had the boy been possest of nine lives, like a cat,
Yet surely he'd ne'er have submitted to that.

"Vah!" says an old critic, "indefinite number—
To denote many years"—(which is just the same lumber)— touch[2]"—
Quotes a length of Quintilian for "time to re-
But wisely stops short at his blaming—too much.
Some took many years, he can instance—in fine,
Isocrates ten—poet Cinna just nine;
Rare instance of taking, which, had he been cool,
Th'old critic had seen, never could be a rule.

"Indeed," says a young one, "nine years, I confess,
Is a desperate while for a youth to suppress;
I can hardly think Horace would make it a point;
The word, to be sure, must be out of its joint;
Lie by with a nonum!—had I been his Piso, [so.
I'd have told little Flaccy, mine never should lie
Had he said for nine months, I should think them enoo;
This reading is false, sir—pray tell us the true."

"Why, you are not far off it, if present conjecture
May furnish the place with a probable lecture;
For by copies, I doubt, either printed, or written,
The hundreds of editors all have been bitten.
Nine months you allow"—"Yes"—"Well, let us, for fear
Of affronting Quintilian, e'en make it a year:
Give the critics their numque, but as to their no—
You have one in plain English more fit to bestow."

"I take the correction—unumque prematur—
Let it lie for one twelvemonth—ay, that may hold
And time enough too for consulting about [water;
Master Piso's performance, before it came out.
What! would Horace insist, that a sketch of a boy
Should take as much time, as the taking of Troy?
They, that bind out the young one, say, when the old fellow
Took any time like it, to make a thing mellow;

"Tho' correct in his trifles"—"Young man you say right,
And to them that will see, it is plain, at first sight;
But critics that will not, they hunt all around
For something of sameness, in sense, or in sound;
It is all one to them; so attach'd to the letter,
That to make better sense makes it never the better: [own 'em;
Nay, the more sense in readings, the less they will
You must leave to these sages their mumpsimus nonum.

[2] Quint. Instit. Orat. lib. x. c. 4. de Emendatione.

"'Do you think,' they cry out, 'that with so little wit
Such a world of great critics on Horace have writ?
That the poets themselves, were the blunder so plain,
In a point of their art too, would let it remain?'
For you are to consider, these critical chaps
Do not like to be snubb'd; you may venture, perhaps, [amiss;
An amendment, where they can see somewhat
But may raise their ill blood, if you circulate this."

"It will circulate, this, sir, as sure as their blood,
Or, if not, it will stand—as in Horace it stood.
They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to see;
But the thing is as clear as a whistle to me.
This nonum of theirs no defence will admit,
Except—that a blot is no blot, till it 's hit;
And now you have hit it, if nonum content 'um,
So would, if the verse had so had it, nongentum."

You'll say this is painting of characters—true;
But, really, good sirs, I have met with these two:
The first, in all comments quite down to the Delphin,
A man, if he likes it, may look at himself in:
The last, if you like, and, along with the youth,
Prefer to nonumque poetical truth,
Then blot out the blunder, now here it is hinted,
And by all future printers unumque be printed.

Nunc et CAMPUS et AREÆ
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur horâ.

HOR. lib. i. ode ix. v. 13.

By Campus, and by Areæ, my friends,
The question is what Horace here intends?
For such expression with the current style
Of this whole ode is hard to reconcile:
Nay, notwithstanding critical pretence,
Or I mistake, or it can have no sense.

The ode, you find, proceeding to relate
A winter's frost, in its severest state,
Calls out for fire, and wine, and loves, and dance,
And all that Horace rambles to enhance;
But how can this fair weather phrase belong
To such a wintry, Saturnalian song?

A learned Frenchman quotes these very lines
As really difficult; and thus refines—
"We use these words" (says monsieur Sanadon)
"For nightly meetings, hors de la maison;
But 't is ridiculous in frost, and snow,
Of keenest kind, that Horace should do so."

Right, monsieur, right; such incoherent stuff
Is here, no doubt, ridiculous enough:
The Campus Martius, and its active scenes,
Which commentators say th' expression means,
Have here no place; nor can they be akin
To scenes, not laid without doors, but within.

"Nunc must refer" (proceeds the French re-
"To donec—puer—age of Taliarque; [mark)
Not to the frost; for which the bard, before,
Design'd the two first strophes, and no more;
As commentators rightly should have taught,
Or inattentive readers else are caught."

Now inattentive critics too, I say,
Are caught, sometimes, in their dogmatic way:
United here, we must divide, forsooth,
The time of winter from the time of youth;
When all expressions of Horatian growth
Do, in this ode, 't is plain, refer to both.

Youthful th' amusements, and for frosty week;
From drinking—dancing—down to—hide and seek:
But Campus comes, and Areæ, between,
By a mistake too big for any skreen:
And how nonsensically join'd with lispers,
By assignation met, of nightly whispers?

Strange, how interpreters retail the farce,
That Campus, here, should mean the Field of Mars;
When, in their task, they must have just read o'er,
Contrast to this, the very Ode before;
Where ev'ry manly exercise, disclos'd,
To love's effeminacy stands oppos'd.

In this, no thought of any field on Earth,
But warm fire-side, and Roman winter's mirth:
No thought of any but domestic ring;
Where all Decembrian customs took their swing:
And where—but come—that matter we'll suppress—
There should be something for Cantabs to guess.

I'll ask anon—from what has now been said,
If emendation pops into your head:
Or if you 'll teach me how to comprehend
That all is right; and nothing here to mend.
Come, sharpen up your Latin wits a bit;
What are they good for else—these Odes that Horace writ?

N.B. The emendation of which the author approved was *cantus et aleæ*.

Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et EXTRUCTIS IN ALTUM
DIVITIIS potietur hæres.

HOR. lib. ii. ode iii. v. 17.

THIS phrase of "riches built on high"
Has something in it, at first sight,
Which, if the Latin language try,
Must needs appear not to be right:
Produce an instance, where before
'T was ever us'd, I'll say no more.

Talk not of "riches pil'd on heaps,"
To justify the Latin phrase;
For if you take such critic leaps,
You jump into dog Latin days;
And I shall answer to that trick
In meâ mente non est sic.

That lands were here the poet's thought,
And house along the river's side,
And lofty villa built, or bought,
Is much too plain to be deny'd.
These high extructed spires he writ
That mortal Dellius must quit.

"Well, sir, supposing this the case,
And structures what the poet meant;
How will you fill the faulty place
With phrase that suited his intent?
Meaning and metre both arrange,
And small, if possible, the change?"

Smaller and better, to be sure,
Into their place amendments fall:
What first occurs will here secure
Meaning and metre, change and all.
May it not be that for divitiis
Th' original had æ—dificiis?

If you object that sep'rate æ
Makes in one word an odd division,
Horace, I answer to that plea,
Has more than once the like elision:
In short, upon correction's plan,
Give us a better, if ye can.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere, et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari;
TUM me biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura FERET geminusq. Pollux.

HOR. lib. iii. ode ix. v. 57.

THIS passage, sirs, may put ye, one would think,
In mind of him, who, in a furious storm
Told, that the vessel certainly would sink,
Made a reply in the Horatian form;
"Why let it sink then, if it will," quoth he,
"I 'm but a passenger, what is 't to me."

So, "non est meum," Horace here cries out,
To purchase calm with wretched vows and pray'rs;
Let them who freight the ship be thus devout,
I 'm not concern'd in any of its wares.
May not one ask, if common sense will read,
Was ever jest and earnest more agreed?

"Nay but you see the reason," 't is reply'd,
"Why he rejects the bargaining of pray'r;
His little skiff will stem the raging tide
With double Pollux, and with gentler air.
This is his moral," say his under-pullers,
"The poor and innocent are safe in scullers."

Why so they may be, if they coast along,
And shun the winds that make a mast to moan;
But here, according to the critic throng,
Horace was in the ship, tho' not his own.
Suppose a sculler just contriv'd for him,
When the ship sunk, would his biremis swim?

Can you by any construing pretence—
If you suppose, as commentators do,
Him in the ship—make tolerable sense
Of his surviving all the sinking crew?
With winds so boist'rous, by what cunning twist
Can his clear stars, and gentle air resist?

The gifts of Fortune Horace had resign'd,
And poor and honest, his just fancy'd case,
Nothing to do had he with stormy wind,
Nor in Ægean seas to seek a place.
How is it likely then, that he should mean
To paint himself in such an awkward scene?

"Why, but, *tum me biremis*—must suppose,
By *then* escaping, that he sure was in 't;
And *ferat* too, that comes into the close,
In all the books that we have here in print—"
Both words are wrong tho', notwithstanding that,
Tum should be *cum*, and *ferat* be *ferat*.

The sense, or moral if you please, is this,
Henceforth be probity, tho' poor, my lot;
The love of riches is but an abyss
Of dangerous cares, that now concern me not.
Caught in its storms, let avarice implore,
I thank my stars, I 'm rowing safe to shore.

HOR. Lib. iii. Ode xviii.

WHENE'ER this Horace comes into one's hand,
One meets with words full hard to understand:
If one consult the critics thereupon,
Some places have a note, some others none;
And, when they take interpretating pains,
Sometimes the difficulty still remains.

To you that see, good friends, where I am blind,
Let me propose a case of either kind:
Premising first, for both relate to weather,
That Winter and December come together:
The Romans too, as far as I remember,
Have join'd together Winter and December.

In Book the Third of Horace, Ode Eighteen,
Ad Faunum—these two Sapphics here are seen:

"Ludit *herboso* pecus omne campo,
Cum tibi nonæ redeunt *Decembris:*
Festus in *pratis* vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus.

"Inter audaces lupus errat *agnos;*
Spargit agrestes tibi silva *frondes;*
Gaudet *inviisam* pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram."

Now in *December*, if we reason close,
Are fields poetically call'd *herbose?*
Is that the month, tho' *Faunus* kept the fold,
For *daring lambs* to frisk about so *bold?*

Leaves I would add too—but the learn'd Dacier
Has made this point elaborately clear;
As one that artful Horace interweaves—
"The trees in Italy then shed their leaves;
And this the poet's artifice profound, [ground."
The trees themselves for Faunus strew'd the

It is we 'll say, a fine Horatian flight,
But is the herbage, are the lambs so right?
Is there in all the ode a single thing,
That makes the Winter differ from the Spring?
Nones of December are indeed hybernal,
But all the rest is absolutely vernal.

"Lenis incedis per *aprica* rura"—
Does this begin like Winter?—but quid plura?
Read how it all begins, goes on, or ends,
Nothing but nones is winterly, my friends;
Neither in human, nor in brutal creatures,
One trace observ'd of Winter's stormy features.

May not there be then, tho' the critics make
No besitation at it, a mistake?
The diggers dancing too has somewhat spissy—
"Gaudet *inviisam* terram pepulisse."

He in revenge (say comments) beats the soil,
Hated, because it gave him so much toil.

As oft the diggers, whom we chance to meet,
Turn up the ground, and press it with their feet;
Horace himself, perhaps we may admit,
Inversam terram, not *invisam* writ;
But this at present our demand postpones—
Pray solve the doubt on these Decembrian nones.

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et URSIS,
HOR. lib. iii. ode iv.

HORACE, an infant, here he interweaves,
In rambling ode, where no design coheres,
By fabled stock-doves cover'd up with leaves,
Kept safe from *black skinn'd vipers*, and from *bears;*
But, passing by the incoherent ode,
I ask the critics where the bears abode?

The leaves indeed, that stock-doves could convey,
Would be but poor defence against the snakes,
And sleeping boy be still an easy prey
To black pervaders of the thorny brakes;
The bears, I doubt too, would have smelt him out,
If there had been such creatures thereabout.

The snakes were black, the bears, I guess, were white,
(Or what the vulgar commonly call bulls)
Bears had there been; another word is right,
That has escap'd the criticising skulls,
Who suffer bears as quietly to pass,
As if the bard had been of Lapland class.

A word, where sense and sound do so agree,
That I shall spare to speak in its defence;
And leave absurdity so plain to see,
With due correction, to your own good sense:
'T is this in short, in these Horatian verses,
For bears read goats—pro *ursis*, lege *hircis*.

Romæ, principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter AMABILES
Vatum ponere me choros.
HOR. lib. iv. ode iii.

THIS is one ode, and much the best of two,
Fam'd above all for Scaliger's ado:
"I rather would have writ so good a thing
Than reign," quoth he, "an Arragonian king."
Had he been king, and master of the vote,
I doubt the monarch would have chang'd his note;
And loading verses with an huge renown,
Would still have kept his Arragonian crown.

This ode, howe'er, tho' short of such a rout,
He show'd some judgment, when he singled out;
Compar'd with others, one is at a stand [band:
To think how those should come from the same
For if they did, 't is marvellous enough,
That such a Muse with such a breath should puff;
That such a delicate harmonious Muse
Should catch the clouds, or sink into the stews.

But Fame has sold them to us in a lot,
And all is Horace, whether his, or not.
For his, or whose you will then, let them pass,
What signifies it who the author was?

Dunghill of Ennius, as we are told
By ancient proverb, might afford some gold;
And that 's the case of what this Horace sung,
Some grains of gold with tinsel mix'd, and dung.

We 'll say this ode, allowing for the age
That Horace writ in, was a golden page;
The words well chosen, easy, free, and pat,
The lyric claim so manag'd—and all that—
What I would note is, that no critic yet,
Of them, I mean, whose notes my eyes have met,
Has seen a blemish in this finish'd piece,
Outdone, they say, by neither Rome nor Greece.

Yet there is one, which it is somewhat strange,
That none of 'em should see a cause to change,
But let a great indelicacy stand,
As if it came from Horace's own hand:
To *vatum choros* join'd *amabiles*,
When, what he meant was *lovely soboles*.
Meo periculo, sirs, alter this,
If taste be in you, read *amabilis*.

If ye refuse, I have no more to say,
Keep to flat print, and read it your own way;
Let fear to change a vowel's rote dispense
With jingling sound, and unpoliter sense.
I don't expect that critics, with their skill,
Will take the hint—but all true poets will.
Be it a test, at present, who has got
The nicer taste of liquid verse, who not.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisq. Phrygum, classis Achillei;
Post certas hyemes uret ACHAICUS
IGNIS Iliacas domos. HOR. lib. i. ode xv.

SPONDÆO a stabili, si numeros modo
Observare velis, incipit ultimus
Versus—non poterunt carminis et pedem
Leges ferre trochaicum.

Castigant pueros Archididascali,
Pro longâ fuerit syllaba si brevis;
Et credunt critici dicere Horatium
—*Ignis* Iliacas domos?

Sunt, qui, cum penitus sensus abest metro,
Pugnant, ac vitium mille modis tegunt;
Quos vocum ratio dissona plurimos
Fixis mentibus ingerit.

Verum, carminibus cum sua quantitas
Desit, quam ratio metrica postulat,
Num peccare velit, tam pueriliter,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ?

Si demum parilis culpa notabitur
Vatum, quam pariter corrigere est nefas,
Defendat numerus; tu tamen, interim,
Verum restituas metrum.

Voci, quæ legitur, litera defuit
Princeps, quam soliti pingere, forsitan,
Haud scripsere: legas—uret *Achaicis*
Ignis Iliacas domos.

——Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;
Cum tu coemptos undique nobiles
Libros Panæti, Socraticam et domum
MUTARE loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, TENDIS.
HOR. lib. i. ode xxix.

NON esse dices, credo, poeticum
Hoc *tendis*; et quò tenderet Iccius?
Mutare libros?—at vicissim
Non alios habuisse fertur.

Mutare, rursus, Socraticam domum—
Hæc velle sectam linquere te docent:
At secta loricas Iberas
Nulla novo dederat clienti.

Dum vox *coemptos*, intuitu mero,
Et quæ sequuntur verba, prioribus
Collata, suadent hic legendum
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.

Libros coemptos vendidit Iccius,
Miles futurus, virque scientiæ,
Quam nolit hic libris tueri,
Flaccus ait, joculans, sed armis.

Tam discrepantis militiæ ducem
Ironiarum plena redarguit
Ode; sed extremum videtur
Multa manus vitiâsse carmen.

Sic ipsa Flacci pinxerat, autumo,
Incertum amicum—Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;

Cum tu coemptos undique *nobilis*
Libros Panæti, Socraticam *ut* domum
Tutere loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.

HOR. Lib. ii. Ode xiv.

"EHEU! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.

"Non si *trecenis*, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris"—Hem! trecenis?
Nolumus hanc posuisse vocem,

Foxleie, Flaccum;—quotquot eunt dies,
Tauris trecentis illachrymabilem
Placare divum! immanis, ipso
Intuitu, numerus patescit.

Quovis trecenos lumine, Posthumum
Mactare tauros, si benè finxerit
Vates, quot exactos, memento,
Myriadas feriat per annos.

Hæc inter artes norma poeticas,
—"Famam sequi, vel convenientiam"—
Præscripta Flacco, quam trecenis
Immodicè violata tauris!

Vult quando centum pocula sospitis,
Codex, amici—tum sibi sapphicum
Quid carmen exposcat volutans,
Te, statuo, repetente—cantum.

Idem in trecenis hæreo, suspicor;
Et, non jocantem, simplicius velim

Dixisse vatem, (namque dici
Simplicius potuit) quod urguet.

Quod, nempè, mors et regibus imminet
Equè ac colonis; mors—neque Posthumo
Vitanda *tercentum* immolando
Lux quoties nitet orta, tauros.

Ni fallor, omnis victima Posthumi
Duntaxat unum quoque die bovem
Mactata Plutoni poposcit,
Dum valuit manus ipsa Flacci:

Qui scripsit, aut qui scribere debuit,
(Tu sicut inquis, carmine nupero;
Quod musa, pugnax, dum refellit,
Hoc penitus tibi subdit ausum)

"Non si.... quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris"—quos opinor
Sic melius numerâsse carmen.

Si sana vox sit, ne moveas loco—
Si non sit—amplis ingenio viris
Immiste, dic quanam sodales
(Me tacito) repleant hiatum?

——Thure placaris et hornâ
Fruge lares avidâque porcâ.
HOR. lib. iii. ode xxiii.

QUÆ mens sit hujus carminis, obsecro,
Spectes:—monenda est rustica Phidyle,
Vel thure, vel fructu, vel herbâ
Raricolas placuisse divis.

Si pura mens sit, si manus innocens,
Placare possint absque cruoribus;
Primumque et extremum poetæ
Quis negat hoc voluisse versum?

Vix ergo *porcam* velle putaveris,
Urbane, Flaccum frugibus additam;
Nam thura, nam fruges, et omnem
Sordida sus vitiavit herbam.

Quid parva laudat numina, munera,
Si *porca* tandem victima poscitur?
Quid prosit immunis manusve,
Parve pium, saliensque mica?

Aut omnis ut res hæreat, indica,
Aut vile mendum corrige protinus;
Non multa mutabis legendo,
——Fruge lares, *avidasque parcas*.

THE FOREGOING CRITICISM, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THE whole design of this Horatian strain
Is so exceeding obvious and plain,
That one would wonder how correcting eyes
Could overlook a blot of such a size,
As *avidâque porcâ*; when the line,
So read, quite ruins Horace's design.

He, as the verse begins, and as it ends,
This point to rustic Phydile commends,
That innocence to gifts the gods prefer,
And frugal off'rings would suffice from her;
That want of victims was in her no fault;
She might present fruit, incense, cake, and salt.

With what connexion could he add to these
A *greedy swine*? in order to appease
Those very deities, whom Ode is meant
To paint with cheap and bloodless gifts content,
From pious hands receiv'd, tho' e'er so small—
But *avidâque porcâ* spoils it all.

What moral meant, if they requir'd, in fine,
From rustic Phydile, a great fat swine?
Why little gods, and little matters nam'd,
If such a sacrifice as this was claim'd?
Porca is wrong, sirs, whether we regard
The gods, the countrywoman, or the bard.

What must be done in such a case as this?
One must amend, tho' one should do 't amiss.
I'll tell you the correction, frank and free,
That upon reading first occur'd to me;
And seem'd to suit the bard's intention better,
With small mutation of the printed letter.

Tho' *avidâque porcâ* runs along
With verb, and case, and measure of the song,
Yet, if the poet is to be renown'd
For something more than mere Italian sound,
For life and sense, as well as shell and carcass,
Read—*Fruge lares, avidasque parcas.*

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis,—— HOR. lib. i. ode xx.

HAVE ye no scruple, sirs, when ye rehearse
This hissing kind of an Horatian verse?
To me, I own, at sight of triple—*is*,
Suspicion said that something was amiss;
And, when one reads the triple Sapphic thro',
'T is plain that what suspicion said was true.

Critics, as custom goes, if one shall bring
The plainest reason, for the plainest thing,
Will stick to Horace, as he sticks to print,
And say, sometimes, that there is nothing in 't.
Or, here, mistake perhaps, may be my lot;
Now tell me, neighbours, if 't is so, or not.

This ode, or (since apparently mishap
Has lost the true beginning of it) scrap,
Informs Mæcenas that poor Sabine wine
Shall be his drink, in Horace's design;
Wine which the poet had incask'd, the day
That people shouted for the knight away.

This is the first thing that it says—the next,
Without one word of intervening text,
Says, he shall drink (and in poetic shape
Wine is describ'd) the very richest grape;
My cups Falernian vintage, Formian hill
(Is all that follows after) never fill.

These, and these only, in the printed code,
Are the two periods of this pigmy ode:
And how they stand, in contradiction flat,
Whoe'er can construe Latin must see that.
The critics saw it, but forsook their sight,
And set their wits at work, to make it right.

How they have done it—such as have a mind
To know their fetches, if they look, may find;
And smile thereat; one ounce, that but coheres,
Of mother wit, is worth a pound of theirs;
Who having, by their dint of learning, seen
That Moon is cheese, soon prove it to be green.

REESE UNI... OF CALIFORNIA

'T will be enough to give ye just a taste,
From Delphin here, of criticising haste;
" Mæcenas, setting on some journey out,
Sent Horace word, before he took his route,
As Cruquius, Lubin, Codex too pretend,
That he would sup with his assured friend."

Horace writes back—and this, it seems, the ode—
" 'T is mighty kind to take me in your road;
But you must be content with slender fare,
Such as my poor tenuity can spare:
Vile potabis—Sabine wine the best—"
As learnedly Theod. Marcil. has guest.

So far, so good—but why should Horace, slap,
Say you shall drink the wines of richest tap?
That is, quoth margin of the Delphin tome,
Domi potabis—you shall drink at home;
Hæc vina quidem bibes apud te,
Says note, *non ita vero apud me.*

Certè, it adds, as Pliny understood,
The knight's own wine was exquisitely good—
Good, to be sure, tho' Pliny had been dumb;
But how does all that has been said o'ercome
The contradiction?—Why, with this assistance,
'T is plain they supp'd together—at a distance.

One easy hint, without such awkward stirs,
Dissolves at once the difficulty, sirs:
Let Horace drink himself of his own *vinum*—
Vile POTABO *modicis Sabinum*
Cantharis—and Mæcenas do so too—
Tu bibes Cæcubum—and all is true.

No verbal hissing spoils poetic grace,
Nor contradiction stares ye in the face;
But verse intention, without farther tours:
I'll drink my wine, Mæcenas,—and you yours.
Should not all judges of Horatian letter
Or take this reading, or propose a better?

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:

CONSISTING OF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

TIME that is past thou never can'st recall;
Of time to come thou art not sure at all;
Time present only is within thy pow'r; [hour.
Now, now improve then, whilst thou canst, the

SET not the faults of other folks in view,
But rather mind what thou thyself should'st do;
For twenty errours of thy neighbour known
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

SAFER to reconcile a foe, than make
A conquest of him, for the conquest's sake;
This tames his pow'r of doing present ill,
But that disarms him of the very will.

To give reproof in anger, to be sure,
Whate'er the fault, is not the way to cure:
Would a wise doctor offer, dost thou think,
The sick his potion, scalding hot to drink?

A GRACEFUL manner, and a friendly ease
Will give a no, and not at all displease;
And an ill-natur'd, or ungraceful yes,
When it is giv'n, is taken much amiss.

BUT small the diff'rence, if Tertullian's right,
To do an injury, or to requite;
" He is," said he, " who does it to the other,
But somewhat sooner wicked than his brother."

MY reason is I, and your reason is you,
And, if we shall differ, both cannot be true:
If reason must judge, and we two must agree,
Another third reason must give the decree,
Superior to our's; and to which, it is fit,
That both, being weaker, should freely submit:
Now in reason, submitting, is plainly imply'd
That it does not pretend, of itself, to decide.

IN truths that nobody can miss,
It is the *quid* that makes the *quis;*
In such as lie more deeply hid,
It is the *quis* that makes the *quid.*

A QUERY.

SHOULD a good angel and a bad—between
Th' Infirmary and Theatre be seen;
One going to be present at the play,
The other, where the sick and wounded lay;
Quere—Were your conjecture to be had—
Which would the good one go to, which the bad?

VERSES DESIGNED FOR A WATCH-CASE.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
But, true to Nature's regulating pow'r,
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour;
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er;
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

AN ADMONITION AGAINST SWEARING, ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

O THAT the Muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear;
But—for the King of King's sake—do not swear.

TO THE SAME, EXTEMPORE; INTENDED TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF PARTY-SPIRIT.

GOD bless the king, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

ON THE NATURALIZATION BILL.

COME all ye foreign strolling gentry,
Into Great Britain make your entry;

Abjure the Pope, and take the oaths,
And you shall have meat, drink, and clothes.

ON THE SAME.

WITH languages dispers'd, men were not able
To top the skies, and build the Tow'r of Babel;
But if to Britain they shall cross the main,
And meet by act of parliament again,
Who knows, when all together shall repair,
How high a castle may be built in air!

ON THE SAME.

THIS act reminds me, ge'men, under favour,
Of old John Bull, the hair-merchant and shaver:
John had a sign put up, whereof the writing
Was strictly copied from his own inditing:
Under the painted wigs both bob and full—
—Moast munny pade for living *here*—
JOHN BULL.

ADVERTISEMENT UPON THE SAME.

NOW upon sale, a bankrupt island,
To any stranger that will buy land—
The birthright, note, for further satis-
Faction, is to be thrown in gratis.

ON PRIOR'S SOLOMON, AN EPIGRAM.

WHE Solomon, with all his rambling doubts,
Might talk two hours, I guess, or thereabouts;
"And yet," quoth he, "my elders, to their shame,
Kept silence all, nor answer did they frame."
Dear me! what else but silence should they keep?
He, to be sure, had talk'd them all asleep.

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee[1]!

AN ANECDOTE.

THE French ambassador had been to wait
On James the First; in equipage of state:
Bacon was by; to whom the king began—[man?"
"Well now, my lord, what think you of the
"He's a tall proper person, sir," said he—
"Ay," said the king, "that any one may see;
But what d'ye think of head-piece in the case?
Is he a proper person for his place?"
My lord, who thought he was not, I suppose,
Gave him this answer, as the story goes—
"Tall men are oft like houses that are tall;
The upper rooms are furnish'd worst of all."

A LETTER TO R. L. ES2.

If Senesino do but rift
O caro caro! that flat fifth!
I'd hang if e're an opera witling
Could tell Cuzzoni from a kitling.

DEAR Peter, if thou canst descend
From Rodelind to hear a friend,
And if those ravish'd ears of thine
Can quit the shrill celestial whine
Of gentle eunuchs, and sustain
Thy native English without pain,
I would, if 't en't too great a burden,
Thy ravish'd ears intrude a word in.

To Richard's and to Tom's full oft
Have I stept forth, O 'squire of Toft,
In hopes that I might win, perchance,
A sight of thy sweet countenance;
Forth have I stept, but still, alas!
Richard's, or Tom's, 't was all a case;
Still met I with the same reply—
"Saw you sir Peter?"——"No, not I."

Being at length no longer able
To bear the dismal trissyllable,
Home I retir'd in saunt'ring wise,
And inward turning all my eyes,
To seek thee in the friendly breast,
Where thou hast made a kind of nest,
The gentle Muse I 'gan invoke,
And thus the neck of silence broke.

"Muse!" quoth I, treading on her toes,
"Thou sweet companion of my woes,
That whilom wont to ease my care,
And get me now and then—a hare—
Why am I thus deprived the sight
Both of the alderman and knight?
Tell me, O tell me, gentle Muse,
Where is sir Peter, where is Clowes?"

"Where your friend Joseph is, or goes,"
Reply'd Melpomene, "Lord knows;
And what place is the fairest bidder
For the knight's presence—let's consider—
Your wandering steps you must refer to
Rehearsal, op'ra, or concerto;
At one or other of the three
You'll find him most undoubtedly."

Now Peter, if the Muse says true,
To all my hopes I bid adieu;
Adieu my hopes, if op'ramany
Has seiz'd on Peter's pericranie.
Drunk with Italian syren's cup!
Nay then, in troth, I give him up:
The man's a quack, whoe'er pretends he
Can cure him of that fiddling phrenzy.

THE POETASTER.

WHEN a poet, as poetry goes now-a-days,
Takes it into his head to put in for the bays,
With an old book of rhymes, and a half pint of claret,
To cherish his brain, mounted up to his garret,
Down he sits with his pen, ink and paper before him,
And labours as hard—as his mother that bore [him.

Thus plac'd, on the candle he fixes his eyes,
And upon the bright flame on 't looks wonderful wise;
Then snuffing it close, he takes hold of his pen,
And the subject not starting he snuffs it again;
'Till perceiving at last that not one single thought,
For all his wise looks, will come forth as it ought,

[1] This has been attributed to Swift by some of the compilers of his works. C.

With a bumper of wine he emboldens his blood,
And prepares to receive it, whenever it should.

Videlicet, first he invokes the nine Muses,
Or some of their tribe for his patroness chooses;
The girl, to be sure, that, of all the long nothing,
Best suits with his rhyme—as for instance, Melpomene.
And what signifies then this old bard-beaten whim?
What's he to the Muses, or th' Muses to him?
Why, the bus'ness is this—the poor man, lack-a-day,
At first setting out, don't know well what to say.

Then he thinks of Parnassus, and Helicon streams,
And of old musty bards mumbles over the names;
Talks much to himself of one Phœbus Apollo,
And a parcel of folk that in 's retinue follow;
Of a horse named Pegasus, that had two wings,
Of mountains, and nymphs, and a hundred fine things;
Tho' with mountains and streams, and his nymphs of Parnass,
The man, after all, is but just where he was.

TO HENRY WRIGHT, OF MOBBERLY, ESQ.

ON BUYING THE PICTURE OF FATHER MALEBRANCHE.

Well, dear Mr. Wright, I must send you a line;
The purchase is made, father Malebranche is mine.
The adventure is past, which I long'd to achieve,
And I'm so overjoy'd, you will hardly believe.
If you will have but patience, I'll tell you, dear friend,
The whole history out from beginning to end.
Excuse the long tale: I could talk, Mr. Wright,
About this same picture from morning till night.

The morning it lower'd like the morning in Cato,
And brought on, methought, as important a day too;
But about ten o'clock it began to be clear:
And the fate of our capital piece drawing near,
Having supp'd off to breakfast some common decoction,
Away trudges I in all haste to the auction:
Should have call'd upon you, but the weaver committee
Forbad me that pleasure:—the more was the pity.

The clock struck eleven as I enter'd the room,
Where Rembrant and Guido stood waiting their doom,
With Holbein, and Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoret,
Jordano, Poussin, Carlo Dolci, et cet,
When at length in the corner perceiving the Pere,
"Ha," quoth I to his face, "my old friend, are you there?"
And methought the face smil'd, just as though it would say,
"What you're come, Mr. Byrom, to fetch me away."

Now before I had time to return it an answer,
Comes a short-hander by, Jemmy Ord was the man, sir;
"So, doctor, good morrow:" "So, Jemmy, bon jour:
Some rare pictures here:" "So there are to be sure:
Shall we look at some of them?" "With all my heart, Jemmy;"
So I walk'd up and down, and my old pupil wi' me,
Making still such remarks as our wisdom thought proper,
Where things were hit off in wood, canvas, or copper.

When at length about noon Mr. Auctioneer Cox,
With his book and his hammer, mounts into his box:
"Lot the first—number one"—then advanced his upholder
With Malebranche: so Atlas bore Heaven on his shoulder.
Then my heart, sir, it went pit-a-pat, in good sooth,
To see the sweet face of the searcher of truth:
Ha, thought I to myself, if it cost me a million,
"This right honest head shall then grace my pavilion."

Thus stood lot the first both in number and worth,
If pictures were priz'd for the men they set forth:
I'm sure, to my thinking, compar'd to this number,
Most lots in the room seem'd to be but mere lumber.
The head then appearing, Cox left us to see't,
And fell to discoursing concerning the feet,
"So long and so broad—'tis a very fine head—
Please to enter it, gentlemen"—was all that he said.

Had I been in his place, not a stroke of a hammer
Till the force had been tried both of rhetoric and grammar:
"A very fine head"—had thy head been as fine,
All the heads in the house had veil'd bonnets to thine:
Not a word whose it was—but in short 't was as head—
"Put it up what you please"—and so somebody said,
"Half a piece"—and so on—for three pounds and a crown;
To sum up my good fortune, I fetch'd me him down.

There were three or four bidders, I cannot tell whether,
But they never could come two upon me together:
For as soon as one spoke, then immediately pop
I advanc'd something more, fear the hammer should drop.
I consider'd, should Cox take a whim of a sudden,
What a hurry it would put a man's Lancashire blood in?
"Once—twice—three pound five"—so, nemine con.
Came an absolute rap—and thrice happy was John.

"Who bought it?" quoth Cox. "Here's the money," quoth I,
Still willing to make the securest reply.
And the safest receipt that a body can trust
For preventing disputes, is—down with your dust!
So I bought it, and paid for't, and boldly I say,
'T was the best purchase made at Cadogan's that day:
The works the man wrote are the finest in nature,
And a most clever piece is his genuine portraiture.

For the rest of the pictures and how they were sold,
To others there present, I leave to be told:

They seem'd to go off, as at most other sales,
Just as folks, money, judgment, or fancy prevails:
Some cheap, and some dear: such an image as this
Comes a trifle to me: and an odd wooden Swiss
Wench's head, God knows who—forty-eight guineas—if her
Grace of Marlborough likes it—so fancy will differ.

When the business was over, and the crowd somewhat gone,
Whip into a coach I convey number one. [pin:"
"Drive along, honest friend, fast as e'er you can
So he did, and 'tis now safe and sound at Grays-inn:
Done at Paris, it says, from the life by one Gery,
Who that was I can't tell, but I wish his heart merry: [birth
In the year ninety-eight; sixty just from the
Of the greatest divine, that e'er liv'd upon Earth.

And now, if some evening, when you are at leisure,
You'll come and rejoice with me over my treasure,
With a friend or two with you, that will in free sort
Let us mix metaphysics and short-hand and port;
We'll talk of his book, or what else you've a mind,
Take a glass, read or write, as we see we're inclin'd: [clever?
Such friends and such freedom! what can be more
Huzza! father Malebranche and Short-hand for ever.

ON TWO LEAN MILLERS

AT MANCHESTER, WHO RIGOROUSLY ENFORCED THE CUSTOM OF OBLIGING ALL THE INHABITANTS TO HAVE THEIR CORN GROUND AT THEIR MILLS.

BONE and Skin,
Two millers thin,
Would starve the town, or near it:
But be it known,
To Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

EPITAPH,

WRITTEN IN CHALK ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF A PROFLIGATE SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lies John Hill
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever wou'd,
Had he liv'd as long again[1].

AN EPISTLE

TO A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE.

SIR, upon casting an attentive look
Over your friend, the learned Sherlock's book,
One thing occurs about the fall of man,
That does not suit with the Mosaic plan;
Nor give us fairly, in its full extent,
The scripture doctrine of that dire event.
When tempted, Adam, yielding to deceit,
Presum'd of the forbidden tree to eat,
The bishop tells us, *that he did not die:*
Pray will you ask him, sir, the reason why?
Why he would contradict the sacred text,
Where death to sin so *surely* is annext?
"The day thou eatest"—are the words you know;
And yet, by his account, it was not so:
Death did not follow, tho' it surely wou'd:
How will he make this hardy comment good?
"Sentence," says he, "was respited."—But pray,
Where does the scripture such a saying say?
What word that means to respite or revoke
Appears in all that God or Moses spoke?
It will be said, perhaps, that it appears,
That Adam liv'd above nine hundred years
After his fall—True—but what life was that?
The very death, sir, which his fall begat.
The life, that Adam was created in,
Was lost the day, the instant, of his sin.
Just as the rebel angels, when they fell,
Were dead to Heav'n, altho' alive to Hell:
So man, no longer breathing heav'nly breath,
Fell to this life, and dy'd the scripture death.
While in the state of innocence he stood,
He was all living, beautiful, and good:
But when he fed on the forbidden fruit,
Whereof corruption was the latent root,
He dy'd to Paradise, and, by a birth [Earth;
That should not have been rais'd, he liv'd to
Fell into bestial flesh, and blood, and bones,
Amongst the thorns and briars, rocks and stones.
That which had cloth'd him, when a child of light,
With all its lustre, was extinguish'd quite;
Naked, asham'd, confounded, and amaz'd,
With other eyes, on other scenes he gaz'd.
All sensibility of heav'nly bliss
Departing from him—what a death was this!
His soul, indeed, as an immortal fire,
Could never die, cou'd never not desire:
But, sir, he had what glorious angels claim,
An heav'nly spirit, and an heav'nly frame;
Form'd in the likeness of the sacred Three,
He stood immortal, powerful, and free;
Image of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The destin'd sire of a new heav'nly host;
Partner of their communicated breath,
A living soul, unsubjected to death.
Since then he fell from this sublime estate,
Could less than death have been his real fate?
No; as in life he chose not to abide,
It must be said, that *Adam surely dy'd.*
Say, that he dy'd not, as it was foretold,
But when nine hundred years and thirty old,
And then, if death be sentence for a fall,
How proves the bishop that he dy'd at all?
For if the death he talks of be this last,
How does that answer to the sentence past?
Was his departure from this world the time
That our first father suffer'd for his crime?
One rather should believe, or hope at least,
That (so be it!) his sufferings then ceas'd;
And that the life, which had been lost at first,
Was then regain'd, and he no longer curst.
If on the bishop's escutcheon, when he dies,
(Long be the time deferr'd) the mourning eyes
Should read *Mors Vitæ Janua*, in paint,
What must they think him, sinner, then, or saint?

[1] These two trifles are given on the authority of the Biographica Britannica. *C.*

Must not these words direct them to suppose
An end of all a Christian bishop's woes?
Who, like to Adam, father of mankind,
Had pass'd his time of penitence injoin'd;
Who, like to Christ, the second Adam too,
Had always had redemption in his view;
Had taught himself and others to revive
From dead in Adam to in Christ alive;
Had been as true a shepherd to his flock,
As the poor hind that really wears a frock;
So trod this earthly passage, that, in sum,
Death was to him *the gate of life* become.
Gate of *what* life? Undoubtedly the same
That Adam fell from, when he first became
A creature of this world; when first he fell,
Thanks to divine foregoodness! not to Hell,
But to this Earth—this state of time and place,
Where, dead by nature, man revives by grace;
Where, tho' his outward system must decay,
His inward ripens to eternal day;
Puts off th' old Adam, and puts on the new;
And having found the first sad sentence true,
Now finds the truth of what the second said,
"The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head."
Again—to urge the instance that I gave,
Attend we this good bishop to his grave:
The priest comes forth to meet the sable hearse,
And then repeats the well-appointed verse;
—Verse, one would think, that might decide the [strife:—
"I am the resurrection and the life."—
What life is that which Jesus is, and gives,
In and by which the true believer lives?
That of this world? Then were it most absurd
To a dead bishop to apply the word.
'T is that which human nature had before;
Which, being Christ's, Christ only can restore.
What meaning is there, touching the deceas'd,
Now from the "burthen of the flesh" releas'd,
But that his soul is going to be clad
With heav'nly flesh and blood; which Adam had,
Before he enter'd into that which Paul
"Body of death" might very justly call?
A flesh and blood, that, as he hints elsewhere,
Not born from Heav'n, can never enter there:
Mass of this world, whose kingdom Christ dis-
The life whereof is but a life so nam'd; [claim'd,
A life of animal and insect breath,
That, in a man, is rightly styl'd a death.
Thus, sir, throughout the burial office run,
You'll find that it proceeds as it begun.
Read any office,—baptism if you will—
From first to last, you'll find the reason still,
Why any, or why all of them are read;
Reason of all that's either sung or said,
Is by this one great solemn truth explain'd,
Of life in Adam lost, in Christ regain'd:
Lost at the fall—not at the end of years
That Adam labour'd in this vale of tears,
When death thro' Christ was happy, 'tis presum'd,
And vanquish'd that to which he first was doom'd.
Doom'd—not by any act of wrath in God;
(A point wherein the bishop seems to nod)
No death of pure, of tainted life no pain,
Did his severe inflicting will ordain:
He is all glory, goodness, light, and love,
Life that from *him* no creature can remove;
But from *itself* it may, as Adam did,
If it will choose what light and love forbid:
Truly forewarn'd of what would truly be,
His life was poison'd by the mortal tree:
He eat—he fell—he dy'd—'T is all the same;
One loss of life under a triple name.
No test was made by positive command,
Merely to try if he would fall or stand,
Like that, the serpentine Satanic snare,
Of which the man was bidden to beware.
"Eat not thereof, or thou wilt surely die,"
Was spoken to prevent, and not to try;
To guard the man against his subtle foe, [know.
Who sought to teach him what 't was death to
Death to his pristine, spirit-life divine,
And separation from its sacred shrine;
The pure, unmix'd, incorruptible throne,
Wherein God's image first embody'd shone:
Tho' form'd to rule the new created scene,
Built from the chaos of a former reign;
To bring the wonders of this world to view,
And ancient glories to an orb renew;
He also had, as being to command,
See, and be seen, in this new-formed land,
This intermediate temporary life,
Where, only, good and evil are at strife,
Outward corporeal form, whereby he saw,
And heard, and spoke, and gave to all things law;
They none to him.—His far superior mind
Was, as he pleas'd, united or disjoin'd:
So far united, that all good was gain'd;
So far disjoin'd, that evil was restrain'd:
It could not reach him—for, before his fall,
Nothing could hurt this human lord of all,
No more than Satan, or the Serpent, cou'd,
If in his first creation he had stood.
Such was his blest estate—wherein is found
Of Adam's happy ignorance the ground.
His outward body, and each outward thing,
From whence alone both good and ill could spring,
Could not affect, while he was free from sin,
The life of the celestial man within.
Glorious condition! which, howe'er imply'd,
That man, at first plac'd in it, must be try'd:
Not from God's will, or arbitrary voice;
His trial follow'd from his pow'r of choice:
God will'd him that, himself was to re-will,
And the divine intentions to fulfil;
To use his outward body as a means,
Whereby to raise in time and place the scenes
That should restore the once angelic orb,
And all its evil introduc'd absorb.
Evil, that, prior to the fall of man,
From him, whose name in Heav'n is lost, began.
Moses has plainly hinted at the fiend;
Whose malice in a borrow'd shape was screen'd:
Who, under reason's plausible disguise,
Taught our first parents to be worldly wise:
Succeeding lights have risen up to show
Of God and man, more openly, the foe.
He, once a thron'd archangel, had the sway
Far as this orb of our created day;
Where, then, no Sun was wanted to give light,
No Moon to cheer yet undiscover'd night;
Immensely luminous his total sphere,
All glory, beauty, brightness, ev'ry where:
Ocean of bliss, a limpid crystal sea,
Whose height and depth its angels might survey;
Call forth its wonders, and enjoy the trance
Of joys perpetual thro' its whole expanse:
Ravishing forms arising without end
Would, in obedience to their wills, ascend;
Change, and unfold fresh glories to their view,
And tune the hallelujah song anew.

If, when we cast a thoughtful, thankful eye
Towards the beauties of an ev'ning sky,
Calm we admire, thro' the ethereal field,
The various scenes that even clouds can yield;
What huge delight must Nature's fund afford,
Where all the rich realities are stor'd,
Which God produces from its vast abyss,
To his own glory, and his creatures bliss?
His glory, first, all nature must display,
Else how to bliss could creatures know the way?
Order, thro' all eternity, requires,
That to his will they subject their desires;
That, with all meekness, the created mind
Be to the fountain of its life resign'd;
Think, speak, and act, in all things for his sake:
This is the true perfection of its make.
Both men and angels must have wills their own,
Or God and Nature were to them unknown:
'Tis their capacity of life and joy,
Which none but *they* can ruin or destroy.
God, in himself, was, is, and will be, good,
And all around pour forth th' enriching flood.
From him—('tis Nature's and Religion's creed)
Nothing but good can possibly proceed.
That creature only, whose recipient will
Shuts itself up within itself, is ill:
Good cannot dwell in such an harden'd clay,
But stagnates, and evaporates away.
Thus when the regent of th' angelic host,
That fell, began within himself to boast;
Began, endow'd with his Creator's pow'rs,
That nothing could resist, to call them ours;
To spread thro' his wide ranks the impious term,
And they their leader's doctrine to confirm;
Then self, then evil, then apostate war
Rag'd thro' their hierarchy wide and far;
Kindled to burn, what they esteem'd a rod,
The meekness and subjection to a God.
Resolv'd to pay no hymning homage more,
Nor, in an orbit of their own, adore:
All right of Heav'n's eternal King abjur'd,
They thought one region to themselves secur'd;
One out of Three, where majesty divine
Shone in its glorious outbirth unitrine;
Shone, and will shine eternally, altho'
Angels or men the shining bliss forego
Straight, with this proud imagination fir'd,
To self-dominion strongly they aspir'd;
Bent all their wills, irrevocably bent,
To bring about their devilish intent.
How ought we mortals to beware of pride,
That such great angels could so far misguide!
No sooner was this horrible attempt,
From all obedience to remain exempt,
Put forth to act, but instantly thereon
Heav'n, in the swiftness of a thought, was gone:
From Love's beatifying pow'r estrang'd, [chang'd.
They found their life, their bliss, their glory,
That state, wherein they were resolv'd to dwell,
Sprung from their lusting, and became their Hell.
Thinking to rise above the God of all
The wretches fell, with an eternal fall;
In depths of slavery, without a shelf:
There is no stop in self-tormenting *self*.
Just as a wheel, that's running down a hill
Which has no bottom, must keep running still:
So down their own proclivity to wrong,
Urg'd by impetuous pride, they whirl along,
Their own dark, fiery, working spirits tend
Farther from God, and farther to descend.
He made no Hell to place his angels in;
They stirr'd the fire that burnt them, by their sin:
The bounds of Nature, and of Order, broke,
And all the wrath that follow'd them awoke:
Their *own* disorder'd raging was their pain;
Their *own* unbending harden'd strength, their chain:
Renouncing God with their eternal might,
They sunk their legions into endless night. [dwelt,
Mean-while the glorious kingdom, where they
Th' effect of their rebellious workings felt:
Its clear materiality, and pure,
Could not the force of raging fiends endure:
Its elements, all heav'nly in their kind,
In one harmonious system when combin'd,
Were now disclos'd, divided, and opake:
Their glassy sea became a stormy lake:
The height and depth of their angelic world
Was nought but ruins upon ruins hurl'd:
Chaos arose, and, with its gloomy sweep
Of darkning horrours, overspread the deep:
All was confusion, order all defac'd,
Tohu, and Bohu, the deformed waste:
Till the Almighty's gracious fiat came,
And stop'd the spreading of the hellish flame;
Put to each fighting principle the bar;
And calm'd, by just degrees, th' intestine war.
Light, at his word, th' abating tempest cheer'd;
Earth, sea, and land, Sun, Moon, and stars, ap-
Creatures of ev'ry kind, and food for each; [pear'd;
And various beauties clos'd the various breach:
Nature's six properties had each their day,
Lost Heav'n, as far as might be, to display;
And in the sev'nth, or body of them all,
To rest from, what they yet must prove, a fall.
For had not this disorder'd chaos been;
Had not these angels caus'd it by their sin;
Nor had compacted earth, nor rock, nor stone,
Nor gross materiality, been known:
All that in fire, or water, earth, or air,
May now their noxious qualities declare,
Is as unknown in Heav'n as sin or crime,
And only lasts for purifying time:
Till the great end, for which we all came here,
Till God's restoring goodness, shall appear:
Then, as the rebel creatures' false desire
Awak'd in nature the chaotic fire;
So when redeeming Love has found a race
Of creatures worthy of the heav'nly place,
Then shall another fire enkindled rise,
And purge from ill these temporary skies;
Purge from the world its deadness, and its dross,
And of lost Heav'n recover all the loss.
Why look we then with such a longing eye
On what this world can give us, or deny;
Of man and angel fall'n, the sad remains?
It has its pleasures—but it has its pains.
It has, what speaks it, would we but attend,
Not our design'd felicity—an end.
Sons of eternity, tho' born on Earth,
There is within us a celestial birth;
A life that waits the efforts of our mind,
To raise itself within this outward rind.
This husk of ours, this stately stalking clod,
Is not the body that we have from God:
Of good and evil 'tis the mortal crust;
Fruit of Adamical and Eval lust;
By which the man, when heav'nly life was ceas'd,
Became an helpless, naked, biped beast:
Forc'd, on a cursed Earth, to sweat and toil;
To brutes a native, him a foreign soil:

And, after all his years employ'd to know
The satisfactions of a life so low,
Nine hundred,-or nine hundred thousand, past,
Another death to come, and Hell, at last—
—But for that new mysterious birth of life;
That promis'd seed to Adam and his wife;
That quick'ning spirit to a poor dead soul;
Not part of scripture doctrine, but the whole;
Which writers, figuring away, have left
A mere dead letter, of all sense bereft;
But for that *only* help of man forlorn,
The incarnation of the Virgin-born.
This Serpent-bruiser, son of God and man,
Who, from the first, his saving work began,
Revers'd, in full maturity of time,
In his own sacred person, Adam's crime;
Brought human nature from its deadly fall,
And made salvation possible for *all*.
Without acknowledging that Adam dy'd,
Scripture throughout is, in effect, deny'd:
All the whole process of redeeming love,
Of life, of light, and spirit from above,
Loses, by learning's piteous pretence
Of modes, and metaphors, its real sense:
All the glad tidings, in the gospel found,
Are sunk in empty and unmeaning sound.
If, by the first man's sin, we understand
Only some breach of absolute command
Half-punish'd, half-remitted, by a grace
Like that which takes in human acts a place;
The more we write, the more we still expose
The Christian doctrine to its reas'ning foes:
But, once convinc'd, that Adam, by his crime,
Fell from eternal life to that of time;
Stood on the brink of death eternal too,
Unless created unto life anew,
Then ev'ry reason teaches us to see
How all the truths of sacred writ agree;
How life restor'd arises from the grave;
How man could perish, and how Christ could save.
Man perish'd by the deadly food he took,
And needs must *lose* the life that he *forsook*,
Not unadvis'd—the moment he inclin'd
To this inferior life his nobler mind,
God kindly warn'd him to continue fed
With food of Paradise, with angels bread;
To shun the tree, the knowledge, whose sad leav'n
Would quench in him the light and life of [Heav'n;
Strip him of that angelical array,
Which thro' his outward body spread the day;
Kept it from ev'ry curse of sin and shame,
From all those evils that had yet no name:
That prov'd alas! when he would not refrain,
The loss of Adam's proper life too plain.
Who can suppose that God would e'er forbid
To eat what would not hurt him, if he did?
Fright his lov'd creature by a false alarm;
Or make what, in itself, was harmless, harm?
O how much better he from whom I draw,
Tho' deep, yet clear the system, master Law!
Master, I call him; not that I incline
To pin my faith on any one divine;
But, man or woman, whosoe'er it be,
That speaks true doctrine, is a pope to me.
Where truth alone is interest, and aim,
Who would regard a person, or a name?
Or, in the search of it impartial, scoff,
Or scorn the meanest instrument thereof?
Pardon me, sir, for having dar'd to dwell
Upon a truth already told so well:
Since diff'rent ways of telling may excite,
In diff'rent minds, attention to what's right;
And men (I measure by myself) sometimes,
Averse to reas'ning, may be taught by rhymes;
If where one fails, they will not take offence,
Nor quarrel with the *words*, but seek the *sense*.
Life, death, and such like words, in scripture
Have certainly an higher, deeper ground, [found,
Than that of this poor perishable ball,
Whereon men doat, as if it were their all;
As if they were like Warburtonian Jews,
Or, Christians nam'd, had still no higher views;
As if their years had never taught them sense
Beyond——It is all one a hundred hence.
'T was of such worldlings that our Saviour said
To one of his disciples, "Let the dead
Bury their dead: but do thou follow me."
He makes no more distinction, sir, you see,
But that, with ref'rence to a life so brute,
The *speaking* carcases interr'd the *mute*.
Life, to conclude, was lost in Adam's fall,
Which Christ, our resurrection, will recall:
And, as death came into the world by sin,
Where one begun, the other must begin.
Why will the learned sages use their art,
From scripture truth, so widely, to depart?
But above all, a bishop, grave, and wise,
Why will he shut, against plain text, his eyes?
Not see that Heav'n's prediction never ly'd;
That Adam fell by eating, sinn'd, and dy'd,
A real death, as much as loss of sight
Is death to ev'ry circumstance of light;
Tho' a blind man may feel his way, and grope,
Or for recover'd eyes be made to hope;
We might as well set glasses on his nose,
And sight, from common helps of sight, suppose,
As say, when Adam's heav'nly life was kill'd,
That sentence was not instantly fulfill'd.
Persuade your mitred friend, then, if you can,
To re-consider, sir, the fall of man;
To see, and own the depth of it; because,
'Till that is done, we may as well pick straws,
As talk of what, and who, the Serpent was
That brought the fall, not understood, to pass.
One thing he was, sir, be what else he will:
A critic, that employ'd his fatal skill
To cavil upon words, and take away
The sense of that which was as plain as day.
And thus the world, at present, by his wiles,
Tho' not in outward shape, he still beguiles;
Seeking to turn, by comments low and lax,
The word of God into a nose of wax;
To take away the marrow, and the pith,
Of all that scripture can present us with.
May Heav'n deliver from his winding tours,
The bishop, and us all! I am, sir, your's.

ENTHUSIASM:

A POETICAL ESSAY, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here sent you the verses which you desired a copy of. The book[1] that gave occasion to them has treated the subject whereon they are made in such a brief, sensible, and lively manner,

[1] Mr. Law's Appeal to all that doubt, &c. p. 305.

as might well excite one to an attempt of this nature. Just and improving sentiments deserve to be placed in any light that may either engage the attention of a reader, or assist his memory; and verse, as I have found by experience, does both: for which reason, when I first met with an account of Enthusiasm so quite satisfactory, I chose to give it the dress wherein it now appears before you.

Enthusiasm is grown into a fashionable term of reproach, that usually comes uppermost, when any thing of a deep and serious nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent custom, to sober and considerate assertors of important truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant contenders about them. This indiscriminate use of the word has evidently a bad effect: it pushes the general indifferency to matters of the highest concern into downright aversion. The best writers upon the best subjects are unattended to; and the benefit accruing from their love, and their labours, is not perceived by us; because we are hurried on, by the idlest of all prejudices, to condemn them without a reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible, upon such a slight one, as can hardly be called an endeavour to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are enthusiasts; and, to avoid the imputation of that character, we run into it at second hand, and adopt the rashness and injustice of impetuous originals: we take the stalest exclamations for the freshest proofs; and the affected retailing of madness, mysticism, Behmenism, and the like decisive outcries, contents us as if there were something of sense, wit, or demonstration in it.

When this low kind of enthusiasm is alert enough to gain its point, the writer of a good book may possibly lose the applause, which it is highly probable that he never sought for. But what does a reader get the while, by his tame resignation of the right of judging for himself to such incompetent authority? Men of superior fluency in expressing their own conceptions are not always sedate enough to examine, or judicious enough to discover, the principles which might undeceive them. The first obstruction to their hypothesis may pass, with them, for an immediate confutation of any book whatsoever: they may show their learning, their zeal, or their contempt, and speak of an enthusiasm different from their own, as quickly as they please; but where the question is momentous, and the celebration of their fame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is really desirous of information, to remit the freedom of inquiry after it for their dicacity?

How many pathetic accounts of living piety, how many excellent treatises composed for the advancement of it, are neglected, or unknown, because we are so easily prepossessed by popular hearsay, and wretched compilers? How many has the sourness of controversy, the bitterness of party, and the rotation of amusement, in a manner suppressed? The enthusiasm which is hence enkindled reigns and rages unsuspected, while that of a juster kind, the genuine effect of a true life and spirit, arising from what is lovely, harmonious, and substantial, is in danger of being extinguished by it; and, whenever it is so, the variety of delusion with which a different spirit may then possess its votaries, will centre, properly speaking, in endemoniasm.

In short, there is a right enthusiasm, as well as a wrong one; and a man is free to admit which he pleases: but one he must have, as sure as he has a head; as sure as he has a heart that fondly pursues the object of its desire, whatever it be. If that be pointed right; if it reach after that godlike state and condition, to which all mankind were originally created; if it long to be freed from the disorders of its present state, to be restored again to that enduring rest, light, and liberty, which alone can accomplish and beautify it; how can it be too constant, or too vigorous?

If the desire be otherwise inclined, how little does it signify to the main purpose what ingenuity, parts, or learning, what natural, or what acquired talents, men may be possessed of? So long as they have only light enough to hate light, they may, upon the first glimpse of it, retire into their earthliness, and push out their works as thick as mole-hills: but, in reality, a single page, proceeding from a right spirit, whose enthusiasm they all despise, is worth a library of such a produce.

In such a spirit I take the Appeal, to which the following lines are owing, to be written; and am persuaded, that if any sober-minded deist, who is prejudiced against Christianity, because he does not really know what it is; that if any Christian so called, who has been led into mistakes about it, because he does not really know what it is not; in fine, that if any one, whose heart is so far converted as to desire conversion, should be disposed to read it through, he would find his account in it; he would be struck with, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, something so solid, and so animated, through the whole of it; such an impartial regard to truth, wherever it may be found; and such happy illustration of it, where it really has been found; that I had some thoughts of translating it for the use of foreigners, believing that such a service would be acceptable to the more searching and unbiassed dispositions amongst them, and also help to fix many awakening and comfortable truths upon my own mind; which is the interest that I would propose to obtain by it. If I shall find myself capable of executing this design with justice to the original, you shall hear further from me. In the mean time I have transcribed for you these verses upon the incidental subject of Enthusiasm, as they were first composed for private recollection; and, as I can rely upon your judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly submitted to your correction and disposal. I am, yours, &c.

Manchester, Sept. 3, 1751. J. B.

"FLY from Enthusiasm—it is the pest,
Bane, poison, frenzy, fury—and the rest."
This is the cry that oft, when truth appears,
Forbids attention to our list'ning ears;
Checks our first entrance on the main concern,
And, stunn'd with clamour, we forbear to learn;
Mechanically catch the common cant,
And fly from what we almost know we want;
A deeper sense of something that should set
The heart at rest, that never has done yet;

Some simpler secret, that, yet unreveal'd,
Amidst contending systems lies conceal'd.
A book, perhaps, beyond the vulgar page,
Removes at once the lumber of an age:
Truth is presented; strikes upon our eyes;
We feel conviction, and we fear surprise:
We gaze, admire, dispute, and then the baw!—
"Fly from Enthusiasm"—that answers all.
Now, if my friend has patience to inquire,
Let us awhile from noisy scenes retire;
Let us examine sense, as well as sound,
And search the truth, the nature, and the ground.
'T is will, imagination, and desire
Of thinking life, that constitute the fire,
The force, by which the strong volitions drive,
And form the scenes to which we are alive.
What! tho', unsprouted into outward shape,
The points of thought our grosser sight escape?
Nor bulky forms in prominent array
Their secret cogitative cause betray?
Once fix the will, and nature must begin
T' unfold its active rudiments within;
Mind governs matter, and it must obey:
To all its opening forms desire is key:
Nor mind nor matter's properties are lost,
As that shall mould, this must appear embost.
Imagination, trifling as it seems,
Big with effects, its own creation teems.
We think our wishes and desires a play,
And sport important faculties away:
Edg'd are the tools with which we trifle thus,
And carve out deep realities for us.
Intention, roving into Nature's field,
Dwells in that system which it means to build,
Itself the centre of its wish'd-for plan;
For where the heart of man is—there is man.
Ev'ry created, understanding mind
Moves as its own self-bias is inclin'd:
From God's free spirit breathed forth to be,
It must of all necessity be free;
Must have the pow'r to kindle and inflame
The subject-matter of its mental aim:
Whither it bend the voluntary view,
Realities, or fictions, to pursue:
Whether it raise its nature, or degrade,
To truth substantial, or to phantom shade,
Falshood or truth accordingly obtains;
That only which it wills to gain—it gains:
Good—if the good be vigorously sought,
And ill—if that be first resolv'd in thought.
All is one good, that nothing can remove,
While held in union, harmony, and love.
But when a selfish separating pride
Will break all bounds, and good from good divide,
'T is then extinguish'd, like a distant spark,
And pride self-doom'd into its joyless dark.
The miscreant desire turns good to ill,
In its own origin, the evil will:
A fact, that fills all histories of old,
That glares in proof, while conscious we behold
The bliss, bespoken by our Maker's voice,
Fixt, or perverted by a man's own choice.
Now when the mind determines thus its force,
The man becomes enthusiast of course.
What is enthusiasm? What can it be,
But thought enkindled to an high degree?
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right, or not right, with equal ardour burn.
It must be therefore various in its kind,
As objects vary, that engage the mind:
When to religion we confine the word,
What use of language can be more absurd?
'T is just as true, that many words beside,
As love, or zeal, are only thus apply'd:
To ev'ry kind of life they all belong;
Men may be eager, tho' their views be wrong:
And hence the reason, why the greatest foes
To true religious earnestness are those
Who fire their wits upon a diff'rent theme,
Deep in some false enthusiastic scheme.
One man politely, seiz'd with classic rage,
Dotes on old Rome, and its Augustan age;
On those great souls who then, or then abouts,
Made in their state such riots and such routs.
He fancies all magnificent and grand,
Under this mistress of the world's command:
Scarce can his breast the sad reverse abide,
The dame despoil'd of all her glorious pride:
Time, an old Goth, advancing to consume
Immortal gods, and once eternal Rome;
When the plain gospel spread its artless ray,
And rude unsculptur'd fishermen had sway;
Who spar'd no idol, tho' divinely carv'd,
Tho' Art, and Muse, and shrine-engraver, starv'd:
Who say'd poor wretches, and destroy'd, alas!
The vital marble, and the breathing brass.
Where does all sense to him, and reason, shine?
Behold—in Tully's rhetoric divine!
Tully! enough—high o'er the Alps he's gone,
To tread the ground that Tully trod upon;
Haply to find his statue, or his bust,
Or medal green'd with Ciceronian rust:
Perchance the rostrum—yea, the very wood,
Whereon this elevated genius stood;
When forth on Catiline, as erst he spoke,
The thunder of quousque tandem broke.
Well may this grand enthusiast deride
The dulness of a pilgrim's humbler pride,
Who paces to behold that part of Earth,
Which to the Saviour of the world gave birth;
To see the sepulchre from whence he rose;
Or view the rocks that rented at his woes;
Whom Pagan reliques have no force to charm,
Yet e'en a modern crucifix can warm:
The sacred signal who intent upon,
Thinks on the sacrifice that hung thereon.
Another's heated brain is painted o'er
With ancient hieroglyphic marks of yore:
He old Egyptian mummies can explain,
And raise 'em up almost to life again;
Can into deep antique recesses pry,
And tell, of all, the wherefore and the why;
How this philosopher, and that, has thought,
Believ'd one thing, and quite another taught;
Can rules, of Grecian sages long forgot,
Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the spot.
What bounds to nostrum? Moses, and the Jews,
Observ'd this learned legislator's views,
While Israel's leader purposely conceal'd
Truths, which his whole economy reveal'd;
No heav'n disclos'd, but Canaan's fertile stage,
And no for-ever—but a good old age;
Whilst the well untaught people, kept in awe
By meanless types, and unexplained law,
Pray'd to their local god to grant a while
The future state, of corn, and wine, and oil;
'Till, by a late captivity set free,
Their destin'd errour they began to see;
Dropt the Mosaic scheme, to teach their youth
Dramatic Job, and Babylonish truth.

To soar aloft on obeliskal clouds;
To dig down deep into the dark—for shrouds;
To vex old matters, chronicled in Greek,
While those of his own parish are to seek;
What can come forth from such an antic taste,
But a Clarissimus Enthusiast?
Fraught with discoveries so quaint, so new,
So deep, so smart, so ipse-dixit true,
See arts and empires, ages, books, and men,
Rising, and falling, as he points the pen:
See frauds and forgeries, if ought surpass,
Of nobler stretch, the limits of his class,
Not found within that summary of laws,
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own applause.
Where erudition so unblest prevails,
Saints, and their lives, are legendary tales;
Christians, a brain-sick, visionary crew,
That read the Bible with a Bible view,
And thro' the letter humbly hope to trace
The living word, the spirit, and the grace.
It matters not, whatever be the state
That full-bent will and strong desires create;
Where'er they fall, where'er they love to dwell,
They kindle there their Heaven, or their Hell;
The chosen scene surrounds them as their own,
All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
However poor and empty be the sphere,
'Tis all, if inclination centre there:
Its own enthusiasts each system knows,
Down to lac'd fops, and powder-sprinkled beaus.
Great wits, affecting, what they call, to think,
That deep immers'd in speculation sink,
Are great enthusiasts, howe'er refin'd,
Whose brain-bred notions so inflame the mind,
That, during the continuance of its heat,
The summum bonum is—its own conceit:
Critics, with all their learning recondite,
Poets, that sev'rally be-mused write;
The virtuosos, whether great or small;
The connoisseurs, that know the worth of all;
Philosophers, that dictate sentiments,
And politicians, wiser than events;
Such, and such-like, come under the same law,
Altho' their heat be from a flame of straw;
Altho' in one absurdity they chime,
To make religious enthusiasm a crime.
Endless to say how many of their trade
Ambition, pride, and self-conceit have made.
If one, the chief of such a num'rous name,
Let the great scholar justify his claim.
Self-love, in short, wherever it is found,
Tends to its own enthusiastic ground;
With the same force that goodness mounts above,
Sinks, by its own enormous weight, self-love—
By this the wav'ring libertine is prest,
And the rank atheist totally possest:
Atheists are dark enthusiasts indeed,
Whose fire enkindles like the smoking weed:
Lightless, and dull, the clouded fancy burns,
Wild hopes, and fears, still flashing out by turns.
Averse to Heav'n, amid the horrid gleam
They quest annihilation's monstrous theme,
On gloomy depths of nothingness to pore,
'Till all be none, and being be no more.
The sprightlier infidel, as yet more gay,
Fires off the next ideas in his way,
The dry fag-ends of ev'ry obvious doubt;
And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.
Boldly resolv'd, against conviction steel'd,
Nor inward truth, nor outward fact, to yield;
Urg'd with a thousand proofs, he stands unmov'd
Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-prov'd;
To his own reason loudly he appeals,
No saint more zealous for what God reveals.
Think not that you are no enthusiast then:
All men are such, as sure as they are men.
The thing itself is not at all to blame:
'T is in each state of human life the same.
The fiery bent, the driving of the will,
That gives the prevalence to good, or ill.
You need not go to cloisters, or to cells,
Monks, or field preachers, to see where it dwells:
It dwells alike in balls and masquerades;
Courts, camps, and 'Changes, it alike pervades.
There be enthusiasts, who love to sit
In coffee-houses, and cant out their wit.
The first in most assemblies would you see,
Mark out the first haranguer, and that's he:
Nay 't is what silent meetings cannot hide,
It may be notic'd by its mere outside.
Beaus and coquets would quit the magic dress,
Did not this mutual instinct both possess.
The mercer, taylor, bookseller, grows rich,
Because fine clothes, fine writings can bewitch.
A Cicero, a Shaftsbury, a Bayle,
How quick would they diminish in their sale?
Four fifths of all their beauties who would heed,
Had they not keen enthusiasts to read?
That which concerns us therefore is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force:
Whether a man shall stir up love, or hate,
From the mix'd medium of this present state;
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,
And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time, and demon at its end.
Neither perhaps, the wary sceptics cry,
And wait till Nature's river shall run dry;
With sage reserve not passing o'er to good,
Of time, lost time, are borne along the flood;
Content to think such thoughtless thinking right,
And common sense enthusiastic flight.
"Fly from Enthusiasm?" Yes, fly from air,
And breathe it more intensely for your care.
Learn, that, whatever phantoms you embrace,
Your own essential property takes place:
Bend all your wits against it, 't is in vain,
It must exist, or sacred, or profane.
For flesh, or spirit, wisdom from above,
Or from this world, an anger, or a love,
Must have its fire within the human soul:
'T is ours to spread the circle; or control;
In clouds of sensual appetites to smoke,
While smoth'ring lusts the rising conscience choke;
Or, from ideal glimmerings, to raise,
Showy and faint, a superficial blaze;
Where subtle reasons, with their lambent flames,
Untouch'd the things, creep round and round the [names;
Or—with a true celestial ardour fir'd,
Such as at first created man inspir'd,
To will, and to persist to will, the light,
The love, the joy, that makes an angel bright,
That makes a man, in sight of God, to shine
With all the lustre of a life divine.
When true religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire?
That burns to reach the end for which 't was giv'n,
To shine, and sparkle in its native Heav'n?

What else was our creating Father's view?
His image lost why sought he to renew?
Why all the scenes of love that Christians know,
But to attract us from this poor below?
To save us from the fatal choice of ill,
And bless the free co-operating will?
Blame not enthusiasm, if rightly bent;
Or blame of saints the holiest intent,
The strong persuasion, the confirm'd belief,
Of all the comforts of a soul the chief;
That God's continual will, and work to save,
Teach, and inspire, attend us to the grave:
That they, who in his faith and love abide,
Find in his spirit an immediate guide:
This is no more a fancy, or a whim,
Than that we live, and move, and are in him:
Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the ground,
Here is the seat of true religion found.
An earthly life, as life itself explains,
The air and spirit of this world maintains:
As plainly does an heav'nly life declare,
An heav'nly spirit, and an holy air.
What truth more plainly does the gospel teach,
What doctrine all its missionaries preach,
Than this, that ev'ry good desire and thought
Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?
For this the working faith prepares the mind;
Hope is expectant, charity resign'd:
From this blest guide the moment we depart,
What is there left to sanctify the heart?
Reason and morals? And where live they most?
In Christian comfort, or in stoic boast?
Reason may paint unpractis'd truth exact,
And morals rigidly maintain—no fact:
This is the pow'r that raises them to worth,
That calls their rip'ning excellencies forth.
Not ask for this?—May Heav'n forbid the vain,
The sad repose!—What virtue can remain?
What virtue wanting, if, within the breast,
This faith, productive of all virtue, rest,
That God is always present to impart
His light and spirit to the willing heart?
He, who can say my willing heart began
To learn this lesson, may be christen'd man;
Before, a son of elements and earth;
But now, a creature of another birth;
Whose true regenerated soul revives,
And life from him, that ever lives, derives;
Freed by compendious faith from all the pangs
Of long-fetch'd motives, and perplex'd harangues;
One word of promise stedfastly embrac'd,
His heart is fix'd, its whole dependence plac'd:
The hope is rais'd, that cannot but succeed,
And found infallibility indeed:
Then flows the love that no distinction knows
Of system, sect, or party, friends, or foes;
Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its call,
Stretches its whole benevolence to all;
It's universal wish, th' angelic scene,
That God within the heart of man may reign;
The true beginning to the final whole,
Of Heav'n, and heav'nly life, within the soul.
This faith, and this dependence, once destroy'd,
Man is made helpless, and the gospel void.
He that is taught to seek elsewhere for aid,
Be who he will the teacher, is betray'd:
Be what it will the system, he 's enslav'd;
Man by man's Maker only can be sav'd.
In this one fountain of all help to trust,
What is more easy, natural, and just?
Talk what we will of morals, and of bliss,
Our safety has no other source but this:
Led by this faith, when man forsakes his sin,
The gate stands open to his God within:
There, in the temple of his soul, is found,
Of inward central life, the holy ground;
The sacred scene of piety and peace,
Where new-born Christians feel the life's increase;
Blessing, and blest, revive to pristine youth,
And worship God in spirit, and in truth.
Had not the soul this origin, this root,
What else were man but a two-handed brute?
What but a devil, had he not possest
The seed of Heav'n, replanted in his breast?
The spark of potency, the ray of light,
His call, his help, his fitness to excite
The strength and vigour of celestial air,
Faith, and the breath of living Christians, pray'r:
Not the lip-service, nor the mouthing waste
Of heartless words, without an inward taste;
But the true kindling of desirous love,
That draws the willing graces from above;
The thirst of good that naturally pants
After that light and spirit which it wants;
In whose blest union quickly coincide,
To ask, and have, to want, and be supply'd.
Then does the faithful suppliant discern
More of true good, more of true nature learn,
Than from a thousand volumes on the shelf,
In one meek intercourse with truth itself.
All that the gospel ever could ordain,
All that the church's daily rites maintain,
Is to keep up, to strengthen, and employ,
This lively faith, this principle of joy;
This hope and this possession of the end,
Which all her pious institutes intend;
Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy strife,
The truth, and spirit, of an inward life;
Wherein th' eternal Parent of all Good
By his own influence is understood,
That man may learn infallibly aright,
Blest in his presence, seeing in his light,
To gain the habit of a godlike mind,
To seek his holy spirit, and to find.
In this enthusiasm, advanc'd thus high,
'T is a true Christian wish, to live, and die.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in Heaven——

FATHER—to think of his paternal care
Is a most sweet encouragement to pray'r.
Our Father—all men's Father; to remind
That we should love, as brethren, all mankind.
Which art in Heaven—assures an heav'nly birth
To all his loving children upon Earth.

Hallowed be thy name.

Name—is expressive of a real thing.
With all the pow'rs of which it is the spring.
Thy name—is therefore to be understood
Thy blessed Self, thou Fountain of all Good.
Be hallowed—be lov'd, obey'd, ador'd,
By inward pray'r habitu'lly implor'd.

Thy kingdom come——

Kingdom—of grace, at present, seed and root
Of future glory's everlasting fruit.

Thy kingdom—not the world's war-shifted scene,
Of pomp and show, but love's all peaceful reign.
Come—rule within our hearts, by grace divine,
Till all the kingdoms of the world be thine.

Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

Thy will—to ev'ry good that boundless pow'rs
Can raise, if we conform to it with ours.
Be done in Earth—where doing of his will
Promotes all good, and overcomes all ill.
As 't is in Heav'n—where all the blest above
Serve, with one will, the living source of love.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Give us—implies dependence, whilst we live,
Not on ourselves, but what he wills to give.
This day—cuts off all covetous desire
Of more and more, than real wants require.
Our daily bread—whatever we shall need,
And rightly use, to make it ours indeed.

And forgive us our trespasses——

Forgive—betokens penitential sense,
And hope for pardon, of confess'd offence.
Us—takes in all, but hints the special part
Of ev'ry one, to look to his own heart.
Our trespasses—which the forgiving grace,
By our sincere conversion, must efface.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

As we forgive—because the fairest claim
To mercy pray'd for is to show the same.
And we who pray should all be minded thus,
To pardon them, that trespass against us.
Without forgiving, Christ was pleas'd to add,
Our own forgiveness never can be had.

And lead us not into temptation.

Temptation rises in this world, the field
Of good and evil, and incites to yield.
Lead us not into it—becomes the voice
Of all, who would not go to it by choice.
Whose resignation, mix'd with meek distrust
Of their own strength, is more securely just.

But deliver us from evil——

But—when temptation will, of course, arise,
The Hand that leads can minister supplies.
Deliver us—instructs the soul to place
Its firm reliance on protecting Grace.
From evil—from the greatest evil, sin;
The only one not to be safely in.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

Thine is the kingdom—the essential right
To sov'reign rule, and majesty, and might.
Thine is the pow'r—to bless, and to redeem;
All else is weak whatever it may seem.
Thine is the glory—manifestly found
In all thy works, the whole creation round.

For ever and ever.

For ever—from an unbeginning source,
Almighty Love pursues its endless course.
Through all its scenes, Eternity displays
New wonders to our heav'nly Father's praise.
King, Father, Leader, Judge, his hallow'd name
Was, is, and ever will be, still the same.

Amen.

Amen is truth, in Hebrew, and consent
To truth received, by its long use, is meant.
Jesus, himself the truth, the living way,
The faithful witness, teaches thus to pray.
Again should we be learning, and again,
Till life becomes a practical amen.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

The Lord is my shepherd, my guardian, and guide;
Whatsoever I want he will kindly provide:
Ever since I was born, it is he that hath crown'd
The life that he gave me with blessings all round:
While yet on the breast a poor infant I hung,
E'er time had unloosen'd the strings of my tongue,
He gave me the help which I could not then ask;
Now therefore to thank him shall be my tongue's task.

Thro' my tenderest years, with as tender a care,
My soul, like a lamb, in his bosom he bare;
To the brook he would lead me, whene'er I had need,
And point out the pasture where best I might feed:
No harm could approach me; for he was my shield
From the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field;
The wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my shepherd, and guarded my soul.

How oft in my youth have I wander'd astray?
And still he hath brought me back to the right way!
When, lost in dark errour, no path I could meet,
His word, like a lantern, hath guided my feet:
What wond'rous escapes to his kindness I owe!
When, rash and unthinking, I sought my own woe:
My soul had, long since, been gone down to the deep,
If the Lord had not watched, when I was asleep.

Whensoe'er, at a distance, he sees me afraid,
He skips o'er the mountain, and comes to my aid;
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
In the midst of his flock, and feed close by his side:
How safe in his keeping, how happy and free,
Could I always remain where he bids me to be!
Yea blest are the people, and happy thrice told,
That obey the Lord's voice, and abide in his fold.

The fold it is full, and the pasture is green;
All is friendship and love, and no enemy seen:
There the Lord dwells, amongst us, upon his own Hill;
With the flocks all around him awaiting his will:
Himself, in the midst, with a provident eye
Regarding our wants, and procuring supply;
An abundance springs up of each nourishing bud,
And we gather his gifts, and are filled with good.

At his voice, or example, we move, or we stay;
For the Lord is himself both our leader and way:
The hills smoke with incense where'er he hath trod,
And a sacred perfume shows the footsteps of God.

While blest with his presence, the valleys beneath
A sweet smelling savour incessantly breathe:
The delight is renew'd of each sensible thing;
And behold in their bloom all the beauty of spring.

Or, if a quite different scene he prepare,
And we march thro' the wilderness, barren and bare;
By his wonderful works we see plainly enough,
That the Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof:
If we hunger, and thirst, and are ready to faint,
A relief in due season prevents our complaint;
The rain, at his word, brings us food from the sky,
And rocks become rivers when we are adry.

From the fruitfullest hill to the barrenest rock,
The Lord hath made all for the sake of his flock;
And the flock, in return, the Lord always confess
In plenty their joy, and their hope in distress:
He beholds in our welfare his glory display'd,
And we find ourselves blest in obedience repay'd;
With a cheerful regard we attend to his ways;
Our attention is pray'r, and our cheerfulness praise.

The Lord is my shepherd; what then shall I fear?
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?
Not, when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the Shadow of Death, shall my heart ever fail;
Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod, and thy staff, be my comfort and stay;
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring me at last.

The Lord is become my salvation and song,
His blessing shall follow me all my life long:
Whatsoever condition he places me in,
I am sure 't is the best it could ever have been:
For the Lord he is good, and his mercies are sure;
He only afflicts us in order to cure:
The Lord will I praise while I have any breath;
Be content all my life, and resign'd at my death.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O COME let us sing to the Lord a new song,
And praise him to whom all our praises belong;
While we enter his temple, with gladness and joy,
Let a psalm of thanksgiving our voices employ:
O come, to his name, let us joyfully sing;
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent king:
By his word were the Heav'ns, and the host of them made;
And of all the round world the foundation he laid.

He plac'd, in the centre, yon beautiful Sun;
And the orbs that, about him, due distances run;
To receive, as they haste their vast rounds to complete,
Of a lustre so dazzling, the light and the heat.
What language of men can the brightness unfold
Of his presence, whose creature they cannot behold?
What a light is his light! of its infinite day
The Sun, by his splendour, can paint but a ray.

The Sun, in the evening, is out of our sight,
And the Moon is enlighten'd to govern the night:
His power we behold, in yon high arched roof,
When the stars, in their order, shine forth in its proof:
While the works, so immense, of thy fingers we see,
And reflect on our littleness, Lord, what are we?
Yet, while 't is our glory thy Name to adore,
Even angels of Heav'n cannot boast any more.

Praise the Lord, upon earth, all ye nations and lands,
Ye seasons and times, that fulfill his commands;
Let his works, in all places, his goodness proclaim,
And the people, who see them, give thanks to his name:
For the good, which he wills to communicate,
Into visible form his invisible things:
Their appearance may change, as his law shall ordain,
But the goodness that forms will for ever remain.

What a world of good things does all nature produce,
Which the Lord, in his mercy, hath made for our use?
The Earth, by his blessing bestow'd on its soil,
By his rain, and his sunshine, gives corn, wine, and oil:
Let men to adore him then thankfully join,
When fill'd with his bread, or made glad by his wine;
As in wealth, so in gratitude, let them abound,
And the voice of his praise be heard all the world round.

They, that o'er the wide ocean their business pursue,
Can tell to his wonders what praises are due:
When tost, to and fro, by the huge swelling wave,
They rise up to Heav'n, or sink down to the grave;
Dismay'd with the tempest, that mocks at their skill,
They cry to the Lord, and he maketh it still:
His works in remembrance ye mariners keep,
And praise him whose judgments are like the great deep.

He stilleth the waves of the boisterous sea;
And the tumults of men, more outrageous than they:
Thy goodness, O Lord, let the people confess,
Whom wars do not waste, nor proud tyrants oppress;
And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,
Thou that turnest the fierceness of men to thy praise:
Then lands, in due season, shall yield their increase,
And the Lord give his people the blessings of peace.

The Lord he is high, far above all our thought—
How then shall we worship him so as we ought?
What tongue can express, or what words can show forth
The praise which is due to his excellent worth?
Ye righteous, and ye that in virtue excell,
Begin the glad task which becomes you so well;
The Lord shall be pleas'd when he heareth your voice,
And in his own works shall th' Almighty rejoice.

The Lord hath his dwelling far out of our view,
And yet humbleth himself to behold what we do;

To his works, all around him, his mercies extend,
His works have no number, his mercies no end;
He accepteth our thanks, if the heart do but pay;
Tho' we never can reach him, by all we can say.
How just is the duty! how pure the delight!
Since whilst we give praises we honour him right.

Praise the Lord, O my soul! all the pow'rs of my mind,
Praise the Lord, who hath been so exceedingly kind!
Who spareth my life, and forgiveth my sin,
Still directeth the way that I ought to walk in:
When I speak, let me thank him; whenever I write,
The remembrance of him let the subject excite;
Guide, Lord, to thy glory, my tongue, and my pen,
Yea, let ev'ry thing praise thee—amen, and amen.

AN HYMN ON THE OMNIPRESENCE.

O Lord! thou hast known me, and searched me out,
Thou see'st, at all times, what I'm thinking about;
When I rise up to labour, or lie down to rest,
Thou markest each motion that works in my breast;
My heart has no secrets, but what thou can'st tell,
Not a word in my tongue, but thou knowest it well;
Thou see'st my intention before it is wrought,
Long before I conceive it, thou knowest my thought.

Thou art always about me, go whither I will,
All the paths that I take to, I meet with thee still;
I go forth abroad, and am under thine eye,
I retire to myself, and behold! thou art by;
How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so
That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go?
Such knowledge as this is too high to attain,
'Tis a truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain.

Whither then shall I flee from thy spirit, O Lord?
What shelter can space from thy presence afford?
If I climb up to Heav'n, 't is there is thy throne,
If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known;
If for wings I should mount on the Morning's swift ray,
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there, let the distance be ever so wide,
Thy hand would support me, thy right hand would guide.

If I say, peradventure, the dark may conceal
What distance, tho' boundless, is forc'd to reveal,
Yet the dark, at thy presence, would vanish away,
And my covering, the night, would be turn'd into day:
It is I myself only who could not then see,
Yea, the darkness, O Lord, is no darkness to thee:
The night, and the day, are alike in thy sight,
And the darkness, to thee, is as clear as the light.

THE COLLECT FOR ADVENT SUNDAY.

Almighty God, thy heav'nly grace impart,
And cast the works of darkness from our heart;
Send us thy light, and arm us for the strife
Against all evils of this mortal life;
O'er which our Saviour Jesus Christ, thy son,
With great humility the conquest won:
That when, in glory, our victorious Head
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,
We may, thro' him, to life immortal spring,
Wherein he reigns, the everlasting King;
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,
One glorious God Triune, for evermore.

HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

On this auspicious, memorable morn,
God and the Virgin's holy child was born;
Offspring of Heav'n, whose undefiled birth
Began the process of redeeming Earth;
Of re-producing Paradise again,
And God's lost image in the souls of men.

Adam, who kept not his first state of bliss,
Rend'red himself incapable of this;
Nor could he, with his outward helpmate Eve,
This pure, angelic, virgin birth retrieve:
This, in our nature, never could be done,
Until a virgin should conceive a son.

Mary, prepar'd for such a chaste embrace,
Was destin'd to this miracle of grace;
In her unfolded the mysterious plan
Of man's salvation, God's becoming man;
His power, with her humility combin'd,
Produc'd the sinless Saviour of mankind.

The heighth and depth of such amazing love
Nor can we measure, nor the blest above;
Its truth whoever reasons right will own,
Man never could be sav'd by man alone:
Salvation is, if rightly we define,
Union of human nature with divine.

What way to this, unless it had been trod
By the new birth of an incarnate God?
Birth of a life, that triumphs over death,
A life inspir'd by God's immortal breath;
For which himself, to save us from the tomb,
Did not abhor the Virgin Mother's womb.

O may this infant Saviour's birth inspire
Of real life an humble, chaste desire!
Raise it up in us! form it in our mind,
Like the blest Virgin's, totally resign'd!
A mortal life from Adam we derive;
We are, in Christ, eternally alive.

ON THE SAME.

Christians awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice—"Behold!
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you, and all the nations upon Earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord:

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind;
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign."
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heav'ns whole orb with hallelujahs rung:
God's highest glory was their anthem still;
Peace upon Earth, and mutual good-will. [ran,
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Amaz'd, the wond'rous story they proclaim;
The first apostles of his infant fame:
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,
The heav'nly vision, which the swains impart;
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
Let us, like these good shepherds then, employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind;
Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains:
Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place:
Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born, upon this joyful day,
Around us all, his glory shall display;
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

ON THE EPIPHANY.

Led by the guidance of a living star,
The eastern sages travell'd from afar
To seek the Saviour, by prophetic fame
Describ'd to them as King of Jews by name;
Whose birth, to gentiles worthy of his sight,
Was now declar'd by this angelic light.

To its full height th' expectancy had grown
Of what the learned foreigners made known;
When at Jerusalem the sacred news
Was spread by them to Herod, and the Jews;
"Where is he born? For by his star," they said,
"Thus far to worship him have we been led."

Herod, who had in his tyrannic mind
No thought of empire, but of earthly kind,
Jealous of this new king of Jewish tribes,
In haste assembl'd all the priests, and scribes;
Where Christ was to be born was his demand—
"In Bethlehem," they said, "in Juda's land."

He call'd the magi, privately again,
To learn from them the time, precisely, when
The star, which had conducted them, appear'd:
And, having all his wily questions clear'd,
Bad them to seek the child, and from the view
Come, and tell him, that he might worship too.

They journey'd on to the appointed place,
Which Jewish priests from prophecy could trace:
Cheer'd by the star's appearance on the way,
That pointed where the infant Saviour lay;
Meekly they stepp'd into his humble shrine,
And fell to worshipping the babe divine.

The Virgin mother saw them all prefer
Their off'rings, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;
But warn'd of God his Father, in a dream,
They disappointed Herod's murd'rous scheme;
And, having seen the object of their faith,
Sought their own country by another path.

Does not reflection justly hence arise,
That in the east, so famous for the wise,
The truest learning, sapience, and skill,
Was theirs, who sought, amidst the various ill
Which they beheld, for that predicted scene,
That should on Earth commence an heav'nly reign?

These true inquirers into Nature saw
That Nature must have some superior law;
Some righteous monarch, for the good of all,
To rule with justice this disorder'd ball;
Their humble sense of wants, o'erlook'd by pride,
Made them so worthy of the starlike guide.

We read how, then, the very pagan school
Was fill'd with rumours of a Jewish rule:
Tho' Jews themselves, as at this present day,
Dreamt of a worldly domineering sway;
The truly wise, or Jew, or Gentile, sought
A Christ, the object of an happier thought.

They best could understand prophetic page,
Simple, or learn'd, the shepherd, or the sage:
Their eyes could see, and follow a true light,
That led them on from prophecy to sight:
Could own the Son who, by the Father's will,
Should reign a King on Sion's holy Hill.

Of treasures which the wise were mov'd to bring,
If gold presented might confess the king,
Incense to his divinity relate,
And myrrh denote his bitter, suff'ring state,
They offer'd types of the theandric plan
Of our salvation, God's becoming man.

In this redeeming process all concurr'd
To give sure proof of the prophetic word;
Jesus, Emanuel, the inward light
Of all mankind, who seek the truth aright,
Forms in the heart of all the wise on Earth
The true day-star, the token of his birth.

MEDITATIONS

FOR EVERY DAY IN PASSION WEEK.

MONDAY.

God in Christ is all love.

Behold the tender love of God!—behold
The Shepherd dying to redeem his fold!
Who can declare it?—Worthy to be known—
What tongue can speak it worthily?—His own:
From his own sacred lips the theme began,
The glorious gospel of God's love to man.

So great, so boundless was it, that he gave
His only Son—and for what end?—To save;

Not to condemn; if men reject the light,
They, of themselves, condemn themselves to night;
God, in his Son, seeks only to display,
In ev'ry heart, an everlasting day.

"God hath so shown his love to us," says Paul,
"Even yet sinners, that Christ dy'd for all:"
Peter, that God's all gracious aim is this,
By Christ, to call us to eternal bliss:
Of all th' inspir'd to understand the view
Love is the text—and love the comment too;

The ground to build all faith and works upon;
"For God is love"—says the beloved John—
Short word—but meaning infinitely wide,
Including all that can be said beside;
Including all the joyful truths above
The pow'r of eloquence—for—"God is love."

Think on the proof, that John from Jesus learn'd,
In this was God's amazing love discern'd,
Because he sent his Son to us; that we
Might live thro' him—how plain it is to see
That, if in this, in ev'ry other fact,
Where God is agent, love is in the act.

Essential character, (whatever word
Of diff'rent sound in scripture has occurr'd)
Of all that is ascrib'd to God; of all
That can by his immediate will befall:
The Sun's bright orb may lose its shining flame,
But love remains unchangeably the same.

TUESDAY.

How Christ quencheth the wrath of God in us.

The Saviour dy'd, according to our faith,
To quench, atone, or pacify a wrath—
But—"God is love"—he has no wrath his own;
Nothing in him to quench, or to atone:
Of all the wrath, that scripture has reveal'd,
The poor fall'n creature wanted to be heal'd.

God, of his own pure love, was pleas'd to give
The Lord of Life, that thro' him it might live;
Thro' Christ; because none other could be found
To heal the human nature of its wound:
This great physician of the soul had, sure,
In him, who gave him, no defect to cure.

He did, he suffer'd ev'ry thing, that we
From wrath, by sin enkindl'd, might be free,
The wrath of God, in us, that is, the fire
Of burning life, without the love-desire;
Without the light, which Jesus came to raise,
And change the wrath into a joyful blaze.

The wrath is God's; but in himself unfelt;
As ice and frost are his, and pow'r to melt:
Not even man could any wrath, as such,
Till he had lost his first perfection, touch:
God has but one immutable good will,
To bless his creatures, and to save from ill.

Cordial, or bitter a physician's draught,
The patient's health is in his ord'ring thought:
God's mercies, or God's judgments be the name,
Eternal health is his all-saving aim.
"Vengeance belongs to God"—and so it should—
For love alone can turn it all to good.

All that, in nature, by this act is done
Is to give life; and life is in his Son:
When his humility, his meekness finds
Healing admission, into willing minds,
All wrath disperses, like a gath'ring sore;
Pain is its cure, and it exists no more.

WEDNESDAY.

Christ satisfieth the justice of God by fulfilling all righteousness.

Justice demandeth satisfaction—Yes;
And ought to have it where injustice is:
But—there is none in God—it cannot mean
Demand of justice where it has full reign:
To dwell in man it rightfully demands,
Such as he came from his Creator's hands.

Man had departed from a righteous state,
Which he, at first, must have, if God create:
'Tis therefore call'd God's righteousness; and
Be satisfy'd by man's becoming just: [must
Must exercise good vengeance upon men,
'Till it regain its rights in them again.

This was the justice, for which Christ became
A man, to satisfy its righteous claim;
Became Redeemer of the human race,
That sin, in them, to justice might give place:
To satisfy a just, and righteous will,
Is neither more, nor less, than to fulfil.

It was, in God, the loving will that sought
The joy of having man's salvation wrought:
Hence, in his Son, so infinitely pleas'd
With righteousness fulfill'd, and wrath appeas'd:
Not with mere suff'ring, which he never wills,
But with mere love, that triumph'd over ills.

'Twas tender mercy—by the church confess'd,
Before she feeds the sacramental guest;
Rememb'ring him, who offer'd up his soul
A sacrifice for sin, full, perfect, whole,
Sufficient, satisfactory—and all
That words (how short of merit!) can recall.

And when receiv'd his body, and his blood,
The life enabling to be just, and good,
Off'ring, available thro' him alone,
Body, and soul, a sacrifice her own:
From him, from his, so, justice has its due;
Itself restor'd,—not any thing in lieu.

THURSDAY.

Christ the beginner and finisher of the new life in man.

Dead as men are, in trespasses and sins,
Whence is it in them that new life begins?
'Tis that, by God's great mercy, love and grace,
The seed of Christ is in the human race;
That inward, hidden man, that can revive,
And, dead in Adam, rise in Christ alive.

Life natural, and life divine possess'd,
Must needs unite, to make a creature bless'd:
The first, a feeling hunger, and desire
Of what it cannot of itself acquire;
Wherein the second, entering to dwell,
Makes all an Heav'n, that would be else an Hell.

As only light all darkness can expel,
So was his conquest over death, and Hell,
The only possible, effectual way
To raise to life what Adam's sin could slay:
Death by the falling, by the rising Man
The resurrection of the dead began.

This heav'nly parent of the human race
The steps, that Adam fell by, could retrace;
Could bear the suff'rings requisite to save;
Could die, a man, and triumph o'er the grave:
This, for our sakes, incarnate love could do;
Great is the mystery—and greatly true.

Prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the choir
Of holy virgin witnesses, conspire
To animate a Christian to endure
Whatever cross God gives him, for his cure:
Looking to Jesus, who has led the way
From death to life, from darkness into day.

Unmov'd by earthly good, or earthly ill,
The man Christ Jesus wrought God's blessed will:
Death, in the nature of the thing, that hour
Wherein he dy'd, lost all its deadly pow'r:
Then, then was open'd, by what he sustain'd,
The gate of life, and Paradise regain'd.

FRIDAY.

How the sufferings and death of Christ are available to man's salvation.

WITH hearts deep rooted in love's holy ground
Should be ador'd this mystery profound
Of God's Messiah, suff'ring in our frame;
The Lamb Christ Jesus—blessed be his name!
Dying, in this humanity of ours,
To introduce his own life-giving pow'rs.

Herein is love! descending from his throne,
The Father's bosom, for our sakes alone,
What Earth, what Hell, could wrathfully unite
Of ills, he vanquish'd with enduring might:
Legions of angels ready at command,
Singly he chose to bear, and to withstand.

To bear, intent upon mankind's relief,
Ev'ry excess of ev'ry shame, and grief;
Of inward anguish, past all thought severe;
Such as pure innocence alone could bear:
Dev'lish temptation, treachery, and rage,
Naked, for us, did innocence engage.

Nail'd to a cross it suffer'd, and forgave;
And show'd the penitent its pow'r to save:
It's majesty confess'd by Nature's shock;
Darkness—and earthquake—and the rented rock,
And opening graves—the prelude to that pow'r,
Which rose in suff'ring Love's momentous hour.

No other pow'r could save, but Jesus can;
The living God was in the dying man:
Who, perfected by suff'rings, from the grave
Rose in the fulness of all pow'r to save:
With that one blessed life of God to fill
The vacant soul, that yieldeth up its will.

To learn is ev'ry pious Christian's part,
From his great master, this most holy art;
This our high calling, privilege, and prize,
With him to suffer, and with him to rise:
To live—to die—meek, patient, and resign'd
To God's good pleasure, with a Christ-like mind.

SATURDAY.

How Christ by his death overcame death.

JESUS is crucify'd—the previous scene
Of our salvation, and his glorious reign:
Mysterious process! tho' by Nature's laws,
Such an effect demanded such a cause:
For none but he could form the grand design,
And raise, anew, the human life divine.

No less a mystery can claim belief,
That what belongs to our redeeming chief:
Divine, and supernatural indeed
The love that mov'd the Son of God to bleed;
But what he was, and did, in each respect,
Was real cause producing its effect.

Children of Adam needs must share his fall;
Children of Christ can re-inherit all:
This was the one, and therefore chosen way,
For Love to manifest its full display:
Absurd the thought of arbitrary plans;
Nature's one, true religion this—and man's.

All that we know of God, and Nature too,
Proves the salvation of the gospel true;
Where all unites in one consistent whole,
The life of God renew'd within the soul:
Renew'd by Christ—he only could restore
The heav'n in man to what it was before:

Could raise God's image, clos'd in death by sin,
And raise himself, the light of life, therein:
The one same light that makes angelic bliss;
That spreads an heav'n thro' Nature's whole abyss:
The light of Nature, and the light of men,
That gives the dead his pow'r to live again.

"The way, the truth, the life"—whatever terms
Preferr'd, 'tis him that ev'ry good affirms;
The one true Saviour; all is dung and dross,
In saving sense, but Jesus and his cross:
All nature speaks; all scripture answers thus—
"Salvation is the life of Christ in us."

EASTER COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY God! whose blessed will was done
By Jesus Christ, our Lord, thine only Son;
Death overcome, and open'd unto men
The gate of everlasting life again;
Grant us, baptiz'd into his death, to die
To all affections, but to things on high;
That when, by thy preventing grace, we find
The good desires to rise within our mind,
Our wills may tend as thine shall still direct,
And bring the good desires to good effect;
Thro' him, the one Redeemer from the fall,
Who liv'd and dy'd, and rose again for all.

EASTER DAY.

THE morning dawns; the third approaching day
Can only show the place where Jesus lay:
Angels descend—Remember what he said—
"He is not here, but risen from the dead;
Betray'd into the hands of sinful men,
The Son of man must die, and rise again."

So sang the prophets, ever since the fall;
Of rites ordain'd the meaning this, thro' all:
This, by the various sacrifice of old,
Memorial type, and shadow, was foretold:
Even false worship, careless what is meant,
Gave to this truth an ignorant consent.

Christ is the sum, and substance of the whole
That God has done, or said, to save a soul:
To raise himself a church; when that is done,
The world becomes the kingdom of his Son:
An Heav'n restor'd to the redeem'd, the born
Of him, who rose on this auspicious morn.

He that was dead, in order to restore,
Behold! he is alive for evermore:
An heavenly Adam, full impower'd to give
The life, that men were first design'd to live:
Fountain of life, come whosoever will
To quench his thirst, and freely take his fill.

Mankind, in him, are life's predestin'd heirs;
His rising glories the first-fruits of theirs:
Hearts, that renounce the slavery to sin,
Feel of his pow'r the living warmth within:
Of strength'ning faith, of joyous hope possest,
And heav'n-producing love, within the breast.

The breast—the temple of the Holy Ghost,
When once enliven'd by this heav'nly host:
His resurrection, the sure proof of ours,
Will there exert his death-destroying pow'rs;
Till all his sons shall meet before his throne
In glorious bodies, fashion'd like his own.

AN HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

THE Lord is *risen!* He who came
To suffer death, and conquer too,
Is *risen;* let our song proclaim
The praise to man's Redeemer due:

To him whom God, in tender love,
Always, alike, to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us, from above;
To save, to sanctify mankind.

CHORUS.

"Worthy of all pow'r and praise,
He who dy'd and rose again;
Lamb of God, and slain to raise
Man, to life redeem'd—amen."

That life which Adam ceas'd to live,
When to this world he turn'd his heart,
And to his children could not give,
The second Adam *can* impart.

We, on our earthly parent's side,
Could but receive a life of earth;
The Lord from Heaven, he liv'd, and died,
And rose to give us heav'nly birth.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

This mortal life, this living death,
Shows that in Adam we all die;
In Christ we have immortal breath,
And life's unperishing supply:

He took our nature, and sustain'd
The mis'ries of its sinful state;
Sinless himself, for us regain'd
To Paradise an open gate.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

As Adam rais'd a life of sin,
So Christ, the Serpent-bruising seed,
By God's appointment could begin
The birth, in us, of life indeed:

He did begin; parental head,
As Adam fell, so Jesus stood;
Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said
"'Tis finish'd!"—on the sacred wood.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,
That sin had brought on Adam's race;
To pave the sole, and certain path
From nature's life, to that of grace:

For joy of this, God's only Son
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And gave the victory, so won,
For imitating love to claim.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

To tread the path that Jesus trod,
Aided by him, be our employ;
To die to sin, and live to God,
And yield him the fair purchas'd joy:

To all the laws that Love has made
Stedfast, unshaken to attend;
He died, he rose, himself our aid,
"Lo! I am with you to the end."

CHORUS.

Worthy of all pow'r and praise,
He who died and rose again;
Lamb of God, and slain to raise
Man, to life redeem'd—Amen.

ON WHITSUNDAY.

JESUS, ascended into Heav'n again,
Bestow'd this wond'rous gift upon good men,
That various nations, by his spirit led,
All understood what Galileans said:
He gave the word, who form'd the list'ning ear,
And truth became in ev'ry language clear.

One country's tongue, to his apostles known,
To ev'ry pious soul became its own:
The well dispos'd, from all the world around,
With holy wonder, heard the gospel sound;
Their hearts prepar'd to hear it—God's command
No obstacle in nature could withstand.

Nature itself, if ev'ry heart was right,
All jarring languages would soon unite:
Her's is but one, intelligible guide;
But tongues are numberless where hearts divide:
The Babel projects bring them to their birth,
And scatter discord o'er the face of Earth.

The prince of peace now sending, from above,
His Holy Spirit of uniting love,

By its miraculous effusion, show'd
How great a pow'r he promis'd, and bestow'd;
Pow'r to reverse confusion, and impart
One living word to ev'ry honest heart.

Deaf to its influence the wicked stood,
And mock'd the just amazement of the good;
For want of sense, ascribing to new wine
Their joint acknowledgments of grace divine:
The world's devout epitome was taught,
And hid from pride the miracle, when wrought.

Known to the meek, but from the worldly wise,
From scoffers hid, the wonderful supplies
Of God's good spirit, now as near to men,
Whose hearts are open to the truth, as then:
Blest, in all climates, all conditions, they
Who hear this inward teacher, and obey.

ON TRINITY SUNDAY.

Co-equal Trinity was always taught
By the divines most fam'd for pious thought:
The men of learning fill'd, indeed, the page
With dissonant disputes, from age to age;
But with themselves, so far as one can read,
About their schemes are not at all agreed;
When they oppos'd, by reason, or by wrath,
This grand foundation of the Christian faith.

For what more fundamental point, or grand,
Than our ascending Saviour's own command?
"Go and baptize all nations in the name"—
Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim
Of Christian doctrine must appear the most)
—The name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Our Lord's interpretation here we see,
Of—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me"—

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show
The name of God to be omitted? No;
By its essential Trinity exprest,
It show'd what faith Christ will'd to be profest:
One God the Jews had own'd; and one Supreme,
With others lower, was the pagan theme;
How one was true, and how Supreme prophan'd,
Our Lord's baptismal ordinance explain'd.

The one divinity of Father, Son,
And Spirit, teaches Christian thought to shun
Both pagan, and rabbinical mistake,
And understand what holy prophets spake;
Or in the ancient writings, or the new,
To which this doctrine is the sacred clue;
That so conducts us to the saving plan
Of true religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's divinity deny'd,
The Father's must, of course, be set aside;
Or be a dark one—How can it be bright,
But by its own eternal, inborn light?
The glory of the Father is the Son,
Of all his powers begotten, or begun,
From all eternity; take Son away,
And what the Father can delight in, say.

The love, paternally divine, implies
Its proper object, whence it must arise,
That is, the Son: and so the filial too
Implies paternal origin in view;
And hence the third distinctly glorious tie
Of love, which both are animated by:
All is one God, but he contains divine,
Living relations, evidently *trine*.

So far from hurting *unity*, that hence
The fulness rises of its perfect sense;
And ev'ry barren, spiritless dispute,
Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the root:
The faith is solid to repose upon,
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
By whom mankind, of threefold life possest,
Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by three gods; or one supremely great,
With two inferiors; or the wild conceit,
God, Michael, Gabriel; or aught else, devis'd
For Christians, in no creature's name baptiz'd;
But of the whole inseparable Three,
Whose fertile Oneness causes all to be;
And makes an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole abyss,
By its paternal, filial, spirit bliss.

ON THE SAME.

One *God the Father*—certainly this term
Does not a barren deity affirm;
Without the Son; without the native light,
By which its fiery majesty is bright;
Without the spirit of the fire, and flame
Of life divine, eternally the same.

More one—than any thing beside can be,
Because of its inseparable three;
Which nothing can diminish, or divide,
Tho' it should break all unity beside;
For this, as self-begetting, self-begot,
And to itself proceeding, it can not.

This total oneness of its threefold bliss,
Life, light, and joy of Nature's vast abyss,
No tongue so well can utter, but the mind,
That seeks for somewhat to object, may find;
No end of questions, if we must contest
A truth, by saints, of ev'ry age, exprest.

The church did always, always will, agree
In its one worship of the Holy three;
As taught, by Christ, that unity divine
Was full and perfect, that is, unitrine:
He said,—"Baptize all nations, and proclaim
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the name."

The holy! holy! holy! of the host
Of Heav'n is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Not holy—holier—and holiest—
But one, triune, same holiness confest;
One God, one loving, and beloved, Love;
On Earth below ador'd, in Heav'n above.

One living fulness of all perfect good;
Its own essential fountain, stream, and flood:
And when, according to the Christian creed,
Men worship God in spirit, word, and deed,
Faith, hope, and love's triunity of grace,
Will find, in their true, single heart, a place.

A CAUTION AGAINST DESPAIR.

Despair is a cowardly thing,
And the spirit suggesting it bad;
In spite of my sins I will sing,
That mercy is still to be had.

For he that has shown it so far,
As to give me a sensible heart,
How heinous soever they are,
Delights in the merciful part.

By affliction, so heavy to bear,
He searches the wound he would cure;
'Tis his, to be kindly severe,
'Tis mine, by his grace to endure.

O! comfort thyself in his love,
Poor sinful and sorrowful soul,
Who came, and still comes, from above,
To the sick, that would fain be made whole.

Who said, and continues to say,
In the deep of a penitent breast,
"Come sinner, to me come away,
I'll meet thee, and bring thee to rest."

A refusal to come is absurd;
I'll put myself under his care;
I'll believe his infallible word,
And never, no never despair.

A PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

What! tho' no objects strike upon the sight!
Thy sacred presence is an inward light!
What! tho' no sounds shall penetrate the ear!
To list'ning thought the voice of truth is clear!
Sincere devotion needs no outward shrine;
The centre of an humble soul is thine!

There may I worship! and there may'st thou place
Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace!
Yea fix, if Christ my advocate appear,
The dread tribunal of thy justice there:
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire
Meet, in thy wrath, with a consuming fire.

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom
All deadly filth of selfish pride consume,
Thou, Lord! can'st raise, tho' punishing for sin,
The joys of peaceful penitence within:
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,
That make our suff'rings and salvation meet.

Befall me, then, whatever God shall please!
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease:
He, like a true physician of the soul,
Applies the medicine that may make it whole:
I'll do, I'll suffer whatsoe'er he wills;
I see his aim thro' all these transient ills.

'Tis to infuse a salutary grief,
To fit the mind for absolute relief:
That purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above,
The soul may rise, as in its first form'd youth,
And worship God in spirit and in truth.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO EARNEST AND IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

Luke 18, 1. And he spake a parable unto them, to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.

A blessed truth for parable to paint,
That men should always pray, and never faint!
Just the reverse of this would Satan say,
That men should always faint, and never pray:
He wants to drive poor sinners to despair;
And Christ to save them by prevailing pray'r.

The judge, who feared neither God nor man,
Despis'd the widow when she first began
Her just request; but she, continuing on
The same petition, wearied him anon;
He could not bear to hear her praying still,
And did her justice, tho' against his will.

Can perseverance force a man, unjust,
To execute, however loth, his trust?
And will not God, whose fatherly delight
Is to save souls, so precious in his sight,
Hear his own offspring's persevering call,
And give the blessing which he has for all?

Yes, to be sure, he will; the lying *no*
Is a downright temptation of the foe;
Who first emboldens sinners to presume,
As if a righteous judgment had no room;
And, having led them into grievous faults,
With the despair of mercy, then, assaults.

Dear soul, if thou hast listen'd to the lies
Which, at the first, the tempter would devise,
Let him not cheat thee with a second snare,
And drag thee into darkness, by despair;
Pray, against all his wiles, for God will hear,
And will avenge thee of him, never fear.

He gives the grace to sorrow for thy sin,
The sign of kindling penitence within;
Let not the smoke disturb thee, for, no doubt,
The light and flame will follow, and break out;
And love arise to overcome restraint,
That thou may'st always pray, and never faint.

A SOLILOQUY,

ON READING THE 5th AND 8th VERSES OF THE 37th PSALM.

Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure: Fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil. V. 8.

In Psalm, this evening order'd to be read,
"Fret not thyself"—the royal psalmist said.
His reason why, succeeding words instill;
Or else, says he, "'twill move thee to do ill."
Now tho' I know that fretting does no good,
Its evil movement have I understood?

Move to do evil! then, dear soul of mine,
Stir it not up, if that be its design:
Its being vain is cause enough to shun;
But if indulg'd, some evil must be done:
And thou, according to the holy king,
Must be the doer of this evil thing.

Men use thee ill—that fault is theirs alone;
But if thou use thyself ill, that's thy own:
Meekness and patience is much better treasure;
Then leave off wrath, and let go all displeasure:
Tho' thou art ever so ill treated—yet—
Remember David, and forbear to fret.

Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in him, and he will bring it to pass. V. 5.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord"—Resign
Thyself entirely to the will divine:
All real good, all remedy for ill,
Lies in conforming to his blessed will:
By all advice that holy books record,
Thou must "commit thy way unto the Lord."

"And put thy trust in him"—all other trust,
Plac'd out of him, is foolish and unjust:
His loving kindness is the only ground,
Where solid peace and comfort can be found:
What other prospects either sink, or swim,
Do thou stand firm, and "put thy trust in him."

"And he will bring thy way to pass"—the whole
Of all that thou canst wish for to thy soul:
He wills to give it, and thy seeking mind,
By faith and patience, cannot fail to find:
To him, whatever good desire it has,
Commit and trust, and he will bring to pass.

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE AUTHOR TO HIS SISTER, WITH THE FOREGOING SOLILOQUY ENCLOSED.

DEAR SISTER,
If soliloquy conduce,
(Meant, as the name declares, for private use)
To your contentment—if such kind of fruit
Pleases your taste, you're very welcome to 't:
Tho' pluck'd, one day in April, from the ground,
It keeps, in pickle, all the seasons round.

'Tis summer, now, and autumn comes anon;
Winter succeeds, and spring when that is gone;
But be it winter, summer, autumn, spring,
To nurture fretting is a simple thing:
A weed so useless, to the use of reason,
Can, absolutely, never be in season.

Without much nursing, that the weed will grow,
I wish I had some reason less to know;
Some less to see, how folly, when it grew
In my own ground, could cultivate it too:
Could hedge it round, and cherish, and suppose
That, being mine, the thistle was a rose.

You know the saying, of I know not whom,
"Little misfortunes serve till greater come;"
And saying, somewhere met with, I recall,
"That 'tis the greatest to have none at all:"
Rare case perhaps; they reach, we often see,
All sorts of persons, him, her, you, or me.

"This being then," Experience says, "the case,
What kind of conduct must a man embrace?"
My 'pothecary, as you think, replies—
"Pray take 'em quietly, if you be wise;
Bitter they are, 'tis true, to flesh and blood;
But if they were not—they would do no good."

One time, when 'pothecary Patience found
That his persuasion got but little ground,
He call'd in doctor Gratitude, to try
If his advice could make me to comply;
"I recommended patience, sir," said he,
"Pray will you speak, for he regards not me."

"Patience! a custard lid"—said Dr. Grat.
"His case wants, plainly, something more than that;
'Tis a good recipe—but cure is longer
Than it should be; we must have something stronger:
A creeping pulse!—bare patience will not do—
To get him strength, he must be thankful too.

"He must consider"—and so on he went,
To show thanksgiving's marvellous extent;
And what a true catholicon it was;
And what great cures it had but brought to pass;
And how best fortunes, wanting it, were curst;
And how it turn'd to good the very worst.

O what a deal he said!—and in the light,
Wherein he plac'd it, all was really right:
But like good doctrine, of some good divine,
Which, while 'tis preach'd, is admirably fine,
When doctor Gratitude had left the spot,
All that he said was charming—and forgot.

Your doctor's potion, patience, and the bark,
May hit both mental, and material mark;
One serves to keep the ague from the mind,
As t'other does, from its corporeal rind:
There is, methinks, in their respective growth,
A fair analogy betwixt 'em both.

For what the bark is to the growing tree,
To human mind, that, patience seems to be;
They hold the principles of growth together,
And blunt the force of accident, and weather;
Bar'd of its bark, a tree, we may compute,
Will not remain much longer on its root.

And mind in mortals, that are wisely will'd,
Will hardly bear to have its patience peel'd:
Nothing, in fine, contributes more to living,
Physic, or food, than patience and thanksgiving;
Patience defends us from all outward hap;
Of inward life thanksgiving is the sap.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT, REPRESENTING THE SALUTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

SEE represented here, in light and shade,
The angel's visit to the blessed maid;
To Mary, destin'd, when the time should come,
To bear the Saviour in her virgin womb;
Explaining to her the mysterious plan
Of man's redemption—his becoming man.

When ev'ry previous wonder had been done,
The Virgin then was to conceive a Son;
And, to prepare her for the grand event,
From God his Father Gabriel was sent,
To hail the chosen organ of his birth
Of God with us,—of Jesus upon Earth.

Unable to express celestial things
Imagination adds expanded wings
To human form exact, and beauteous face;
Which angels have, but with angelic grace,
Free from all grossness and defect; nor seen
But with a pure chaste eye, divinely keen.

Such Mary's was, whose posture here design'd
The most profound humility of mind;

Modestly asking how the thing could be;
And saying, when inform'd of God's decree,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord! his will
Let him, according to thy word, fulfill."

What fair instruction may the scene impart
To them, who look beyond the painter's art!
Who, in th' angelic message from above,
See the revealing of God's gracious love
To ev'ry soul, that yields itself to all
That pleases him, whatever may befall!

Whatever circumstance of heav'nly grace
Might be peculiar to the Virgin's case,
That holy thing, that saves a soul from sin,
Of God's good spirit must be born within:
For all salvation is, upon the whole,
The birth of Jesus in the human soul.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT, REPRESENTING CHRIST IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS.

Engag'd, amidst the doctors here, behold,
In deep discourse, a child of twelve years old;
Who show'd, whatever question they preferr'd,
A wisdom that astonish'd all who heard,
And found, in asking, or in answ'ring youth,
Of age so tender, such a force of truth.

Observe his mild, but penetrating look;
Those bearded sages poring o'er their book:
That meek old priest, with placid face of joy;
That pharisaic frowner at the boy:
That pensive rabbi, seeming at a stand;
That serious matron, lifting up her hand.

A group of heads, as painting Fancy taught,
Hints at the various attitude of thought
In diff'rent hearers, all intent upon
The wond'rous graces that in Jesus shon:
Each aspect witnessing the same surprise,
From whence his understanding should arise.

We know, at present, what the learned Jew,
Disputing in the temple, little knew;
That, thro' this child, in every answer made,
God's own eternal wisdom was display'd;
That their Messiah, then, the truths instill'd
Which, grown to man, be perfectly fulfill'd.

We know that his corporeal presence then
On Earth, as man, was requisite for men;
That, by his spirit, he is present still,
And always was, to men of upright will:
To saving truth, whatever doctors say,
His inward guidance must assure the way.

Whether his actions therefore be pourtray'd
In printed letter, or in figur'd shade,
The books, the pictures, that we read or see,
Should raise reflection, in some due degree;
And serve as memorandums, to recall
The teacher Jesus, in the midst of all.

PASCAL'S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.

I love and honour a poor humble state,
Because my Saviour Jesus Christ was poor;
And riches too, that help us to abate
The miseries, which other men endure.

I render back no injuries again;
Because I wish the doer's case like mine;
In which, nor good, nor evil, as from men
Is minded much, but from an hand divine.

I aim, sincerely, to be just and true;
For my good will to all mankind extends:
A tenderness of heart, I think, is due,
Where stricter ties unite me to my friends.

Whether in conversation, or alone,
Still to my mind God's presence I recall:
My actions wait the judgment of his throne,
And 'tis to him I consecrate them all.

These are my thoughts, and briefly thus display'd;
I thank my Saviour for them ev'ry day;
Who, of a poor, weak, sinful man, has made
A man exempt from vice's evil sway.

Such is the force of his inspiring grace!
For all my good to that alone I owe;
Since, if my own corrupted self I trace,
I'm nothing else but misery and woe.

ARMELLE NICHOLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"To the God of my love, in the morning," said she,
"Like a child to its parent, when waking I flee;
With a longing to serve him, and please him, I rise,
And before him kneel down, as if seen by these eyes:
I resign up myself to his absolute will,
Which I beg that in me he would always fulfil;
That the pray'rs of the day, by whomever preferr'd,
For the good of each soul, may be also thus heard.

"If, oblig'd to attend on some household affair,
I have scarce so much time as to say the Lord's pray'r,
This gives me no trouble: my dutiful part
Is obedience to him, whom I have at my heart,
As well at my work, as retiring to pray,
And his love does not suffer in mine a decay;
He has taught me himself, that a work, which I do
For his sake, is a pray'r very real and true.

"I dress in his presence, and learn to confess
That his provident kindness supplies me with dress:
In the midst of all outward employment I find
A conversing with him of an intimate kind:
How sweet is the labour! his loving regard
So supporting one's mind, that it thinks nothing hard;
While the limbs are at work, in the seeking to please
So belov'd a companion, the mind is at ease.

"In his presence I eat and I drink; and reflect
How food, of his gift, is the growing effect;
How his love to my soul is so great, and so good,
Just as if it were fed with his own flesh and blood:
What a virtue this feeder, his meat, and his drink
Has to kindle one's heart, I must leave you to think;

He alone can express it, no language of mine,
Were my life spent in speaking, could ever define.

"When perhaps by hard usage, or weariness
I myself am too apt to be fretful at best, [prest,
Love shows me, forthwith, how I ought to take
heed
Not to nurse the least anger, by word or by deed;
And he sets such a watch at the door of my lips,
That of hasty cross words there is nothing that
slips;
Such irregular passions, as seek to surprise,
Are crush'd, and are conquer'd, as soon as they
rise.

"Or, if e'er I give place to an humour so bad,
My mind has no rest till forgiveness be had;
I confess all my faults, as if he had not known,
And my peace is renew'd, by a goodness his own;
In a manner so free, as if, after my sin,
More strongly confirm'd than before it had been:
By a mercy so tender my heart is reclaim'd,
And the more to love him by its failing inflam'd.

"Sometimes I perceive that he hideth his face,
And I seem like a person depriv'd of all grace;
Then I say—'Tis no matter, altho' thou conceal
Thyself as thou pleasest, I'll keep to my zeal;
I'll love thee, and serve thee, however this rod
May be sent to chastise, for I know thou art God;'
And with more circumspection I stand upon
guard,
Till of such a great blessing no longer debarr'd.

"But a suff'ring, so deep, having taught me to
What I am in my selfhood, I learn to rely [try
More firmly on him, who was pleas'd to endure
The severest extremes, to make way for our cure:
To conform to his pattern, as love shall see fit,
My faith in the Saviour resolves to submit;
For no more than myself (if the word may go free)
Can I live without him, can he help loving me.

"Well assur'd of his goodness, I pass the whole
day,
And my work, hard or easy, is felt as a play;
I am thankful in feelings, but, pleasure or smart,
It is rather himself that I love in my heart.
When they urge me to mirth, I think, O! were it
known
How I meet the best company when I'm alone!
To my dear fellow-creatures what ties me each hour,
Is the love of my God, to the best of my pow'r.

"At the hour of the night, when I go to my rest,
I repose on his love, like a child at the breast;
And a sweet, peaceful silence invites me to keep
Contemplating him, to my dropping asleep:
Many times a good thought, by its gentle delight,
Has with-held me from sleep, a good part of the
In adoring his love, that continues to share [night,
To a poor, wretched creature, so special a care.

"This—after my heart was converted at last,
Is the life I have led for these twenty years past:
My love has not chang'd, and my innermost
peace,
Tho' it ever seem'd full, has gone on to increase:
'Tis an infinite love that has fill'd me, and fed
My still rising hunger to eat of its bread;
So satisfy'd still, as if such an excess [possess."
Could have nothing more added, than what I

REFLECTIONS

ON THE FOREGOING ACCOUNT.

How full of proof of Heav'n's all-present aid
Was good Armelle, a simple servant maid!
A poor French girl, by parentage and birth
Of low, and mean condition upon Earth;
By education ignorant indeed,
She, all her life, could neither write nor read.
But she had *that* which all the force of art
Could neither give, nor take away—an *heart;*
An honest, humble, well disposed will,
The true capacity for higher skill
Than what the world, with all its learned din,
Could teach—she learn'd her lesson from within:
Plain, single lesson of essential kind,
The love of God's pure presence in her mind.
Her artless, innocent, attentive thought
Was at the source of all true knowledge taught:
There she could read the characters imprest
Upon the mind of ev'ry human breast;
The native laws prescrib'd to ev'ry soul;
And love, the one fulfiller of the whole.
This holy love to know, and practise well,
Became the sole endeavour of Armelle:
Of outward things, the management and rule,
She wisely took from this internal school:
In ev'ry work well done by such a hand,
The work was servile, but the thing was grand.
There was a dignity in all she did,
Tho' from the world by meaner labours hid;
If mean below, not so esteem'd above,
Where all the grand of labour is the love:
In vain to boast magnificence of scene;
It is all meanness, if the love be mean.

ST. CECILIA'S HYMN.

O! BORN of a Virgin, most lowly and meek,
Thou sent of thy Father lost creatures to seek,
Vouchsafe, in the manner that pleaseth thee best,
To kindle thy love in my virginal breast;
Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of
my heart,
Obey the sweet force, which thy grace shall im-
part;
Whilst angels assist me to offer my vows
To the God of my life, my redeemer and spouse.

My life I esteem, O Creator divine,
As a loving impression out flowing from thine;
As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part
Of the light, love and glory, which thou thyself art:
May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,
As the pure simple nature from whence I arose;
And by thee, and for thee, created, fulfill
In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable will.

By this blessed will, howsoever made known,
With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;
And, deaf to all tempting enchantments of sin
I will hearken to thee, my Redeemer within;
Thy words will I ponder by night, and by day,
And the light of thy gospel shall mark out my
way:
Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,
To live like a virgin, baptis'd in thy name.

A LETTER TO A LADY,

OCCASIONED BY HER DESIRING THE AUTHOR TO REVISE AND POLISH THE POEMS OF BISHOP KEN.

YOUR book again with thanks—of worthy men
One of the worthiest was bishop Ken.
Without offence to authors, far above
Ten men of learning is one man of love:
How many bishops, and divines renown'd,
Time after time, the catechism expound!
And which, of all, so help it to impart
Th' essential doctrine, purity of heart?

His choice of poetry, when civil rage
O'erturn'd a throne, the last revolving age;
When churches felt, as well as states, the shock
That drove the pious pastor from his flock;
His choice of subjects, not of party kind,
But simply fit for ev'ry Christian mind,
Are proofs of gen'rous virtue, and sublime,
And high encomiums on the force of rhyme.

His rhymes, if those of Dryden, or of Pope,
Excel on subjects of a diff'rent scope,
It is because they only chose the mould
Where ore shone brightest, whether lead, or gold:
He, less concern'd for superficial glare,
Made weight, and worth, his more especial care,
They took the tinsel of the fabl'd Nine,
He the substantial metal from the mine.

His phrase (sometimes same sentence may be past
On theirs) might have more artificial cast;
But, in the main, his pieces, as they stand,
Could scarce be alter'd by a second hand:
Patchwork improvements, in the modern style,
Bestow'd upon some venerable pile,
Do but deface it—Poems to revise
That Ken has writ—another Ken must rise.

The dedication, where the case is shown
Of a Greek saint, of old, so like his own;
The preface, introduction, and the view
To Jesus—point which all his works pursue—
Arise to mind, and tempt to try the case
Of representing the imperfect trace;
To make, as memory can best recall
Its leading thoughts, one preface out of all.

Imagine then the good old man reclin'd
On couch, or chair, and musing in his mind,
How to adjust the prefatory hint,
To all the lines that he gave leave to print;
Thinking on Gregory, whose former fate
Bore such resemblance to his own of late;
Thinking on Jesus, and oppress'd with pain,
Inditing thus th' apologizing strain.

" In all my pains I court the sacred Muse,
Verse is the only laudanum I use;
Verse, and the name of Jesus, in the line,
The Christian's universal anodyne;
To hymn his saving love to all mankind
Softens my grief, and recreates my mind;
Thy glory, Jesu, while my songs intend,
May thy good spirit bless them to that end!

" Like destin'd Jonah cast into the deep,
To save the vessel from the stormy sweep,
And, wafted providentially to shore,
I risk the boist'rous element no more;
But whilst alone I tread the distant strand,
Safe o'er the waves that all may come to land,
Whom once I call'd companions on the sea,
I pray to Jesus, whom the winds obey.

" Thus Nazianzen Gregory, of old,
Whom faction drove from his beloved fold,
Could will a Jonah's lot, to be cast o'er,
If his dismission might the calm restore.
However short of this illustrious saint,
Yet I can find, from virtues that I want,
A cause to pray that reigning feuds may cease,
To hope in Jesus for a calming peace.

" The saint, expell'd by a tumultuous rage,
Cheer'd with diviner songs his drooping age;
With will resign'd, in his retir'd abode,
On Christian themes compos'd the various ode:
Thus, to my closet prompted to retire,
Nothing on this side Heav'n do I require;
Employ'd in hymns, tho' with unequal skill,
To consecrate to Jesus all my will.

" With pain and sickness, when the saint was grief'd,
His anxious mind a sacred song reliev'd;
Oft, when oppress'd, the subject which he sang,
Mix'd with devotion, sweeten'd every pang;
So, being banish'd by unruly heat,
With hymns I seek to solace my retreat;
Be my confinement ever so extreme,
The love of Jesus is a special theme.

" When the apostate Julian decreed
That pagan poets Christians should not read,
The saint, who knew the subtle edict's cause,
Made verse to triumph o'er the tyrant's laws;
May I, while poetry is unrestrain'd,
Tho' more in these, than pagan times, prophan'd,
Show, that what real charms it has belong
To Jesus, founder of the Christian song.

" When Gregory was forc'd to leave his flock,
He chose in verse the gospel to unlock;
That flowing numbers might th' attention gain,
So long forbidden to his preaching strain:
My care for them, whom I was forc'd to leave,
Taught, and untaught, what doctrine to receive,
Would hint in rhymes, to all whom they shall reach,
What Jesus only, in themselves, can teach.

" For sake of peace did Gregory withdraw,
And wish'd more leaders to observe that law;
By which resigners of dominion, here,
Purchase much greater in the heav'nly sphere:
In hopes of peace, more joyfully I shook
Preferment off, than e'er I undertook;
For all the flock, and banish'd head beside,
My comfort is that Jesus can provide.

" When worldly politics, and lust of rule,
Prevail'd against him in a Christian school,
The saint retir'd, and labour'd to disperse
Ungrateful discord by harmonious verse:
Sharing his fate, I share in his desire
Of discord drown'd, and of an hymning lyre
To tune the hopes of peace; and in the name
Of Jesus, rightly hop'd for, to proclaim.

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"This prince of peace, this origine divine,
Vouchsafe to aid the well intended line,
To teach the reader's heart, and, by his grace,
Make these poor labours useful in their place.
O might they raise, in any single soul,
One spark of love, one glimpse of the great whole,
That will possess it, when by thee possess'd,
Jesus! th' eternal song of all the bless'd."

A HINT TO CHRISTIAN POETS.

WHERE now the Jove, the Phœbus, and the Nine,
Invok'd in aid of Greek, and Roman line;
The verse-inspiring oracle, and stream,
Delphos, and Helicon, and every theme
Of charming fictions, which the poets sung,
To show the beauties of a reigning tongue?

The wars of gods, and goddesses, and men,
Employ'd an Homer's, and a Virgil's pen:
An Epicurus taught, that, with this ball,
The gods, at ease, had no concern at all:
And a Lucretius follow'd, to rehearse
His Greek impieties, in Latin verse.

Such were the bibles of the Pagan age,
Sung at the feast, and acted on the stage;
Transform'd to pompous, or to luscious ode,
As Bacchus, Mars, or Venus was the mode:
Dumb deities, at wit's profuse expense,
Worshipp'd with sounds that echoed to no sense.

The Christian bard has, from a real spring
Of inspiration, other themes to sing;
No vain philosophy, no fabled rhyme,
But sacred story, simple and sublime,
By holy prophets told; to whom belong
The subjects worthy of the pow'rs of song.

Shun then, ye born with talents that may grace
The most important truths, their hapless case;
From ranting, high, theatrical bombast,
To low sing-song of meretricious cast:
Shun ev'ry step, by which a Pagan Muse
Could lead her clients to the stage, or stews.

Let no examples tempt you to profane
The gift—abhorrent of all hurtful strain:
Contemn the vicious, tho' prevailing fame,
That gains, by prostituting verse, a name:
Take the forbearing hint; and all the rest
Will rise spontaneous in your purer breast.

ON THE DISPOSITION OF MIND,

REQUISITE FOR THE RIGHT USE AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

To hear the words of scripture, or to read,
With good effect, requires a threefold heed;
If incomplete, it only can produce
Hearings, and readings, of no sort of use.

The first, *intention;* or a fix'd design
To learn the truth concerning things divine;
If previous disposition be not good,
How shall a serious point be understood?

The next, *attention;* not the outward part,
But the fair listening of an honest heart:
Sound may, and figure, strike the ear and eye,
But sense and meaning to the mind apply.

The last, *retention;* or the keeping pure,
From hurtful mixtures, what is clear and sure:
In vain the purpose, and the pains have been
To gain a good, if not secur'd within.

Without intention truth no more can stay,
Than seed can grow upon a public way;
The more it is affecting, plain, and grand,
The less will heedless persons understand.

Without attention 't will have no more fruit,
Than seed on stony ground, for want of root;
That makes a show with hasty shoots awhile,
And then betrays the barrenness of soil.

Without retention all is lost at last,
Like seed among the thorns and briars cast:
So worldly cares, and worldly riches both,
May mix with truth, and choke it in its growth.

As ground produces goodly crops of corn,
If good, and free from footstep, stone, or thorn;
That of good hearts has properties as plain—
To *seek* the truth, *receive* it, and *retain.*

ON THE SAME SUBJECT, IN A LETTER TO MR. PONTHIEU.

WE ought to read, my worthy friend Ponthieu,
All holy scriptures, with a scripture view:
Writ for our learning, as their aim and scope
Is patience, comfort, and the blessed hope
Of everlasting life, a reader's aim,
To understand them right, should be the same.
The prosecution of this hpapier quest
If doubts and difficulties shall molest;
And huge debates, on passages obscure,
Be suffer'd to eclipse the plain and sure;
The more he reads, the more this rambling art
Will fill his head, but never touch his heart;
With controversial circumstances fill,
On which the learned have employ'd their skill,
With such success, that scarce the plainest text
Can be produc'd, but what they have perplext
In such a manner, that, while all assign
To scripture page authority divine,
The compliment is rather paid, for sake
Of such constructions as they please to make.
Down from the pope to the obscurest sect,
Too many proofs are seen of this effect;
Of making one same scripture a retreat
For ev'ry party's opposite conceit:
Profaner wits, observing this, mistook,
And laid the fault upon the Bible book;
Taking the same variety of ways,
By fancied meanings for its ancient phrase,
To cry it down, as sects were wont to use
To cry it up, for their peculiar views.
As this excess, from age to age, has grown
To such a monstrous height within our own,
What a sincere, impartial, honest mind
In search of truth, does it require, to find!
What calm attention, what unfeign'd desire
To hear its voice does truth itself require!
In scripture phrase, what an unceasing pray't
Should for its sacred influence prepare!
Because, whatever comments we recall,
The disposition of the mind is all.

'Tis in this point (undoubtedly the main)
That sacred books do differ from prophane:
They do not ask, so much, for letter'd skill
To understand them, as for simple will:
For as a single, or clear-sighted eye
Admits the light, like an unclouded sky,
So is the truth, by scripture phrase design'd,
Receiv'd into a well disposed mind;
By the same spirit, ready to admit
The written word, as they possess'd who writ;
Who writ, if Christians do not vainly boast,
By inspiration of the Holy Ghost.
In books so writ this great advantage lies,
That the first author of them never dies;
But is still present to instruct, and show,
To them who seek him, what they need to know;
Still, by his chosen servants, to unfold,
As he sees fit, the mysteries of old;
To re-confirm what any sacred pen
Has writ, by proof within the hearts of men.
This is the true and solid reason, why
No difficulties, now objected, lie
Against the volumes writ so long ago,
And in a language that few people know;
Subject, as books, to errours and mistakes,
Which oft transcribing, or translating makes;
While manners, customs, usages of phrase
Well known of old, but not so in our days,
For many obvious reasons, must elude
The utmost force of criticising feud:
Still, all editions verbally contain
The simple, necessary truths and plain,
Of gospel doctrine; and the spirit's aid,
Which is the chief, is not at all decay'd.
Nor can it hurt a reader to suspend
His judgment, where he does not comprehend
A darker text; however it appear,
He knows it cannot contradict a clear:
So that with all the helps, of ev'ry kind,
The shortest, and the surest, is to mind
When read, or heard, and inwardly digest
The plainest texts, as rules to all the rest;
To pray for that good spirit, which alone
Can make its former inspirations known;
The promis'd comforter, th' unerring guide,
Who, by Christ's word, was always to abide
Within his church, not only in the past,
But in all ages, while the world should last;
A church distinguish'd, in the sacred code,
By his perpetual guidance and abode.
Such is the teacher whom our Saviour chose,
And writ no books, as human learning knows;
Loth as it is, of later years, to preach,
That by this teacher he will always teach;
Bless all the means of learning, or the want,
To them who after his instructions pant:
Of reading helps, what holy men express'd,
When mov'd to write, are certainly the best;
But for the real, understanding part,
The book of books is ev'ry man's own heart.

A STRICTURE

ON THE BISHOP OF GLOCESTER'S DOCTRINE OF GRACE.

Writing, or scripture, sacred or profane,
Can only render history more plain
Of what was done, or said, by God or man,
Since the creation of the world began:
Tho' ev'ry word in sacred page be true,
To give account, is all that it can do.

Now an account of things, as done, or said,
Is not a living letter, but a dead;
A picture only, which may represent,
But cannot give us what is really meant:
He that has got a map into his hand
May use the name, but knows it is not land.

So in the Bible when we come to look,
(That is, by way of eminence, The Book)
We must not fancy that it can bestow
The things themselves, which we desire to know;
It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Tho' a prescription be directly sure,
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,
No one imagines that the worded bill
Becomes, itself, the remedy for ill;
The med'cines taken, as the bill directs,
Procure the salutiferous effects.

Who then can place in any written code
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's abode?
"Constant abode—supreme illumination—"[1]
What copy can be this, or what translation?
The Spirit's dwelling, by th' attesting pen
Of all th' inspir'd, is in the hearts of men.

Were books his constant residence indeed,
What must the millions do who cannot read?
When they, who can, so vary in their sense,
What must distinguish true from false pretence?
If they must follow where the learned guide,
What diff'rent spirits in one book abide?

Genius for paradox, however bright,
Can not well justify this oversight:
Better to own the truth, for the truth's sake,
Than to persist in such a gross mistake:
Books are but books; th' illuminating part
Depends on G l's good spirit, in the heart.

"The comforter," Christ said, "will come unto,
Abide with, dwell in," (not your books, but) "you."
Just as absurd an ink and paper throne
For God's abode, as one of wood or stone:
If to adore an image be idolatry,
To deify a book is bibliolatry.

ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

In Paul's conversion we discern the case
Of human talents, wanting heavenly grace:
What persecutions, 'till he saw the light,
Against the Christian church did he excite!
By his own reason led into mistake,
Amongst the flock what havoc did he make!
Within himself when, verily, he thought,
That, all the while, he did but what he ought.

[1] "For though, according to the promise, his ordinary influence occasionally assists the faithful of all ages; yet his constant abode, and supreme illumination, is in the sacred scriptures of the New Testament."—P. 39. The Doctrine of Grace, &c. by the bishop of Glocester.

His use of reason cannot be deny'd,
Nor legal zeal, nor moral life beside;
Blameless as any Jew, or Greek could claim,
Who show'd aversion to the Christian name;
His fund of learning some are pleas'd to add;
And yet, with all th' endowments which he had,
From place to place, with eager steps, he trod,
To persecute the real church of God.

When to Damascus, for the like intent,
With the high-priest's authority he went;
Struck to the ground, by a diviner ray,
The reas'ning, legal, moral zealot lay;
To the plain question put by Jesus——"why
Persecute me?" had only to reply,
"What shall I do?"——his reason, and his wrath
Were both convinc'd, and he embrac'd the faith.

His outward lost, his inward sight renew'd,
Truth in its native evidence he view'd;
With three days fast he nourish'd his concern,
And, a new conduct well prepar'd to learn,
Good Ananias, whom he came to bind,
Was sent to cure, and to baptise the blind:
A destin'd martyr, to his Jewish zeal,
Of Christian faith confers the sacred seal.

Of nobler use his reason, while it stood
Without a conference with flesh and blood,
Still, and submissive; when, within, begun
The Father's revelation of the Son;
Whom, 'till the Holy Spirit rise to show,
No pow'r of thought can ever come to know;
The saving mystery, obscur'd by sin,
Itself must manifest itself, within.

Thus, taught of God, Paul saw the truth appear
To his enlighten'd understanding clear:
The pow'r of Christ himself, and nothing less,
Could move its persecutor to profess:
He learn'd, and told it from the real ground,
And prov'd, to all the Christian world around,
That true religion had its true foundation,
Not in man's reason, but God's revelation.

A CONTRAST

BETWEEN HUMAN REASON AND DIVINE ILLUMINATION, EXEMPLIFIED IN THREE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

An humble Christian, to whose inward sight
God shows the truth, and then inspires to write;
Because of deeper certainties declar'd,
Than what the mind perceives, when unprepar'd,
From them, who measure all on which he treats,
By the fix'd standard of their own conceits,
Meets with contempt; and very few will own
The real truths, which he has really shown.

A sharp philosopher, who thinks to find
By his own reason, his own strength of mind,
Sublimer things, that lie so far beyond
The scenes to which such forces correspond;
From them, who love to speculate like him,
And think all light, but that of reason, dim,
Meets with admirers; tho' he reasons wrong,
And draws the dupes, if plausible, along.

Now, tho' a searcher should no more despise
The use of reason, than he should of eyes;
Yet, if there be a still superior light,
Than faculty of reason has, or sight;
Which all religion seems to pre-suppose,
That God on such, as rightly seek, bestows;
In higher matters how should he decide,
Who takes his reason, only, for his guide?

Such words as nature, reason, common sense,
Furnish all writers with one same pretence;
Altho', in many an acknowledg'd case,
They must fall short, without superior grace:
So that, in things of more momentous kind,
Nature itself directs us not to mind,
If sacred truth be heartily desir'd,
The greatest reas'ners, but the most inspir'd.

Whence comes the value for the scripture page,
So justly due, so paid thro' ev'ry age?
Not writ by men of learning, and of parts,
But honest, humble, and enlighten'd hearts:
Who, when they reason'd, reason'd very well;
And how enabl'd, let their writings tell:
Not one of all, but who ascribes the force
Of truth discover'd to an higher source.

Take these three men, so diff'rent in their way,
For instance, Behmen, Bolingbroke, and Hay[1]:
They all philosophize on sacred themes,
And build on reason, the two last, their schemes:
The first affirms, that his principia flow
From what God's spirit gave him pow'r to know;
As much a promis'd, as a certain guide,
With Christ's disciples ever to abide.

If Bolingbrokian reason must prevail,
All inspiration is an idle tale:
Writers by that, from Moses down to Paul,
I spare to mention how he treats them all:
Now if he err'd, whence did that errour spring?
His reason told him there was no such thing;
Foundress, in her philosophizing cast,
Of all his first philosophy, and last.

Hay, better taught, and more ingenuous spark,
Gropes with his reason betwixt light and dark;
Now, gentle glimmerings of truth displays;
Now, lost in fancy's intricater maze,
A motley mixture of such things has got,
As reason could discover, and could not:
Which all the builders on its boasted plan
Prove to be just as manifold as man.

This Behmen knew; and, in his humble way,
Became enlighten'd by a steadier ray;
First taught himself, by what he heard and saw,
Of grace and nature he explained the law;
That sacred Spirit, from which both arose,
Taught him, of both, the secrets to disclose
To them, who, using eyes, and reason too,
Were fit for truth in a diviner view.

He does not write from reason; nor appeals,
Of course, to what that faculty reveals;
Yet, if the common privilege be mine,
Reason may see, that something more divine

[1] Religio Philosophi, or the Principles of Morality and Christianity, illustrated from a View of the Universe and of Man's Situation in it, by William Hay, Esq. a volume published in 1753, and not unjustly characterised by our poet. *C.*

Lies hid, in what the books of Behmen teach,
Tho' it surpass its apprehensive reach;
May see, from what it really apprehends,
That all more reas'ners Behmen far transcends.

Fond of his reason as a man may be,
He should confess its limited degree;
And, by its fair direction, seek to find
A surer guide to things of deeper kind:
The most sharp-sighted seek for other men,
Who may have seen what lies beyond their ken;
And, in religious matters, most appeals
Are made by men to that, which God reveals.

How is it possible to judge, aright,
Of heav'nly things, but by an heav'nly light?
Contemn'd by Bolingbroke, by Hay confess'd,
By Behmen, possibly at least, possess'd:
Truly inspir'd, as pious minds have thought,
Jacob was known to live as he had taught;
And at his last departing moment cry'd,
Now "I go hence to Paradise"——and dy'd.

SOCRATES'S REPLY,

CONCERNING HERACLITUS'S WRITINGS.

When Socrates had read, as authors note,
A certain book that Heraclitus wrote;
Deep in its matter, and obscure beside;
Ask'd his opinion of it, he reply'd,
"All that I understand is good and true,
And what I don't is, I believe, so too."

Thus answer'd Socrates, whom Greece confest
The wisest of her sages, and the best;
By justice mov'd, and candour, of a piece
With that philosopher's repute in Greece:
Worthy of imitation, to be sure,
When a good writer is sometimes obscure.

All the haranguing, therefore, on the theme
Of deep obscurity, in Jacob Behme,
Is but itself obscure; for he might see
Farther, 'tis possible, than you, or me:
Meanwhile, the goodness of his plainer page
Demands the answer of the Grecian sage.

The stuff and nonsense, labyrinth and mage,
Madness, enthusiasm, and such like phrase,
Its quick bestowers are oblig'd to own,
Ought not to move us, by its eager tone,
More than they ought, in reason, to be mov'd,
Should we so paint a work which they approv'd.

He, whom the fair Socratical remark
Describes, was called σκοτεινος, or the *dark*;
Yet his wise reader, from the good in view,
Thought that his darker passages were true:
He would not judge of what, as yet, lay hid,
By what he did not see, but what he did.

The books of Behme, as none are tied to read,
To blame unread they have as little need:
As they who read them most, the most commend,
Others, at least, may venture to suspend;
Or think, with reference to such books as these,
Of Heraclitus, and of Socrates.

THOUGHTS UPON HUMAN REASON,

OCCASIONED BY READING SOME EXTRAVAGANT DECLAMATIONS IN ITS FAVOUR.

Yes, I have read them——but I cannot find
Much depth of sense in writers of this kind:
They all retail, as they proceed along,
Or superficial sentiments, or wrong:
Of reason! reason! they repeat the cries,
And reason's use——which nobody denies.

All sharers in it follow, I suppose,
Each one his reason, as he does his nose;
When he intends to reach a certain spot,
Whether he finds the road to it, or not:
With equal sense a postulatum begs
The use of reason, as the use of legs.

Full well these rational adepts declaim
On points, at which their reason can take aim;
But when they talk beyond them, what mistakes,
Of various kind, their various reason makes!
All are for one same rule; and in its use
All singly clear, and mutually abstruse.

What plainer demonstration can be had,
That their original pretence is bad;
Who say——Their own, or human reason's, light
Must needs direct them to determine right?
What greater proof of a superior skill
Needful to reas'ners, reason how they will?

Sense to discern, and reason to compare,
Are gifts that merit our improving care;
But want an inward light, when all is done,
As seeds, and plants do that of outward sun:
Main help neglected, tasteless fruits arise;
And wisdom grows insipid in the wise.

Tho' all these reason-worshippers profess
To guard against fanatical excess,
Enthusiastic heat——their fav'rite theme
Draws their attention to the cold extreme;
Their fears of torrid fervours freeze a soul;
To shun the zone they send it to the pole.

The very sound of rational, and plain,
Contents, where sense is neither of the twain,
A world of readers; whose polite concern
Is to be learned, without pains to learn:
To please their palates, with a modish treat,
Cheap is the cost—and here is the receipt—

"Let reason, first, imagination, passions,
Be clean drest up in pretty-worded fashions;
Then let imagination, passions, reason,
Change places round, at each commodious season;
'Till reason, passions, and imagination
Have prov'd the point, by their complete rotation."

ON FAITH, REASON, AND SIGHT,

CONSIDERED AS THE THREE DISTINCT MEDIUMS OF HUMAN PERCEPTION.

There is a threefold correspondent light
That shines to faith, to reason, and to sight:

The first, eternal; bringing into view
Celestial objects, if the faith be true;
The next, internal; which the reas'ning mind
Consults in truths of an ideal kind;
The third, external; and perceiv'd thereby
All outward objects that affect the eye.

Each light is good within its destin'd sphere;
Nor with each other do they interfere:
Faith does not reason, reason does not see,
Nor sight extend beyond a fixt degree:
Yet faith in light of a superior kind
Cannot be call'd irrational, or blind;
Because an higher certainty, display'd,
Includes the force of all inferior aid.

As body, soul, and spirit make a man,
Each has the help of its appointed plan;
Sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and feeling sense,
What the corporeal nature wants, dispense:
Thinking, comparing, judging, and the whole
Of reasoning faculties, assist the soul:
Faith, and whatever else may be exprest
By grace celestial, makes the spirit blest.

To heal defect, or to avoid excess,
The greater light should still correct the less;
And form, within the right obedient will,
A seeing, reas'ning, and believing skill:
While body moves as outward sense directs;
And soul perceives what reason's light reflects;
And spirit, fill'd with lustre from above,
Obeys by faith, and operates by love.

A sober person, tho' his eyes are good,
Slights not the truths by reason understood;
Nor just conclusions, under the pretence
Of contradiction to his seeing sense;
Knowing the limits too that reason hath,
He does not seek to quench the light of faith;
But rationally grants, that it may teach
What human stretch of reason cannot reach.

As sight to reason, in the things that lie
Beyond the ken of the corporeal eye,
Unhurt, uninjur'd, yields itself of course,
So well-taught reason owns a higher force;
By faith enlighten'd, it enjoys a rest
In clearer light to find its own suppress;
Suffering no more, for want of its display,
Than Moon and stars in full meridian day.

To make the reas'ning faculty of man
Do more, or less to help him, than it can,
Is equally absurd; but worse to slight,
Or want the benefits of faith, than sight:
If he who sees no outward light be blind,
How dismal dark must be the faithless mind!
The one is only natural defect,
The other wilful, obstinate neglect.

Pretence of reason, for it is pretence
Foolish and fatal, in the saddest sense;
For reason cannot alter what is true,
Or any more prevent, than eyes can do;
Both, by the limits which they feel, proclaim
The real want of a celestial flame:
How is it possible to see, in fine,
The things of God, without a light divine?

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN RUSTICUS, THEOPHILUS, AND ACADEMICUS, ON THE NATURE, POWER, AND USE OF HUMAN LEARNING, IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. FROM MR. LAW'S WAY TO DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

RUSTICUS.

Yes, Academicus, you love to hear
The words of Jacob Behmen made so clear;
But the truth is, the fundamental good,
At which he aims, you have not understood;
Content with such good notions as befit
Your learned reason, and your searching wit,
To make a talk about, you gather still
More ample matter for your hear-say skill:
You know yourself, as well as I, that this
Is all your joy in him; and hence it is
That you are so impatient, ev'ry day,
For more and more of what his pages say;
So vex'd, and puzzl'd, if you cannot find
Their meaning open'd to your eager mind;
Nor add new notions, and a stronger force,
To heighten still your talent of discourse.
With all your value for his books, as yet,
This disposition makes you to forget
How oft they tell you, and how well they show,
That this inordinate desire to know,
This heaping up of notions, one by one,
For subtle fancy to descant upon,
While Babel, as you think, is overthrown,
Is building up a new one of your own;
Your Babylonish reason is the pow'r,
That seeks materials to erect its tow'r:
The very scriptures, under such a guide,
Will only nourish your high-soaring pride;
Nor will you penetrate, with all your art,
Of Jacob's writings the substantial part.
The works of Behmen would you understand?
Then, where he stood, see also that you stand;
Begin where he began; direct your thought
To seek the blessing only, that he sought;
The heart of God; that, by a right true faith,
He might be sav'd from sin, and Satan's wrath:
While thus the humble seeker stood resign'd,
The light of God broke in upon his mind:
But you, devoted to the pow'r, alone,
Of speculative reason, all your own,
Would reach his ladder's top at once, nor try
The pains of rising, step by step, so high——
But, on this subject, by your looks, I see
You'd rather hear Theophilus than me.

THEOPHILUS.

Why really, Academicus, the main
Of all that Rusticus, so bluntly plain,
Has here been saying, tho' it seem so hard,
Hints truth enough to put you on your guard:
Much in the same mistake your mind has been,
That many of my learned friends are in;
Who, tho' admirers, to a great degree,
Of truths in Jacob Behmen, which they see,
Yet, of all people, have the least pretence
To real benefit received from thence:
Train'd up in controversy, and dispute;
Accustom'd to maintain, or to refute,
All propositions, only by the light
Of their own reason judging what is right,

They take this guide in truths of ev'ry kind,
Both where it sees, and where it must be blind;
So that in regions, where a light divine
Demonstrates truth, and reason cannot shine,
The real good is hidden from their view,
And some such system rises up, in lieu,
As birth or education, mode or place,
In course of life, has led them to embrace.
Thus with the learned papist, in his creed,
The learned protestant is not agreed;
Not that, to either, truth and light have taught
To entertain so opposite a thought;
But education's contrary supplies
Have giv'n them protestant, and popish eyes;
And reason being the accustom'd light
Of both the parties, and of either sight,
Decisions protestant, and popish too,
Can find it work enough, and tools enoo,
To shape opinions of a diff'rent growth,
Whilst learning is an open field to both;
And, of its harvest, the inur'd to reap
With greater skill can show the greater heap.

ACADEMICUS.

So then I must, as I perceive by you,
Renounce my learning, and my reason too,
If I would gain the necessary lights
To understand what Jacob Behmen writes:
I cannot yield, as yet, to such advice;
Nor make the purchase at so dear a price:
I hope the study of the scripture text
Will do for me; and leave me unperplext
With his deep matters——Little did I know
That learning had, in you, so great a foe.

THEOPHILUS.

Be not uneasy; learning has in me
No foe at all, not in the least degree;
No more than has the science, or the skill,
To build an house to dwell in, or a mill
For grinding corn——I think an useful art
Of human things the noblest, for my part:
Knowledge of books or languages, or aught
That any person has been duly taught,
I would not ask him to renounce, or say
They might not all be useful, in their way:
I would not blame, within its proper place,
The art of throwing silk, or making lace;
Or any art, confin'd to its own sphere;
But then the measure of its use is there:
Some we call liberal, and some we call
Mechanic; now the circle of them all
Does but show forth, in its most perfect plan,
The natural abilities of man;
The pow'rs and faculties of human mind,
Whether the man be well, or ill inclin'd:
The most unjust, and wicked debauchee,
Regarding neither God, nor man, may be,
In any one, or more, of all the train,
Of greater skill than others can obtain.
But now, redemption of the human race
By Christ, with all its mysteries of grace,
Is, in itself, as it has always been,
Of quite another nature; nor akin
To art, or science, which, for worldly views,
The natural, or outward man, can use:
It is an inward fitness to revive
That heav'nly nature, which was once alive
In Paradise; that blissful life within
The human creature which was lost by sin:
It breathes a spark of life, to re-create
The poor-fall'n man in his first happy state;
By which, awaken'd into new desires,
After his native country he inquires;
How he may rise above this earthly den,
And get into his father's house again.
This is redemption; or the life divine
Off'ring itself, on one hand, with design
That inward man, who lost it, to restore
To all the bliss which he was in before;
And, on the other, 'tis the man's desire,
Will, faith, and hope, which earnestly aspire
After that life; the hunger, thirst, and call
To be deliver'd, by it, from the fall.
Now whether man, in this awaken'd strife,
Breathe forth his longings after this good life,
In Hebrew, Greek, or any English sound,
Or none at all, but silent sigh profound,
Can be of no significancy; He,
That knows but one, or uses all the three,
Neither to him, more distant, or more near,
Will this redeeming life of God appear:
Can you conceive it more to shine upon
Men of more languages, than men of one?
He who can make a grammar for High Dutch,
Or Welch, or Greek, can you suppose, as such,
In faith, and hope, and goodness, will excell
A man, that scarce his mother tongue can spell?
If this supposal, then, be too absurd,
No hurt is done, no enmity incurr'd,
To learning, science, reason, critic wit,
By giving them the places which they fit;
Amongst the ornaments of life below,
Which the most profligate as well may know,
(One of the most abandon'd vicious will)
As one who, fearing God, escheweth ill.
Therefore no truths, concerning this divine
And heav'nly life, can come within the line
Of all this learning; as exalted far
Above the pow'r of trial at its bar;
Where both the jury, and the judges too,
Are born with eyes incapable to view;
Living, and moving in this world's demesne,
They have their being in another scene;
The life divine no abler to descry,
Than into Heav'n can look an eagle's eye.
If you, well read in ancient books, my friend,
To publish Homer's Iliad should intend,
Or Cæsar's Commentaries, and make out [doubt;
Some things more plain——you have the skill, no
As well provided for the work, perhaps,
As one to make his baskets, one his traps;
But if you think that skill in ancient Greek,
And Latin, helps you, of itself, to seek,
Find, and explain the spirit, and the sense
Of what Christ said, it is a vain pretence,
And quite unnatural;' of equal kind
With the endeavour of a man born blind,
Who talks about exhibiting the sight
Of diff'rent colours, beautifully bright.
Doctrines, wherein redemption is concern'd,
No more belong to men as being learn'd,
Than colours do to him, who never saw
The light, that gives to all of them the law:
From like unnatural attempt proceeds
That huge variety of sects, and creeds,
Which, from the same true scripture, can deduce
What serves each diff'rent errour, for its use:
Papist, or protestant, Socinian class,
Or Arian, can as easily amass

The texts of scripture, and by reason's ray,
One as another, urge the endless fray;
Retort absurdities, whenever prest,
Prove its own system, and confute the rest;
Just as blind men, in their disputes, can do
Each others notions of red, green, or blue.
The light of the celestial inward man,
That died in Paradise, when sin began,
Is Jesus Christ; and consequently, men
By him alone can rise to life again:
He, in the heart of man, must sow the seed,
That can awaken heav'nly life indeed:
Nothing but this can possibly admit
Return of life, or in the least be fit,
Or capable, or sensible of pow'r
From Jesus Christ, in his redeeming hour:
The light, and life, which he intends to raise,
Have no dependence upon word, and phrase;
Life, in itself, be it of Heav'n, or Earth,
Must have its whole procession from a birth:
Would it not sound absurdly, in your mind,
That, if a man be naturally blind,
Care must be had to teach him grammar well,
Or in the art of logic to excell;
That he will best obtain, when this is done,
Knowledge of light and colours from the Sun?
Yet not one jot is it the less absurd
To think that skill in Greek, or Hebrew word,
Of man's redemption can explain the whole,
Or let the light of God into his soul.
This matter, Academicus, if you
Can set in a more proper light——pray do.

A POETICAL VERSION OF A LETTER

FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON [1].

My Lord,
Untaught by nature or by art,
To give the genuine dictates of my heart
The gloss of compliment, I never less,
Than now, should aim at that polite excess;
Now, that my wand'ring thoughts are fix'd upon,
Not Martha's many things, but Mary's one.
'Tis not from any ceremonious view,
But to discharge a real, needful due
From friend to friend in absence, that I write
To mine, secluded from his wonted sight;
By force oblig'd to give, and to receive
A long——perhaps, a last departing leave;
For small, by ev'ry test of human ken,
The hopes of meeting, in this world, again.
Under such circumstances, I recall
My friend, whose honour, person, fortune, all,
So dear to me, make bosom wish to swell,
That he may always prosper, and do well;
Where'er he goes, whate'er he takes in hand,
Under the favour, service, and command
Of his protecting providence, from whom
All happiness, if truly such, must come.

[1] A copy of the original letter may be seen in Cogan's Collection of Tracts from Lord Somer's Library, Vol. 4, P. 132, under the title of "A precious and most divine Letter, from that famous and ever to be renown'd Earl of Essex, (Father to the now Lord General his Excellence) to the Earl of Southampton, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's Reign."

My friend's abilities, and present state
Of natural endowments how I rate;
To God what glory, to himself what use,
The best exertion of them might produce,
I shall not here express; enough to note
That, at such times as I was most remote
From all dissembling, witnesses enoo
Can vouch my speaking what I thought was true.
The truths, which love now prompts me to remind
Your lordship of, are of the following kind:
First; that whatever talents you possess,
They are God's gifts, whom you are bound to bless:
Next; that you have them, not as things your own,
Tho' for your use, yet not for yours alone;
But as an human stewarty, or trust,
Of which account is to be giv'n, and just:
So that, in fine, if talents are apply'd
To serve the spirit of the world, in pride,
And vain delights, as he, who rules the scenes
Of guilty joy, the prince of darkness, means,
It is ingratitude, injustice too,
Yea, 'tis perfidious treachery in you:
For if a servant, of your own, should dare
To use the goods, committed to his care,
To the advantage of your greatest foe,
What would you think of his behaving so?
Yet how with God would you yourself do less,
Having from him whatever you possess,
And serving with it, in the donor's stead,
That foe to him by whom the world is led?
A serious thought if you can ever lend
To admonition, from your truest friend;
If the regard due to your country sways;
Which you may serve so many glorious ways;
If an all-ruling, righteous Pow'r above
Can raise your dread of justice, or your love;
If you yourself will to yourself be true,
And everlasting happiness pursue,
Before the joys of any worldly scheme,
The short delusions of a pleasing dream,
Of which, whatever it may represent,
The soul, soon wak'd, must bitterly repent;
If these reflections, any of them, find
Due estimation in your prudent mind;
Take an account of what is done, and past,
And what the future may demand, forecast:
The leagues, whatever they import, repeal,
To which good conscience has not set the seal:
And fix your resolution firm, to serve
Him, from whose will no loyal thought can swerve;
That gracious God, from whom, in very deed,
All your abilities and gifts proceed;
Whether of bodily, or mental trace;
Without, within; of nature, or of grace.
Then he, who cannot possibly deny
Himself, or give his faithfulness the lie,
Will honour his true servant, and impart
That real peace of mind, that joy of heart,
Of which until you are become possest,
Your heart, your mind, shall never be at rest;
And when you are, by having well approv'd
The one true way, it never shall be mov'd.
This, I foresee, your lordship may object,
Is melancholy's vaporous effect;
That I am got into a pris'ner's style;
Far enough from it all the jocund while
That I was free like you, and other men;
And, fetters gone, should be the same again.

To which I answer——say it tho' you should,
Yet cannot I distrust a God so good;
Or mercy failing me, so greatly shown,
Or grace forsaking, but by fault my own:
So deeply bound to him, my heart so burns
To make his mercy suitable returns,
That not to try, of all th' apostate class
Worse should I be than any ever was:
I have with such repeated, solemn stress,
Avow'd the penitence which I profess;
From time to time so call'd on not a few,
To witness, and to watch, if it was true,
That of all hypocrites, if found to lie,
That e'er were born, the hollowest were I.
But should I perish in my sins, and draw
Upon myself my own damnation's law,
Will it not be your wisdom to embrace
God's offer'd mercy, of a saving grace?
To profit by example, if you see
The fearful case of miserable me?
A longer time was I a slave to sin,
And a corrupted world, than you have been;
Had many a too, too slowly answer'd call,
That made still harder my return from thrall:
To come to Christ was requisite, I knew,
But softer pace, I flatter'd me, would do;
The journey's end contented I remain'd
To see, and own, tho' still 'twas unattain'd:
Therefore the same good Providence that call'd,
With a kind violence, has pull'd and haul'd;
As public eye may, outwardly, at least,
Have seen, and drag'd me to the marriage feast.
Kind, in this world, affliction's heaviest load,
That, in another, bliss might be bestow'd;
Kind the repeated stripes, that should correct
Of too great knowledge a too small effect:
God grant your lordship may, with less alloy,
Feel an unfeign'd conversion's inward joy,
As I do now; and find the happy way,
Without the torments of so long delay!
To the divines (and there were none beside
That nam'd conversion to me) I reply'd——
"Could my ambition enter, and possess
Your narrow hearts, your meekness would be less;
Were my delights, to which it gives the rise,
Tasted by you, you would be less precise:"
But you, my lord, have the momentous hint,
From one that knows the very utmost stint
Of all that can amuse you, whilst you live,
Of all contentments which the world can give.
Think then, dear earl, that I have stak'd and buoy'd
The ways of pleasure, fatally enjoy'd,
And set them up, as marks at sea, for you
To keep true Virtue's channel in your view:
Think, tho' your eyes should long be shut, and fast,
They must, they must be open'd at the last:
Truth will compel you to confess, like me,
That to the wicked peace can never be.
With my own soul, that Heav'n may deign to aid
My heart's address, this covenant is made;
My eyes shall never yield to sleep, at night,
Nor thoughts attend the bus'ness of the light,
'Till I have pray'd my God, that you may take
This plain but faithful warning, for his sake,
With a believing profit——then, in you
Your friends, your country will be happy too;
And all your aims succeed——events so blest
Would fill with comfort, not to be exprest,
Your lordship's cousin and true friend——so ty'd
That worldly cause can never once divide—

ESSEX.

THE ITALIAN BISHOP.

AN ANECDOTE.

THERE is no kind of a fragmental note,
That pleases better than an anecdote;
Or fact unpublish'd; when it comes to rise,
And give the more agreeable surprise:
From long oblivion sav'd, an useful hint
Is doubly grateful, when reviv'd in print:
A late and striking instance of this kind
Delighted many an attentive mind;
This anecdote, my task is, to rehearse,
As highly fit to be consign'd to verse.
There liv'd a bishop, once upon a time,
Where is not said, but Italy the clime;
An honest, pious man, who understood
How to behave as a true bishop should;
But thro' an opposition, form'd to blast
His good designs, by men of diff'rent cast,
He had some tedious struggles, and a train
Of rude affronts, and insults to sustain;
And did sustain; with calm unruffled mind
He bore them all, and never once repin'd:
An intimate acquaintance, one who knew
What difficulties he had waded thro'
Time after time, and very much admir'd
A patience so provok'd, and so untir'd,
Made bold to ask him, if he could impart,
Or teach the secret of his happy art;
"Yes," said the good old prelate, "that I can,
And 'tis a plain and practicable plan;
For all the secret, that I know of, lies
In making a right use of my own eyes."
Beg'd to explain himself, how that should be——
"Why, in whatever state I am," said he,
"I first look up to Heav'n; as well aware,
That to get thither is my main affair.
I then look down upon the Earth; and think,
In a short space of time, how small a chink
I shall possess of its extensive ground;
And then I cast my seeing eyes around,
Where more distress appears, on ev'ry side,
Amongst mankind, than I myself abide.
So that, reflecting on my own concern,
First——where true happiness is plac'd, I learn:
Next——let the world, to what it will, pretend,
I see where all its good and ill must end.
Last——how unjust it is, as well as vain,
Upon a fair discernment, to complain.
Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
Right use of eyes may find my secret out:
With Heav'n in view——his real home——in fine,
Nothing on Earth should make a man repine."

ON RESIGNATION.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

DEAR child, know this, that he, who gave thee
Almighty God, is Lord of life and death, [breath,
And all things that concern them, such as these,
Youth, health, or strength; age, weakness, or disease;

Wherefore, whatever thy affliction be,
Take it as coming from thy God to thee:
Whether to teach thee patience be its end,
Or to instruct such persons as attend,
That faith and meekness, try'd by suff'rings past,
May yield increase of happiness at last:
Or whether it be sent for some defect,
Which he, who wants to bless thee, would cor-
Certain it is, that if thou dost repent, [rect;
And take thy cross up patiently, when sent,
Trusting in him, who sends it thee, to take
For Jesus Christ his Son, thy Saviour's, sake,
Wholly submitting to his blessed will,
Whose visitation seeks thy profit still;
All that thou dost, or ever canst endure,
Will make thy everlasting joy more sure.

Take therefore what befalls thee in good part,
As a prescription of love's healing art;
"Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth too,"
Saith Paul, "and scourgeth with a saving view;"
It is the mark, by which he owns a child,
Without it, not so honourably styl'd:
Fathers according to the flesh, when they
Correct them, children rev'rence, and obey;
How much more justly may that Father claim,
By whom we live eternally, the same?
They oft chastise thro' humour of their own,
He always for our greater good alone;
Chast'ning below, that we may rise above
Holy, and happy in our Father's love.

These things for comfort, and instruction fit,
In holy scripture, for our sakes, are writ,
That with a patient, and enduring mind,
In all conditions we may be resign'd;
And reverencing our father, and our friend,
Take what his goodness shall be pleas'd to send.
What greater good, considering the whole,
Than Christ's own likeness in a Christian soul
By patient suff'ring? Think what ills, before
He enter'd into joy, our Saviour bore;
What things he suffer'd, to retrieve our loss,
And make his way to glory, thro' the cross,
The way for us; he wanted none to make,
But for the poor lost human sinner's sake;
For them he suffer'd more than words can tell,
Or thought conceive; reflect upon it well,
Dear child! and whether life, or death remains,
Depend on him to sanctify thy pains;
To be himself thy strong defence, and tow'r,
To make thee know and feel his saving pow'r:
Still taught by him, repeat—*Thy will be done!*
And trust in God thro' his beloved Son.

A POETICAL VERSION OF A LETTER,

FROM JACOB BEHMEN, TO A FRIEND, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEAR brother in our Saviour, Christ—his grace
And love premis'd, in your afflictive case;
I have consider'd of it, and have brought
The whole, with Christian sympathetic thought,
Before the will of the most High, to see
What it would please him to make known to me.

And thereupon, I give you, sir, to know,
What a true insight he was pleas'd to show,
Into the cause and cure of all your grief,
And present trial; which I shall, in brief,
Set down for a memorial, and declare
For you to ponder with a serious care.

First then, the cause, to which we must assign
Your strong temptation, is the love divine;
The goodness supernatural, above
All utt'rance, flowing from the God of love;
Seeking the creaturely and human will,
To free it from captivity to ill:

And then, the struggle with so great a grace,
In human will, refusing to embrace;
Tho' tender'd to it with a love so pure,
It seeks itself, and strives against a cure;
From its own love to transitory things,
More than to God, the real evil springs.

'Tis man's own nature, which, in its own life,
Or centre, stands in enmity and strife,
And anxious, selfish, doing what it lists, [sists:
(Without God's love) that tempts him, and re-
The devil also shoots his fi'ry dart,
From grace and love to turn away the heart.

This is the greatest trial; 'tis the fight,
Which Christ, with his internal love and light,
Maintains within man's nature, to dispel
God's anger, Satan, sin, and death, and Hell;
The human self, or serpent to devour,
And raise an angel from it by his pow'r.

Now if God's love in Christ did not subdue,
In some degree, this selfishness in you,
You would have no such combat to endure;
The serpent then, triumphantly secure,
Would unoppos'd, exert its native right,
And no such conflict in your soul excite.

For all the huge temptation and distress
Rises in nature, tho' God seeks to bless;
The serpent feeling its tormenting state,
(Which, of itself, is a mere anxious hate)
When God's amazing love comes in, to fill,
And change the selfish to a god-like will.

Here Christ, the serpent-bruiser, stands in man,
Storming the devil's hellish, self-built plan;
And hence the strife within the human soul;
Satan's to kill, and Christ's to make it whole;
As by experience, in so great degree,
God, in his goodness, causes you to see.

Now, while the serpent's head is bruis'd, the heel
Of Christ is stung; and the poor soul must feel
Trembling, and sadness, while the strivers cope,
And can do nothing, but stand still in hope;
Hardly be able to lift up its face,
For mere concern, and pray to God for grace.

The serpent, turning it another way,
Shows it the world's alluring, fine display;
Mocking its resolution to forego,
For a new nature, the engaging show;
And represents the taking its delight
In present scenes, as natural, and right.

Thus, in the wilderness with Christ alone,
The soul endures temptation of its own;
While all the glories of this world display'd,
Pleasures and pomps surround it, and persuade
Not to remain so humble, and so still,
But elevate itself in own self-will.

The next temptation, which befalls of course
From Satan, and from nature's selfish force,
Is when the soul has tasted of the love,
And been illuminated from above;
Still in its self-hood it would seek to shine,
And, as its own, possess the light divine.

That is, the soulish nature, take it right,
As much a serpent, if without God's light,
As Lucifer, this nature still would claim
For own propriety the heav'nly flame;
And elevate its fire to a degree,
Above the light's good pow'r, which cannot be.

This domineering self, this nature fire,
Must be transmuted to a love desire:
Now, when this change is to be undergone,
It looks for some own pow'r, and finding none,
Begins to doubt of grace, unwilling quite
To yield up its self-willing nature's right.

It ever quakes for fear, and will not die
In light divine, tho' to be blest thereby:
The light of grace it thinks to be deceit,
Because it worketh gently without heat:
Mov'd too by outward reason, which is blind,
And, of itself, sees nothing of this kind.

Who knows, it thinketh, whether it be true
That God is in thee, and enlightens too?
Is it not fancy? for thou dost not see
Like other people, who, as well as thee,
Hope for salvation, by the grace of God,
Without such fear, and trembling at his rod.

Thus the poor soul, accounted for a fool,
By all the reas'ners of a gayer school,
By all the graver people, who embrace
Mere verbal promises of future grace,
Sighs from its deep internal ground, and pants
For such enlight'ning comfort as it wants;

And fain would have; but nature can, alas!
Do nothing, of itself, to bring to pass;
And is, thro' its own impotence, afraid
That God rejects it, and will give no aid;
Which, with regard to the self-will, is true;
For God rejects it, to implant a new.

The own self-will must die away, and shine,
Rising thro' death, in saving will divine;
And, from the opposition which it tries
Against God's will, such great temptations rise:
The devil too is loth to lose his prey,
And see his fort cast down, if it obey.

For, if the life of Christ within arise,
Self-lust, and false imagination dies;
Wholly it cannot in this present life,
But by the flesh maintains the daily strife;
Dies, and yet lives; as they alone can tell,
In whom Christ fights against the pow'rs of Hell.

The third temptation is in mind, and will,
And flesh and blood, if Satan enter still;
Where the false centres lie in man, the springs
Of pride, and lust, and love of earthly things;
And all the curses wish'd by other men,
Which are occasion'd by this devil's den.

These in the astral spirit make a fort,
Which all the sins concentre to support;
And human will, esteeming for its joy
What Christ, to save it, combats to destroy,
Will not resign the pride-erected tow'r,
Nor live obedient to the Saviour's pow'r.

Thus I have giv'n you, loving sir, to know
What our dear Saviour has been pleas'd to show
To my consideration; now, on this,
Examine well what your temptation is:
"We must leave all, and follow him," he said,
Right Christ-like poor, like our redeeming head.

Now, if self-lust stick yet upon your mind,
Or love of earthly things, of any kind,
Then, from those centres, in their working force,
Such a temptation will rise up of course:
If you will follow, when it does arise,
My child-like counsel, hear what I advise.

Fix your whole thought upon the bitter woe,
Which our dear Lord was pleas'd to undergo;
Consider the reproach, contempt, and scorn,
The worldly state so poor, and so forlorn,
Which he was so content to bear; and then,
His suff'ring, dying for us sinful men.

And thereunto give up your whole desire,
And mind, and will; and earnestly aspire
To be as like him as you can; to bear,
(And with a patience bent to persevere)
All that is laid upon you; and to make
His process your's, and purely for his sake;

For love of him, most freely to embrace
Contempt, affliction, poverty, disgrace;
All that can happen, so you may but gain
His blessed love within you, and maintain;
No longer willing with a self-desire,
But such as Christ within you shall inspire.

Dear sir, I fear lest something still amiss,
Averse to him, cause such a strife as this:
He wills you, in his death, with him to die
To your own will, and to arise thereby
In his arising; and that life to live,
Which he is striving in your soul to give.

Let go all earthly will; and be resign'd
Wholly to him, with all your heart and mind:
Be joy, or sorrow, comfort, or distress,
Receiv'd alike, for he alike can bless,
To gain the victory of Christian faith
Over the world, and all Satanic wrath.

So shall you conquer death, and Hell, and sin;
And find, at last, what Christ in you hath been:
By sure experience will be understood,
How all hath happen'd to you for your good:
Of all his children this hath been the way;
And Christian love here dictates what I say.

ON BEARING THE CROSS.

A DIALOGUE.

TAKE up the cross which thou hast got,
For love of Christ, and bear it not
As Simon of Cyrene did,
Compell'd to do as he was bid.

"Pray, am not I, who cannot free
Myself, compell'd as much as he?

I cannot shun it, and, of course,
Must bear this heavy cross by force."

What dost thou get then by disgust
At bearing that, which bear thou must?
Nothing abates the force of ill,
Like a resign'd and patient will.

"'Tis true; but how shall I obtain
Such an abatement of my pain?
Compulsion tempts me to repine
At Simon's case becoming mine."

Look then at Jesus gone before;
Reflect on what thy Saviour bore;
Bore, tho' he could have been set free,
Death on the cross, for love of thee.

"He did so—Lord! what shall I say?
Do thou enable me to pray,
If 't is not possible to shun
This bitter cross—thy will be done!"

A SOLILOQUY

ON THE CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE OF A DOUBTING MIND.

I MUSE, I doubt, I reason, and debate—
Therefore, I am not in that perfect state,
In which, when its creation first began,
God plac'd his own beloved image, man;
From whose high birth, at once design'd for all,
This ever poring reason proves a fall.

Whilst Adam stood in that immortal life,
Wherein pure truth excluded doubt and strife,
He knew, he saw, by a diviner light,
All that was good for knowledge, or for sight;
But when the serpent-subtlety of Hell
Brought him to doubt, and reason—then he fell.

Fell, by declining from an upright will,
And sunk into a state of good and ill:
The very state of such a world as this
Became a death to his immortal bliss:
Bliss, which his reason gave him not, before
The loss ensu'd, nor after could restore.

From him descending, all the human race
Must needs partake the nature of his case:
Just as the trunk, the branches, or the fruit,
Derive their substance from the parent root:
What life, or death, into the father came,
The sons, tho' guiltless, could but have the same.

If I am one, if ever I must live
The blissful life, which God design'd to give;
As reason dictates, or as some degree
Of higher light enables one to see,
It cannot rise from being born on Earth,
Without a second, new, and heav'nly birth.

The gospel doctrine, which assures to men
The joyful truth of being *born again*,
Demands the free consent of ev'ry will,
That seeks the good, and to escape the ill:
In all the sav'd, right reason must allow
Such birth effected, tho' it knows not how.

Such was the faith in life's redeeming seed,
Of poor fall'n man the comfort, and the creed:
Such was the hope before, and since the flood,
In ev'ry time and place, of all the good:
Till the *new birth* of Jesus, from above,
Reveal'd below the mystery of love.

His virgin birth, life, death, and re-ascent,
Explain what all God's dispensations meant—
God give me grace to shun the doubting crime!
Since nothing follows intermediate time,
But life, or death, eternally to rule
A *blessed* Christian, or a *cursed* fool.

A PLAIN ACCOUNT

OF THE NATURE AND DESIGN OF TRUE RELIGION.

WHAT is religion?—Why it is a cure,
Giv'n in the gospel, *gratis*, to the poor,
By Jesus Christ, the healer of the soul;
Which all who take are sure to be made whole;
And they who will not, all the art of man
May strive to cure them, but it never can.

Cure for what malady?—For that of sin,
From whence all other maladies begin;
It had its rise in Adam, first of all,
And all his sons, partaking of his fall,
Want a new Adam to beget them free
From sin and death; and Jesus Christ is he.

How is it giv'n?—By raising a new birth
Of heav'nly life, surviving that of Earth;
Which may, at any time, at some it must,
Return its mortal body to the dust;
And then the born of God in Christ again
Will rise immortal, true angelic men.

Why in the gospel?—Gospel is, indeed,
In its true living sense, the holy seed,
By God's great mercy, first, in Adam sown,
And first, in Christ, to full perfection grown:
Fullness, from which all holy souls derive,
And bodies too, the pow'r to be alive.

Why *gratis* giv'n?—Because the love-desire
Of God, in Christ, can never work for hire:
Its nature is to love for loving's sake,
To give itself to ev'ry will to take;
To them it brings, amidst the darkest night,
Its life and immortality to light.

Why to the poor?—Because they feel their want,
Which trust in riches is so loth to grant:
The rich have something which they call their own;
The poor have nothing, but to Christ alone
They owe themselves, and pay him what they owe,
And what religion is—they only know.

ON THE TRUE MEANING OF THE SCRIPTURE TERMS

LIFE AND DEATH,

WHEN APPLIED TO MEN.

TRUE life, according to the scripture plan,
Is God's own likeness in his image, man;
This was the life that Adam ceas'd to live,
Or lost by sin; and therefore could not give:
So that his offspring, all the born on Earth,
Want a new parent of this heav'nly birth.

This, Christ alone, God's image most express,
The second Adam, gives them to possess;

Becoming man, reversing human fall,
And raising up the first, true life in all;
Healing our nature's deadly wound within,
And quenching wrath, or death, or Hell, or sin.

For all such words describe one evil thing,
Or want of good; that has one only spring.
The love of God, in Christ, which form'd at first
A blessed Adam, and redeem'd a curst
By his own act—Good only was design'd
For Adam, and, in him, for all mankind.

He fell from good, misusing his free will,
Into this world, this life of good and ill:
From whence, the willing to be sav'd revive
Thro' faith and penitence, in Christ alive;
A second death succeeds, if they refuse; [choose.
For choosing creatures must have what they

Not bare existence, when we go from hence,
Is immortality, in scripture sense;
For thus, alike immortal, are confest
The good, the bad; the ruin'd, and the blest;
Whose inbred tempers hint the reason, why
They live for ever, or for ever die.

God's likeness, light and spirit in the soul,
Make, as at first, its blest immortal whole;
'Tis death to want them; vain is all dispute;
The gospel only reaches to the root:
All the inspir'd have understood it thus;
Immortal life is that of Christ in us.

ON THE GROUND OF TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

Explain religion by a thousand schemes,
Still God and self will be the two extremes;
In him the one true good of it is found;
In self, of all idolatry, the ground:
False worship, paid at all its various shrines,
One same departure from his love defines.

By love to him blest angels kept their state;
Which the apostate lost by cursed hate;
Setting up self in the Almighty's room,
It sunk them down into its dreadful gloom:
On separation from his love, the source
Of all felicity was lost of course.

By love to him, the first created man
Was highly blest; 'till selfishness began,
Tho' serpentine delusion, to arise,
And tempt above God's wisdom to be wise;
When he had chosen to prefer his own,
The naked, miserable self was known.

Hence we inherit such a life as this,
Dead, of itself, to paradisic bliss:
Hence all our hopes, of a diviner birth
Depend on Christ, and his descent on Earth;
Subduing self, as Adam should have done,
And loving God thro' his beloved Son.

The Mediator betwixt God and men,
Who brings their nature back to him again,
Sav'd from all sinful self, or deadly wrath,
Or hellish evil, by the pow'r of faith
Working by love, of which it is the strength;
And must attain the full true life at length.

Born of this holy, Virgin seed divine,
To a new life within this mortal shrine,
The faithful breathe a spirit from above,
And make of self a sacrifice to love:
By Christ redeem'd they rise from Adam's fall,
From Earth to Heav'n, where God is all in all.

PETER'S DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

"Tho' all forsake thee, master, yet not I;
I'll go to prison with thee, or to die,"
Said Peter—yet how soon did he deny!

A striking proof, that, even to good will,
The help of grace is necessary still,
To save a soul from falling into ill.

His master told him how the case would be,
But Peter could not see himself, not he;
'Till grace withdrew, that he might come to see.

Peter, so valiant on a selfish plan,
Quite frighted by a servant maid, began
To curse, and swear, and did not know the man.

'Twas thus that Satan sifted him like wheat,
And made him think his courage was so great;
While Jesus pray'd that he might see the cheat.

High-minded in himself he fell—how low,
The cock instructed him, foretold to crow:
His real self then Peter came to know.

He that would die with him, tho' all forsook,
Dissolv'd in tears, when Jesus gave a look;
And learn'd humility by love's rebuke.

Lesson for us is plain from Peter's case,
That real virtue is the work of grace,
And of its height humility the base.

ON THE CAUSE, CONSEQUENCE, AND CURE OF SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

Suppose an heater burning in the fire
To be alive, to will, and to desire;
To reason, feel, and have, upon the whole,
What we will call an understanding soul;
Conscious of pow'rful heat within its mould,
And colour bright above the burnish'd gold.

Suppose that pride should catch this heater's [heart,
And from the fire persuade it to depart;
To show itself, and make it to be known,
That it can raise a splendour of its own;
An own rich colour, an own potent heat,
Without dependence on the fire, complete.

It leaves, in prospect of so fine a show,
The fiery bosom where it learnt to glow;
Cools by degrees, till all its golden hue
Is vanish'd, and its pow'r of heating too;
Its own, once hidden, nature domineers,
And the dark, cold, self-iron lump appears.

Transfer this feign'd, imaginary pride,
To that which really does, too oft, betide;
When human souls, endu'd with grace divine,
Become ambitious, of themselves, to shine;

And, proud of qualities which grace bestows,
Forsake its bosom for self-shining shows.

And thence conceive the natural effects
Of pride, in either single men, or sects;
That for variety of selfish strife
Forsake the one, true cause of all true life;
The heav'nly spirit-fire of love, within
Whose sacred bosom all their gifts begin.

From which, if reason, learning, wit, or parts,
Tempt their ambition to withdraw their hearts,
There must ensue, whatever they may mean,
The disappearance of the glowing scene;
From the most gifted vanishing of course,
When disunited from its real source.

As only fire can possibly restore
The heater's force, to what it was before;
So that of love alone consumes the dross
Of wrathful nature, and repairs its loss;
It will again unite with all desire,
That casts itself into the holy fire.

THE BEGGAR AND THE DIVINE.

In some good books one reads of a divine,
Whose memorable case deserves a line;
Who, to serve God the best, and shortest way,
Pray'd, for eight years together, ev'ry day,
That in the midst of doctrines and of rules,
However taught and practis'd by the schools,
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a man
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious plan.
He was himself a doctor, and well read
In all the points to which divines were bred;
Nevertheless, he thought, that what concern'd
The most illiterate, as well as learn'd,
To know and practise, must be something still
More independent on such kind of skill:
True Christian worship had, within its root,
Some simpler secret, clear of all dispute;
Which, by a living proof that he might know,
He pray'd for some practitioner to show.
One day, possess'd with an intense concern
About the lesson which he sought to learn,
He heard a voice that sounded in his ears—
"Thou has been praying for a man eight years;
Go to the porch of yonder church, and find
A man prepar'd according to thy mind."
Away he went to the appointed ground;
When, at the entrance of the church, he found
A poor old beggar, with his feet full sore,
And not worth two-pence all the clothes he wore.
Surpris'd to see an object so forlorn—
"My friend," said he, "I wish thee a good morn."
"Thank thee," reply'd the beggar, "but a bad
I do'nt remember that I ever had."—
Sure he mistakes, the doctor thought, the phrase—
"Good fortune, friend, befall thee all thy days!"
"Me," said the beggar, "many days befall,
But none of them unfortunate at all"—
"God bless thee, answer plainly, I request?"—
"Why, plainly then, I never was unblest"—
"Never? Thou speakest in a mystic strain,
Which more at large I wish thee to explain."—
"With all my heart—Thou first didst condescend
"To wish me kindly a good morning, friend;
And I reply'd, that I remember'd not
A bad one ever to have been my lot:
For, let the morning turn out how it will,
I praise my God for ev'ry new one still:
If I am pinch'd with hunger, or with cold,
It does not make me to let go my hold;
Still I praise God—hail, rain, or snow, I take
This blessed cordial, which has pow'r to make
The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair;
For cold and hunger yield to praise and pray'r.
Men pity me as wretched, or despise;
But whilst I hold this noble exercise,
It cheers my heart to such a due degree,
That ev'ry morning is still good to me.
"Thou didst, moreover, wish me lucky days,
And I, by reason of continual praise,
Said that I had none else; for come what wou'd
On any day, I knew it must be good
Because God sent it; sweet or bitter, joy
Or grief, by this angelical employ,
Of praising him, my heart was at its rest,
And took whatever happen'd for the best;
So that my own experience might say,
It never knew of an unlucky day.
"Then didst thou pray—'God bless thee'—and
'I never was unblest:' for being led [I said
By the good spirit of imparted grace
To praise his name, and ever to embrace
His righteous will, regarding that alone,
With total resignation of my own,
I never could, in such a state as this,
Complain for want of happiness or bliss;
Resolv'd, in all things, that the will divine,
The source of all true blessing, should be mine."
The doctor, learning from the beggar's case
Such wond'rous instance of the pow'r of grace,
Propos'd a question, with intent to try
The happy mendicant's direct reply—
"What wouldst thou say," said he, "should God
To cast thee down to the infernal pit?" [think fit
"He cast me down? He send me into Hell?
No—He loves me, and I love him too well:
But put the case he should, I have two arms
That will defend me from all hellish harms,
The one, humility, the other, love;
These I would throw below him, and above;
One under his *humanity* I'd place,
His *deity* the other should embrace;
With both together so to hold him fast,
That he should *go* wherever he would *cast*,
And then, whatever thou shalt call the sphere,
Hell, if thou wilt, 'tis Heav'n if he be there."
Thus was a great divine, whom some have
To be the justly fam'd Taulerus, taught [thought
The holy art, for which he us'd to pray,
That to serve God the most compendious way,
Was to hold fast a loving, humble mind,
Still praising him, and to his will resign'd.

FRAGMENT OF AN HYMN,

ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

O goodness of God! more exceedingly great
Than thought can conceive, or than words can re-
Whatsoever we fix our conceptions upon [peat;
It has some kind of bounds, but thy goodness has
none:

As it never began, so it never can end,
But to all thy creation will always extend;
All nature partakes of its proper degree,
But the self-blinded will that refuses to see.

Whensoever new forms of creation began,
Thy goodness adjusted the beautiful plan;
Adjusted the beauties of body and soul,
And plac'd in the centre the good of the whole;
That shon, like a sun, the circumference round,
To produce all the fruits of beatify'd ground;
To display, in each possible shape and degree,
A goodness eternal, essential to thee.

Blest orders of angels surrounded thy throne,
Before any evil was heard of, or known;
Till a self-seeking chief's unaccountable pride
Thine immutable rectitude falsely bely'd; [bright,
And despising the goodness that made him so
Would become independent, and be his own light;
And induc'd all his host to so monstrous a thing,
As to act against Nature's omnipotent king.

Then did evil begin, or the absence of good,
Which from thee could not come—from a creature it could;
Who, made in thy likeness, all happy and free,
Could only be good, as an image of thee;
When an angel prophan'd his angelical trust,
And departed from order, most righteous and just;
Self depriv'd of the light, that proceeds from thy throne,
He fell to the darkness, by nature, his own.

For nature, itself, is a darkness express,
If a splendour from thee does not fill it and bless;
An abyss of the pow'rs of all *creaturely* life,
Which are, in themselves, but an impotent strife,
Of action, re-action, and whirling around, [found;
'Till the rays of thy light pierce the jarring pro-
'Till thy goodness compose the dark, natural storm,
And enkindles the bliss of light, order, and form.

Thy unchangeable goodness, when wrath was begun,
Soon as e'er it beheld what an angel had done,
Exerted itself in restoring anew,
A celestial abode, and inhabitants too;
Made a temporal world in the desolate place,
And thy likeness, a man, to produce a new race;
That the evil brought forth might in time be suppress't,
And a new host of creatures succeed to be blest.

When the man, whom thy counsel design'd to
Fell into this mixture of evil and good; [have stood,
And, against thy kind warning, consented to taste
Of the fruit, that would lay his own Paradise waste,
Thy mercy then sought his redemption from sin,
And implanted the hope of a Saviour within;
Of a man to be born, in the fullness of time,
To supply his defect, and abolish his crime.

All the hopes of good men, since the ruin began,
Were deriv'd from the grace of this wonderful man:
His life, in the promise, has secretly wrought
Its intended effect, in their penitent thought,
Who believ'd in thy word, in whatever degree
They knew, or knew not, how his coming would be:
A true faith in a Saviour was one, and the same,
Both before his blest coming, as after he came.

Patriarchal, Mosaic, prophetical views,
The desire of all nations, or Gentiles, or Jews,
Who obey'd, in the midst of their natural fall,
The degree of his light, which enlighten'd them all,
Still centr'd in him, the Messiah, the man
Who should execute fully thy merciful plan;
And impart the true life, which thy goodness design'd,
By creating a man, to descend to mankind.

When this Son of thy love was incarnate on Earth,
And the Word was made flesh by a virginal birth,
Thy angelical host usher'd in the great morn,
With the tidings of joy, that a Saviour was born;
Of joy to all people, who, round the whole ball,
Should partake of the goodness, that came to save
To erect, upon Earth, a true kingdom of grace, [all;
And of glory to come, for whoe'er would embrace.

UNIVERSAL GOOD

THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE WILL, AND EVIL THE NECESSARY EFFECT OF THE CREATURE'S OPPOSITION TO IT.

The God of Love, delighting to bestow,
Sends down his blessing to the world below:
A grateful mind receives it, and above
Sends up thanksgiving to the God of Love:
This happy intercourse could never fail,
Did not a false, perverted will prevail.

For love divine, as rightly understood,
Is an unalterable will to good:
Good is the object of his blessed will,
Who never can concur to real ill;
Much less decree, predestinate, ordain—
Words oft employ'd to take his name in vain.

But he permits it to be done, say you—
Plain then, I answer, that he does not do;
That, having will'd created angels free,
He still permits, or wills them so to be;
Were his permission ask'd, before they did
An evil action, he would soon forbid.

Before the doing he forbids indeed,
But disobedient creatures take no heed:
If he, according to your present plea,
Withdraws his grace, and so they disobey,
The fault is laid on him, not them at all;
For who can stand whom he shall thus let fall?

Our own neglect must be the previous cause,
When it is said the grace of God withdraws;
In the same sense, as when the brightest dawn,
If we will shut our windows, is withdrawn;
Not that the Sun is ever the less bright,
But that our choice is not to see the light.

Free to receive the grace, or to reject
Receivers only can be God's elect;
Rejecters of it reprobate alone,
Not by divine decree, but by their own:
His love to all, his willing none to sin,
Is a decree that never could begin.

It is the order, the eternal law,
The true free grace, that never can withdraw;
Observance of it will, of course, be blest,
And opposition to it self-distrest;
To them, who love its gracious author, all
Will work for good, according to St. Paul.

An easy key to each abstruser text,
That modern disputants have so perplext;
With arbitrary fancies on each side,
From God's pure love, or man's freewill deny'd;
Which, in the breast of saints, and sinners too,
May both be found self-evidently true.

ON THE DISINTERESTED LOVE OF GOD.

The love of God with genuine ray
Inflam'd the breast of good Cambray;
And banish'd from the prelate's mind
All thoughts of interested kind:
He saw, and writers of his class,
(Of too neglected worth alas!)
Disinterested love to be
The gospel's very A B C.

When our redeeming Lord began
To practice it himself, as man;
And, for the joy then set before
His loving view, such evils bore;
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame—
Had he an interested aim?
Surely the least examination
Shows, that the joy was our salvation.

For us he suffer'd, to make known
The love that seeketh not its own;
Suffer'd, what nothing but so pure
A love could possibly endure:
No less a sacrifice than this
Could bring poor sinners back to bliss;
Or execute the saving plan
Of reuniting God and man.

This love was Abra'm's shield and guard;
Was his exceeding great reward;
This love the patriarchal eye,
And that of Moses could descry;
In this disinterested sense
They sought reward, or recompense,
City, or country, Heav'n above,
The seat of purity and love.

This the high calling, this the prize,
The mark of Paul's so steady eyes;
For, with the self-forgetting Paul,
Pure love of God in Christ was all:
The text of the beloved John
Has all, that words can say in one;
For God is love—compendious whole
Of all the blessings of a soul.

What helps to this a soul may want,
Pure love is ready still to grant;
But with a view to wean it still
From selfish, mercenary will:
Of all reward, all punishment,
This is the end, in God's intent,
To form, in offsprings of his own,
The bliss of loving his alone.

Sole rule of all affection due
Both to ourselves, and others too;
Meaning of ev'ry scripture text,
By interested love perplext:
Promise, or precept, gospel call,
Or legal love, fulfils them all;
From base arising up to spire,
Superior both to fear and hire.

Love of disinterested kind,
The man who thinks it too refin'd
May, by ambiguous language, still
Persist in metaphysic skill;
Even the justly fam'd Cambray,
In such a case, could only pray,
That love itself would only dart
Some feeling proof into his heart.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

I love my God, and freely too,
With the same love that he imparts;
That he, to whom all love is due,
Engraves upon pure loving hearts.

I love, but this celestial fire,
Ye starry pow'rs! ye do not raise:
No wages, no reward's desire,
Is in the purely shining blaze.

Me, nor the hopes of heav'nly bliss,
Or paradisic scenes excite;
Nor terrours of the dark abyss,
Of death's eternal den, affright.

No bought, and paid-for love be mine,
I will have no demands to make;
Disinterested, and divine
Alone, that fear shall never shake.

Thou, my Redeemer, from above,
Suffering to such immense degree,
Thy heart has kindled mine to love,
That burns for nothing but for thee.

Thy scourge, thy thorns, thy cross, thy wounds,
Are ev'ry one of them a source,
From whence the nourishment abounds
Of endless Love's unfading force.

These sacred fires, with holy breath,
Raise in my mind the gen'rous strife;
While, by the ensigns of thy death
Known, I adore the Lord of life.

Extinguish all celestial light,
The fire of love will not go out;
The flames of Hell extinguish quite,
Love will pursue its wonted rout.

Be there no hope if it persist—
Persist it will, nor ever cease;
No punishment if 'tis dismist—
What caus'd it not will not decrease.

Should'st thou give nothing for its pains,
It claims not any thing as due;
Should'st thou condemn me, it remains
Unchang'd by any selfish view.

Let Heav'n be darken'd if it will,
Let Hell with all its vengeance roar;
My God alone remaining, still
I'll love him, as I did before.

ON THE MEANING OF THE WORD WRATH,

AS APPLIED TO GOD IN SCRIPTURE.

That God is love—is in the scripture said;
That he is wrath—is no where to be read;
From which, by literal expression free,
"Fury" (he saith himself) "is not in me:"
If scripture, therefore, must direct our faith,
Love must be he, or in him; and not wrath.

And yet the wrath of God, in scripture phrase,
Is oft express'd, and many diff'rent ways:
His anger, fury, vengeance, are the terms,
Which the plain letter of the text affirms;
And plain, from two of the apostle's quire,
That God is love—and a consuming fire.

If we consult the reasons that appear,
To make the seeming difficulty clear,
We must acknowledge, when we look above,
That God, as God, is overflowing love:
And wilful sinners, when we look below,
Make (what is call'd) the wrath of God to flow.

"Wrath," as St. Paul saith, "is the treasur'd [part
Of an impenitently harden'd heart:"
When love reveals its own eternal life,
Then wrath and anguish fall on evil strife;
Then lovely justice, in itself all bright,
Is burning fire to such as hate the light.

If wrath and justice be indeed the same,
No wrath in God—is liable to blame;
If not; if righteous judges may, and must,
Be free themselves from wrath, if they be just,
Such kind of blaming may, with equal sense,
Lay on a judge the criminal's offence.

God, in himself unchangeable, in fine,
Is one, eternal light of love divine;
"In him there is no darkness," saith St. John,
In him no wrath—the meaning is all one:
'Tis our own darkness, wrath, sin, death, and Hell,
Not to love him, who first lov'd us so well.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT MORE FULLY ILLUSTRATED IN A COMMENT ON THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. St. John, iii, 16.

"God so loved the world!"—By how tender a phrase
The design of his father our Saviour displays!
Love, according to him, when the world was undone,
Was the father's sole reason for giving his son.
No wrath in the giver had Christ to atone,
But to save a poor perishing world from it's own.
A belief in the son carries with it a faith,
That the motive paternal was love, and not wrath.

Ev'ry good, perfect gift, cometh down from above,
From the father of lights, thro' the son of his love:
As in him there is no variation or change,
Neither "shadow of turning", it well may seem strange
That, when scripture assures us so plainly, that he,
His will, grace, or gift, is so perfectly free,
Any word should be strain'd to inculcate a thought
Of a wrath in his mind, or a change to be wrought.

All wrath is the product of creaturely sin;
In immutable love it could never begin;
Nor, indeed, in a creature, 'till opposite will [ill,
To the love of its God had brought forth such an
To the love that was pleas'd to communicate bliss
In such endless degrees, thro' all Nature's abyss;
Nor could wrath have been known, had not man left the state,
In which Nature's God was pleas'd man to create.

He saw, when this world in its purity stood,
Every thing he had made, and "behold! it was good;"
And the man, its one ruler, before his sad fall,
As the image of God, had the goodness of all:
When he fell, and awakened wrath, evil, and curse
In himself and the world, was God become worse?
Who so lov'd the world still, that, when wrath was begun,
To redeem the lost creature, he gave his own son—

Freely gave him; not mov'd or incited thereto
By a previous appeasing, or payment of due
To his wrath, or his vengeance, or any such cause
As should satisfy him for the breach of his laws:
This language the Jew Nicodemus might use;
But our Saviour's to him had more excellent views;
"God so lov'd the world," (are his words,) "that he gave
His only-begotten" in order to save.

Love's prior, unpurchas'd, unpaid-for intent
Was the cause, why the only-begotten was sent,
That thro' him we might live; and the cause why he came,
Was to manifest love, ever one and the same;
Full conquest of wrath ever striving to make,
And blotting transgressions out for its own sake;
Wanting no satisfaction itself, but to give
Itself, that the world might receive it, and live—

Might believe on the son, and receive a new birth
From the love, that in Christ was incarnate on Earth;
When a virgin brought forth, without help of a man,
The restorer of God's true, original plan;
The one quencher of wrath, the atoner of sin,
And the "bringer of justice and righteousness in;"
The renewer, in man, of a pow'r, and a will
To satisfy justice—that is, to fulfil.

There is nothing that justice and righteousness hath
More opposite to it, than anger and wrath;
As repugnant to all that is equal and right,
As falshood to truth, or as darkness to light.
Of God, in himself, what the scripture affirms
Is truth, light, and love—plain significant terms;
In his deity, therefore, there cannot befall
Any falshood, or darkness, or hatred at all.

Such defect can be found in that creature alone,
Which against his good will seeks to set up it's own;
Then, to God, and his justice, it giveth the lie,
And it's darkness and wrath are discover'd thereby:
What, before, was subservient to life, in due place,
Then usurps the dominion, and death is the case;
Which the son of God only could ever subdue,
By doing all that which love gave him to do.

If the anger of God, fury, wrath, waxing hot,
And the like human phrases that scripture has got,
Be insisted upon, why not also the rest,
Where God, in the language of men, is exprest
In a manner, which, all are oblig'd to confess,
No defect in his nature can mean to express?
With a God, who is love, ev'ry word should agree;
With a God, who hath said, " fury is not in me."

The disorders in Nature, for none are in God,
Are entitled his vengeance, his wrath, or his rod,
Like his ice, or his frost, his plague, famine, or sword—
That the love, which directs them, may still be ador'd:
Directs them, till justice, call'd his, or call'd ours,
Shall regain, to our comfort, it's primitive pow'rs;
The true, saving justice, that bids us endure
What love shall prescribe, for effecting our cure.

By a process of love, from the crib to the cross,
Did the only-begotten recover our loss:
And show in us men how the father is pleas'd,
When the wrath in our nature by love is appeas'd;
When the birth of his Christ, being formed within,
Dissolves the dark death of all selfhood and sin;
Till the love that so lov'd us, becomes, once again,
From the father and son, a life-spirit in men.

THE TRUE GROUNDS OF ETERNAL AND IMMUTABLE RECTITUDE.

Th' eternal mind, e'en Heathens understood,
Was infinitely powerful, wise, and good:
In their conceptions, who conceiv'd aright,
These three essential attributes unite:
They saw, that, wanting any of the three,
Such an all-perfect being could not be.

For pow'r, from wisdom suff'ring a divorce,
Would be a foolish, mad, and frantic force:
If both were join'd, and wanted goodness still,
They would concur to more pernicious ill:
However nam'd, their action could but tend
To weakness, folly, mischief without end.

Yet some of old, and some of present hour,
Ascribe to God an arbitrary pow'r;
An absolute decree; a mere command,
Which nothing causes, nothing can withstand:
Wisdom and goodness scarce appear in sight;
But all is measur'd by resistless might.

The verbal question comes to this, in fine,
Is good, or evil, made by will divine,
Or such by nature? Does command enact
What shall be right, and then 'tis so in fact?
Or is it right, and therefore, we may draw
From thence the reason of the righteous law?

Now, tho' 'tis proof, indisputably plain,
That all is right, which God shall once ordain;
Yet, if a thought shall intervene between
Things and commands, 'tis evidently seen
That good will he commanded: men divide
Nature and laws which really coincide.

From the divine, eternal spirit springs
Order, and rule, and rectitude of things;
Thro' outward nature, his apparent throne,
Visibly seen, intelligibly known:
Proofs of a boundless pow'r, a wisdom's aid,
By goodness us'd, eternal, and unmade.

Cudworth perceiv'd, that what divines advance
For sov'reignty alone is fate, or chance:
Fate, after pow'r had made its forcing laws;
And chance, before, if made without a cause:
Nothing stands firm, or certain, in a state
Of fatal chance, or accidental fate.

Endless perfections, after all, conspire,
And to adore, excite, and to admire;
But to plain minds, the plainest pow'r above
Is native goodness, to attract our love:
Centre of all its various power, and skill,
Is one divine, immutable good will.

ON THE NATURE AND REASON OF ALL OUTWARD LAW.

The sabbath was made for man; not man for the sabbath. Mark ii, 27.

From this true saying one may learn to draw
The real nature of all outward law;
In ev'ry instance, rightly understood,
Its ground, and reason, is the human good:
By all its changes, since the world began,
Man was not made for law; but law for man.

"Thou shalt not eat" (the first command of all)
" Of good and ill," was to prevent his fall:
When he became unfit to be alone,
Woman was form'd out of his flesh and bone:
When both had sinn'd, then penitential grief,
And sweating labour, was the law relief.

When all the world had sinn'd, save one good sire,
Flood was the law that sav'd its orb from fire:
When fire itself upon a Sodom fell,
It was the law to stop a growing Hell:
So on—the law with riches, or with rods,
Come as it will, is good, for it is God's.

Men who observe a law, or who abuse,
For selfish pow'r, are blind as any Jews;
On sabbath, constru'd by rabbinic will,
God must not save, and men must seek to kill;
Such zeal for law has pharisaic faith,
Not as 'tis good, but as it worketh wrath.

Jesus, the perfect law-fulfiller, gave
The victory that taught the law to save;
Pluck'd out its sting, revers'd the cruel cry,
—" We have a law by which he ought to die"—
Dying for man, this conquest he could give,
I have a law by which he ought to live.

Whilst in the flesh, how oft did he reveal
His saving will, and god-like pow'r to heal!
They whom defect, disease, or fiend possest,
And pardon'd sinners by his word had rest;
He, on the sabbath, chose to heal, and teach;
And law-proud Jews to slay him for its breach.

The sabbath, never so well kept before,
May justify one observation more;
Our Saviour heal'd, as pious authors say,
So many sick upon the sabbath day,
To show that rest, and quietness of soul,
Is blest for one who wants to be made whole;

Not to indulge an eagerness too great,
Of outward hurry, or of inward heat;
But with an humble temper, and resign'd,
To keep a sabbath in a hopeful mind;
In peace, and patience, meekly to endure,
'Till the good Saviour's hour is come, to cure.

DIVINE LOVE,

THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF TRUE RELIGION.

Religion's meaning when I would recall,
Love is to me the plainest word of all;
Plainest; because that what I love, or hate,
Shows me directly my internal state:
By its own consciousness is best defin'd,
Which way the heart within me stands inclin'd.

On what it lets its inclination rest,
To that its real worship is address'd:
What ever forms or ceremonies spring
From custom's force, there lies the real thing:
Jew, Turk, or Christian, be the lovers' name,
If same the love, religion is the same.

Of all religions if we take a view,
There is but one that ever can be true;
One God, one Christ, one Spirit, none but he;
All else is idol, whatsoe'er it be;
A good that our imaginations make,
Unless we love it purely for his sake.

Nothing but gross idolatry alone
Can ever love it, merely, for its own:
It may be good, that is, may make appear
So much of God's *one* goodness to be clear;
Thereby to raise a true, religious soul
To love of him, the one eternal whole;

The one unbounded, undivided good,
By all his creatures partly understood:
If therefore sense of its apparent parts
Raise not his love or worship in our hearts,
Our selfish wills or notions we may feast,
And have no more religion than a beast.

For brutal instinct can a good embrace,
That leaves behind it no reflecting trace;
But thinking man, whatever be his theme,
Should worship goodness in the great supreme;
By inward faith, more sure than outward sight,
Shou'd eye the source of all that 's good, and right.

Religion then is love's celestial force,
That penetrates thro' all to its true source;
Loves all along, but with proportion'd bent,
As creatures further the divine ascent;
Not to the skies or stars; but to the part
That will be always uppermost—the heart.

There is the seat, as holy writings tell,
Where the most High himself delights to dwell;
Whither attracting the desirous will
To its true rest, he saves it from all ill;
Gives it to find, in his abyssal love,
An Heaven within, in other words, above.

ON WORKS OF MERCY AND COMPASSION.

CONSIDERED AS THE PROOFS OF TRUE RELIGION.

Of true religion, works of mercy seem
To be the plainest proof, in Christ's esteem;
Who has himself declar'd what he will say
To all the nations, at the judgment day;
Come, or depart, is the predicted lot
Of brotherly compassion shown, or not.

Then, they who gave poor hungry people meat,
And drink to quench the thirsty suff'rers heat;
Who welcom'd in the stranger at the door,
And with a garment cloth'd the naked poor;
Who visited the sick to ease their grief,
And went to pris'ners, or bestow'd relief—

These will be deem'd religious men, to whom
Will sound—"Ye blessed of my father, come,
Inherit ye the kingdom, and partake
Of all the glories founded for your sake;
Your love to others I was pleas'd to see,
What you have done to them was done to me."

Then, they who gave the hungry poor no food;
Who with no drink the parch'd with thirst bedew'd;
Who drove the helpless stranger from their fold,
And let the naked perish in the cold;
Who to the sick no friendly visit paid,
Nor gave to pris'ners any needful aid—

These will be deem'd of irreligious mind;
And hear the—"Go, ye men of cursed kind,
To endless woes, which ev'ry harden'd heart
For its own treasure has prepar'd—depart:
Shown to a brother, of the least degree,
Your merciless behaviour was to me."

Here, all ye learned, full of all dispute,
Of true and false religion lies the root:
The mind of Christ, when he became a man,
With all its tempers, forms its real plan;
The sheep from goats distinguishing full well—
His love is Heav'n; and want of it is Hell.

VERSES

DESIGNED FOR AN INFIRMARY.

Dear loving sirs! behold, as ye pass by,
The poor sick people with a pitying eye:
Let pains, and wounds, and suff'rings of each kind,
Raise up a just compassion in your mind:
Indulge a gen'rous grief at such a sight,
And then bestow your talent, or your mite.

Thus to bestow is really to obtain
The surest blessing upon honest gain:

To help th' afflicted, in so great a need,
By your supplies, is to be rich indeed:
The good, the pleasure, the reward of wealth
Is to procure your fellow-creatures health.

In other cases, men may form a doubt,
Whether their alms be properly laid out;
But in the objects, here, before your eyes,
No such distrust can possibly arise;
Too plain the miseries! which well may melt
An heart, sincerely wishing them unfelt.

The wise consider this terrestrial ball,
As Heav'n's design'd infirmary for all,
Here came the great physician of the soul,
To heal man's nature, and to make him whole:
Still, by his spirit, present with all those,
Who lend an aid to lessen human woes.

A godlike work; who forwards it is sure,
That ev'ry step advances his own cure:
Without benevolence, the view to self
Makes worldly riches an unrighteous pelf;
While blest thro' life, the giver, for his love,
Dies to receive its huge reward above.

To them who tread the certain path to bliss,
That leads thro' scenes of charity like this,
Think what the Saviour of the world will say—
"Ye blessed of my father, come your way:
'Twas done to me, if done to the distrest:
Come, ye true friends, and be for ever blest."

AN HYMN TO JESUS.

Come, Saviour Jesus! from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

Lord! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
That pants to have no other will,
But night and day to think on thee.

Where'er thou leadest, I 'll pursue,
Thro' all retirements, or employs;
But to the world I 'll bid adieu,
And all its vain delusive joys.

That way with humble speed I 'll walk,
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk
Of any other love but thine.

To thee my longing soul aspires;
To thee I offer all my vows:
Keep me from false and vain desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Henceforth, let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul!
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As lord and master of the whole.

Wealth, honours, pleasures, or what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as they will, my heart repells,
To thee alone resolv'd to live.

Thee one may love, and thee alone,
With inward peace, and holy bliss;
And when thou tak'st us for thy own,
Oh! what an happiness is this!

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth do I desire,
Nor mysteries to be reveal'd;
'Tis love that sets my heart on fire:
Speak thou the word, and I am heal'd.

All other graces I resign;
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore:
Grace is thy gift, it shall be mine
The giver only to adore.

AN HYMN ON SIMPLICITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Jesu! teach this heart of mine
True simplicity to find;
Child-like, innocent, divine,
Free from guile of every kind:
And since, when amongst us vouchsafing to live,
So pure an example it pleas'd thee to give;
O! let me keep still the bright pattern in view,
And be, after thy likeness, right simple and true.

When I read, or when I hear
Truths that kindle good desires;
How to act, and how to bear
What Heav'n-instructed faith requires;
Let no subtle fancies e'er lead me astray,
Or teach me to comment thy doctrines away;
No reas'nings of selfish corruption within,
Nor slights by which Satan deludes us to sin.

Whilst I pray before thy face,
Thou! who art my highest good!
O! confirm to me the grace,
Purchas'd by thy precious blood:
That, with a true filial affection of heart,
I may feel what a real redeemer thou art;
And, thro' thy atonement to justice above,
Be receiv'd, as a child, by the father of love.

Give me, with a child-like mind,
Simply to believe thy word;
And to do whate'er I find
Pleases best my dearest Lord:
Resolving to practise thy gracious commands;
To resign myself wholly up into thy hands:
That, regarding thee simply in all my employ,
I may cry, "Abba! Father!" with dutiful joy.

Nor within me, nor without,
Let hypocrisy reside;
But whate'er I go about,
Mere simplicity be guide:
Simplicity guide me in word, and in will;
Let me live—let me die—in simplicity still:
Of an epitaph made me let this be the whole—
Here lies a true child, that was simple of soul.

Jesu! now I fix my heart,
Prince of life, and source of bliss;
Never from thee to depart,
'Till thy love shall grant me this:
Then, then, shall my heart all its faculties raise,
Both here, and hereafter, to sing to thy praise:
O! joyful! my Saviour says, "So let it be!"
Amen, to my soul,—Hallelujah! to thee!

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

World adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes, and false alarms:
Now I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights;
False thy promises renew'd;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Objects of the noblest love.

Farewell honour's empty pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the dust:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to day, to morrow fall.

Foolish vanity, farewell!
More inconstant than the wave;
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ, shall set me free.

Never shall my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial joys:
Joys that, never overpast,
Thro' eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a heart,
After thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires:
It shall see the glorious scene
Of thy everlasting reign.

AN HYMN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

How charming! to be thus confin'd
Within this lovely tow'r;
Where, with a calm, and quiet mind,
I pass the peaceful hour:
Stronger than chains of any kind
Is love's enduring pow'r.

These very ills are my delight;
My pleasures rise from pains;
The punishments, that most affright,
Become my wish'd-for gains:
Whatever torments they excite,
Pure sighing love remains.

Pain is no object of my fear,
Tho' help is not in view;
Sure as I am, from evils here,
That blessings will ensue:
To sov'reign beauty it is clear,
That sov'reign love is due.

I suffer; but along with smart
Is grace and virtue sent:
Presence of God, who takes my part,
So sweetens all event!
He is the patience of my heart,
The comfort, and content.

THE SOUL'S TENDENCY TOWARDS ITS TRUE CENTRE.

Stones towards the earth descend;
Rivers to the ocean roll;
Every motion has some end:
What is thine, beloved soul?

"Mine is, where my Saviour is;
There with him I hope to dwell:
Jesu is the central bliss;
Love the force that doth impel."

Truly, thou hast answer'd right:
Now may Heav'n's attractive grace,
Tow'rds the source of thy delight,
Speed along thy quick'ning pace!

"Thank thee for thy gen'rous care:
Heav'n, that did the wish inspire,
Through thy instrumental pray'r,
Plumes the wings of my desire.

"Now, methinks, aloft I fly:
Now, with angels bear a part:
Glory be to God on high!
Peace to ev'ry Christian heart!"

THE DESPONDING SOUL'S WISH.

My spirit longeth for thee,
Within my troubled breast;
Altho' I be unworthy
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy tho' I be;
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed love;
O! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

THE ANSWER.

Cheer up, desponding soul;
Thy longing, pleas'd, I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I long'd for thee.

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own,
I suffer'd on the cross:
Oh! were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
But, fill'd with love divine,
Would *die* on its *own* cross,
And *rise* for ever *mine*.

AN HYMN TO JESUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

JESU! the soul that thinks on thee,
How happy does it seem to be!
What honey can such sweets impart,
As does thy presence to the heart!

No sound can dwell upon the tongue,
Nor ears be ravish'd with a song,
Nor thought by pondering be won,
Like that of God's beloved Son.

Jesu! the penitent's retreat,
The wearied pilgrim's mercy seat:
If they that seek thee are carest,
How are the finders of thee blest!

Jesu! the source of life and light,
That mak'st the mind so blest and bright;
Fullness of joy thou dost inspire
Beyond the stretch of all desire.

This can no tongue that ever spoke,
Nor hand express by figur'd stroke:
It is experience that must prove
The pow'r of Jesus, and his love.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE PRAYER, USED IN THE CHURCH LITURGY, FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

IT will bear the repeating again and again,
Will the pray'r for all sorts and conditions of men;
Not to this, or that place, name, or nation confin'd,
But embracing, at once, the whole race of man-
With a love universal instructing to call [kind;
On the one great creating Preserver of all;
That his way may be known upon Earth, and be found
His true saving health, by the nations all round.

He, who willeth all men to be sav'd, and partake [make;
Of the bliss, which distinguish'd their primitive
To arise to that life, by a second new birth,
Which Adam had lost, at his fall upon Earth;
Will accept ev'ry heart, whose unfeigned intent
Is to pray for that blessing, which he himself meant, [will
When he gave his own Son, for whoever should
To escape, by his means, from the regions of ill.

But tho' all the whole world, in a sense that is good, [stood;
To be God's house, or church, may be well under-
And the men who dwell on it, his children, for whom
It has pleas'd him that Christ the Redeemer should come;
Yet his church must consist, in all saving respect,
Of them who receive him, not them who reject;
And his true, real children, or people, are they,
Who, when call'd by the Saviour, believe and obey.

Now this excellent pray'r, in this sense of the phrase,
For the catholic church more especially prays;
That it may be so constantly govern'd, and led
By the Spirit of God, and of Jesus its head,
That all such as are taught to acknowledge its creed,
And profess to be Christians, may be so indeed;
May hold the one faith, in a peace without strife,
And the proof of its truth, a right practical life.

No partial distinction is here to be sought;
For the good of mankind still enlivens the thought;
Since God, by the church, in its catholic sense,
Salvation to all is so pleas'd to dispense, [crease,
That the farther her faith, and her patience in-
More hearts will be won to the gospel of peace;
'Till the world shall come under truth's absolute sway, [day.
And the nations, converted, bring on the great

Mean while, tho' eternity be her chief care,
The suff'rers in time have a suitable share:
She prays to the fatherly goodness of God,
For all whom affliction has under its rod;
That inward, or outward, the cause of their grief,
Mind, body, estate, he would grant them relief,
Due comfort, and patience, and finally bless
With the most happy ending of all their distress.

The compassion, here taught, is unlimited too,
And the whole of mankind the petitioning view:
As none can foresee, whether Christian, or not,
What afflictions may fall in this world to his lot;
The church, which considers whose Providence sends,
Prays that all may obtain its beneficent ends;
And whenever the suff'rings, here needful, are past,
By repentance and faith, may be sav'd at the last.

The particular mention of such, as desire
To be publicly pray'd for, as made in our quire,
Infers to all others God's merciful grace; [case;
Tho' we hear not their names, who are in the like
It excites our attention to instances known,
Of relations, or neighbours, or friends of our own;
For the pray'r, in its nature, extends to all those,
Who are in the same trouble, friends to us, or foes.

All which she entreats, for his sake, to be done,
Who suffer'd to save them, Christ Jesus, his Son;
In respect to the world, the Redeemer of all;
To the church of the faithful, most chiefly, saith Paul;
And to them, who shall suffer, whoever they be,
In the spirit of Christ, in the highest degree:
How ought such a goodness all minds to prepare,
For an hearty amen to this catholic pray'r!

The church is indeed, in its real intent,
An assembly, where nothing but friendship is meant;

And the utter extinction of foeship, and wrath,
By the working of love, in the strength of its [faith:
This gives it its holy, and catholic name,
And truly confirms its apostolic claim; [been,
Showing what the one Saviour's one mission had
—"Go and teach all the world"—ev'ry creature therein.

In the praise ever due to the gospel of grace,
Its universality holds the first place:
When an angel proclaim'd its glad tidings, the morn
That the Son of the Virgin, the Saviour was born;
"Which shall be to all people" was said to complete
The angelical message, so good, and so great;
Full of glory to God, in the regions above,
And of goodness to men, is so boundless a love.

This short supplication, or litany, read,
When the longer with us is not wont to be said,
Tho' brief in expression, as fully imports
The will to all blessings, for men of all sorts;
Same brotherly love, by which Christians are taught
To pray without ceasing, or limiting thought;
That religion may flourish upon its true plan,
Of glory to God, and salvation to man.

THE PRAYER OF RUSBROCHIUS.

O MERCIFUL Lord! by the good which thou art,
I beseech thee to raise a true love in my heart
For thee, above all things; thee only; and then
To extend to all sorts and conditions of men:
Religious, or secular; kindred, or not;
Or near, or far off, or whatever their lot;
That be any man's state rich or poor, high or low,
As myself I may love him, friend to me, or foe.

May I pay to all men a becoming respect,
Not prone to condemn them for seeming defect;
But to bear it, if true, with a patience exempt
From the proud, surly vice of a scornful contempt:
If shown to myself, let me learn to endure,
And obtain, by its aid, my own vanity's cure;
Nor, however disdain'd, in the spitefullest shape,
By a sinful return ever think to escape.

Let my pure, simple aim, in whatever it be,
Thro' praise, or dispraise, be my duty to thee:
With a fixt resolution, still eyeing that scope
To admit of no other fear, be it, or hope,
But the fear to offend thee, the hope to unite,
In thy honour and praise, with all hearts that are right.
Wishing all the world well; but intent to fulfil,
Be they pleas'd, or displeas'd, thy adorable will.

Preserve me, dear Lord, from presumption and pride,
That upon my own actions would tempt to confide:
Let me have no dependence on any but thine,
With a right faith, and trust, in thy merits divine:
Still ready prepar'd, in each requisite hour,
Both to will, and to work, as thou givest the pow'r;
But may only thy love flame thro' all my whole heart,
And a false selfish fire not affect the least part.

To this end, let thine arrow pierce deeply within,
Letting out all the filth, and corruption of sin;
All that in the most secret recesses may lurk,
To prevent, or obstruct, thy intention or work:
O! give me the knowledge, the feeling, and sense,
Of thy all-blessing pow'r, wisdom, goodness immense!
Of the weakness, the folly, the malice alone,
That, resisting thy will, I should find in my own!

Never let me forget, never, while I draw breath,
What thou hast done for me, thy passion, and death!
The wounds, and the griefs, of thy body, and soul,
When assuming our nature thou madest it whole:
Taughtest how to engage in thy conquering strife,
And regain the access to its true divine life:
Let the sense of such love kindle all my desire,
To be thine my life thro'; thine to die and expire.

To hearts, in the bond of thy charity knit,
Ev'ry thing becomes easy to do, or omit;
The labour is pleasant, the sharpest degree
Of suff'ring can find consolation in thee:
That which nature affords, or an object terrene,
When it does not divert from a perfecter scene,
Is receiv'd with all thanks, if thou pleasest to grant,
By a mind, if thou pleasest, as willing to want.

The amusements, on which it once set such a store,
Are now as insipid, as grateful before;
With a much greater comfort it gives up each toy,
Than the fondest possessor could ever enjoy:
If e'er I propos'd such unsuitable ends
To the thought of religious, or secular friends,
Expel the vain images, fancies of good,
And in their heart, and mine, make thyself understood.

Extinguish, O Lord, let not any one take
A complacence in me, which is not for thy sake;
In me too root out the respect, of all kind,
Which does not arise from thy love in my mind:
No sorrow be spar'd, no affliction, no cross,
That may further this love, or recover its loss;
This is always thy meaning; O let it be mine
To confess myself guilty, repent, and resign.

With a real contempt of all self-seeking views,
To embrace, for my choice, what thy wisdom shall choose;
Looking up still to thee, to receive all event
Which it wills, or permits, with a thankful content:
Not regarding what men shall do to me, or why,
But the provident aim of thy all-seeing eye;
Ever watchful o'er them who persist, in each place,
To rely on its presence—O give me thy grace!

Tho' unworthy to ask it, poor sinner! I trust
In the merits and death of a Saviour so just;
Whom the Father, well pleas'd in his satisfy'd will,
The design to save sinners saw rightly fulfil:
In me let thy grace, O Redeemer within,
Re-establish his justice, and purge away sin;
That freed from its evils, in me, may be shown
The effect of thy all-saving merits alone.

May death, and its consequence, still in my eyes,
So remind me to live, that it may not surprise:
May the horrible torments excite a due dread,
Which impenitent sinners bring on their own head:
May I never seek peace, never find a delight,
But when I pursue what is good in thy sight:
Whatsoever I do, suffer, feel to befall,
Be thou the sole cause, the one reason of all!

A PRAYER,

FROM MR. LAW'S SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

OH heav'nly Father! gracious God, above!
Thou boundless depth of never-ceasing love!
Save me from *self*, and cause me to depart
From sinful works of a long hearden'd heart;
From all my great corruptions set me free;
Give me an ear to hear, an eye to see,
An heart and spirit to believe, and find
Thy love in Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

Made for thyself, O God, and to display
Thy goodness in me, manifest, I pray,
By grace adapted to each wanting hour,
Thy holy nature's life-conferring pow'r:
Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirst,
After the life breath'd forth from thee, at first;
Birth of thy holy Jesus in my soul;
That I may turn, thro' life's succeeding whole,
From ev'ry outward work, or inward thought,
Which is not thee, or in thy spirit wrought.

ON ATTENTION.

SACRED attention! true effectual prayer!
Thou dost the soul for love of truth prepare.
Blest is the man, who, from conjecture free,
To future knowledge shall aspire by thee:
Who in thy precepts seeks a sure repose,
Stays till he sees, nor judges till he knows:
Tho' firm, not rash; tho' eager, yet sedate;
Intent on truth, can its instruction wait:
Aw'd by thy powerful influence to appeal
To Heaven, which only can itself reveal;
The soul in humble silence to resign,
And human will unite to the divine;
Till fir'd at length by Heaven's enlivening beams,
Pure, unconsum'd, the faithful victim flames.

A PRAYER,

USED BY FRANCIS THE FIRST, WHEN HE WAS AT WAR WITH THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

ALMIGHTY Lord of Hosts, by whose commands
The guardian angels rule their destin'd lands;
And watchful, at thy word, to save or slay,
Of peace or war administer the sway!
Thou, who, against the great Goliah's rage
Didst arm the stripling David to engage;
When, with a sling, a small unarmed youth
Smote a huge giant, in defence of truth;
Hear us, we pray thee, if our cause be true,
If sacred justice be our only view;
If right and duty, not the will to war,
Have forc'd our armies to proceed thus far,
Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,
That war and bloodshed in the land may cease:
Or, put to flight by providential dread,
Let them lament their errours, not their dead.
If some must die, protect the righteous all,
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.
With pitying speed the victory decree
To them, whose cause is best approv'd by thee;
That sheath'd on all sides the devouring sword,
And peace and justice to our land restor'd,
We all together, with one heart, may sing
Triumphant hymns to thee, th' eternal King.

A COMMENT

ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE, IN THE GENERAL CONFESSION OF SINS, USED IN THE CHURCH-LITURGY.

——According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord.

"ACCORDING to thy promises"—hereby,
Since it is certain that God cannot lie,
The truly penitent may all be sure
That Grace admits them to its open door;
And they, forsaking all their former sin,
However great, will freely be let in.

"Declar'd"—by all the ministers of peace,
God has assur'd repentance of release;
An intervening penitence, we see,
Could even change his positive decree;
As in the Ninivites; if any soul
Repent, the promise is the sure parole.

"Unto mankind"—not only to the Jews,
Christians, or Turks, in writings which they use,
Writ on the tablet of each conscious heart,
Repent,—from all iniquity depart—
Not for no purpose; for the plain intent
Is restoration, if a soul repent.

"In Christ"—by whom true scripture has assur'd
Redeeming grace for penitents procur'd;
The fainter hopes, which reason may suggest,
Are deeply, by the gospel's aid, imprest:
'Twas always hop'd for was the promis'd good,
But, by his coming, clearly understood.

"Jesu"—Jehovah's manifested love,
In Christ, th' anointed Saviour from above;
The demonstration of the saving plan,
For all mankind, is God's becoming man:
No truth more firmly ascertain'd than this—
Repent, be faithful, and restor'd to bliss.

"Our Lord"—our new, and true parental head;
Our second Adam, in the first when dead;
Who took our nature on him, that in men
His Father's image might shine forth again:
Sure of success may penitents implore
What God, thro' him, rejoices to restore.

FOR THE DUE IMPROVEMENT OF A FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

AROUND the grave of a departed friend,
If due concern has prompted to attend,

Deep, on our minds, let the affecting scenes
Imprint the lesson, which attendance means:
For who can tell how soon his own adieu
The solemn service may for him renew?

"He that believes on me" (what Christ had said
The priest proclaims) "shall live tho' he were [dead:"
To ev'ry heart this is the gracious call,
On which depends its everlasting all;
The ever hoping, loving, working faith,
That saves a soul from death's devouring wrath.

The patient Job, by such a faith within, [skin
Strengthning his heart, could say—"This mortal
Destroyed, I know that my Redeemer lives"——
In flesh and blood, which his redemption gives—
Job, from the dust, expected to arise,
And stand before his God with seeing eyes.

The royal Psalmist saw this life of man,
How vain, how short, at its most lengthen'd span:
Conscious in whom the human trust should be,
"Truly my hope," he said, "is ev'n in thee"—
And pray'd for its recover'd strength, before
He went from hence, here to be seen no more.

The mystic chapter is rehears'd, wherein
Paul sings the triumph over death, and sin;
The glorious body, freed from earthly leav'n,
Image and likeness of the Lord from Heav'n;
For such th' abounding in his work shall gain;
Labour, we know that never is in vain.

Hence comes the sure and certain hope, to rise
In Christ; tho' man, as born of woman, dies:
True life, which Adam dy'd to, at his fall,
And Christ, the sinless Adam, can recall,
By a new, heav'nly birth, from him, revives,
And breathes, again, God's holy breath of lives.

A voice from Heav'n had hearing John record,
"Blest are the dead, the dying in the Lord——"
In them, the pray'r, which man's Redeemer will'd
That men should pray, is perfectly fulfill'd:
This perfect sense the words, that we repeat,
Require to make the pay'd-for good complete.

Thanks then are due for all the faithful dead,
Departed hence, to be with Christ their head;
And pray'r, unfainting, for his—"Come, ye blest—
Come, ye true children, enter into rest;
Live in my Father's kingdom, and in mine,
In grace, and love, and fellowship divine."

ON CHURCH COMMUNION,

IN SEVEN PARTS; FROM A LETTER OF MR. LAW'S.

PART FIRST.

Religion, church communion, or the way
Of public worship, that we ought to pay,
As it regards the body, and the mind,
Is of external, and internal kind;
The one consisting in the outward sign,
The other in the inward truth divine.

This inward truth intended to be shown,
So far as outward signs can make it known,
Is that which gives external modes a worth,
Just in proportion as they show it forth;
Just as they help, in any outward part,
The real, true religion of the heart.

Now what this is, exclusive of all strife,
Christians will own to be an inward life,
Spirit, and pow'r, a birth, to say the whole,
Of Christ himself, brought forth within the soul;
By this all true salvation is begun,
And carried on, however it be done.

Christianity, that has not Christ within,
Can by no means whatever save from sin;
Can bear no evidence of him——the end,
On which the value of all means depend:
Christian religion signifies, no doubt,
Like mind within, like show of it without.

The will of God, the saving of mankind,
Was all that Christ had in his inward mind;
All that produc'd his outward action too,
In church communion while a perfect Jew;
Like most of his disciples, till they came,
At Antioch, to have a Christian name.

If Christ has put an end to rites of old,
If new recall what was but then foretold,
The one true church, the real heavenly ground,
Wherein alone salvation can be found,
Is still the same; and, to its Saviour's praise,
His inward tempers outwardly displays.

By hearty love, and correspondent rites
Ordain'd, the members to the head unites,
And to each other——in all stated scenes,
The life of Christ is what a Christian means;
Tho' change of circumstance may alter those,
In this he places, and enjoys repose.

Church unity is held, and faith's increase,
By that of spirit, in the bond of peace,
And righteousness of life; without this tie
Forms are in vain prescrib'd to worship by,
Or temples model'd; hearts, as well as hands,
An holy church, and catholic demands.

PART SECOND.

If once establish'd the essential part,
The inward church, the temple of the heart,
Or house of God, the substance, and the sum
Of what is pray'd for in—"Thy kingdom come—"
To make an outward correspondence true,
We must recur to Christ's example too.

Now, in his outward form of life, we find
Goodness demonstrated of ev'ry kind;
What he was born for, that he show'd throughout;
It was the bus'ness that he went about;
Love, kindness, and compassion to display
Tow'rds ev'ry object coming in his way.

But love so high, humility so low,
And all the virtues which his actions show;
His doing good, and his enduring ill,
For man's salvation and God's holy will,
Exceed all terms——his inward, outward plan
Was love to God, express'd by love to man.

Mark of the church, which he establish'd, then,
Is the same love, same proof of it to men;

Without, let sects parade it how they list,
Nor church, nor unity can e'er subsist;
The name may be usurp'd, but want of pow'r
Will show the Babel, high or low the tow'r.

And where the same behaviour shall appear
In outward form, that was in Christ so clear,
There is the very outward church that he
Will'd all mankind to show, and all to see;
Of which whoever shows it, from the heart,
Is both an inward, and an outward part.

What excommunication can deprive
A pious soul, that is in Christ alive,
Of church communion? or cut off a limb
That life and action both unite to him?
For any circumstance of place, or time,
Or mode, or custom, which infers no crime?

If he be that which his beloved John
Calls him,——"The light enlight'ning ev'ry one
That comes into the world"——will he exclude
One from his church, whose mind he has renew'd
To such degree, as to exert, in fact,
Like inward temper, and like outward act?

Invisible, and visible effect,
Of true church membership, in each respect,
Let the one shepherd from above behold;
The flocks, howe'er dispers'd, are his one fold;
Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,
They all stand present in his gracious view.

PART THIRD.

A LOCAL union, on the other hand,
Tho' crowded numbers should together stand,
Joining in one same form of pray'r, and praise,
Or creed express'd in regulated phrase,
Or aught beside——tho' it assume the name
Of Christian church, may want the real claim.

For if it want the spirit, and the sign,
That constitute all worship, as divine,
The love within, the test of it without,
In vain the union passes for devout;
Heartless, and tokenless if it remain,
It ought to pass, in strictness, for profane.

At first, an unity of heart and soul,
A distribution of an outward dole,
And ev'ry member of the body fed,
As equally belonging to the head,
With what it wanted, was, without suspense,
True church communion, in full Christian sense.

Whether averse the many, or the few,
To hold communion in this righteous view,
Their thought commences heresy, their deed
Schismatical, tho' they profess the creed;
Ways of distributing, if new, should still
Maintain the old communicative will;

Broken by ev'ry loveless, thankless thought,
And not behaving as a Christian ought;
By want of meekness, or a show of pride
Tow'rds any soul for whom our Saviour dy'd;
While this continues, men may pray, and preach
In all their forms, but none will heal their breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring
To church communion, it is not the thing;
Nor a society, as such, nor place,
Nor any thing besides uniting grace:
They are but accessories, at the most,
To true communion of the Holy Ghost.

This is th' essential fellowship, the tie
Which all true Christians are united by;
No other union does them any good,
But that which Christ cemented with his blood,
As God and man; that, having lost it, men
Might live in unity with God again.

What he came down to bring us from above
Was grace and peace, and law-fulfilling love;
True spirit-worship, which his father sought,
Was the sole end of what he did, and taught;
That God's own church and kingdom might begin,
Which Moses and the prophets usher'd in.

PART FOURTH.

"THE church of Christ, as thus you represent,
And all the world is of the same extent:
Jews, Turks, or Pagans may be members too;
This, some may call a dreadful mystic clue,
A combination of the Quaker schemes
With latitudinarian extremes."

They may; but names, so ready at the call
Of such as want them, have no force at all
To overthrow momentous truths, and plain,
The very points of scripture, and the main;
Such as distinguish, in the clearest view,
Th' enlighten'd Christian from the half-blind Jew.

What did the sheet let down to Peter mean,
Who call'd the Gentiles common, or, unclean?
Let Peter answer——"God was pleas'd to show
That I should call no man whatever so;
In ev'ry nation he that serves him right
Is clean, accepted, in his equal sight."

If Peter said so, who will question Paul?
He, in a manner, made this point his all;
The real sense of what has here been said
In mystic Paul is plainly to be read;
Nothing but obstinate dislike to terms
Obscures what all the Testament affirms.

The Jews objected, to his gospel clue,
A——"What advantage therefore hath the Jew?
Or, of what use is to be circumcis'd?"
So may some Christians say——to be baptis'd?—
May form like questions, like conclusions draw,
And urge the church, as they did, and the law.

Th' apostle's reas'ning from the common want
Of God's free grace, its universal grant
By Jesus Christ, its reach to all mankind,
For whom the same salvation was design'd,
Shows that his church, as boundless as his grace,
Extends itself to all the human race.

With pious Jews of old *our* king imply'd
The one true king of all the Earth beside;
Whose regal right, tho' he was pleas'd to call
Jacob his lot, extended over all;
Tho' Israel gloried in acknowledg'd light,
It's virtue was not bounded by their sight.

So will a Christian piety confess
A church of Christ, with boundaries no less;

Will speak, as ev'ry conscious witness ought,
To what it knows, but scorn the partial thought
Of grace, or truth, or righteousness confin'd
To modes and customs of external kind.

PART FIFTH.

The church consider'd only as possest
Of England, Rome, Geneva——and the rest——
Notion of church so popularly rife,
Such cause of endless enmity and strife,
Did but arise in a succeeding hour,
When Christians came to have a worldly pow'r.

The first apostles spread, from place to place,
The gospel news of universal grace;
Inviting all to enter, by belief,
Into the church of their redeeming chief;
Entrance accessible in ev'ry part,
And shut to nothing but a faithless heart.

But when the princes of the world became,
And kings, protectors of the Christian name,
Pow'r made ambitious pastors, ease remiss,
And churches dwindl'd into that and this;
The one, divided, came to want, of course,
Supports quite foreign to its native force.

Contentions rose, all tending to create
Still new alliances of church and state;
Form'd, and reform'd, and turn'd, and overturn'd,
As force prevail'd, and human passion burn'd;
Old revolutions when by new dissolv'd,
Both church and state accordingly revolv'd.

Such is the mixture of an human sway,
In all external churches at this day;
To the same changes liable, anew,
That forms of government are subject to;
While the one church, in its true sense, in name
And thing, remains unchangeably the same.

The private Christian, bearing Christ in mind,
Whose kingdom was not of a worldly kind,
Has little, or has no concern at all,
With these external changes that befall;
Let Providence permit them, or prevent,
With truth and spirit he remains content.

Not that he thinks that evil, more or less,
Is, in its nature, alter'd by success;
The good is good, tho' suff'ring a defeat,
The bad but worse, if its success be great;
He measures neither by th' event that's past,
For what they were at first they are at last.

But, by the spirit of the gospel, free,
Whatever state of government it be,
That God has plac'd him under, to submit,
So in the church he thinks the freedom fit,
Whilst on occasion of the outward part,
He can present what God requires——an heart.

PART SIXTH.

The heart is what the God of it demands,
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands:
When hands have made them, if no hearts are [found,
Dispos'd aright to consecrate the ground,
Vainly is worship said to be divine,
While in the breast its object has no shrine.

But if it has, in that devoted breast,
A right intention, surely, will be blest;
Tho' forms, prescrib'd by pastors in the chair,
Should be adjusted with less perfect care;
Tho', in some points, the services assign'd
Differ from those of apostolic kind.

What outward church, or form, shall we select,
That is not chargeable with some defect?
Each is prepar'd, in all the rest, to grant
A superfluity, or else a want,
Or both; a distance from perfection wide,
Retorted on itself by all beside.

What safer remedy than pure intent
To seek the good by any of them meant?
Which he, who mindeth only what the heart
Brings of its own, is ready to impart;
No human pow'r, should it enjoin amiss
A ceremonious rite, can hinder this.

Even in sacrament, what frequent storms
Has superstition rais'd about the forms?
In rites baptismal, which the true result?
Immersion? sprinkling? infants? or th' adult?
In the Lord's supper, does the celebration
Make trans, or con, or non-substantiation?

These, and a world of controversies more
Serve to enlarge the bibliothecal store;
While champions make antiquity their boast,
And all pretend to imitate it most;
Prone to neglect, for criticising pique,
Essential truths eternally antique.

Thus inward worship lies in low estate,
Oppress with endless volumes of debate
About the outward; soon as old ones die,
All undecided, comes a new supply
Of needless doubts to a religious soul,
Whose upright meaning dissipates the whole.

Clear of all worldly, interested views,
The one design of worship it pursues;
Turns all to use that public form allows,
By off'ring up its ever private vows
For the success of all the good design'd
By Christ, the common saviour of mankind.

PART SEVENTH.

A christian, in so catholic a sense,
Can give to none, but partial minds, offence:
Forc'd to live under some divided part,
He keeps entire the union of the heart;
The sacred tie of love; by which alone,
Christ said, that his disciples would be known.

He values no distinction, as profest
By way of separation from the rest;
Oblig'd in duty, and inclin'd by choice,
In all the good of any to rejoice;
From ev'ry evil, falshood, or mistake,
To wish them free, for common comfort's sake.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted way
Lies in obedience (where it always lay)

To Christ himself; who, with an inward call,
Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all;
At the reception of this heav'nly guest,
All good comes in, all evil quits the breast.

The free receiver, then, becomes content
With what God orders, or does not prevent:
To them that love him, all things, he is sure,
Must work for good; tho' how may be obscure:
Even successful wickedness, when past,
Will bring, to them, some latent good at last.

Fall'n as divided churches are, and gone
From the perfection of the Christian one,
Respect is due to any, that contains
The venerable, tho' but faint remains
Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view,
The letter only, but the spirit too.

When that variety of new-found ways
Which people so run after, in our days,
Has done its utmost——when "lo here, lo there,"
Shall yield to inward seeking, and sincere;
What was, at first, may come to be again
The praise of church assemblies amongst men.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,
To mind in public lesson, pray'r, and song,
Teaching, and preaching, what conduces best
To true devotion in the private breast,
Willing increase of good to ev'ry soul,
Seems to be our concern upon the whole.

So God, and Christ, and holy angels stand
Dispos'd to ev'ry church, in ev'ry land;
The growth of good still helping to complete
Whatever tares be sown amongst the wheat:
Who would not wish to have, and to excite,
A disposition so divinely right?

A DYING SPEECH.

FROM MR. LAW.

In this unhappily divided state,
That Christian churches have been in of late,
One must, however catholic the heart,
Join, and conform to some divided part:
The church of England is the part, that I
Have always liv'd in, and now choose to die;
Trusting, that if I worship God with her,
In spirit, and in truth, I shall not err;
But as acceptable to him be found,
As if, in times for one pure church renown'd,
Born, I had also liv'd, in heart and soul,
A faithful member of the unbroken whole.
As I am now, by God's good will, to go
From this disorder'd state of things below;
Into his hands as I am now to fall,
Who is the great creator of us all;
God of all churches that implore his aid,
Lover of all the souls that he hath made;
Whose kingdom, that of universal love,
Must have its blest inhabitants above,
From ev'ry class of men, from all the good,
Howe'er descended from one human blood;
So, in this loving spirit, I desire,
As in the midst of all their sacred quire,
With rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian view,
Of all the world to take my last adieu;
Willing in heart and spirit to unite
With ev'ry church, in what is just and right,
Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,
Of God's acceptance from an honest mind:
Praying, that ev'ry church may have its saints,
And rise to that perfection which it wants.
Father! thy kingdom come! thy sacred will
May all the tribes of human race fulfil!
Thy name be prais'd by ev'ry living breath,
Author of life, and vanquisher of Death!

A COMMENT

ON THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE.

In the beginning was the Word.
John, 1st and 1st.

"In the beginning was the word"—saith John—
The life, the light, the truth, for all are one;
One all-creating pow'r, all-wise, all-good,
In which, at first, the whole creation stood;
Moving, and acting in the pow'r alone;
How bright, how perfect, and no evil known!
How blest was Nature's universal plan,
And the fair image of his Maker, man!

The word, the pow'r, is Christ; th' Eternal Son
Of God, by whom the Father's will is done;
Each is the other's glory; and the love
From both the bliss of all the blest above:
Angels in Heav'n stand ready to obey,
And, as the word directs them, so do they;
So must we men, born here upon this Earth,
If ever we regain the heav'nly birth;

Lost by poor Adam, in the fatal hour
Of lusting after knowledge without pow'r;
When, yielding to temptation, tho' forbid
To eat what was not good for him, he did:
The pow'r of life consenting to forego,
For what was told him, would be death to know,
He died to his celestial state, and then
Could but convey an earthly one to men.

From which to rise, and in true life to live,
What but the word, wherein was life, could give?
Ingrafted, as an holy seed within,
And born to save the human soul from sin:
The Word made man by virgin birth, and free
From sin's dominion, Jesus Christ is he;
Whom, of pure love, the Father sent to save,
And finish man's redemption from the grave.

This second Adam, healer of the breach
Made by the first, nor sin, nor death could reach;
He conquer'd both; and, in the glorious strife,
Became the parent of an endless life
To all who ever did, or shall aspire
To life, and spirit from this heav'nly sire;
And cultivate the seed which he hath sown
In ev'ry heart, till the new man be grown.

The old, we know, must die away to dust,
And a new image rise amongst the just;
When, at the end of temporary scene,
Christ shall appear, eternally to reign
In all his glory, human and divine,
When all the born of God, in him, shall shine,

Rais'd to the life that was at first possest,
And bow the knee to Jesus, and be blest.

Since then the cause of our eternal life
Is Christ in us, what need of any strife
In his religion? Of "lo here! lo there!"
When to all hearts he is himself so near?
With pow'r to save us from the cause of ill,
A worldly, selfish, unbelieving will;
To bless whatever tends to make the mind
Meek, loving, humble, patient, and resign'd.

The mind to Christ so far as God shall draw
By nature, scripture, reason, learning, law,
Or aught beside, so far their use is right,
Proclaiming him, and not themselves the light:
From first to last his gospel is the same;
And of all worship, that deserves a name,
"The word of life by faith to apprehend
That was in the beginning——is the end."

A MEMORIAL ABSTRACT

OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. H———,

On Proverbs, C. 20, V. 27.

The human spirit, when it burns and shines,
Lamp of Jehovah Solomon defines——
Now, as a vessel, to contain the whole,
This lamp denotes the body, oil the soul;
(As H—— observes) which, tho' itself be dark,
Is capable of light's enkindling spark;
But, as consider'd in it's own dark root,
Still wants the unction, and the light's recruit.

Brighter than all, that now is look'd upon,
This lamp of God, at it's creation shon;
The body, purer than the finest gold,
Had no defect in its material mould;
The soul's enkindled oil was heav'nly bright,
Till even mixture darken'd its good light;
And hid the supernatural supply,
That fed the glorious lamp of the most High.

That fatal poison quench'd, in human frame,
The spirit flowing from the vital flame:
Adam's free will consenting to such food,
Death, as its natural effect, ensu'd:
True life departing left him naked, blind,
And spiritless, in body, soul, and mind;
Dead to his paradisic life, a birth
From sin began his mortal life on Earth.

His faith, his spiritual discernment gone,
He fell into a poring, reas'ning one;
Into a state of ignorance he fell,
Which brutal instincts very oft excel:
What his self-seeking will would know was known,
The light of this terrestrial orb alone;
Dark, in comparison, when this was done,
As moon, or starlight to meridian sun.

What help when lesser light should vanish too,
And death discover a still darker view?
Had not the Christ of God, sole help for sin,
Rais'd up salvation as a seed within?
That sprouting forth by penitence, and faith,
Could pierce thro' death, and dissipate its wrath;
Till God's true image should again revive,
And rise, thro' him, to its first life alive.

This parent Saviour, God's anointed son,
Begets the life that Adam should have done;
Reforms the lamp; renews the holy fire,
And sends to Heav'n its flaming love-desire:
'Tis he——the life that was the light of men——
Who fits them to be lamps of God again;
Restores the vessel, oil, and light, and all
The spirit-life that vanish'd at the fall.

Reason has nothing to proceed upon,
Without an unction from this holy one;
Without a spirit, to dispel the damp
Of nature's darkness, and light up the lamp:
Nothing whatever, but the touch divine,
Can make its highest faculties to shine;
All just as helpless in their selfish use,
As lamps their own enkindling to produce.

All true religion teaches them to trim
The lamp, that must receive its light from him;
From him, the quick'ning Spirit, to obtain
The life that must for ever blest remain:
The life of Christ arising in the soul,
This, this alone makes human nature whole;
Makes ev'ry gift of grace to re-unite,
And shine for ever in Jehovah's sight.

ON THE

UNION AND THREE-FOLD DISTINCTION

OF GOD, NATURE, AND CREATURE.

PART FIRST.

All that comes under our imagination
Is either God, or nature, or creation:
God is the free eternal light, or love,
Before, beyond all nature, and above;
The one unchangeable, unceasing will
To ev'ry good, and to no sort of ill.

Nature, without him, is th' abyssal dark,
Void of the light's beatifying spark;
Th' attraction of desire, by want repell'd,
Whence circling rage proceeds, and wrath unquell'd:
But by the light's all-joyous pow'r, th' abyss
Becomes the groundwork of a three-fold bliss.

Creation is the gift of light, and life,
To nature's contrariety and strife;
For without nature, or desirous want,
There would be nothing to receive the grant;
Nor could a creature, or created scene
Exist, did no such medium intervene.

Creature and God would be the same; the thought,
Which books inform us that Spinoza taught,
Would then be true; and we be forc'd to call
Things good, or bad, the parts of the great All:
In whatsoever state itself may be,
Nature is his, but nature is not he.

Like as the dark, behind the shining glass,
By hindring rays that of themselves would pass,
Affords that glimpse of objects to the view,
Which the transparent mirror could not do;

So does the life of nature, in its place,
Reflect the glories of the life of grace.

Of ev'ry creature's happiness, the growth
Depends upon the union of them both;
And all that God proceeded to create,
Came forth, at first, in this united state;
No evil wrath, or darkness could begin
To show itself, but by a creature's sin.

And were not nature separate, alone,
Such a dark wrath, it could not have been shown:
Its hidden properties are ground as good
For life's support, as bones to flesh and blood:
The false, unnatural, ungodly will,
That lays them open, is sole cause of ill.

When it is caus'd, renouncing, to be sure,
All such-like wills, contributes to the cure;
That nature's wrathful forms may not appear,
Nor what is made subservient domineer;
But God's good will all evil ones subdue,
And bless all nature, and all creature too.

PART SECOND.

THIS universal blessing to inspire
Was God's eternal purpose, or desire;
Desire, which never could be unfulfill'd;
Love put it forth, and Heav'n was what it will'd;
And the desire had, in itself, the means, [scenes.
From whence the love cou'd raise the heav'nly

Hence an eternal nature, to proclaim
By outward, visible, majestic frame,
The hidden Deity, the pow'r divine,
By which th' innumerable beauties shine;
That by succession without end, recall
A God of love, a present all in all.

From love, thus manifested in the birth
Of Nature, and the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth,
The various births of creatures, at the voice
Of God, came forth to see, and to rejoice;
To live within his kingdom, and partake
Of ev'ry bliss, adapted to their make.

For as, before a creature came to see,
No other life but that of God could be;
No other place but Heav'n, no other state;
So, when it pleas'd th' Almighty to create,
From him must come the creature's life within;
Its outward state from nature must begin.

Oh! what angelic orders! what divine,
And heavenly creatures answer'd the design
Of God's communicative goodness, shown
By giving rise to offsprings of his own!
With godlike spirits how was nature fill'd,
And beauteous forms, as its great author will'd!

Thus in its full perfection then it stood,
Seeking, receiving, manifesting good,
By virtue of that union which it had
With him, who made no creature to be bad;
But highly blest; and with a potent will
So to continue, and to know no ill.

Nature's united properties had none——
Whence then the change that it has undergone?
But from the creature's striving to aspire
Above the light, which their own dark desire
Quench'd in themselves, and rais'd up all the
Of nature's wrathful, separated forms. [storms

So Lucifer and his proud legions fell,
And turn'd their heav'nly mansion to an Hell;
To that dark, formless void, wherein the light
Ent'ring again with nature to unite,
The new creation of a world began,
And God's own image lord of it——a man.

ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

EVIL, if rightly understood,
Is but the skeleton of good,
Divested of its flesh and blood.

While it remains, without divorce,
Within its hidden, secret source,
It is the good's own strength and force.

As bone has the supporting share,
In human form divinely fair,
Altho' an evil when laid bare;

As light and air are fed by fire,
A shining good, while all conspire,
But (separate) dark, raging ire;

As hope and love arise from faith,
Which then admits no ill, nor hath;
But, if alone, it would be wrath;

Or any instance thought upon,
In which the evil can be none,
Till unity of good is gone;

So, by abuse of thought and skill,
The greatest good, to wit, free-will,
Becomes the origin of ill.

Thus when rebellious angels fell,
The very Heav'n where good ones dwell,
Became th' apostate spirits Hell.

Seeking, against eternal right,
A force without a love and light,
They found, and felt its evil might.

Thus Adam biting at their bait,
Of good and evil when he ate,
Died to his first thrice happy state.

Fell to the evils of this ball,
Which in harmonious union all,
Were Paradise before his fall.

And when the life of Christ in men
Revives its faded image, then,
Will all be Paradise again.

A FRIENDLY EXPOSTULATION

WITH A CLERGYMAN, CONCERNING A PASSAGE IN HIS SERMON, RELATING TO THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND.

'TWAS a good sermon; but a close review
Would bear one passage to be alter'd too;

Because it did not, in the least, agree
With the plain text (as it appear'd to me)
Nor with your comment, on what God had done
To save mankind, by his redeeming Son.
You did, if I remember right, admit
That other means, if he had so thought fit,
Might have obtain'd the salutary views,
As well as those which he was pleas'd to choose;
That it was too presumptuous to confine,
To those alone, th' Omnipotence divine;
As if a wisdom infinite could find
No other method, how to save mankind:
Tho' that, indeed, which had been fix'd upon,
Was, in effect, become the only one.
Now this, however well design'd, to raise
An awful sense, by its respectful phrase,
An adoration of the boundless pow'rs
Of the Almighty, when compar'd with ours;
To sink in humble rev'rence, and profound,
All human thoughts of fixing any bound
To an unerring wisdom, which extends
Beyond what finite reason comprehends;
Yet, if examin'd by severer test,
It is, at least, incautiously exprest;
And leaves the subtlest of the gospel's foes,
The Deists, this objection to propose,
To which they have, and will have, a recourse,
And still keep urging its unanswer'd force.
"If there was no necessity," they say,
"For saving men in this mysterious way,
What proof can the divines pretend to bring,
(While they confess the nature of the thing
Does not forbid) that the celestial scenes
Will not be open'd by some other means?
What else but book authority, at best,
Asserts this way, exclusive of the rest,
Of equal force, if the Almighty's will
Had but appointed them to save from ill?
This way, in which the Son of the most High
Is, by his Father's pleasure, doom'd to die,
For satisfaction of paternal ire;
Which (when they make religion to require)
Confounds all sense of justice, by a scheme
The most unworthy of the great supreme:
As other ways might have obtain'd the end,
Nature and reason, force us to attend
To huge absurdities which follow this,
And, since it was not needful, to dismiss."
This is the *bourdon* of deistic song,
Which rising volumes labour to prolong;
Take this away, the rest would all remain
As flat and trifling, as it is profane;
But this remaining, hither they retreat,
And lie secure from any full defeat.
But when the need, most absolute, is shown
Of man's redemption, by the means alone,
The birth, and life, and death, and re-ascent,
Thro' which the one *the-andric* Saviour went,
To quench the wrath of nature in the race
Of men (not God, in whom it has no place)
Then scripture, sense, and reason coincide,
And all conspire to follow the one guide;
Of possibilities to wave the talk
In which it is impossible to walk;
And raise the soul to seek, and find the good,
By this one method, which no other could.
Then true religion, call it by the name
Christian, or natural, is still the same;
From Christ deriv'd, as healer of the soul,
Or nature, made by his re-entrance whole;
Who is, in ev'ry man, th' enlightning ray,
The faith, and hope, of Love's redeeming day;
The only name, or pow'r, that can assure
Nature's religion, that is, nature's cure:
But if salvation might have been bestow'd
By other means, than what the sacred code
Declares throughout, the Deists will soon say,
The means, that might be possible, still may;
And, led to think that scripture is at odds
With nature, take some other to be God's:
Thus may a no-necessity, allow'd,
Tend to increase the unbelieving crowd.
As Adam died, and in him all his race,
Not to the life of nature, but of grace;
There could be no new birth of it, or growth,
But from a parent union of them both;
Such as, in ev'ry possible respect,
Jesus incarnate only could effect;
From him alone, who had the life, could men
Have it restor'd, renew'd, reviv'd again:
But—I am trespassing too much I fear,
And preaching when my province is to hear—
Millions of ways could we suppose beside,
This, we are sure, which saving love has tried,
Must be the best, must be the straightest line
Of action, when consider'd as divine;
This way alone then must as sure be gone,
As that a line, if straight, can be but one.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT, WRITTEN UPON ANOTHER OCCASION.

MANKIND's redemption you are pleas'd to say,
By Jesus Christ, was not the only way
That could succeed; indefinitely more
Th' Almighty's wisdom had within its store;
By any chosen one of which, no doubt,
The same redemption had been brought about.

For who shall dare, you argue, in this case,
To limit the omnipotence of Grace?
As if a finite understanding knew
What the Almighty could, or could not do:
Tho', since he chose this method, we must own,
That our dependence is on this alone.

Now, sir, acknowledging his pow'r immense,
Beyond the reach of all created sense;
Does it not seem to follow, thereupon,
That his true way must be directly one?
To save the world he gave his only Son,
Therefore—by him alone it could be done.

Variety of ways is the effect
Of finite view, that sees not the direct;
But the Almighty, having all in view,
Must be suppos'd to see, and take it too;
To see at once, tho' we are in the dark,
The one straight line to the intended mark.

Saint Paul's assertion of—"no other name
Given under Heav'n"—appears to be the same
With this—no other name, or pow'r, could save
But that of Jesus, which Jehovah gave:
More sons, more saviours, as consistent seem
As more effective methods to redeem.

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"I am the way"—said Christ; there could not
By just conclusion, any then, but he: [be,
"I am the truth"—whence it appears anew,
That no way else could possibly be true:
"I am the life"—to which, as Adam died,
Nothing could bring mankind again, beside.

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH A ZEALOUS SECTARIST,

WHO INVEIGHED IN BITTER TERMS AGAINST THE CLERGY AND CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.

No, sir; I cannot see to what good end
Such bitter words against the clergy tend;
Pour'd from a zeal so sharp, so unallay'd,
That suffers no exception to be made;
While the most mild persuasions to repress
The bitter zeal still heighten its excess.
Its own relentless thought while it pursues,
What unrestrain'd expressions it can use!
Places of worship, which the people call
Churches, are synagogues of Satan all;
At all liturgic pray'r and praise it storms,
As man's inventions, spirit-quenching forms;
And, from baptismal down to burial rite,
Sets ev'ry service in an odious light:
All previous order, with regard to time,
Place, or behaviour, passes for a crime.
Of pharisaic pride it culls the marks,
To represent the bishop and his *clerks*;
Who are, if offer'd any gentler plea,
The Devil's ministers, both he and they; [train
Blind guides, false prophets, and a lengthen'd
Of all hard words that chosen texts contain:
These are the forms which, when it would object
To those in use, it pleases to select;
Repeated by its devotees, at once,
As like to rote as any church response:
Nor is a treatment of this eager kind
To this, or that society confin'd,
Sect, or profession——no, no matter which,
Leaders, or led, all "fall into the ditch;"
None but its own severe adepts can claim
Of truth and spirit-worshippers the name.
In vain it seeks, by any sacred page,
To justify this unexampled rage:
Prophets of old, who spake against th' abuse
Of outward forms, were none of them so loose
As to condemn, abolish, or forbid
The things prescrib'd, but what the people did;
Who minded nothing but the mere outside,
Neglecting wholly what it signified;
At this neglect the prophets all exclaim'd;
No pious rites has any of them blam'd;
Their true intent was only to reduce
All outward practice to its inward use.
The World's Redeemer, coming to fulfil
All past predictions of prophetic quill,
Who more, amidst the Jewish priestly pride,
Than he, with all Mosaic rites compli'd?
Say that the Christian priests are, now, as bad
As those blind leaders which the Jews then had,
Was Zachariah's, Simeon's, Anna's mind,
Any good priest, or man, or woman blind,
To offer incense, or to bear a part
In temple service, with an upright heart?
Can then the faults of clergymen, or lay,
Destroy heart-worship at this present day?
Will pray'r, in vain by Pharisees prefer'd,
Not from repenting Publicans be heard?
Will the devout amongst the Christian flock
Not be accepted, tho' the priest should mock?
If they do right in their appointed spheres,
His want of truth and spirit is not theirs.
Our Lord's apostles, with an inward view
To reconcile the Gentile and the Jew,
To faith in him, made ev'ry outward care
The most subservient to that main affair:
The greatest christian friend to freedom, Paul,
Intent to save, was ev'ry thing to all;
To keep whatever forms should rise, or cease,
Union of spirit in the bond of peace;
Th' effects of hasty, rash, condemning zeal
He saw, and mourn'd, and labour'd to repeal.
Succeeding saints, when priest, or magistrate
Became tyrannical in church, or state,
Reprov'd their evil practices, but then
Rever'd the office, tho' they blam'd the men:
They gave no instance of untemper'd heat,
That roots up all before it, tares or wheat;
As if, by humanly invented care
Of cultivation, wheat itself was tare:
'Tis true, all sects are grown corrupt enough,
But zeal so indiscriminately rough,
May well give others reason to suspect
Some want of knowledge in a novel sect,
(If such there be) that seems to take a pride
In satanizing all the world beside;
Without the least authority, yet known,
Or species of example, but its own,
One mischief is, that its unguarded terms
Hurt many sober truths which it affirms;
Worship in truth and spirit suffers too,
By being plac'd in such an hostile view:
"Oh! but all self-will worshipping is wrong"——
True; but to whom does that defect belong?
Is the obedience to a rule, or guide,
For order's sake, fair proof of such a pride?
If it be none at all for men to broach
Rude, harsh, and undistinguishing reproach,
With resolution to repeat it still,
Pray by what marks are we to know self-will?

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

OCCASIONED BY READING THE REV. MR. HERVEY'S DIALOGUES, BETWEEN THERON AND ASPASIO.

A FRAGMENT.

IMPUTED righteousness!——beloved friend,
To what advantage can this doctrine tend?
If, at the same time, a believer's breast
Be not by *real* righteousness possest;
And if it be, why volumes on it made
With such a stress upon *imputed* laid?
Amongst the disputants of later days,
This, in its turn, became a fav'rite phrase,
When, much divided in religious schemes,
Contending parties ran into extremes;
And now it claims th' attention of the age,
In Hervey's elegant and lively page:
This his Aspasio labours to impress,
With ev'ry turn of language and address;
With all the flow of eloquence, that shines
Thro' all his (full enough) embellish'd lines.

Tho' now so much exerting to confirm
Its vast importance, and revive the term,
He was himself, he lets his Theron know,
Of diff'rent sentiments not long ago;
And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
Have brought Aspasio to his present mind.
Now having read, but unconvinc'd, I own,
What various reason for it he has shown,
Or rather rhetoric—if it be true,
In any sense that has appear'd to you,
I rest secure of giving no offence,
By asking—how you understand the sense?
By urging, in a manner frank and free,
What reasons, as I read, occur to me,
Why righteousness, for man to rest upon,
Must be a *real*, not *imputed*, one.
To shun much novel sentiment, and nice,
I take the thing from its apparent rise:
It should seem then, as if imputed sin
Had made imputed righteousness begin;
The one suppos'd, the other to be sure,
Would follow after—like disease and cure:
Let us examine then imputed guilt,
And see on what foundation it is built.
As our first parents lost an heavenly state,
All their descendents share their hapless fate;
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted, not to eat
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;
Because incorporating mortal leaven
Would kill, of course, in them, the life of Heav'n:
They disobey'd, did Adam, and his wife,
And died of course to their true heav'nly life:
That life, thus lost the day they disobey'd,
Could not by them be possibly convey'd;
No other life could children have from them,
But what could rise from the parental stem:
That love of God, alone, which we adore,
The life so lost, could possibly restore:
Their children could not, being born to Earth,
Be born to Heaven, but by an heavenly birth:
God found a way, explain it how we will,
To save the human race from endless ill;
To save the very disobeying pair;
And made their whole posterity his care.
Has this great goodness any thing akin
To God's imputing our first parents sin
To their unborn posterity?—What sense
In such a strange, and scriptureless pretence?
For the men feel—so far we are agreed,
The consequences of a sinful deed;
Yet where ascrib'd, by any sacred pen,
But to the doers, is the deed to men?
Where to be found, in all the scripture thro',
This imputation, thus advanc'd anew?
Adam and Eve, by Satan's wiles decoy'd,
Did what the kind commandment said—avoid—
To them, with justice therefore, you impute
The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;
And ev'ry imputation must in fact,
If just, be built on some preceding act;
Without the previous deed suppos'd, the word
Becomes unjust, unnatural, absurd.
If, as you seem'd to think the other day,
All Adam's race, in some mysterious way,
Sinn'd when he sinn'd; consented to his fall;
With justice then impute it to them all:
But still it follows, that they all contract
An imputation founded upon fact:
And righteousness of Christ, in Christian heirs,
Must be as deeply, and as truly theirs,
An heav'nly life in order to replace,
As was the sin that made a guilty race:
So that imputing either good, or ill,
Must presuppose a correspondent will;
Or else imputers certainly must make
Thro' ignorance, or other cause, mistake.
Old Eli thus, not knowing what to think,
Imputed Hannah's silent prayer to drink:
Little supposing that it would prepare
A successor to him, her silent pray'r.
There may be other meanings of the phrase,
To be accounted for in human ways;
But God's imputing to the future child
The sin, by which his parents were beguil'd,
Seems to establish an unrighteous blame,
That brings no honour to its Maker's name.
God's honour, glory, majesty, and grace,
I grant, is your intention in the case;
But wish revolv'd in your impartial thought,
How far the doctrine tends, when it is taught,
To such an honest purpose; and how far
Justice and truth may seem to be at war,
If God impute to guiltless children crimes,
Committed only in their parents times.
Pious Aspasio, I imagine, too,
Had God's resistless sovereignty in view;
The charge of Puritan, or other name,
He scorn'd aright, and making truth his aim,
Found it, he thought, in eminent divines;
Of whose opinion these are the outlines:
They think, at least they seem to represent,
That God, in honour, upon sin's event,
Could not forgive the sinners that had stray'd,
Without a proper satisfaction made
To his offended justice; and because,
Upon their breach of the Almighty's laws,
None else was adequate to what was done,
The vengeance fell on his beloved Son;
Who gave himself to suffer in our stead,
And thus to life again restor'd the dead;
Because, consistently with justice, then
God could bestow his mercy upon men:
Man had contracted, in that fatal day,
Debt so immense, that man could never pay;
He who was God as well as Man, he could;
And made the satisfaction thro' his blood;
Paid all the just demand—imputed thus
Our sin to him, his righteousness to us—
This sets the doctrine, if I take aright
Their words and meaning, in the plainest light.
Now since accounting for the truth amiss
May give distaste, in such an age as this;
And be a stumbling-block to them who might
Receive an explanation, that was right;
Not as a captious foe, but hearty friend,
May one entreat such teachers to attend,
And reconcile their system, if they can,
To God's proceeding with his creature man;
To that paternal, tender love and grace,
Which at man's fall immediately took place;
That inward, holy thing, inbreathed then,
Which would re-kindle Heav'n in him again:
Does wrath, or vengeance, or a want appear
Of satisfaction, or of payment here,
In man's creator? For mankind had he
A purchas'd grace, which contradicts a free?
Is it not plain, that an unalter'd love
Sent help to poor fall'n creatures from above.
Unbargain'd, unsolicited, unmov'd,
But by itself, as its exertion prov'd;

No foreign promise; no imputed ease;
But remedy as real as disease;
That would, according to true nature's ground,
Bring on the cure, and make the patient sound.
That Christ, that God's becoming man was it,
Your friends, with highest gratitude, admit;
Whose utmost talents are employ'd to show
The obligations that to him we owe;
To press the object of our faith and trust,
Christ, all in all, the righteous, and the just;
The true, redeeming life—essential this
To ev'ry Christian who aspires to bliss;
Why not subjoin—I cite the hero Paul,
And make appeal to Christians—*in you all?*
Form'd in you, *dwelling in* you, and within
Regenerating life, dethroning sin;
Working, in more and more resigned wills,
The gradual conquest of all selfish ills;
Till the true Christian to true life revive,
Dead to the world, to God, thro' him alive.
What num'rous texts from Paul, from ev'ry
Might furnish out citations, did we want? [saint,
And could not see, that righteousness, or sin,
Arise not from without, but from within?
That imputation, where they are not found,
Can reach no farther than an empty sound;
No farther than imputed health can reach
The cure of sickness, tho' a man should preach
With all the eloquence of zeal, and tell
How health imputed makes a sick man well;
Indeed, if sickness be imputed too,
Imputed remedy, no doubt, may do;
Words may pour forth their entertaining store,
But things are just—as things were just before.
In so important a concern, as that
Which good Aspasio's care is pointed at,
A small mistake, which at the bottom lies,
May sap the building that shall thence arise:
Who would not wish that architect, so skill'd,
On great mistake might not persist to build;
But strictly search, and for sufficient while,
If the foundation could support the pile?
This imputation, which he builds upon,
Has been the source of more mistakes than one:
Hence rose, to pass the intermediate train
Of growing errours, and observe the main,
That worse than pagan principle of fate,
Predestination's partial love and hate;
By which, not ty'd, like fancy'd Jove, to look
In stronger Destiny's decreeing book,
The God of Christians is suppos'd to will
That some should come to good, and some to ill;
And for no reason, but to show, in fine,
Th' extent of goodness, and of wrath divine.
Whose doctrine this? I quote no less a man
Than the renowned Calvin for the plan;
Who having labour'd, with distinctions vain,
Mere imputation, only, to maintain,
Maintains, when speaking on another head,
This horrid thought, to which the former led:
"Predestination here I call," (says he
Defining) "God's eternal, fix'd decree;
Which, having settl'd in his will, he past,
What ev'ry man should come to at the last;"
And lest the terms should be conceiv'd to bear
A meaning less than he propos'd, severe,
"For all mankind" (he adds to definition)
"Are not created on the same condition:"
Pari-conditione—is the phrase;
If you can turn it any other ways;
"But life to some, eternal, is restrain'd,
To some, damnation endless pre-ordain'd."
Calvin has push'd the principle, I guess,
To what your friends would own to be excess;
And probably Aspasio, less inclin'd
To run directly into Calvin's mind,
Would give imputing a more mod'rate sense,
That no damnation might arise from thence:
But how will mollifying terms confute
The fam'd reformer's notion of *impute?*
If it confer such arbitrary good,
The dire reverse is quickly understood;
So understood, that open eyes may see
'Tis Calvin's fiction, and not God's decree:
Not his, whose forming love, and ruling aid,
Ceaseless extends to all that he hath made;
Who gave the gift which he was pleas'd to give
That *none* might perish, but that *all* might live,
His only Son, in whom the light, that guides
The born into the world to life, resides:
A real life, that by a real birth
Raises a life beyond the life of Earth,
In all his children—But no more to you,
Better than me, who know it to be true;
And if Aspasio's really humbled soul
Be by a touch of garment hem made whole,
He might, as I should apprehend, be sure
That imputation could not cause the cure:
When the poor woman, in the gospel, found
Touch of the Saviour's clothes to make her sound,
We know the virtue did from him proceed,
That, mix'd with faith, restor'd her, as we read:
Gone out of him obliges to infer,
That 'twas by faith attracted into her.

ON THE NATURE OF FREE GRACE,

AND THE CLAIM TO MERIT FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD WORKS.

GRACE to be sure is, in the last degree,
The gift of God, divinely pure and free;
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,
By any works of ours that can be nam'd.

What claim, or merit, or withall to pay,
Could creatures have before creating day?
Gift of existence is the gracious one,
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.

All boasting then of merit, all pretence
Of claim from God, in a deserving sense,
Is in one word excluded by St. Paul—
"Whate'er thou hast, thou hast receiv'd it all."

But sure the use of any gracious pow'rs,
Freely bestow'd, may properly be ours;
Right application being ours to choose,
Or, if we will be so absurd, refuse.

In this respect what need to controvert
The sober sense of merit, or desert?
Works, it is said, will have, and is it hard
To say deserve, or merit their reward?

Grace is the real saving gift; but then,
Good works are profitable unto men;
God wants them not; but, if our neighbours do,
Flowing from grace, they prove it to be true.

When human words ascribe to human spirit
Worthy, unworthy, merit, or demerit,
Why should disputes forbid the terms a place,
Which are not meant to derogate from grace?

All comes from God, who gave us first to live,
And all succeeding grace; 'tis ours to give
To God alone the glory; and to man,
Empower'd by him, to do what good we can.

A SOLILOQUY,

ON READING A DISPUTE ABOUT FAITH AND WORKS.

WHAT an excessive fondness for debate
Does this dividing *faith* from *works* create!
Some say, salvation is by faith alone—
Or else, the gospel will be overthrown:
Others, for that same reason, place the whole
In works, which bring salvation to a soul.

Gospel of Christ, consistently apply'd,
Unites together what they both divide:
It is itself, indeed, the very faith
That works by love, and saves a soul from wrath:
A new dispute should some third party pave,
Nor faith nor works, but love alone would save.

The *Solifidian* takes a test from Paul,
And works are good for nothing, faith is all;
Doctrine, which his antagonist disclaims,
And shows how works must justify, from James;
A third, in either, soon might find a place,
Where love is plainly the exalted grace.

There is no end of jarring system found,
In thus contending not for sense, but sound;
For sound, by which th' inseparable three
Are so distinguish'd, as to disagree;
Altho' salvation, in its real spring,
Faith, work, or love, be one and the same thing.

One pow'r of God, or life of Christ within,
Or Holy Spirit washing away sin;
Not by repentance only; or belief
Only, that slights a penitential grief,
And its meet fruits, and justifies alone
A full conceiv'd assurance of its own;

Nor by works only; nor, tho' Paul above
Both faith and works have lifted it, can love
Have, or desire to have, th' exclusive claim,
In mens salvation, to this only fame;
By all together souls are sav'd from ill,
Whene'er they yield an unresisting will.

God has a never-ceasing will to save,
And men, by grace, may savingly behave:
This would produce less fondness for a sect,
And more concern about the main effect;
Then faith alone might save them from the fall,
As one good word, in use, that stood for all.

By native union, all the blessed pow'rs
Of grace, that makes salvation to be ours,
One in another, spring up in the breast,
No soul is sav'd by one without the rest;
Since then they all subsist in any one,
Division ceases,—and dispute is gone.

THOUGHTS ON PREDESTINATION AND REPROBATION.

A FRAGMENT.

FLATTER me not with your predestination,
Nor sink my spirits with your reprobation:
From all your high disputes I stand aloof,
Your *pre's* and *re's*, your *destin*, and your *proof*,
And formal, Calvinistical pretence,
That contradicts all gospel, and good sense.
When God declares, so often, that he wills
All sort of blessings, and no sort of ills;
That his severest purpose never meant
A sinner's death, but that he should repent:
For the *whole* world, when his beloved Son
Is said to do whatever he has done,
To become man, to suffer and to die,
That *all* might live, as well as you and I;
Shall rigid Calvin, after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?
But that eternal, absolute decree
Has damn'd beforehand either you, or me,
Or any body else? That God design'd,
When he created, not to save mankind,
But only *some*? The rest, this man maintain'd,
Were to decreed damnation pre-ordain'd:
No, sir; not all your metaphysic skill
Can prove the doctrine, twist it as you will.
I cite the man for doctrine, so accurst,
In book the third, and chapter twenty-first,
Section the fifth—an horrid, impious lore,
That one would hope was never taught before;
How it came after to prevail away,
Let them, who mince the damning matter, say;
And others judge, if any Christian fruit
Be like to spring from such a pagan root.
Pagan—said I—I must retract the word,
For the poor pagans were not so absurd;
Their Jupiter, of gods and men the king,
Whenever he ordain'd an hurtful thing,
Did it because he was oblig'd to look,
And act, as Fate had bid him, in a book:
For gods and goddesses were subject, then,
To dire necessity, as well as men;
Compell'd to crush an hero, or a town,
As Destiny had set the matter down.
But in your scheme, 'tis God that orders ill,
With sov'reign pow'r, and with resistless will;
He, in whose blessed name is understood
The one eternal will to ev'ry good,
Is represented, tho' unty'd by Fate,
With a decree of damning, to create
Such, as you term the vessels of his wrath,
To show his pow'r, according to your faith:
Just as if God, like some tyrannic man,
Would plague the world, to show them that he can:
While others, (they, for instance, of your sect)
Are mercy's vessels, precious and elect;
Who think, God help them! to secure their bliss
By such a partial, fond conceit as this.
Talk not to me of popery and Rome,
Nor yet foretel its Babylonish doom;
Nor canonize reforming saints of old,
Because they held the doctrine that you hold;
For if they did, altho' of saint-like stem,
In this plain point we must reform from them:
While freed from Rome, we are not tied, I hope,
To what is wrong in a Geneva pope;
Nor what is right should surname supersede
Of Luther, Calvin, Bellarmine, or Bede.

Rome has been guilty of excess, 'tis true,
And so have some of the reformers too;
If in their zeal against the Roman seat,
Plucking up tares they pluck'd up also wheat;
Must we to children, for what they have said,
Give this predestination stone for bread?
Sir, it is worse, is your predestination
Ten thousand times than transubstantiation:
Hard is the point, that papists have compil'd,
With sense and reason to be reconcil'd;
But yet it leaves to our conception, still,
Goodness in God, and holiness of will;
A just, impartial government of all;
A saving love; a correspondent call
To ev'ry man, and, in the fittest hour
For him to hear, all offer'd grace and pow'r;
Which he may want, and have, if he will crave
From him who willeth nothing but to save.
Whereas, this reprobation doctrine, here,
Not only sense and reason would cashier,
But take, by its pretext of sov'reign sway,
All goodness from the Deity away;
Both Heav'n and Hell confounding with its cant,
Virtue and vice, the sinner and the saint;
Leaving (by irresistible decree,
And purpose absolute, what man shall be,)
Nothing, in sinners, to detest so much,
As God's contrivance how to make them such.
That ever Christians, blest with revelation,
Should think of his decreeing men's damnation;
The God of love! the fountain of all good!
"Who made," says Paul, "all nations of one blood
To dwell on Earth; appointing time and place."
And for what end this pre-ordaining grace?
That they might seek, and feel after, and find
The life in God, which God for man design'd.
"We are his offspring"—for, in that decree,
The pagan poet and St. Paul agree:
"We are his offspring"—Now, sir, put the case
Of some great man, and his descending race;
Conceive this common parent of them all,
As willing some to stand, and some to fall:
Master, suppose, of all their future lot,
Decreeing some to happiness, some not;
In some to bring his kindness into view;
To show in others what his wrath can do;
To lead the chosen children by the hand,
And leave the rest to fall—who *cannot* stand.
I might proceed, but that the smallest sketch
Shows an absurd and arbitrary wretch,
Treating his offspring so, as to forbid
To think, that ever God Almighty did;
To think that creatures, who are said to be
His offspring, should be hurt by his decree;
Which had they always minded, good alone,
And not a spark of evil, had been known:
For his decree, appointment, order, will,
Predestinating goodness, pow'r and skill,
Is, of itself, the unbeginning good,
The pouring forth of an un-ending flood
Of everflowing bliss, which only rolls
To fill his vessels, his created souls.
Happy himself, the true divine desire,
The love that flames thro' that eternal fire,
Which generates in him th' eternal light,
Source of all blessing to created sight,
Longs with an holy earnestness to spread
The boundless glories of its fountain head;
To raise the possibilities of life,
Which rest, in him, into a joyful strife;
Into a feeling sense of him, from whom
The various gifts of various blessings come.
To *bless* is his immutable decree,
Such as could never have begun to be:
Decree (if you will use the word decreed)
Did from his love eternally proceed,
To manifest the hidden pow'rs, that reign
Through outward nature's universal scene;
To raise up creatures from its vast abyss,
Form'd to enjoy communicated bliss;
Form'd, in their several orders, to extend
Of God's great goodness wonders without end.
Who does not see that ill, of any kind,
Could never come from an all-perfect mind?
That its perception never could begin,
But from a creature's voluntary sin,
Made in its Maker's image, and imprest
With a free pow'r of being ever blest;
From ev'ry evil, in itself, so free,
That none could rise but by its *own* decree?
By a volition, opposite to all
That God could will, did evil first befall,
And still befalls; for all the source of ill
Is opposition to his blessed will;
And union with it plainly understood
To be the source of every real good.
To certain truths, which you can scarce deny,
You bring St. Paul's expressions in reply;
Some few obscurer sayings prone to choose,
Where he was talking to the Roman Jews;
You never heed the num'rous texts, and plain,
That will not suit with your *decreeing* strain,
Confirming God's unalter'd will to bless,
In words as clear as language can express:
"Who willeth all men to be sav'd"—is one
Too plain for comment to be made upon:
So that, if *some* be not the same as *all*,
You must directly contradict St. Paul,
Whene'er you push to its dir ct extreme,
Your wild, absurd predestination scheme.
Paul's open, generous, enlighten'd soul,
Preach'd to mankind, a Saviour of the *whole*,
Not *part* of human race; the blinded Jew
Might boast himself in this conceited view;
Boast of his father Abraham, and vent
The carnal claims of family descent:
But the whole family of Heav'n and Earth,
Paul knew, if blest, must have another birth;
That Jew and Gentile was in ev'ry place,
Alike the object of a saving grace:
Paul never tied salvation to a sect;
All who love God, with him, are God's elect.
This plain, good maxim he himself premis'd
To those fam'd chapters, which were so disguis'd
By studied comments of a later day;
When words were prest to serve a partial fray;
And scripture turn'd into a magazine
Of arms, for sober, or for frantic spleen.
All who love God—how certain is the key!
Whate'er disputed passages convey;
In Paul's epistles if some things are read,
"Hard to be understood," as Peter said,
Must this be urg'd to prove in mens condition
Their pre-election, and their preterition,
Or predamnation? for that monstrous word,
Of all absurd decree the most absurd,
Is into formal definition wrought
By your divines—unstartl'd at the thought
Of sov'reign pow'r decreeing to become
The author of salvation but to *some;*

To some, resembling others, they admit,
Who are rejected—why? "He so thought fit:
Hath not the potter pow'r to make his clay
Just what he pleases?"—well, and tell me pray,
What kind of potter must we think a man,
Who does not make the best of it he can?
Who, making some fine vessels of his clay,
To show his pow'r, throws all the rest away,
Which, in itself, was equally as fine?
What an idea this of pow'r divine!
Happy for us, if under God's commands
We were as clay is in the potter's hands;
Pliant, and yielding readily to take
The proper form, which he is pleas'd to make!
Happy for us that he has pow'r! because
An equal goodness executes its laws;
Rejecting none, but such as *will* behave
So, as that no omnipotence can save.
Who can conceive the infinitely Good
To show less kindness than he really cou'd?
To pre-concert damnation, and confine,
Himself, his own beneficence divine?
An impotency this, in evil hour,
Ascrib'd to God's beatifying pow'r,
By bitter logic, and the sour mistake,
Which overweening zeal is apt to make;
Describing sov'reignty as incomplete,
That does not show itself less good than great:
Tho' true in earthly monarchs it may be,
That majesty and love can scarce agree,
In his almighty will, who rules above,
The pow'r is grace, the majesty is love:
What best describes the giver of all bliss,
Glorious in all his attributes, is this;
The sov'reign Lord all creatures bow before,
But they, who love him most, the most adore.
From this one worship if a creature's heart,
Fixt on aught else, determines to depart,
There needs no pre-determining the case;
Idolatry ensues, and fall from grace;
Without, and contrary to God's intent,
Its own self-ruin is the sure event:
The love forsaken, which alone could bless,
It needs must feel wrath, anger, and distress;
The sensibilities that must arise,
If nature wants what sacred love supplies.
(Cætera desunt.)

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY,

AN HYMN, ASCRIBED TO DR. WATTS.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

Does not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass—which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will?
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

What if, to make his terrour known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys.

Shall man reply against the Lord?
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy, or terrour, shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

THE CONTRAST.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels to his mind;
So did creating Love display
Itself in forming human kind.

Th' Almighty Workman's pow'r and skill
Could have no vile, but noble ends;
His one immutable good will
To all, that he hath made, extends.

This gracious sov'reign Lord on high,
By his eternal word and voice,
Chose all to live, and none to die,
Nor will he ever change his choice.

Not by his will, but by their own,
Vile rebels break his righteous laws;
And make the terrour to be known,
Of which they are themselves the cause.

His all-electing love employs
All means the human race to bless,
That mortals may his heav'nly joys,
By re-electing him, possess.

Shall man reply that God decreed
Fall'n Adam's race not to be blest?
That for a few his Son should bleed,
And Satan should have all the rest?

Do thou poor sinful soul of mine,
By faith and penitence, embrace
Of doubtless, boundless love divine,
The free, the universal grace.

Let God, within thy pliant soul,
Renew the image of his Son,
The likeness marr'd will then be whole,
And show what he, in Christ, has done.

AN ARGUMENT,

FOR DAVID'S BELIEF OF A FUTURE STATE, INFERRED FROM BATHSHEBA'S LAST WORDS TO HIM, UPON HIS DEATH-BED.

If David knew not of a future life,
How understood he Bathsheba his wife?
Who, when he lay upon his death-bed, came
To plead for Solomon's succeeding claim;
And, having prosper'd in her own endeavour,
Said—"Let my lord, king David, live for ever."

What real wish was Bathsheba's intent,
If life hereafter was not what she meant?
Say that—"for ever"—to a king in health,
Meant a long life, prosperity, and wealth;
To one, that lay a dying, you must own,
'Twould be a mere burlesque upon his throne.

If she had pray'd for David's mild release,
Or—"Let my lord, the king, depart in peace"—
(Tho', even then, t'were difficult to stint
Her utmost thought to so minute a hint) [tence,
The short-liv'd comment might have some pre-
But—"live for ever"—has no sort of sense,

Unless we grant her meaning to extend
To future life, that never has an end:
Piety will, and reason must, confess,
That her intention could be nothing less: [king"—
"King live for ever"—and—"God save the
Old, or new phrase, salvation is the thing.

No poor salvation to be quickly past,
And with a deadly exit at the last;
To which, when David was so near, what share
Could he enjoy of live for ever's pray'r?
Had he not known what Bathsheba design'd,
A life to come, of everlasting kind.

Tho' num'rous proofs might, readily, be brought
That this was always holy David's thought;
Yet since by learned, and long-winded ways,
Men seek to break the force of ancient phrase,
I single out this plain familiar one—
Now give as plain an answer thereupon.

ON THE FALL OF MAN:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING REPRESENTATION OF THAT EVENT.

——"Neither can it seem strange, that God should lay stress on such outward actions, in their own nature neither good nor evil, when we consider, that in all his dispensations to mankind he has done the same. What was it he made the test of Adam's obedience in Paradise, but the eating of a fruit? An action in itself perfectly indifferent, and from which, if God had not forbidden it, it would have been superstition to have abstained." P. 28. of a Persuasive to Conformity, addressed to the Quakers by John Rogers, D. D.

Of man's obedience, while in Eden blest,
What a mere trifle is here made the test!
An outward action, in itself, defin'd
To be of perfectly indiff rent kind;
Which, but for God's forbidding threat severe,
It had been superstition to forbear.

A strange account; that neither does nor can,
Make any part of true religion's plan;
But must expose it to the ridicule
Of scoffers, judging by this crooked rule:
Its friends, defending truth, as they suppose,
Lay themselves open to acuter foes.

To say that action, neither good nor bad,
From which no harm in nature could be had,
Was chang'd, by positive, commanding will,
Or threat forbidding, to a deadly ill,
Charges, by consequence the most direct,
On God himself that ill, and its effect.

Language had surely come to a poor pass,
Before an author, of distinguish'd class
For shining talents, could endure to make,
In such a matter, such a gross mistake;
Could thus derive death's origin, and root,
From Adam's eating of an harmless fruit.

"From Adam's eating?—Did not God forbid
The taste of it to Adam?"—Yes, he did—
"And was it harmless, must we understand,
To disobey God's positive command?—"
No, by no means; but then the harm, we see,
Came not from God's command, but from the tree.

If he command, the action must be good;
If he forbid, some ill is understood:
The tree, the fruit, had dreadful ills conceal'd,
Not made by his forbidding, but reveal'd;
That our first parents, by a true belief,
Might know enough to shun the fatal grief.

The dire experience of a world of woe,
Forbidding mercy will'd them not to know;
Told them what ill was in the false desire,
Which their free-wills were tempted to admire;
That, of such fruit, the eating was—to die—
Its harmless nature was the tempter's lie.

To urge it *now* and to impute the harm
Of death, and evil, to the kind alarm
Of God's command, so justly understood
To will his creatures nothing else but good,
Is, for a Babel fiction, to resign
Right reason, scripture, and the love divine.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

UPON THE MEANING OF ST. PAUL'S EXPRESSION OF "SPEAKING WITH TONGUES." 1 CORINTH. 14.

If you remember, rev'rend sir, the talk
That past betwixt us in the garden walk,
The gift of tongues was mention'd; when I thought
That notion wrong, which learned men had taught,
And that this gift was not at all concern'd
With that of speaking languages unlearn'd.
St. Paul, I said, in his Corinthian charge,
Had treated on the subject more at large;
From whose account one plainly might deduce
The genuine gift, its nature, and its use;
And make appear, from passages enoo,
The vulgar notion not to be the true:
But that to speak in tongues, or speak in tongue,
Was meant of hymns which the Corinthians sung:
This is the gift which the apostle paints,
And lays its practice under due restraints.

You know the chapter——First then let us see
How tongues do there with languages agree;
Then how with hymns; and let which better suits
Th' apostle's context regulate disputes. [known,
First; "he that speaketh in a tongue" (un-
Translators add, for reasons of their own)
"Speaketh to God," and speaketh "not to men"—
Pecular tokens of an hymn—again,
For "no man understandeth him"—from hence
'Tis plain, that languages was not the sense:
Would he rise up, who had them at command,
To speak in one, that none could understand?
What can be more unlikely to suppose?
Yet thus the learned commentators glose;
As their mistake about the gift imply'd
The Christians guilty of this awkward pride:
Such fact they make no scruple to advance,
As would appear absurd in a romance:
One in his softer, one his harsher terms,
The same miraculous disgrace affirms:
All, from the difficulty, try some shape,
Whilst there is no escaping, to escape.
Whereas, to hymns all phrases correspond;
Of them Corinthian converts were too fond;
And Paul, who will'd them really to rejoice,
But more with heart affected, than with voice,
Authority, with reason mix'd, employs,
Not to repress, but regulate their joys:
The benefit of hymns he understood;
But, most intent upon the church's good,
The gift prophetic more expedient found,
(That is, to preach the gospel, or expound) [Paul,
Than to sing hymns—"the prophet speaks," says
"To men; instructs, exhorts, and comforts all."
Speaking in tongue, or hymning, to proceed,
May edify the singer's self indeed;
But prophecy the church; a private soul
Should always yield the preference to the whole:
Consistent all, if hymning he explains;
If languages unknown, what sense remains?
Would Paul affirm, that speaking might do good,
In foreign languages, not understood,
To a man's self? Would he so gently treat
Such a suppos'd enormous self-conceit?
Would he vouchsafe to pay, the chapter thro',
Respect to tongues, if taken in this view?
Would he allow, nay choose it?——for that next
Is said of tongues in the succeeding text.
"I will you all to speak with tongues"—to sing
Makes this a plain, intelligible thing;
The other meaning, which they spread about,
No commentators have, or can make out:
That he should will them all to sing was just,
And properly to use the gift, or trust;
For his intention was not to reduce
Singing itself, but its improper use:
It was the good apostle's great concern,
To preach the gospel so that most might learn:
This was the gift, in which he rather will'd
Such as had been converted to be skill'd.
Speaking in tongue was good; but this, he knew,
Was the more useful talent of the two:
Greater its owner, but with an except,
That shows the justice for an hymner kept;
The matter sung, who, if he could express
To edify the hearers, was not less;
Interpretation render'd them alike;
But does not this absurd supposal strike,
That in plain speaking, on some Christian head,
One should interpret what himself had said?
First use a language to the church unknown,
Then, in another, for his fault atone?
What reason, possible, can be assign'd,
Why the known tongue should be at first declin'd?
This difficulty, and so all the rest,
The nature of an hymn explains the best. [saint,
"Now should I come amongst you," says the
"Speaking with tongues" (should only come to
"What shall it profit you, except I preach?[chant)
Some revelation, knowledge, doctrine teach?"
And here the vulgar meaning of the word,
For apostolic use, is too absurd;
He scarce would *if* the speaking in a tongue,
Unknown to Christians, whom he came among;
Nor would a question find with him a place,
About their profit, in so gross a case:
He, plainly, hints a coming, not design'd
To please their ear, but to instruct their mind:
The real profit which he pointed at;
And hymns themselves were useless without that.
That such a speaking, as is mentioned here,
Was musical, is evidently clear
From the allusion, which he then propounds,
To pipe, and harp, and instrumental sounds;
Which none can urge, with reason, to belong
So properly to language, as to song;
Tho' it may serve for both, in some respect,
Yet here one sees to which it must direct:
"If pipe, or harp, be indistinctly heard,
No tune, or meaning can be thence inferr'd;
If an uncertain sound the trumpet yield,
How shall a man make ready for the field?"
Thus of dead instruments; of them that live,
So ye, th' apostle adds, except ye give
Words, by the tongue, that men can apprehend,
Ye speak, but, as to hearers, to no end;
And (what with hymning posture seems to square)
Will be like men who speak into the air.
"So ye," to show how tune and song agree,
"Except ye utter with the tongue," says he,
"Words that are easy to be understood"
(Which in a foreign tongue they never could)
"How shall the thing be known to any one
That ye have spoken (that is, sung) upon?"
And, what with hymning posture seems to square,
He adds, "for ye shall speak into the air."
Except ye utter with the tongue—unknown—
Translators here thought fit to let alone;
Unknown, and easy too to understand,
That could not be—unknown they must disband.
It was enough to show them their mistake,
To see what incoherence it would make;
Yet they not minding, just as they think fit,
Sometimes insert it, and sometimes omit:
But if the epithet, at first, be right,
Why is it kept so often out of sight?
Do not omissions carry, all along,
Tacit confession of its being wrong?
Tacit confession, which is open proof
How little can be said in its behoof.
"They who shall speak in tongue, and they who
Unless the meaning of the voice be clear," [hear,
(The sense not being within mutual reach,)
"Will be," says Paul, "barbarians each to each,"
Or foreigners—and therefore, is his drift,
"With all your fondness for the speaking gift,
Have the whole church's benefit in view;
Let him, who speaks in tongue, interpret too."
Can such concession, such allowance made,
Suit with that insupportable parade,

And show of gift, which commentators vent,
Giving a meaning that could scarce be meant?
While zeal for hymns, a natural effect
In novices, though wanting to be check'd,
Accounts for checking, for allowing phrase,
For ev'ry motive that St. Paul displays;
His placid reas'ning and his mild rebuke;
For which no insolence of gift could look:
No insolence, I say, of such a kind
As commentators, rashly, have assign'd
To the first Christians; which the latter now,
Suppose it offer'd, never would allow.
"For if I pray in tongue," St. Paul pursues,
"My spirit prayeth; but no fruit accrues
To them, who do not understand my pray'rs—"
And what the remedy which he prepares?
Why, it is this—"I will so" (sing or) "pray,
That all may understand what I shall say:"
Plain the two phrases in the verse proclaim,
That praying here, and singing is the same;
That some Corinthians so display'd their art,
That none but they themselves could bear a part:
Hence to interpret hymns his words ordain,
Or else to sing intelligibly plain;
Praying, or praising—for, says he again,
"How shall unlearned persons say amen
To thy thanksgiving, if, when thou shalt bless,
They understand not what thy words express?
Thou verily hast given thanks, and well;
But this, unedified, they cannot tell;"
The common benefit is still his aim,
True, real glory of the Christian name.
In languages unknown, was pray'r and praise
Perform'd by Christians, in th' apostles days?
Was that a time, or was the church a place,
For gifted ostentation to disgrace?

(Cætera desunt.)

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO A FRIEND,

UPON A SERMON ENTITLED, THE OFFICE AND OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. BY THE REV. MR. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

A STRANGE discourse, in all impartial views,
This that you lent me, doctor, to peruse:
Had you not ask'd—a subject of this sort
Might, of itself, a few remarks extort,
To show how much a very learned man
Has been mistaken in his preaching plan.
Preaching (a talent of the gospel kind,
By—preaching peace thro' Jesus Christ—defin'd
Should, one would think, in order to increase
The gospel good, confine itself to peace;
Exert it's milder influence, and draw
The list'ning crowds to love's uniting law:
For should the greatest orator extend
The pow'rs of sound to any other end;
Regard to healing sentiments postpone,
And battle all that differ from his own;
Tho' he could boast of conquest, yet how far
From peace, through Jesus, through himself is war!
How widely wanders, from the true design
Of preaching Christ, the bellicose divine!
If amongst them, who all profess belief
In the same gospel, such a warlike chief
Should, in the pulpit, labour to erect
His glaring trophies, over ev'ry sect
That does not just fall in with his conceit,
And raise new flourish upon each defeat;
As if, by dint of his haranguing strain,
So many foes had happily been slain;
Tho' it were sure that what he said was right,
Is he more likely, think you, to invite,
To win th' erroneous over to his mind,
By eloquence of such an hostile kind,
Or to disgrace, by arts so strongly weak,
The very truths that he may chance to speak?
Like thoughts to these would, naturally, rise
Out of your own occasional surprise,
When, purchasing the book, you dipt into't,
And saw the preacher's manner of dispute;
How man by man, and sect by sect display'd,
He pass'd along from preaching to parade;
Confuting all that came within his way,
Tho' too far off to hear what he should say:
Reason, methinks, why candour would not choose,
Where no defence could follow, to accuse;
Where gen'rous triumph no attacks can yield
To the unquestion'd master of the field:
Where names, tho' injur'd without reason why,
Absent, or present, can make no reply
To the most false, or disingenuous hint,
Till time, perchance, produces it in print:
When, we may take for granted, it is clad
In its best fashion, tho' it be but bad.
This one discourse is printed, we are told,
The main of sev'ral sermons to unfold:
For one grand subject all of them were meant——
The Holy Spirit, whom the Father sent;
Th' indwelling Comforter, th' instructing Guide;
Who was, Christ said, for ever to abide
With, and *in* his disciples here below,
And teach them all that they should want to know.
A glorious theme! a comfortable one!
For preachers to exert themselves upon;
First taught themselves, and fitted to impart
God's truth and comfort to an honest heart:
Some such, at least, imagine to have been
Amongst the flock that came to Lincoln's Inn;
With a sincere desire to hear, and learn
That, which became a Christian's chief concern:
Pleas'd with the preacher's text, with hopes that he
Might prove an instrument, in some degree,
Of their perception of an holy aid,
Fruit of that promise which the Saviour made;
Might help them, more and more, to understand
How near true help and comfort is at hand;
How soon the Spirit moves upon the mind,
When it is rightly humbled and resign'd:
With what a love to ev'ry fellow-soul
One member of the church regards the whole;
Looks upon all mankind as friends, or shares
To heartiest enemies his heartier pray'rs.
I might go on; but you, I know, will grant,
Such is the temper that we really want:
And such, if preachers ever preach indeed,
If pastors of a flock will really feed,
They will endeavour solely to excite,
And move divided Christians to unite;
If not in outward forms, that but supply
A loftier Babel without inward tye,
Yet in a common friendliness of will,
That wishes well to ev'ry creature still;
That makes the centre of religion's plan
A god-like love embracing ev'ry man.

LETTER II.

No office seems more sacred, and august,
Than that of preachers who fulfill their trust;
Working with God, and helping men to find
The Prince of life, the Saviour of mankind:
Who came himself a preacher, from on high,
Of peace to all; the distant and the nigh.
So said the saint, whose preaching was the same,
To Jew, to Greek——salvation thro' his name—
Who taught, thro' him, to preach immortal life,
Avoiding questions that engender strife;
Patient, and meek, and gentle unto all,
Instructing even opposers without gall;
If peradventure God might give them grace
The truth, when kindly offer'd, to embrace.
If these conditions preaching may demand,
What must we think of the discourse in hand?
Which, when we read, is apter to suggest
A diff'rent temper in the preacher's breast;
A text perverted from its native scope;
A disappointment of all *hearing* hope.
Here is a long dispute, in his first head,
About what doctor Middleton had said;
That "when the gift of tongues was first bestow'd
Twas but an instantaneous sign, that show'd
The gospel's chosen minister; and then,
That purpose signified, it ceas'd again:
So was its type, the fiery tongue, a flash
Of light'ning quickly vanish'd"—and such trash—
To which a minister, who knew the press,
Ill chose the time, when preaching, to digress;
To take a text affording, thro' the whole,
Such grounds of comfort to a Christian soul,
And then neglect; to preach a poor debate,
That could but shine at pamphleteering rate;
That, from the pulpit, must disgust the pew
Of sager bench, and sober students too.
You may, hereafter, if you choose it, see
How they mistook, both Middleton and he,
The gift of tongues; how little, quite throughout,
They knew, tho' learned, what they were about:
In present lines, I shall but just relate
One instance of the, no uncommon, fate
Of learned men, who, in deep points exact,
Forget, sometimes, the most apparent fact.
Th' apostles, gifted by the Holy Ghost,
Began to speak with tongues, at Pentecost;
"But did not"—so the preacher says—"begin
To speak, before the multitude came in."
He urges roundly how, in this respect,
"The learned Middleton did not reflect,
That in a private room they all were set,
And tongues not spoken, till the people met."
Now if you read the Pentecostal facts,
As you will find them written in the Acts,
From his reflection tho' the point lay hid,
The text affirms, expressly, that they did.
No learning wanted to determine this;
'Tis what a reading child could never miss:
This very gift, it is exceeding clear,
Was that which brought the multitude to hear:
"Speaking with tongues" foregoing words proclaim;
The next—"when this was nois'd abroad"—they came.
Scarce to be thought that, studying the case,
With formal purpose to explain a place,
A man so learned, and acute, could make,
Could preach, could publish, such a flat mistake:
But 'tis the fate of great, and eager wits,
To trust their memory too much, by fits.
To prove that Middleton's dispute was wrong
Takes up the pages, for a sermon long:
Soon after this you'll see another start,
To fill his first division's second part:
For having touch'd upon the names of all
The gifts enumerated by Saint Paul,
Then, in what sense the scripture was inspir'd,
Higher, or lower, comes to be inquir'd:
The high he calls "organical;" the low
"Partial;" and "true;" as he proceeds to show.
This is the summary of what is said,
Touching the Holy Ghost, in his first head;
As guide to truth, and aiding to excite,
To clear, to give the understanding light.
What makes it sermon is the text prefixt,
Tho' scarce a word of it is intermixt;
Consistently enough, for it has none
Which suit the topics that he dwells upon:
Topics, without a dignity to grace
Text, office, audience, person, time, or place.
But were this all, and did not what he spake
Lead, by degrees, to serious mistake,
Taking a text, for form sake, to prepare
The church to hear some shop-renown'd affair,
(Too oft the turn of the polite divine)
Would hardly merit your regard, or mine;
But, sir, it is not only misapply'd,
This glorious text, but in effect deny'd;
Or misconceiv'd; and therefore cutting short,
At present, errours of less fatal sort,
Let us pursue this subject, in the next,
And from the sermon vindicate the text.

LETTER III.

You wonder'd much, why any man of parts
Would use, in preaching, low, invective arts;
By which the vain disputings, that infest
The Christian world, have seldom been suppress;
But often heighten'd, and that use destroy'd
For which fine talents ought to be employ'd
If one can judge from reading this divine,
Whose parts and talents would be really fine,
If juster notions of the heav'nly grace
Taught but the earthly not to quit their place,
If one can judge, I say, from stated laws,
In his discourses, what should be the cause
Of such perversion of a lively wit,
In erudite possessors, this is it.
They think that, now, religion's sole defence
Is learning, history, and critic sense;
That with apostles, as a needful guide,
The Holy Spirit did indeed abide;
But, having dictated to them a rule
Of faith, and manners, for the Christian school,
Immediate revelation ceas'd, and men
Must now be taught by apostolic pen:
Canon of scripture is complete; and they
May read, and know, what doctrine to obey:
To look for inspiration is absurd;
The Spirit's aid is in the written word:
They who pretend to his immediate call,
From pope to quaker, are fanatics all.
Thus, having prov'd, at large, to Christians met,
What no one Christian ever doubted yet,
That the New Testament was really writ
By inspiration, which they all admit,

He then subjoins that—" this inspir'd record
Fulfill'd the promise of our blessed Lord;"
(Fulfill'd it " eminently," is the phrase)
" For tho' the faithful, in succeeding days,
Occasionally find, in ev'ry place,
The Spirit's ordinary help, and grace,
His light supreme, his constant, fixt abode,
Is in the scriptures of this sacred code."
This was the sense, not easy to explore,
When, reck'ning up the Spirit's fruits before,
" Scripture," said he (which this account explains)
" Does not record them only, but contains;"
" CONTAINS," in capitals—as if he took
The scripture to be something more than book;
Something alive, wherein the Spirit dwelt,
That did not only tell his fruits, but felt.
" The sure deposit of the Spirit's fruits
In holy scripture," (he elsewhere computes)
" Fulfill'd the Saviour's promise, in a sense
Very sublime"—So it should seem, from hence,
That eminently, and sublimely, thus
The Holy Spirit should abide with us.
If I mistake him, or mis-represent,
You'll show me where, for 'tis not with intent:
I want, if possible, to understand
A sentence coming from so fam'd a hand:
Tho' plain the words, 'tis difficult to solve
What Christian sense he meant them to involve:
In ev'ry way that words, and sense agree,
'Tis perfect bibliolatry to me:
No image worship can be more absurd,
Than idolizing thus the written word;
Which, they who wrote intended to excite
Attention to our Lord's predicted light;
To that same Spirit, leading human thought,
By which themselves, and all the good were taught;
Preaching that word, which a diviner art,
Which God himself had written on the heart.
How can the best of books (for 'tis confest
That, of all books, the Bible is the best)
Do any more than give us an account
Of what was said, for instance, on the Mount?
Of what was done, for instance, on the cross,
In order to retrieve the human loss?
What more than tell us of the Spirit's aid,
Far as his fruits by words can be display'd?
But words are only the recording part,
The things contain'd must needs be in the heart;
Spirit of God no more in books demands
To dwell, himself, than temples made with hands.
"Fruits of the spirit," as St. Paul defin'd?
"Are love, joy, peace"—the blessings of the mind;
The proofs of his abiding—who can brook
A meek, a gentle, good, long-suff'ring book?
Or let true faith, and temperance, be sunk
To faith in writings, that are never drunk?
In fine, whatever pen and ink presents,
Can but contain historical contents;
Nor can the fruits of Spirit be in print,
In any sense, but as recorded in't.
Plain as this is, and strange, as you may think,
The learned worship paid to pen and ink,
It is the main hypothesis, you'll find,
On which are built discourses of this kind;
Which yet can give us, for a scripture clue,
What contradicts its very letter too:
As this has done—be shown as we go on—
By these important verses of St. John.

LETTER IV.

The gospel's simpler language being writ,
Not for the sake of learning, or of wit,
But to instruct the pious, and the meek;
When its intent mere critics come to seek,
We find, on plain intelligible text,
The variorum comments most perplext.
Such is the text before us; and so plain
The Saviour's promise, which the words contain,
That men, for modern erudition's sake,
Must read, and study to acquire mistake;
Must first observe the notions that prevail,
Amongst the famous in their church's pale;
Firm in the prejudice, that all is right
Which books, or persons, most in vogue, recite;
Then seek, to find, how scripture coincides
With each decision of their knowing guides.
Without some such preparatives as these,
How could the forc'd interpretation please,
That makes a sacred promise, to bestow
Perpetual aid, exhausted long ago?
In one short age?—for God's abiding guide
Withdrew, it seems, when the apostles died;
And left poor millions, ever since, to seek
How dissonant divines had constru'd Greek.
In graver writers one has often read
What in excuse of bookworkship is said;
" It is not ink, and letter, that we own
To be divine, but scripture sense alone;
We have the rule which the apostles made,
And no occasion for immediate aid."—
Suppose, for once, the gross delusion true;
What must a plain and honest Christian do?
The Spirit's aid how far must he extend,
To bring his Saviour's promise to an end?
This he perceives discourse to dwell upon;
And yet—" for ever to abide"—has none.
He, for the sake of safety would be glad
To have that spirit which apostles had;
Not one of them has writ, but says, *he may;*
That 'tis the bliss for which he ought to pray:
That God will grant it him, his Saviour said,
Sooner than parents give their children bread.
If reading scripture can improve a soul,
This is the sum, and substance of the whole;
And gives it value of such high degree:
For tho' as sacred as a book can be,
'Tis only so, because it best revives
Thought of that good which animated lives;
Because its authors were inspir'd to write,
And saw the truth in it's own heav'nly light;
Because it sends us to that promis'd source
Of light, and truth, which govern'd their discourse,
The Holy Spirit's ever present aid,
With us, and in us—so the Saviour pray'd—
That, when he left the world, the Holy Ghost
Might dwell with Christians, as an inward host;
That teaching, truth, and comfort in the breast,
Might be secur'd by this abiding guest.
" Yes; with apostles"—sunk, by such a thought,
Th' inestimable treasure down to nought;
An history of sunshine may, as soon,
Make a blind man to see the shining noon,
As writings only, without inward light,
Can bring the World's redemption into sight:
Jesus—the Christ—the very book has shown,
Without the Holy Spirit none can own:
In words they may, but what is plainly meant,
They cannot give a real, heart consent.

What friend to scripture, then, sir, can displace
This inward witness of redeeming grace?
And rest the gospel on such outward view,
As any Turk may rest his Coran too?
Nay, he can own a written word, or work
That Christians do, and yet continue Turk.
Why do the Christian disputants so fill
The world with books, of a polemic skill,
When 'tis the sacred, and acknowledg'd one
That all their jarring systems build upon?
But that the Spirit does not rule their wit,
By which at first the sacred one was writ:
Of whose support great scholars stand in need,
As much as they who never learnt to read:
Unhappy they! but for that living guide,
Whom God himself has promis'd to provide!
A guide, to quote the blessed text again,
"For ever to abide with Christian men."
Fond of its books, poor Learning is afraid;
And higher guidance labours to evade:
Books have the Spirit in supreme display!
Men but in lower, ordinary way!
This strange account of men and books is true,
It seems, according to the promise too!
Such wild conceits all men have too much wit
Or learned, or unlearned, to admit;
But when some interest, or custom rules,
And chains obsequious wills to diff'rent schools,
The wisest, then, sir, will relinquish thought,
And speak, like parrots, just as they are taught.
What this should be, what spends in vain the fire
Of brisker tempers—let us next inquire.

LETTER V.

When Christians first receiv'd the joyful news—
"Messiah come"—unmixt with worldly views;
When the whole church with heav'nly grace was [blest,
And (from the Spirit Comforter) possest
One heart, one mind, one view to common good;
Then was the real gospel understood.
Then was the time—to cite what you will find
The preacher noting—"when the world combin'd
Its pow'rs against it, but could not destroy;
When holy martyrs, with enraptur'd joy,
Encounter'd death; enabled to sustain
Its utmost terror, and its utmost pain:
At such a juncture, Heav'n's uncommon aid
Shon forth, to help humanity display'd.
"But now"—his reason for abated grace,
Difference of primitive and present case——
"Now——ease, and honour" (mind the maxim, friend)
"On the profession of the faith attend:
At first, establish'd by diviner means,
On human testimony, now, it leans;
Supports itself, as other facts must do,
That rest on human testimony too;
Sufficient strength is the conviction there,
To make the present Christian persevere."
Here lies the secret—that may soon unfold
Why modern Christians fall so short of old;
Why they appear to have such diff'rent looks,
The men of spirit, and the men of books:
When racks and gibbets, torment and distress
Attended them who ventur'd to confess,
They had, indeed, a fixt, and firm belief,
To die for one who suffered like a thief;
Stretch'd on the wheel, or burning in the flame,
To preach a crucified Redeemer's name;
Courage like this compendious proof supply'd
Of Heav'n's true kingdom, into which they dy'd:
Thus was the wisdom of the world struck dumb,
And all the pow'rs of darkness overcome;
Gospel prevail'd, by its internal light,
And gave the subject for the pen to write.
But when the world, with a more fatal plan,
To flatter, what it could not force, began;
When ease, and honour, as the preacher saith,
Attended the profession of the faith;
Then wrought its mischief, in the too secure,
The secret poison, slower, but more sure:
Commodious maxims then began to spread,
And set up learning in the Spirit's stead:
The life diminish'd, as the books increas'd,
'Till men found out that miracles were ceas'd;
That, with respect to succours more sublime,
The gospel promise was but for a time;
That inspiration, amongst men of sense,
Was all a mere fanatical pretence:
And divers like discoveries, that grant
To ease, and honour, just what faith they want.
Faith to profess that wond'rous things of old
Did really happen, as the books have told;
But, with a caution, never to allow
The possibility of happ'ning now:
For, as the world went on, it might affect
An honourable ease, in some respect,
To own celestial comfort still inspir'd,
And suff'ring courage, as at first, requir'd;
Quite proper then; but equally unfit,
When once the sacred canon had been writ:
For upon that (is gravely here averr'd)
Part of the Spirit's office was transferr'd;
Books once compos'd, th' illuminating part
He ceas'd himself; and left to human art
To find, within his scriptural abode,
Th' enlight'ning grace that presence once bestow'd.
These suppositions, if a man suppose,
You see th' immediate consequence that flows;
That men, and churches afterwards attack'd,
Are pre-demolish'd, by asserted fact;
Which, once advanc'd may, with the greatest ease,
Condemn whatever Christians he shall please:
Owing to his forbearance, in some shape,
If aught the extensive havoc shall escape.
With such a fund of learning, and a skill
To make it serve what argument he will;
With choice of words, for any chosen theme,
With an alertness rulingly supreme;
What, sir, can single persons, or a sect,
When he is pleas'd to preach at 'em, expect?
Just what they meet with, in the present case—
All the dogmatic censure, and disgrace,
That a commanding genius can exert,
When it becomes religiously alert;
With narrow proofs, and consequences wide,
Sets all opponents of its rote aside;
The papists first, and then th' inferior fry,
Fanatics; vanquish'd with a—who but I?
These are the modish epithets that strike
At true religion, and at false alike;
Of these reproaches infidels are full;
Their use in others verging down to dull:
How one, who is no infidel, applies
The hackney'd terms——may next salute your eyes.

LETTER VI.

By reformation from the church of Rome
We mean, from faults and errours, I presume;
Against her truths to prosecute a war
Is protestant aversion push'd too far:
In them, should ease and honour not attend
The fair profession, one should be her friend.
  She thinks that Christ has given to his bride,
His holy church, an ever present guide;
By whose divine assistance she has thought,
That miracles sometimes were really wrought;
That, by the virtue which his gifts inspire,
Great saints and martyrs have adorn'd her quire.
Now say the worst, that ever can be said,
Of that corruption which might overspread
This church in gen'ral—cast at her the stone,
They who possess perfection in their own;
Yet, were instructive volumes to enlarge
On bright exceptions to the gen'ral charge,
They that love truth, wherever it is found,
Would joy to see it, ev'n in Romish ground;
Where if corruption grew to such a size,
The more illustrious must examples rise
Of life and manners—these, you will agree,
Are true reformers, wheresoe'er they be.
  Of all the churches, justly loth to claim
Exclusive title to a sacred name,
What one, I ask, has ever yet deny'd
The inspiration of the promis'd guide?
Our own—to which the def'rence that is due
Forbids no just respect for others too—
Believes, asserts, that what reform she made
Was not without the Holy Spirit's aid:
If to expect his gifts, however great,
Be popish, and fanatical, deceit,
She, in her offices of ev'ry kind,
Has also been fanatically blind.
What form, of her composing, can we trace
Without a pray'r for his unstinted grace?
Taught, by the sacred volumes, to infer
A Saviour's promise reaching down to her,
Greatly she values the recording books;
But, for fulfilling, in herself she looks.
  That she may always think aright, and act,
By God's good Spirit, is her pray'd for fact;
Without his grace confessing, as she ought,
Her inability of act, or thought:
Nor does she fear fanatical pretence,
When asking aid in a sublimer sense;
Where she records, amongst the martyr'd host,
"A Stephen—filled with the Holy Ghost"—
She prays for that same plenitude of aid,
By which the martyr for his murd'rers pray'd;
That she, like him, in what she undergoes,
May love, and bless her persecuting foes.
  Did but one spark of so supreme a grace
Burn in the breast, when preaching is the case,
How would a priest, unpersecuted, dare
To treat, when mounted on a sacred chair,
A church of Christ, or any single soul,
By will enlisted on the Christian roll,
With such a prompt, and contumelious ire,
As love, nor blessing ever could inspire?
  Altho' untouch'd with the celestial flame,
How could an English priest mistake his aim?
So far forget the maxims that appear,
Throughout his church's liturgy, so clear?
Wherein the Spirit's ever constant aid,
Without a feign'd distinction, is display'd;
Without a rash attempting to explain,
By limitations foolish and profane,
When, and to whom, to what degree, and end,
God's graces, gifts, and pow'rs were to extend;
So far withdrawn—that Christians must allow
Of nothing extra-ordinary, now:
The vain distinction, which the world has found,
To fix an unintelligible bound
To gospel promise; equally sublime,
Nor limited by any other time
Than that, when want of faith, when earthly will,
Shall hinder Heav'n's intentions to fulfill.
  If, not confining any promis'd pow'rs,
The Romish church be faulty, what is ours?
Does our own church, in her ordaining day,
Does any consecrating bishop say,
When on the future priest his hand is laid,
Receive the Spirit's ordinary aid?
Do awful words—"Receive the Holy Ghost"—
Imply that he abides in books the most?
Books—which the Spirit who first rul'd the hand,
They say themselves, must teach to understand.
  His inspiration, without limits too,
All churches own, whatever preachers do:
Not even miracles, tho' set aside
In private books, has any church deny'd:
How weak the proofs, which this discourse has [brought,
To justify the fashionable thought,
That gospel promises, of any kind,
By spirit, or by scripture, are confin'd
To apostolic, or to later times,
May be the subject of succeeding rhymes.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CONSISTING OF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

With peaceful mind thy race of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see,
Thro' all events of things, as well as he.

Natural knowledge is a moonshine light,
And dreaming sages still kept sleeping by't;
But heav'nly wisdom, like the rising sun,
Awakens nature, and good works are done.

Let thy repentance be without delay—
If thou defer it to another day,
Thou must repent for a day more of sin,
While a day less remains to do it in.

To be religious something it will cost;
Some riches, honours, pleasures will be lost;
But if thou countest the sum total o'er,
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.

He that does good with an unwilling mind,
Does that to which he is not well inclin'd:
'Twill be reward sufficient for the fact,
If God shall pardon his obedient act.

If outward comforts, without real thought
Of any inward holiness, are sought,

God disappoints us oft, and kindly too—
To make us holy is his constant view.

THINK, and be careful what thou art within;
For there is sin in the desire of sin:
Think, and be thankful, in a diff'rent case;
For there is grace in the desire of grace.

PRAY'R does not ask, or want the skill and art
Of forming words, but a devoted heart:
If thou art really in a mind to pray,
God knows thy heart, and all that it would say.

CONTENT is better, all the wise will grant,
Than any earthly good that thou canst want;
And discontent, with which the foolish fill
Their minds, is worse than any earthly ill.

TWO Heav'ns a right contented man surround,
One here, and one hereafter to be found:
One, in his own meek bosom, here on Earth,
And one, in Abraham's, at his future birth.

NO faith towards God can e'er subsist with wrath
Tow'rds man, nor charity with want of faith;
From the same root hath each of them it's growth;
You have not either, if you have not both.

FAITH is the burning ardour of desire;
Hope is the light arising from it's fire;
Love is the spirit that, proceeding thence,
Completes all virtue in a Christian sense.

NOR steel, nor flint alone produces fire;
No spark arises till they both conspire:
Nor faith alone, nor work without is right;
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

ZEAL without meekness, like a ship at sea,
To rising storms may soon become a prey;
And meekness without zeal is like the same,
When a dead calm stops every sailing aim.

IF gold be offer'd thee, thou dost not say,
To morrow I will take it, not to day:
Salvation offer'd, why art thou so cool,
To let thyself become to morrow's fool?

AN heated fancy, or imagination,
May be mistaken for an inspiration—
True; but is this conclusion fair to make,
That inspiration must be all mistake?
A pebble stone is not a diamond—true;
But must a diamond be a pebble too?

HYPOCRITES in religion form a plan
That makes them hateful both to God and man;
By seeming zeal they lose the world's esteem,
And God's, because they are not what they seem.

AN humble man, tho' all the world assault
To pull him down, yet God will still exalt;
Nor can a proud, by all the world's renown,
Be lifted up, for God will pull him down.

HE is no fool, who charitably gives
What he can only look at whilst he lives;
Sure as he is to find, when hence he goes,
A recompense which he can never lose.

IF giving to poor people be to lend
Thy money to the Lord, who is their friend,
The highest int'rest upon int'rest sure
Is to let out thy money to the poor.

WHEN grief or joy shall press upon thee hard,
Be then especially upon thy guard;
Then is most danger of not acting right:
A calmer state will give a surer light.

IF we mind nothing but the body's pride,
We lose the body, and the soul beside;
If we have nothing but the Earth in view,
We lose the Earth, and heav'nly riches too.

HE is a sinner, you are pleas'd to say,
Then love him for the sake of Ghrist, I pray.
If on his gracious words you place your trust,
—"I came to call the sinners, not the just"—
Second his call; which if you will not do,
You'll be the greater sinner of the two.

PRAY'R and thanksgiving is the vital breath,
That keeps the spirit of a man from death;
For pray'r attracts into the living soul
The life, that fills the universal whole;
And giving thanks is breathing forth again
The praise of him, who is the life of men.

TO own a God who does not speak to men,
Is first to own and then disown again;
Of all idolatry the total sum
Is having gods that are both deaf and dumb.

LOVE does the good which God commands to do;
Fear shuns the ill which he prohibits too:
They both describe, tho' by a diff'rent name,
A disposition of the mind the same.

WHAT is more tender than a mother's love
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?
What arguments need her compassion move
To hear it's cries, and help it in it's harms?
Now, if the tenderest mother were possest
Of all the love, within her single breast,
Of all the mothers since the world began,
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

WHY should I be so eager to espy
The mote that swims upon my brother's eye?
And still forget, as if I had not known,
The dark'ning beam that overspreads my own?

O! let me play the hypocrite no more!
But strive to cure my own obstructed sight!
Then shall I see, much clearer than before,
To set my undiscerning brother right.

ON THE EPICUREAN, STOIC, AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THREE diff'rent schemes philosophers assign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine:
Which to embrace of these three sev'ral views,
Methinks it is not difficult to choose.

For first; what wisdom, or what sense, to cry
Things happen as they do—we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know, [so?
When things once are—that they must needs be

To see such order, and yet own no laws;
Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause;
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reasons, who believes a God.

ATHEISM THE ONLY GROUND OF DISCONTENT.

IF reason does each private person bind,
To seek the public welfare of mankind;
If this be justice, and the sacred law,
That guards the good, and keeps the bad in awe,
If this great law but op'rates, to fulfill
One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;
And if he only, as we all maintain,
Does all things rule, and all events ordain;
Then reason binds each private man t'assent,
That none but atheists can be discontent.

GOD THE ONLY TRUE TEACHER.

THE Lord is my light; by his teaching I learn,
With a right understanding his works to discern:
While I dwell in his presence 'tis then that I live,
And enjoy a content which he only can give:

In all other things I have labour'd to find
That truth which might fill an intelligent mind;
But I labour'd in vain, for it is he alone
That can give me instruction, and make himself known.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love, were question'd, what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught:
Now Faith believ'd it, firmly, to be true;
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,
"Believe? Expect? I *know* it to be so."

A CONTRAST

BETWEEN TWO EMINENT DIVINES.

TWO diff'rent painters, artists in their way,
Have drawn religion in her full display;
To both she sat—One gaz'd at her all o'er;
The other fix'd upon her features more:
Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry grace
That dress could give—but Law has hit her face.

ON PREACHING.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else but flashes in the pan;
The mere haranguing upon (what they call)
Morality is powder without ball;
But he, who preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.

THE

POEMS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY.

THE

LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

An account of Mr. Dodsley was added to the new edition of the Biographia Britannica by Dr. Kippis, but without much information from personal inquiry, which at that time must have been in the doctor's power; nor does he appear to have seen The Muse in Livery, which would have cleared up the doubts respecting the early condition of our author. In endeavouring to supply these defects, I have, perhaps, been in some measure successful; but after every inquiry, the life of Dodsley can be little more than a contribution to the general history of literature.

Robert Dodsley was born at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1703. His father is said to have kept the free school at Mansfield, a situation in which it is natural to suppose he could have bestowed some education on his children; yet it is not easy to reconcile this with the servile track of life into which they were obliged to enter. He is described as a little deformed man, who, after having a large family by his first wife, married at the age of seventy-five a young girl of only seventeen years, by whom he had a child.

Of his sons, Alvary lived many years, and died in the service of the late sir George Savile: Isaac was for some time gardener to Mr. Allen of Prior-park, and afterwards to lord Weymouth at Long-leat. In these two families he spent fifty-two years of his life, and has the credit of being the projector of some of the beautiful plantations at both those seats. He retired from Long-leat at the age of seventy-eight, and died about three years after. There was a third, John, whose name, with that of Alvary and of the father, I find among the subscribers to our poet's first publication. James, who was twenty-two years younger than Robert, will come to be mentioned hereafter, when he was taken into partnership. How he passed the preceding part of his time is not known.

Of Robert nothing is now remembered in his native town, but a traditional story that he was put apprentice to a stocking-weaver of that place, and that being almost starved, he ran away, and was hired by a lady, as her footman: this lady, it is added, observing that he employed his leisure hours in reading, gave him every encouragement, and soon after he wrote an entertainment which was shown to

Pope and others.[1] Part of this story is probable, but too much of his history is crowded into it. His first service was not that of a lady, nor was the entertainment (The Toy Shop) his first production.

Although he was probably not in many stations of the menial kind, it is certain that he was once footman to Charles Dartiquenave (or, as spelt by Swift) Dartineuf, esq. paymaster of the works, and the Darty who is noticed by Pope:

> Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
> Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye.

His gluttony, which was long proverbial, suggested to lord Lyttelton to introduce him in his Dialogues of the Dead, holding a conversation with Apicius. The story of the ham-pye, Dr. Warton assures us, was confirmed by Dodsley, who knew Dartineuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner: or, as he said more explictly to Dr. Johnson, "was his footman."

He served afterwards in the same humble station, in the family of the hon. Mrs. Lowther, where his conduct procured him respect, and his abilities distinction. Several of his small poems were written while in this family, and being shown to his mistress and her visitors, he was encouraged to publish them by a very liberal subscription, including about two hundred names of considerable note. His volume had the very appropriate title of The Muse in Livery, or The Footman's Miscellany, a thin octavo, published in the year 1732.

In his preface he alludes very feelingly to his many disadvantages. "What can be expected from the pen of a footman, a character that expresses a want both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education or a polite converse?" He seeks no other excuse for his verses, "than the candour and good nature of his readers, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; nay even his natural genius depressed by the sense of his low condition: a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart, which will ever be found in the breast of the author, R. D." In an emblematical frontispiece is a figure intended to represent himself, the right foot chained to despair, the right hand chained by poverty to misery, folly, and ignorance, the left hand winged and endeavouring in vain to reach happiness, virtue, and knowledge.

The volume contains the Epistle to Stephen Duck; Kitty, a pastoral; The Petition; Rome's pardon, under the title of the Devil is a Dunce; Religion, a simile; The Epithalamium, called here, an Entertainment designed for the Wedding of Governor Lowther and Miss Pennington; and the Advice. These were reprinted in his volume of Trifles; of the rest, the Footman, the verses to the hon. Lady Howe, and those to his friend Mr. Wright, are added to the present collection. The Footman exhibits, in smooth and easy rhymes, the manners of the age; and the verses to lady Howe contain, in the second stanza, a piece of condolence, of wonderful simplicity. The other compositions in this publication are chiefly compliments to his patrons, and may be omitted without injury to his memory as a poet. Those he reprinted, were carefully revised, and he made many alterations, which, however, are not worth specifying. The Epistle to Stephen Duck bestowed some

[1] Harrod's History of Mansfield. *C.*

extravagant compliments on that poor poetaster, of which Dodsley lived to be ashamed.

His next attempt was more successful than the publication of his poems, and considering the disadvantages of a life of servitude, more extraordinary. He wrote a dramatic piece, entitled The Toy Shop, the style of which discovers an improvement which to those who had just read The Muse in Livery, must have appeared wonderful. This the author determined to submit to Pope in manuscript. He tells us he had a great regard for that poet, before he had the honour of being known to him, and "it was a great mortification to him that he used to think himself too inconsiderable ever to merit his notice or esteem. However, some time after I had wrote the Toy Shop, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a moral capacity, at least, though not in a poetical one, I sent it to him, and desired his opinion of it, expressing some doubt that, though I designed it for the stage, yet unless its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors."

Pope's answer to this application may appear in this place without impropriety, as it has escaped the collectors of his letters, and exhibits his kindness to unprotected genius in a very favourable light.

"SIR, Feb. 5, 1732-3.

"I was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please the stage, I doubt: but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me: I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could show you my friendship in any instance.—I am &c."

Pope accordingly recommended it to Mr. Rich, and ever after bestowed "his favour and acquaintance" on the author. The hint of this excellent satire, for it scarcely deserves the name of drama, was taken from Randolph's Muse's Looking Glass. It was acted at Covent Garden theatre in 1735, and met with great success; but was yet more popular when printed, being indeed much better calculated for the closet than the stage. There is an ease and elegance in the style which raise our opinion of Dodsley's natural talents, and so many circumstances of public and private absurdities are brought together, as to afford a decisive proof that he had a mind far above his situation, and that with habits of attentive observation of life and manners, he cherished the justest moral feelings.

Such was his situation, however, that for some time he was supposed to be only the nominal author of the Toy Shop; but when he asserted his claim he became more noticed, and the theatre more easily accessible to his future dramatic attempts. The profits of his volume of poems, and of the Toy Shop, enabled him to set up in business, and with much judgment he chose that of a bookseller, which his friends might promote, and which might afford him leisure and opportunity to cultivate his talents. At what time he quitted service is not known, but he commenced the bookselling trade at a shop in Pall Mall in the year 1735, and by Pope's friendly

interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of The King and the Miller of Mansfield, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of the Toy Shop. In 1737-8 he produced Sir John Cockle at Court, intended as a sequel to The King and the Miller, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

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In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of *****." Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield, and not quite so absurdly as Mrs. Teresa Constantia

Phillips complimented that nobleman on being author of the Whole Duty of Man. Chesterfield had a friendship for Dodsley, and would not contradict a report which rendered the sale of the Economy both rapid and extensive. The critics, however, in the Monthly Review and Gentleman's Magazine, were not to be deceived.

It would be unnecessary to say much on the merit of a piece which is so well known. During its early popularity it occasioned many imitations, the principal of which were, The Second Part of the Economy of Human Life—The Economy of Female Life—The Economy of the Sexes; and the Economy of a Winter's Day, an humorous burlesque. Dodsley's Economy, however, outlived these temporary efforts, and continued to be praised and read as the production of lord Chesterfield. The real author, although he might secretly appropriate this praise to himself, was perhaps not very well pleased to find that he seldom was suspected to have deserved it.

His next production appears to have occupied his thoughts and leisure hours for a considerable time. This was a poem, intended to be comprised in three books, treating of Agriculture, Commerce, and Arts. Of these, by way of experiment, he published the first, under the general title of Public Virtue, in 1754, but it did not meet with such encouragement as to induce him to complete his design. It is written in blank verse, to which his ear was not very well attuned; yet with many imperfections, this poem has likewise many beauties. He appears to have contemplated rural scenery with the eye of a poet. In the didactic part he fails as others have failed before him who wished to convey mechanical instruction with solemn pomp, and would invoke the heroic Muse to tell what an unlettered farmer knows better. To console himself for the cool reception of this work, he told Dr. Johnson that "*public virtue* was not a subject to interest the age."

About this time, he established, in conjunction with Moore, a periodical paper entitled The World, a name which Dodsley is allowed to have suggested after the other partners had perplexed themselves in vain for a proper one. Lord Lyttelton, although no contributor himself, used his influence with his friends for that purpose, and Dodsley procured papers from many of his friends and customers. One paper only, No. 32, is acknowledged to come from his own pen. By undertaking to pay Moore a stipulated sum for each paper, whether contributed by that writer, or sent by volunteers, Dodsley secured to himself the copyright, and was amply repaid, not only by its sale in single numbers, but by the many editions printed in volumes. When it was concluded in 1756, he obtained permission of the principal writers to insert their names, which gave it an additional interest with the public. A few chose, at that time, to remain concealed, who have since been discovered, and some are yet unknown. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were known at the time of publication.

In 1758, Dodsley wrote Melpomene, or the Regions of Terrour and Pity, an Ode, but concealed his being the author, and employed Mrs. Cooper as his publisher. The consequence was that this ode, in which it is universally acknowledged that there are many sublime passages, was attributed to some promising young man, whom years and cultivation would lead to a high rank among poets. Mary Cooper, who was also the publisher of the World, lived in Paternoster-row, and appears to have been frequently employed in this capacity

by Dodsley and others, when they did not choose that their names should appear to the first edition of any work.

In the same year, Dodsley produced his tragedy of Cleone, at Covent-garden theatre. This is said to have been rejected by Garrick with some degree of contempt, principally because there was not a character in it adapted to the display of his talents: and when it was performed for the first time at the rival theatre, he endeavoured to diminish its attraction by appearing the same night in a new character at Drury-lane. The efforts of jealousy are sometimes so ridiculous, as to make it difficult to be believed that they are seriously intended. Garrick's more than ridiculous conduct on this occasion is thus related by Davies:

"Mr. Garrick, though he had rejected Cleone with great marks of contempt, and termed it a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play; yet he was extremely apprehensive that the public would be of a different opinion, and he prepared to meet its first appearance at Covent-garden with all his strength. He had for some time applied himself to the study of Marplot in the Busy Body, and was determined to oppose this character (which he was sure the town would be eager to see) to the tragedy of Dodsley. When Cleone was advertised, Marplot was announced against it. The friends of the tragedy were alarmed, and deferred the representation by advertising it to a farther date. Mr. Garrick immediately postponed the Busy Body. However, after a few dodging manœuvres of this kind, Cleone and the Busy Body were acted on the same night: and though it was a kind of up-hill labour to bring the people of fashion to side against a new character of Mr. Garrick, yet there was a very handsome show of very fashionable folks at Cleone. The manager made a sort of merit of his not acting on Dodsley's benefit night: but it must be confessed by those who esteemed Garrick most, that his conduct in the whole dispute was unjustifiable, and that he treated a worthy man and an old acquaintance with severity and unkindness. Many reasons were assigned for his particular conduct on this occasion: it is possible that his judgment was really against the play. I remember to have heard Mr. Dodsley declare, that after Mr. Garrick had given back his play with a positive refusal to act it, he afterwards sent for Cleone once more, with a full intention to give it a re-examination, and a solemn promise to act it, if the tragedy, on a further perusal, should appear to deserve it. However, the result of his critical attention to the real merit of the piece was a confirmed disapprobation.

"It was conjectured, with some probability, that his obstinacy in persisting to reject this play was owing to the inferiority of the part assigned him, when compared with that of Cleone. Mrs. Cibber in that part would have certainly eclipsed all the other characters in the tragedy[3]."

Notwithstanding this malicious opposition, Cleone was played with great success for many nights, although the company at Covent-garden, with the exception of Mrs. Bellamy, were in no reputation as tragedians. How powerfully the author has contrived to excite the passions of terrour and pity, was lately seen, when this tragedy was revived by Mrs. Siddons. Its effect was so painful, and indignation at the villany of Glanville and Ragozin approached so near to abhorrence, that the

[3] Davies' Life of Garrick, vol. i. p. 214. C.

play could not be endured. There are, indeed, in this piece many highly-wrought scenes; and the madness of Cleone deserves to rank among the most pathetic attempts to convey an idea of the ruins of an amiable and innocent mind. For Garrick's opinion we can have little respect, and I am inclined to think he was not sincere in giving it. If the play was unfit for the stage, why should he oppose its having a trial where the performers were so inferior to his own company, that he might conclude they would accelerate its condemnation? But, independently of those secret motives, which Garrick poorly concealed, we find that at this time his accustomed knowledge of stage effect seems to have been totally suspended, for he rejected Murphy's Orphan of China, in which, when he was afterwards compelled to act, he appeared to the greatest advantage; and likewise the celebrated tragedy of Douglas, by which he lost one of the most popular plays of modern times, and was "obliged" to act two of the same author's tragedies, Agis, and the Siege of Aquileia, which are deservedly consigned to oblivion. In his ungenerous conduct towards Dodsley he had another mortification to encounter. His Marplot so little answered his own, or the public expectation, that he was soon under the necessity of discontinuing it.

The prologue to Cleone was written by Melmoth, and the epilogue by Shenstone. Dodsley omitted about thirty lines of the latter, and substituted twelve or fourteen of his own; but restored the epilogue as originally written, in the fourth edition, at which it arrived in less than a year. Such was the avidity of the public, occasioned probably, in a great measure, by the opposition given to the performance of the play, that two thousand copies were sold on the first day of publication.

It remains to be added, that Pope, when very young, had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards burnt, as he informed Dodsley when the latter sent him his Cleone, in its first state, requesting his advice. Pope encouraged him to bring it out, but wished he would extend the plan to the accustomed number of five acts. Dodsley acted with sufficient caution in keeping his piece rather more than "nine years," and then submitted it to lord Chesterfield, and other friends, who encouraged him to offer it to the stage, and supported it when produced. Dr. Johnson was likewise among those who praised its pathetic effect, and declared that "if Otway had written it, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Dodsley, to whom this was told, said very justly, "that it was too much."

This was an important year (1758) to our author in another respect. He now published the first volume of the Annual Register, projected in concert with the illustrious Edmund Burke, who is supposed to have contributed very liberally to its success. This work was in all its departments so ably conducted, that although he printed a large impression, he and his successor were frequently obliged to reprint the early volumes. Its value as an useful and convenient record of public affairs was so universally felt, that every inquirer into the history of his country must wish it had been begun sooner. Dodsley, however, did not live to enjoy its highest state of popularity; but some years after his death it became irregular in its times of publication, and the general disappointment which such neglect occasioned gave rise, in the year 1780, to another work of the same kind, under the name of the New Annual Register. This for many years was a powerful rival,

until the unhappy era of the French revolution, when the principles adopted in the New Register gave disgust to those who had been accustomed to the old; and the mind, if not the hand of Burke, appearing again in the latter, it resumed, and still maintains, its former reputation, under the management of Messrs Rivingtons, who succeeded the late James Dodsley in the property.

In 1760, our author published his Select Fables of Esop and other Fabulists, in three books, which added very considerably to his reputation, although he was more indebted than has been generally supposed to his learned customers, many of whom seem to have taken a pleasure in promoting all his schemes. The Essay on Fable, prefixed to this collection, is ascribed to Dodsley by the author of his life in the Biographia. Dodsley probably drew the outline of the Essay, but Shenstone produced it in the shape we now find it. In Shenstone's CI. Letter to Mr. Greaves, he says, "I could not understand by Mr. Dodsley's last letter to me that he had any sort of intention to publish his Fables this winter. Presuming upon this delay, and having neither had the leisure nor the frame of mind fit to take his *Preface* into consideration, I have hitherto deferred to do so. La Motte's discourse on Fables is a most excellent performance, containing, as appears to me, all that need be said upon the subject, and this expressed with all imaginable elegance and perspicuity. I believe I shall advise our friend (Dodsley) to make more ample use of this dissertation." But in letter CIII. he says more expressly, "Our friend Dodsley, I presume, has sent you a book of his Fables before this time. What merit I have there *is in the Essay:* in the *Original Fables*, although I can hardly claim a single fable as my own, and in the *Index*, which I caused to be thrown into the form of morals, and which are almost wholly mine." This account is confirmed by the correspondence between Dodsley and Shenstone, in Hull's Select Letters, 2 vols. 8vo. 1778.

When, after selling two thousand copies of this excellent collection within a few months, Dodsley was preparing a new edition, Shenstone informs us that Mr. Spence offered to write the life afresh; and Spence, Burke, Lowth, and Melmoth, advised him to discard Italics. Such particulars may appear so uninteresting as to require an apology; but they add something to the history of books, which is a study of importance as well as of pleasure, and they show the very high respect in which our author was held. Here we have Shenstone, Spence, Burke, Lowth, and Melmoth, clubbing their opinions to promote his interest, by improving the merit of a work, which, however unjustly, many persons of their established character would have thought beneath their notice[4].

On the death of Shenstone, in the beginning of the year 1763, Dodsley endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude, by publishing a very beautiful edition of the works of that poet, to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings; a character, written with much affection; a Description of the Leasowes, &c.

[4] Among other of Dodsley's publications, may be enumerated his Fugitive Pieces, in two volumes, written by Spence, lord Whitworth, Burke, Clubbe, Hay, Cooper, Hill, and others: London and its Environs, 6 vols. 8vo. in which he was assisted by Horace Walpole, who procured the lists of paintings: England Illustrated, 2 vols. 4to. His collection of Poems, in 6 vols. 8vo. the last edition of which was edited by Mr. Isaac Reed in 1782, with biographical notes; and his collection of Old Plays, in 12 vols. 8vo. a second edition of which was published in 1780 by the same editor. During the publication of his poems in separate volumes, he solicited and obtained original pieces from most of his literary friends. See Hull's Select Letters, *passim.*——*C.*

He had now retired from the active part of his business, having realized a considerable fortune, and was succeeded by his brother James, whom he had previously admitted into partnership, and who continued the business until his death in 1797, but without his brother's spirit or intelligence.

During the latter years of our author's life he was much afflicted with the gout, and at length fell a martyr to it, while upon a visit to his learned and useful friend the Rev. Joseph Spence, at Durham. This event happened September 25, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was interred in the abbey church-yard of that city, and the following homely inscription was engraven on his tomb-stone.

If you have any respect
for uncommon industry and merit,
regard this place,
in which are deposited the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY:
who, as an author, raised himself
much above what could have been expected
from one in his rank of life,
and without a learned education:
and who, as a man, was scarce
exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
and purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better
Sept. 25. 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

In 1772, a second volume of his works was published, under the title of Miscellanies, viz. Cleone, Melpomene, Agriculture, and the Economy of Human Life. Two of his prose pieces, yet unnoticed, were inserted in the later editions of his first volume. The Chronicle of the Kings of England, in imitation of the language of scripture; and an ironical sermon, in which the right of mankind to do what they will is asserted. Neither of these has contributed much to his reputation.

After the incidental notices taken of his different writings in this sketch of his life, little remains to be added as to their general character. If poets are classed by rigorous examination, he will not be able to maintain a very elevated rank. His Agriculture was probably intended as the concentration of his powers, but the subject had not been for many years of town-life very familiar to him; and had he been more conversant in rural economy, he could not give dignity to terms and precepts, which are neither intelligible nor just when translated from the homely language of the farm and the cottage. Commerce and the arts, had he pursued his plan, were more capable of poetical illustration, but it may be doubted whether they were not as much above his powers, as the other is beneath the flights of the heroic Muse. The Art of Preaching shows that he had not studied Pope's versification in vain. It is not, however, so strictly an imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, which I suspect he could not read, as of Pope's manner of modernizing satire. It teaches no art, but that which is despicable, the art of casting unmerited obloquy on the clergy.

In his lesser pieces, the Cave of Pope, Pain and Patience, and the Epistle to Stephen Duck, are many traits of poetical imagination; and in the Melpomene, the personifications are truly sublime. His collection of amatory poems, entitled Colin's Kisses, abound in epigrammatic beauties, and he has perhaps exhausted the play of words employed on borrowing, lending, ravishing and stealing kisses.

Upon the whole the general merit of his productions, and the connexions he formed with many of the most eminent literary characters of his time, have given such a cast of popularity to the name of Dodsley, that it was not thought proper to refuse him a place among his poetical friends; and his personal character may be an additional excuse. Although flattered for his early productions, and in a situation where flattery is most dangerous, he did not yield to the suggestions of vanity, nor considered his patrons as bound to raise him to independence, or as deserving to be insulted, if they refused to arrogant insolence what they were willing to grant to honest industry. With the fair profits of his first pieces he entered into business, and while he sought only such encouragement as his assiduity might merit, he endeavoured to cultivate his mind by useful, if not profound erudition. His whole life, indeed, affords an important lesson. Without exemption from some of the more harmless artifices of trade, he preserved the strictest integrity in all his dealings both with his brethren, and with such authors as confided to him the publication of their works; and he became a very considerable partner in those large undertakings which have done so much credit to the booksellers of London.

In his more private character Dodsley was a pleasing and intelligent companion. Few men had lived on more easy terms with authors of high rank, as well as genius: and his conversation abounded in that species of information which, unfortunately for biographers, is generally lost with those to whom it has been communicated. By his letters, some of which have been published, he appears to have written with ease and familiar pleasantry; and the general style of his writings affords no reason to remember that he was deprived of the advantages of education. So much may application, even with limited powers, effect; while those who trust to inspiration only too frequently are content to excite wonder and dispense with industry, mistaking the bounty-money of fame for its regular pay.

TO THE WORTHY

PATRON AND ENCOURAGER OF ALL HUMAN PROJECTS AND DESIGNS,

TO MORROW.

GREAT SIR!

THE following pieces have most of them had the good fortune to be favourably received by some of your predecessors; how much of that honour I must place to the account of indulgence, and how little to that of merit, I doubt not but your great penetration will easily discover. You will however be so just, as to take into your consideration the author's want of that assistance and improvement which a liberal education bestows, and make such allowances for it as to your great wisdom and candour shall seem meet.

I shall perhaps be accused of presumption, in hoping that such sickly productions should live long enough to throw themselves at your feet, or feel the influence of that protection to which they aspire; but should they have the happiness to arrive at so distant a period, the utmost bounds of my ambition extend no farther than that they may be honoured with a favourable recommendation from you to your worthy son and successor, the NEXT DAY.

I am with great respect,

sir,

your most devoted

and obedient servant[1],

[1] This dedication was originally prefixed to the first volume of Dodsley's poems published under the title of Trifles.——*C.*

POEMS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY.

THE FOOTMAN,

AN EPISTLE TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT.

DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly footman's business there,
I 'll try to tell in easy rhyme,
How I in London spent my time.
And first,
As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed, and down I sit me
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such-like dirty work as that,
Which (by the by) is what I hate.
This done; with expeditious care,
To dress myself I straight prepare;
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,
Take off my beard, and wash my face,
And then I 'm ready for the chase.
Down comes my lady's woman straight;
"Where 's Robin?" here, "pray take your hat,
And go—and go— and go—and go—
And this—and that desire to know."
The charge receiv'd, away run I,
And here, and there, and yonder fly,
With services, and how-d-'ye-dos,
Then home return full fraught with news.
Here some short time does interpose,
Till warm effluvias greet my nose,
Which from the spits and kettles fly,
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
To lay the cloth I now prepare,
With uniformity and care;
In order knives and forks are laid,
With folded napkins, salt, and bread:
The side-boards glittering too appear,
With plate and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted,
The smoking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene:
Which on the table being plac'd,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.
This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what 's call'd for out to pour:
I hear and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes;
Disputes maintain'd without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression:
The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated:
Where all unanimously exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious and the rude;
The flatt'ring, fawning, praising train;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
Detraction, smut, and what 's profane.
This happy hour elaps'd and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
And lamp prepar'd: I straight engage
The Lilliputian equipage
Of dishes, saucers, spoons and tongs,
And all th' *et cetera* which thereto belongs,
Which, rang'd in order and decorum,
I carry in, and set before 'em:
Then pour or green or bohea out,
And, as commanded, hand about.
This business over, presently
The hour of visiting draws nigh:
The chairmen straight prepare the chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle thro'
The parting crowds, who all stand off
To give us room. O how you'd laugh!

To see me strut before a chair,
And with a sturdy voice and air.
Crying—"By your leave, sir! have a care!"
From place to place with speed we fly,
And rat-ta-ta-tat the knockers cry,
"Pray is your lady, sir, within?"
If not, go on; if yes, we enter in.
Then to the hall I guide my steps,
Amongst a crowd of brother skips,
Drinking small-beer and talking smut,
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
And he who 's loudest is the greatest wit.
But here amongst us the chief trade is
To rail against our lords, and ladies:
To aggravate their smallest failings,
T' expose their faults with saucy railings.
For my part, as I hate the practice,
And see in them how base and black 'tis,
In some bye place I therefore creep,
And sit me down, and feign to sleep:
And could I with old Morpheus bargain,
'Twould save my ears much noise and jargon.
But down my lady comes again,
And I 'm released from my pain.
To some new place our steps we bend,
The tedious evening out to spend:
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
Assembly, or the Opera;
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY HOWE,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, SIR RICHARD HOWE, BART. WHO DIED JULY 2, 1730, AFTER THEY HAD LIVED TOGETHER UPWARDS OF FIFTY YEARS.

He's gone! the great good man is gone!
No power on Earth could save;
The will of Heav'n at last is done;
This night conveys him to the grave.

But let this thought alleviate
The sorrows of your mind:
He's gone—but he is gone so late
You can 't be long behind.

Heav'n saw your love; was very loath
To part so blest a pair
'Till it was time to take you both,
That each might equal share

As well in Heaven, as on Earth
The joys which each possess'd;
Knowing that either, whilst alone,
Would even in Heaven but half be bless'd.

TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT,

UPON HIS COMMENDING SOMETHING I HAD WROTE.

Say, was the real merit of my lays
The happy motive of your gen'rous praise?
Or did your partial friendship in each line
Too much indulge the Muse because 'twas mine?
Yes, yes, 'twas so; the first can ne'er be true;
Tis hard to please a judge and critic too.

SONGS

FROM SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

O the pleasing, pleasing joys
Which in women we possess!
O the raptures which arise!
They alone have power to bless!

Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the raptures which arise!
O the pleasing, pleasing joys!

Tho' born in a country town,
The beauties of London unknown,
My heart is as tender,
My waist is as slender,
My skin is as white,
My eyes are as bright
As the best of them all,
That twinkle or sparkle at court or ball.
I can ogle and sigh,
Then frown and be coy;
False sorrow
Now borrow,
And rise in a rage;
Then languish
In anguish,
And softly, and softly engage.

Adieu to your cart and your plough;
I scorn to milk your cow.
Your turkeys and geese,
Your butter and cheese,
Are much below me now.
If ever I wed,
I 'll hold up my head,
And be a fine lady, I vow.

Ah, luckless knight! I mourn thy case:
Alas! what hast thou done?
Poor Betty! thou hast lost thy place;
Poor knight, thy sex is gone.

Learn henceforth, from this disaster,
When for girls you lay your plots,
That each miss expects a master
In breeches, not in petticoats.

SONGS

FROM THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

The faithful stork behold,
A duteous wing prepare,
It's sire, grown weak and old,
To feed with constant care.
Should I my father leave,
Grown old, and weak, and blind;
To think on storks would grieve
And shame my weaker mind.

Observe the fragrant blushing rose,
Tho' in the humble vale it spring,
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
As in the garden of a king:

So calm content as oft is found complete
In the low cot as in the lofty seat.

Let begging no more then be taunted,
If honest and free from offence;
Were each man to beg what he wanted,
How many would beggars commence!
Grave church-men might beg for more grace;
Young soldiers for courage might call;
And many that beg for a pension or place,
Might beg for some merit withall.

Tho' darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight;
And from such scenes defends me,
As blush to see the light.
No villain's smile deceives me,
No gilded fop offends,
No weeping object grieves me,
Kind darkness me befriends.

Henceforth no useless wailings,
I find no reason why;
Mankind to their own failings
Are all as blind as I.
Who painted vice desires,
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;
Who virtue not admires,
Is either blind, or winks.

To keep my gentle Bessy,
What labour would seem hard?
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.
The bee thus uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

The boy thus of a bird possest,
At first how great his joys!
He strokes it soft, and in his breast
The little fav'rite lies:
But soon as grown to riper age,
The passion quits his mind,
He hangs it up in some cold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

As death alone the marriage knot unties,
So vows that lovers make
Last until sleep, death's image, close their eyes,
Dissolve when they awake;
And that fond love which was to day their theme,
Is thought to morrow but an idle dream.

Behold me on my bended knee,
Think on my father's cries!
O think the gushing tears you see
Drop from his closed eyes!

Let this sad sight your soul possess,
Let kind regret take place;
And save my father from distress,
His daughter from disgrace.

DUET.

HE.

The man who in a dungeon lies for debt,
Esteems not light and liberty so dear.

SHE.

The frighted bird just 'scap'd the fowler's net,
Its heart not flutters more 'twixt joy and fear.

HE.

Come to my arms,
And on my breast
From all alarms
Securely rest.

SHE.

In this kind heaven let me lie,
In mutual pleasure live and die.

BOTH.

In mutual pleasure live and die.

SONG.

FROM THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

How happy a state does the miller possess!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he 's be-powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dress may be honester far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they 're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple, from other mens sacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he 's hungry, he drinks when he 's dry,
And down when he 's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

SONG.

IN THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

Banish'd to some less happy shore,
The drum's harsh sound, the cannon's roar,
Shall thunder far from home:
The soldier, freed from war's alarms,
Shall rest his consecrated arms
In Honour's sacred dome.
The Arts and Muses now shall smile,
And in fair Freedom's fav'rite isle
Shall fix their envy'd seat:
The stone shall breathe, the canvas glow,
And public works arise to show
That Britain still is great.

PROLOGUE

TO SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

As some poor orphan, at the friendly gate
Where once reliev'd, again presumes to wait;
So mov'd by former kindness to him shown,
Our honest miller ventures up to town.
He greets you all. His hearty thanks I bear
To each kind friend. He hopes you 're all so here.
Hopes the same favour you 'll continue still
At court, which late you show'd him at the mill.
Why should you not? If plain untutor'd sense
Should speak blunt truths, who here will take offence?
For common right he pleads, no party's slave;
A foe, on either side, to fool and knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, he at court appears,
Still uncorrupted by mean hopes and fears.
Plainly his mind does to his prince impart,
Alone emboldenʼd by an honest heart.
These are his merits—on this plea I sue—
But humbly he refers his cause to you. [cuse,
[1] "Small faults, we hope, with candour you 'll ex-
Nor harshly treat a self-convicted muse."
If, after trial, he should mercy find,
He 'll own that mercy with a grateful mind;
Or, by strict justice, if he 's doom'd to death,
Will then, without appeal, resign his breath.

EPILOGUE

TO SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

Lord! what a stupid race these poets are!
This tim'rous fool has made me mad, I swear:
Here have I teas'd him every day this week
To get an epilogue—'tis still to seek.
"No, no," he cried: "I fear 'twill meet sad fate;
And can one thank an audience after that?"
"Well, Mr. What-d-'ye-call 't," said I, "suppose
A merry epilogue might do it good." [it shou'd;
"Yes, madam," said he, and smil'd—"If I cou'd
With humour, fit for you to speak, it might."[write
'Twas very civil of the man, indeed— [heed."
"Come, come," said I, "write something, never
"Well—if it please," said he,—"on that condition,
Pray make my compliments with due submission,
The matter and the words I leave to you—"
I thank'd him; and I 'll try what I can do. [him,
Our author thanks you for this favour shown
The man is modest; that I must say on him.
He says, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit—
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a spirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his cause,
To claim no merit, when he 'as your applause,
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd say, you lik'd the thing, because 'twas good.
But he must have his way—and so to you
His grateful thanks I give, as justly due.

EPILOGUE

TO THE TOY-SHOP.

Well, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's done;
(For faith our author might have call'd it one.)
I wonder who the devil he thought to please!
Is this a time o' day for things like these?
Good sense and honest satire now offend;
We 're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend;
And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,
The next wise age will all be—fiddlers' sons.
And did he think plain truth wou'd favour find?
Ah! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!
To please, he ought to have a song or dance.
The tune from Italy, the caper France: [sense!
These, these might charm—But hope to do 't with
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, tho' we told him,—"Faith, 'twill never do—"
"Pho! never fear," he cried, "tho' grave, 'tis new:
The whim perhaps may please, if not the wit,
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead.
"Ye gen'rous few, to you our author sues,
His first essay with candour to excuse.
'T has faults, he owns, but if they are but small,
He hopes your kind applause will hide them all."

REX ET PONTIFEX,

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE UPON THE STAGE A NEW SPECIES OF PANTOMIME.

PERSONS.

Pagan, Jewish, Roman, and Mahometan Priests properly habited,
Tyranny, in a coat of mail, a Gothic crown on his head, and chains in his hand.
Imposture, a phantom dress'd up by the priests with a cloak, mask, &c.
Truth, a beautiful woman drest in white, with great plainness and simplicity.
Liberty, drest in her hair, with a flowing robe, a wand, &c.
Zeal, has a fool's cap on his head painted with flames, a book in his hand, which he seems to read now and then, casting up his eyes to Heaven, and beating his breast with great violence.
Persecution, has an axe in one hand and a lighted firebrand in the other.
Ambition, is magnificently drest with stars, ribbons, coronets, and other ensigns of civil honour, eyeing them often.
Corruption, has a large bag of money in one hand, and a serpent in the other.
Philosophers in Grecian habits.
The Arts and the Muses from antiquity.

REX ET PONTIFEX.[1]

The curtain rises to solemn music, but something harsh and dissonant, and discovers a magnificent temple; where a cabal of Egyptian priests, Jewish rabbins, Mahometan muftis, a pope, a cardinal, jesuit, and capuchin seem in close combination, and are all earnestly

[1] These two lines were added after the first night's performance, occasioned by some things which the audience very justly found fault with; and which, the second time, were left out, or altered as much as possible.

[1] In Mr. Dodsley's Muse in Livery, is an entertainment designed for her majesty's birthday, the scenery of which very much resembles this, but the poetical part is of inferior merit. C

employed in dressing up the figure of Imposture. *After a while they seem by their whispering, nodding, winking and sneering amongst themselves, to have adjusted matters very much to their own satisfaction. A large cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the figure, to hide its deformities; a mask of a fine composed grave air is clapt upon its ugly visage; and several others, curiously delineated for all occasions, are cunningly disposed of beneath the cloak: which done, the priests withdraw. Then enters a band of ancient philosophers, properly habited; who examining the figure of* Imposture *with great care, seem to debate amongst themselves with calmness and moderation; and at length, having pulled off its cloak and mask, and discovered and exposed its strange features and monstrous deformities, they are just upon the point of demolishing the figure, when the priests re-enter, leading in* Tyranny, *with all the ensigns and officers of civil power attending him; by the assistance of whom, the philosophers are driven off the stage, and* Imposture *is again invested with its cloak and mask. The priests making obeisance to the civil power, seem to beg the continuance of his protection, and the chief of them addresses himself to* Tyranny, *in the following manner.*

RECITATIVE.

THOU, regal power! vicegerent of the skies!
Supreme on Earth, and substitute of Heav'n!
O stretch thy powerful arm, protect and save
Its sacred ministers! nor let bold man,
With his presumptuous reason, dare to mock
Our holy myst'ries, or dispute our rights.

AIR.

Kings the rights of priests defending,
More securely hold their own;
Priests to kings assistance lending,
Merit succour from the throne:
Then give us supreme dominion
Over conscience and the soul!
You shall rule (by our opinion)
Lives and goods without controul.

RECITATIVE.

TYRANNY.

Most reverend fathers! delegates to men
From Heaven's high king! ambassadors divine!
Be it as you have said. Teach you mankind
That power unlimited belongs to kings,
That subjects have no rights but to obey;
Then shall the arm of civil power protect
Your highest claims of reverence; and enforce
Assent to every tenet you shall judge
Conducive to establish priestly rule
O'er mind and conscience.

AIR.

Thus in fetters doubly binding,
Souls enslaving, bodies grinding,
We the stupid herd shall sway;
And, supreme in wealth and grandeur,
Silence every bold withstander
That shall dare to disobey.

PRIEST.

But in this grand affair, this high attempt,
To blind, enslave, and fleece a bubbled world;
What instruments, what tools shall we employ?

TYRANNY.

Ambition and Corruption be my tools

PRIEST.

Be mine blind Zeal and furious Persecution.

Enter to the Priests, *at one door,* Zeal *and* Persecution; *and to the* Civil Power, *at the other,* Ambition *and* Corruption, *properly distinguished.*

TYRANNY.

Go forth, ye instruments of our high aims,
And in our cause possess the sons of men.
Cramp and intimidate th' inquiring mind;
With base affections taint the human heart:
And tame the generous spirit that breathes in man,
And prompts him to resist and brave oppression:
So shall that head-strong beast, the multitude,
Yield to the bit, and crouch beneath its burthen.

Zeal, *leading* Persecution, *goes out one way; and* Corruption, *leading* Ambition, *the other. Then enter the* Muses *and the liberal* Arts, *with proper habits and ensigns, who seem to beg protection of the Priests and the Civil Power; but being commanded to fall down and worship the figure of* Imposture, *they refuse; upon which they are immediately chained and fettered, and cast down bound before it.*

And now the Civil and Ecclesiastical Powers seem perfectly secure; they shake hands, they embrace, and after a formal solemn dance, in which they alternately bow and reverence each other, they are walking off the stage, when they meet with the goddess of Liberty, *who leads in the Philosophers, walks boldly up to the figure of* Imposture, *and striking it with her wand, speaks as follows:*

Hence, Delusion, hence, away;
Nor in Britain dare to stay:
To some foreign land retire,
Where dull ign'rance may admire:
Here, amongst the brave and free,
Truth shall rise, and dwell with me.

Then waving her wand, Imposture *immediately sinks; and the goddess of* Truth, *arrayed in robes of white, yet drest with the greatest plainness and simplicity, arises in its room, whom* Liberty *addresses in the following*

AIR:

Fairest daughter of the skies,
Hither turn thy radiant eyes;
Thou hast lovers here shall trace,
Every charm and every grace:
Sons of wisdom, who admire,
Sons of freedom, all on fire;
Hither, goddess, hither turn;
Britons for thy beauties burn.

And now the Arts *and* Muses *seem rejoiced, they rise gradually upon their feet, their chains are taken off by* Liberty, *who leads up a dance, in which the Philosophers join with the Muses, all of them in the dance making frequent obeisance to the goddess of* Truth.

During all this, the powers of Tyranny and Priestcraft are in great dread and confusion. Tyranny threatens with his sword, and the Priest wields a thunder-bolt; but ineffectual and in vain; for at the end of the dance, Truth *and* Liberty *advancing fearless to their opposites, they drop their weapons and submit. After which,* Liberty, *addressing herself to them, speaks as follows:*

O why, ye powers, that rule the race of man,
And you that should instruct him to be wise
And good; why will ye join, O why, in league
Unnatural, to blind and to enslave!
When to reform his morals, and protect
His native rights, are your sole provinces,
From which perform'd, your safety, glory, all
That make kings great, and priests rever'd arise.

AIR.

He whose heart with social fire
Burns to do what good he can;
Sure, by the celestial Sire,
Will be deem'd the worthiest man:
So the patriot warmly prest
In his country's sacred cause,
Of all subjects is the best,
Best deserves his king's applause.

TRUTH.

Princes, give ear; give ear, ye reverend seers;
And let the words of Truth make deep impression.
Man was not made for kings, but kings for man.
And that proud tyrant who invades the rights
His hand was scepter'd to defend, becomes
A sovereign rebel. As that priest, who for
The oracles of Heaven gives human creeds,
And, wrapt in mysteries, sneering moral worth,
Delights to puzzle and confound the mind,
Which 'tis his sacred office to enlighten,
Falls from Heaven's minister to that of Hell;
And for man's teacher under God, becomes,
Under the devil, deputy seducer.

AIR.

Yet how sacred! how divine!
Kings and priests have power to be!
At the throne, or at the shrine,
Man might bow, and still be free:
Let the prelate virtue bring,
Let the prince with goodness sway;
To the priest and to the king,
All will due obedience pay.

CHORUS.

Power and goodness, when they join,
Make kings sacred, priests divine.

THE ART OF PREACHING:

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

[1] SHOULD some strange poet, in his piece, affect
Pope's nervous style, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd;
Prink Milton's true sublime with Cowley's wit;
And garnish Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit;
Would you not laugh? Trust me, that priest's as bad,
Who in a style now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,
Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.
[2] Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,
And by bold strokes have often rose to fame:
But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
Serve only to make fools and children stare;
And in religion's name if priests dispense
Flat contradictions to all common sense;
Tho' gaping bigots wonder and believe,
The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.
[3] Some take a text sublime, and fraught with sense,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent, with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite;
Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
Or make some crabbed passage more perplext:
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.
[4] Most preachers err (except the wiser few)
Thinking establish'd doctrines, therefore true:
[5] Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:
[6] Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots, or free-thinkers split.
[7] The very meanest dabbler at Whitehall
Can rail at papists, or poor quakers maul;
But when of some great truth he aims to preach,
Alas, he finds it far beyond his reach.
[8] Young deacons, try your strength, and strive to find
A subject suited to your turn of mind;
Method and words are easily your own,
Or should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.
[9] Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,
Depends on rightly timing a discourse.
Before the l—ds or c—mm—ns——— far from nice,
Say boldly—brib'ry is a dirty vice—
But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—
Of which this honourable house is clear.
[10] Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
To bring forth hidden truths and make them known.
Yet in all new opinions, have a care,
Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:
[11] And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd,
Let them from scripture plainly be deriv'd.

[1] Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem.

[2] ———Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas—
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia— [fessis—
[3] Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna pro-
[4] Maxima pars vatum—
Decipimur specie recti—
[5] Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
[6] In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
[7] Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungue
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet——
[8] Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus——
[9] Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat; et præsens in tempus omittat—
[10] In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis—
[11] Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem,
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta.

[12] Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
For innovations, yet approve the same
In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are these
Call'd wise reformers, those mad sectaries!
'Tis most unjust: [13] Men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write
Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be
The public peace, as private liberty.
[14] Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.
Once the pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes,
Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,
There's not a prince in Christendom will kneel.
Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and sickening errour droop:
She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light
Kind Heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.
[15] States to embroil, and faction to display,
In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way.
[16] The fun'ral sermon, when it first began,
Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;
Now any wretch, for one small piece of gold,
Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:
But whence this custom rose, who can decide?
From priestly av'rice? or from human pride?
[17] Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles dim'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.
[18] Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,
And greatest made, unworthy to be least,
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,
Power his great god, and interest his sole guide?
[19] To touch the passions, let your style be plain;
The praise of virtue asks a higher strain:
Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive
The utmost force that eloquence can give;
As sometimes, in elogiums, 'tis the art,
With plain simplicity to win the heart.
[20] 'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make *us* feel it, *you* must feel it too: [part
Show your self warm'd, and that will warmth im-
To every hearer's sympathizing heart.
Does generous Foster virtue's laws enforce?
All give attention to the warm discourse:
But who a cold, dull, lifeless drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.

[11] ——————Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ——

[13] —— Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota procudere nomen.

[14] Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos—

[15] Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

[16] Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

[17] Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum—
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

[18] Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poëta salutor?
Cur nescire—quam discere malo?

[19] Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—
Interdum tamen & vocem comædia tollit;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

[20] Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata—
——male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

[21] In censuring vice, be earnest and severe;
In stating dubious points, concise and clear;
Anger requires stern looks and threat'ning style;
But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.
These different changes common sense will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach;
For should your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different subjects be the same,
Despis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,
And hide such talents in some country town.
[22] It much concerns a preacher first to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Amongst the citizens be grave and slow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple Church asks Sherlock's sense and skill;
Beyond the Tower—no matter—what you will.
[23] In facts or notions drawn from sacred writ,
Be orthodox, nor cavil to show wit:
Let Adam lose a rib to gain a wife,
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life,
Let Moses work strange wonders with his rod,
And let the Sun stand still at Joshua's nod,
Let Solomon be wise, and Sampson strong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's ass a tongue.
[24] But if your daring genius is so bold
To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,
With care proceed, you tread a dangerous path;
Errour establish'd grows establish'd faith.
'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule
To teach in pulpit what you learnt at school;
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
If you expect to thrive or wear lawn sleeves,
[25] Some loudly bluster, and consign to Hell
All who dare doubt one word or syllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without use or ends:
[26] Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
T' enlarge the path to Heaven, than to confine:
Insist alone on useful points, or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.
[27] If you expect or hope that we should stay
Your whole discourse, nor strive to slink away;
Some common faults there are you must avoid,
To every age and circumstance ally'd.
[28] A pert young student just from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,
Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ;
Or deep immers'd in politic debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.

[21] ————Tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: ——

[22] Intererit multum Davusne loquator an heros—

[23] Famam sequere————

[24] Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam; ——
——————tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus—

[25] Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim—

[26] Quanto rectiùs hic——

[27] Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque
Suffuri donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores—

[28] Reddere qui voces jam scit puer——

[29] These trifles with maturer age forgot,
Now some good benefice employs his thought;
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline
To all his notions civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day,
And as that scripture guides, must preach and pray.
[30] Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right reverendly inclin'd.
Power and preferment still so sweetly call,
The voice of Heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting bishopric in view,
He's strictly orthodox and loyal too;
With equal zeal defends the church and state,
And infidels and rebels share his hate.
[31] Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand;
Some still obscure, tho' thousands have explain'd:
Those influence more which reason can conceive,
Than such as we thro' faith alone believe;
In those we judge, in these you *may* deceive:
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
The wisest preachers choose to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all human kind;
How three is one, and one is three combin'd;
How certain prescience checks not future will;
And why Almighty Goodness suffers ill;
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.
[32] If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.
[33] Never presume the name of God to bring
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.
[34] Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.
In songs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame:
Or thence descending view this globe below,
And praise the source of every bliss we know.
[35] In ancient times, when Heaven was to be
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd, [prais'd,
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd:
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd;
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a raree-show:

[29] Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias—
[30] Multa senem circumveniunt——
[31] Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.——
—in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem;
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
[32] Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula.——
[33] Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit:——
[34] Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat.——
[35] Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco vincta, tu-
Æmula; sed tenuis simplexque—— [bæque
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impune diebus;
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?

Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.
Mysterious turnpikes block up Heaven's highway,
And for a ticket, we our reason pay.
[36] These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion and its priests, by every fool
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the coat, but tore the fringe away *.
[37] Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind?
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,
His country's love in every breast to plant;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content:
When such the man, how amiable the priest;
Of all mankind the worthiest, and the best.
[38] Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed points explain,
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten path,
Morals please some, and others points of faith:
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whose discourses truth and virtue join:
These are the sermons which will ever live,
By these our Tonsons and our Knaptons thrive;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,
Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.
[39] Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your rules are useful, short and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain:
But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.
[40] But priests are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none should be severe;
All are not masters of the same good sense,
Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errours with an honest mind,
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind;
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride.
[41] Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force;

[36] Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit——
[37] Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium &
fons.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis.
* *Vide* Martin in the Tale of a Tub.
[38] Centuriæ seniorem agitant expertia frugis;
Celsi præterevunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.——
[39] Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ—
[40] Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus——
[41] Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex

With equal pleasure some attentive sit,
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.
What then? Because your audience most are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place,
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

[42] In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to see
One word of sense, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
I grieve to see it, but 'tis no surprise,
The greatest men are not at all times wise.

[43] Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,
But never will a serious reading bear;
Some in the closet edify enough,
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill preaching spoil
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style;
Whilst others by the force of eloquence, [sense.
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common

[44] In every science, they that hope to rise,
Set great examples still before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden;
But all will preach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.
Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
A priest may grow right-reverend without.

[45] Preachers and preaching were at first de-
For common benefit to all mankind. [sign'd
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their
Were honour'd with the title of *divine*. [line
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith;
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.

[46] Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask 's a jest:
We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who'd like Herring, or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.

[42] Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror; & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

[43] Ut picture, poësis erit: quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes.

[44] Ludere qui nescit, compestribus abstinet armis——
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?

[45] ——Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:
Concubitu probibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno——
——Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit——
—— Post hos ——
—— Animos in tristia bella
Versibus exacuit.

[46] Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est.

[47] He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in style, and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,
And never preach one sermon of their own;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.

[48] As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,
Where empty boasts of much superior sense,
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great Henley* hires for half-a-crown
A quack advertisement, to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on:
Where all who love the science of debate,
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.

[49] When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They first of his capacities inquire.
If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,
If not too nice to bear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jest,
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

[50] If bards to Pope indifferent verses show,
He is too honest not to tell them so.
This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,
These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off;
How useful every word from such a friend!
But parsons are too proud *their* works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too sacred to be criticis'd,
And rather choose to let them be despis'd.

[51] He that is wise will not presume to laugh
At priests, or church-affairs; it is not safe.
Think there exists, and let it check your sport,
That dreadful monster call'd a spiritual court.
Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call;
Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the useful friend:—

[47] Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit——

[48] Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas ——

[49] Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitiâ dignus; ——

[50] Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes——
——ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget.

* Orator Henley.

[51] Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui sapiunt: ——
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura autem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

'Twas thus the Muse her eager flight began,
Ardent to sing the poet and the man:
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,
And you, at least, would think it flattery;
Hating the thought, I check my forward strain,
I change my style, and thus begin again:
As when some student first with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if *this* be just? if *that* be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts op-
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees, [press:
His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees; [plight,
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged
And vice's triumph, all are just and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.
So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill-exprest, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
But reading more attentive, soon I found,
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.
Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his powers adapted just to that.
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
How all to good, to happiness conduce.
Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
And still the more I read, admire the more.
This simile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming some design or plan,
To aid my Muse, and guide her wand'ring lay,
When sudden to my mind came honest Gay.
For form or method I no more contend,
But strive to copy that ingenious friend[1]:
Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose—
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.
"Where are ye now"—ye critics, shall I say?
Or owls, who sicken at this god of day?
"What! mighty scribblers, will you let him go
Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?
Step forth, some great distinguish'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you silence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you must succeed;
He cannot answer—for he will not read."
Here paus'd the Muse—alas! the jade is bit,
She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.
She paus'd, indeed—broke off as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on:
"Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and saints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.
First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,
Can censure and direct th' Eternal Mind,
Ingenious *wits*, who modestly pretend
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reason's spight,
To hear him prove, '*Whatever is, is right!*'
Alas! how easy to confute the song!
If all is right, how came your heads so wrong?
"And come, ye solemn *fools*, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never understand,
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove it too?
Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to *you*.

[1] In his first Epistle.

"Come too, ye *libertines*, who lust for pow'r,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore;
All who true sensual happiness adhere to,
And laugh him out of this old fashion'd virtue;
Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd
Your only bliss—How odd is some men's taste!
"And come, ye rigid *saints*, with looks demure,
Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure.
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
Which give your proud hypocrisy the lie:
Which own the best have failings, not a few;
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as *you*.
"What! shall he taint such perfect souls with-
ill?
Shall sots not place their bliss in what they will?
Nor fools be fools? Nor wits sublime descend
In charity to Heav'n its works to mend? [plain,
Laughs he at these?—'Tis monstrous. To be
I'd have ye write—He can but laugh again."
Here lifting up my head, surpris'd, I see
Close at my elbow, flattering Vanity.
From her soft whispers soon I found it came,
That I suppos'd myself not one of them.
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!
I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.
For Vanity abash'd, up to my ear
Steps honest Truth, and these sharp words I hear;
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
Alike to *Pope* such censure and such praise.
Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,
Who owes to virtue, and himself, his fame."

ON GOOD AND ILL-NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

In virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,
And boldly censure the degenerate crew:
To scorn, with equal justice, to deride [pride;
The poor man's worth, or soothe the great one's
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste,
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,
For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.
To such extent good-nature now is spread,
To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred:
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good—'tis gloriously true,
The most ill-natur'd man alive, is *you*.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHESY.

When dark Oblivion, in her sable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
Of Time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)
On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,
Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin shall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring sage [there,
Pointing the place, shall cry, "The bard liv'd

"Whose song was music to the listening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame;
Easy his manners, but his life severe;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

"Sequester'd from the fool, and coxcomb-wit,
Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found;
'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sat and writ,
Here with his friends the social glass went round."

With awful veneration shall they trace
The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
From whence thy genius soar'd to Nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
To please their friends, on every distant shore,
Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Come, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,
Friends to the Muse, and judges of her song;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along;
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the art, [the heart.
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod, [law?
Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the
Who now, high-soaring to the throne of God,
In Nature's moral cause his pen shall draw?
Let none pretend! he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

Vice now, secure, her blushless front shall raise,
And all her triumph be thro' Britain borne;
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase praise,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn;
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

Ye tuneless bards, now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence;
Ye tasteless peers, now build and plant your fill,
Tho' splendor borrows not one ray from sense:
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

But, come, ye chosen, ye selected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendship, join'd,
The social virtues of his heart who knew,
And tasted all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to charm the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

And, O great shade! permit thy humblest friend
His sigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condescend [lay,
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak yet well-meant
Lamenting thus; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

Whence comes it, L—, that ev'ry fool,
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world disdains;
Himself the only person blest with sight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?
'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,
That want of sense should make us think we're wise:
Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can least confute, will most contend.
I love the man, I love him from my soul,
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims controul;
With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;
Hears every reason, every passion hides,
Debates with calmness, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit,
But these are very rare. How happy he
Who tastes such converse, L—, with thee!
Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,
Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;
Thro' reason's paths in search of Truth proceed,
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;
Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.
How far from this the furious noisy crew,
Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And strength of argument from strength of lungs,
Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,
And drives his argument thro' both your ears;
And whether truth or falshood, right or wrong,
'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—tongue.
In all disputes he bravely wins the day,
No wonder—for he hears not what you say.
But tho' to tire the ear's sufficient curse,
To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
Prato, a formal sage, debates with care,
A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.
If he asserts, tho' what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.
This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so; [know,
And therefore, therefore,—that, and that, you
Circles no angles have; a square has four:
A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.

The sum of Prato's wond'rous wisdom is,
This is not that, and therefore, that not this.
Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The first, for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.
In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;
The man's impos'd on by his very nose;
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very pow'r to doubt.
Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird?
He cannot tell upon his honest word.
'Tis strange, so plain a point's so hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.
Another class of disputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
These are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.
Vagarious, and confute him if you can,
Will hold debate with any mortal man,
He roves from Genesis to Revelations,
And quite confounds you with divine quotations.
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;
He contradicts you, and in half an hour
Most plainly proves—pope Joan the scarlet whore,
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;
Most of them true, but so together tost
Without connection, that their sense is lost.
But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
Another clan alarms us; face about:
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,
And with great names and numbers, strike us dumb.
With these an errour venerable appears,
For having been believ'd three thousand years.
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,
And strength of argument's no strength at all.
But on, my Muse, tho' multitudes oppose us,
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:
Nor fear, tho' ancient sages are subjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
Plato and Aristotle were but men.
I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
And therefore no sufficient guides for me.
An errour, tho' by half the world espous'd,
Is still an errour, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
How foolish then will look your mighty wise,
Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!
But on, my Muse, another tribe demands
Thy censure yet: nor should they 'scape thy hands.
These are the passionate; who in dispute,
Demand submission, monarchs absolute.
Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all those for fools that won't submit.
Sir Testy (thwart sir Testy if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every star.
If you presume to say this mayn't be true,
"You lie, sir, you're a fool and blockhead too."
What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;
But men are so perverse they will not hear.
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;
Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page;
And Thompson's Liberty corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare presume,
"Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy," fill the room.
Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,
Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roast sir-loin:
Of this he knew sir Testy could not eat,
And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
The rest begin,—"Sir Testy, pray fall to—
You love roast beef, sir, come—I know you do."
"Excuse me, sir, 't is what I never eat."
"How, sir! not love roast beef! the king of meat!"
"'Tis true indeed." "Indeed it is not true;
I love it, sir, and you must love it too."
"I can't upon my word." "Then you're a fool,
And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.
Not love roast beef!—come, come, sirs, fill his plate,
I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d—ye, eat."
Sir Testy finding what it was they meant,
Rose in a passion, and away he went.

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'M often drawn to make a stop,
And gaze upon a picture shop.
There have I seen (as who that tarries
Has not the same?) a head that varies;
And as in diff'rent views expos'd,
A diff'rent figure is disclos'd.
This way a fool's head is express'd,
Whose very count'nance is a jest;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiser people sport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculously grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the position,
You're frighted with the apparition:
A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead,
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accosts the sight;
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.
Thus true religion fares. For when
By silly or designing men,
In false or foolish lights 't is plac'd,
'T is made a bugbear, or a jest.
Here by a set of men 't is thought
A scheme, by politicians wrought,
To strengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:
And these, to show sublimer parts,
Cast all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of priests, and politicians' fools.
Some view it in another light,
Less wicked, but as foolish quite:
And these are such as blindly place it
In superstitions that disgrace it;
And think the essence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries:
In points of faith and speculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With these it is a heinous crime
To cough or spit in sermon-time:

'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday:
To dine without first saying grace, is
Enough to lose in Heaven their places;
But goodness, honesty and virtue,
Are what they've not the least regard to.
Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view!
Think it consists in strange severities:
In fastings, weepings, and austerities.
False notions their weak minds possess,
Of faith, and grace, and holiness:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities:
They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
All their endeavours will be bootless;
And dreadful Furies *in æternum*,
In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.
But, oh how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To these it shines divinely bright,
No clouds obscure its native light;
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

To scourge the riot and intemperate lust,
Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,
Offended Heaven sent forth, in vengeance just,
The dire inexorable fury, Pain;
Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails,
The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,
Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men
Sends out the ministers of dire distress:
Repentance, Shame, Despair, each acts her part;
Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the smart.

He whose luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean to supply his board;
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd
The wholesome gifts of Nature's bounteous Lord;
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd stomach loathe the daintiest food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorse ensues, and agony of soul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain:
Gout, fever, stone, to madness heighten grief;
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief.

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to seek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, shall in his face descry
The mark indelible of foul disgrace:
Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs and groans.

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless hands
With lavish tasteless pride, commits expense;
Ruin'd, perceives his waning age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies past,
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high presuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who slights the care and caution of the wise,
Nor fears hot Summer's rage, nor Winter's frown:
Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man;
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus Nature's God inflicts, by Nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by physical prevent:
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,
Ev'n in those very groans our chastisements shall raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;
Lest fell Despair, in league with cruel Pain,
Should drive him desperate in their wild excess;
Kind Hope her daughter Patience sent from high,
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trickling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm Patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm breath,
And strong persuasive eloquence prevail
Against the rage of Pain, the fear of Death:
Come, lenient Beauty, spread thy healing wing,
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises sing.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,
Where dullness teases, or pert noise assails;
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
And money purchases where merit fails;
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,
If Patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

No state of life but must to Patience bow:
The tradesman must have patience for his bill,
He must have patience who to law will go,
And should he lose his right, more patience still.
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a strife,
How oft, how long must man have patience with his wife?

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and bolusses assail!
Which he must swallow down with all his might;
Ev'n then when health, and strength, and spirits fail.
Dear doctors, find some gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her theme,
Till lost and puzzled, she all theme forgets;
Yet still talks on with unabating speed;
Good gods! who bears her out, must patience have indeed.

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So when some grave, deep-learned, sound divine
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every sentence more and more perplext;
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?
Then, with a whisper'd promise in his ear,
Wait its accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the bounds of patience if he burst,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd first.

O Patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,
Against the insolence of pride and power;
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I sing.

KITTY.

A PASTORAL.

Beneath a cool shade, by the side of a stream,
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his Kitty his theme:
"Thy beauties comparing, my dearest," said he,
"There's nothing in Nature so lovely as thee.

"Tho' distance divides us, I view thy dear face,
And wander in transport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O gods! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty!

"Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me arise,
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine eyes.

"Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn;
But look on my Kitty!—there sweetly does blow,
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

"See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And proud of its colour, would vie with her blush.
Vain boaster! thy beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

"Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteness unrivall'd, now droop and look pale;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in submission to you.

"The Zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—
'My dear.'

"I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,
How sweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
I have music enough while my Kitty's below.

"With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree:
Ah fools! thus to labour, to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

"See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each other's bosom we lie.

"It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

"As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,
Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

"Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,
And as some fade and die, others bud and look green;
The charms of my Kitty are constant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

"But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,
And darkness approaches to hinder my sight:
To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms."

COLIN'S KISSES.

SONG I. THE TUTOR.

Come, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.
Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush, and down-cast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face,
Kiss me, press me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.
Every tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
Every extasy sincere.

SONG II. THE IMAGINARY KISS.

When Fanny I saw as she tript o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, soft, artless and kind;
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
And warmness with modesty join'd:
Transported with sudden amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

"Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty," I cry,
"What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die,
O Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!"
Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Soft transport my senses invade, [fled,
Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

SONG III. THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely ruby lips, to mine;
To the bee the flow'ry field
Such a banquet does not yield;
Not the dewy morning-rose
So much sweetness does enclose;
Not the gods such nectar sip,
As Colin from thy balmy lip:
Kiss me then, with rapture kiss,
We'll surpass the gods in bliss.

SONG IV. THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
O'er her breast each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing:
Tempted with the swelling charms,
Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
Softly stole into her arms,
Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he prest,
In the extasy of loving:
Chloe, waken'd with his kiss,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cry'd, "true lovers share the bliss;
Why then, Colin, would you steal it?"

SONG V. THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms;
Let me taste again thy charms;
Kiss me, press me to thy breast
In raptures not to be exprest.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist;
Throw thy arms around my neck:
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladness flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts shall show,
Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

SONG VI. THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Tho' we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here,
All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then e'er we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

SONG VII. THE BORROWED KISS.

SEE, I languish, see, I faint,
I must borrow, beg, or steal;
Can you see a soul in want,
And no kind compassion feel?
Give, or lend, or let me take
One sweet kiss, I ask no more;
One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
Kind, compassionate and sweet,
"Colin, it's a sin to steal,
And for me to give's not meet:
But I'll lend a kiss, or twain,
To poor Colin in distress;
Not that I'd be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing less."

SONG VIII. THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
Thousands will not pay that one.

"Lest the debt should break your heart,"
Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
"Come, a hundred then in part,
For the present shall suffice."

SONG IX. THE SECRET KISS.

AT the silent evening hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower
Sought their mutual bliss;
Tho' her heart was just relenting,
Tho' her eyes seem'd just consenting,
Yet she fear'd to kiss.

"Since this secret shade," he cry'd,
"Will those rosy blushes hide,
Why will you resist?
When no tell-tale spy is near us,
Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,
Who would not be kiss'd?"

Molly hearing what he said,
Blushing lifted up her head,
Her breast soft wishes fill;
"Since," she cry'd, "no spy is near us,
Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiss—or what you will."

SONG X. THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
Cælia, who can speak my bliss?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss?
Every look with love inspires me,
Every touch my bosom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish!
Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
When the transport is so sweet.

Look not so divinely on me,
Cælia, I shall die with bliss;
Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

SONG XI. THE RECONCILING KISS.

"Why that sadness on thy brow?
Why that starting crystal tear?
Dearest Polly, let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear."
Polly with a sigh reply'd,
"What need I the cause impart?
Did you not this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart."

Colin, melting as she spoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms;
"Oh my dear! that tender look,
Every passion quite disarms:
By this dear relenting kiss,
I'd no anger in my thought;
Come, my love, by this, and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot."

As when sudden stormy rain
Every drooping flow'ret spoils;
When the Sun shines out again,
All the face of Nature smiles:
Polly, so reviv'd and cheer'd
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head up-rear'd,
Sweetly smiling in his face.

SONG XIII. THE MUTUAL KISS.

"Cælia, by those smiling graces
Which my panting bosom warm;
By the heaven of thy embraces,
By thy wond'rous power to charm;
By those soft bewitching glances,
Which my inmost bosom move;
By those lips, whose kiss entrances,
Thee, and thee alone I love."

"By thy god-like art of loving,"
Cælia, with a blush, replies;
"By thy heavenly power of moving,
All my soul to sympathize;
By thy eager fond caresses,
By those arms around me thrown;
By that look, which truth expresses,
My fond heart is all thy own."

Thus, with glowing inclination,
They indulge the tender bliss;
And to bind the lasting passion,
Seal it with a mutual kiss:
Close, in fond embraces, lying,
They together seem to grow;
Such supreme delight enjoying,
As true lovers only know.

THE WIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

The virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a *wife*,
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely Woman! Nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous Heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days:
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from Nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given:
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his joys allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does Fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair, with softening art,
Will soothe our woes, or bear a willing part.
"But are all women of the soothing kind?
In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?
Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate molest?
And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?"
Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife;
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.
Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among,
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling Nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease exprest.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

Among the neighbouring youths who strove to gain Fidelia's heart, Lysander made his addresses. He was a younger brother, of a good family, but small fortune. His person was handsome and genteel, his manners easy and engaging. With these advantages he soon obtained a place in young Fidelia's heart; and, as her fortune, which was very considerable, was in her own dispose, there was no obstacle to their happiness; with all the eloquence of a lover, he pressed the consummation of his wishes, a tender softness pleads within her breast, she yields to the force of his persuasions, and they are married.

Who can express the pleasures which they now enjoy? To make her happy seemed the scope of all his actions, and such a growing fondness warmed her heart, that every day endeared him more and more. The fortune which she brought he managed with prudence and discretion; and the pleasure which he found in her sweet behaviour, and enchanting beauties, repaid his cares with interest. Thus flew the hours, winged with delight; the day passed not without some new endearment; and the night felt nameless raptures, or serene repose.

Before the end of two years their loves were crowned with a smiling boy. If any thing could increase their fondness of each other it was this engaging pledge of their affection. But, alas! how variable is the heart of man! how easily are his passions inflamed! how soon his best affections altered! and reason, which should be his guide, is but as the light of a candle, which the least gust of passion can puff out, and quite extinguish. Of this unhappy truth, Lysander soon became a fatal instance.

It happened at this time, whether by accident or design I know not, that a creature of exquisite beauty, but of infamous character, came to lodge exactly over against the house of this, till then, most happy pair. As Lysander was not only possest of a handsome person, but now also of an ample fortune, immediately a thousand arts were tried by this inveigling harlot, to attract his observation, and if possible to ensnare his heart. At her window, in his sight, she would appear in a loose and tempting dishabille. Now in a seeming negligence discover her white naked breasts, then with a leering smile pretend to hide them from his sight. Her wanton eyes, all sparkling with delight, she now would fix with eagerness upon him; then in a soft and languishing air by slow degrees withdraw, yet looking back as loath to leave the place.

As Lysander had too much experience of the world, not to understand this amorous language, so his heart was too susceptible of the tender passion not to feel its force. And unable to withstand the daily repetition of these provoking temptations, he at last determined to go over privately one evening and make her a visit. It will be needless to say he was kindly received, how kindly, will be better imagined than expressed. Here had he stopped, this one transgression might have been forgiven: but such was his infatuation, that from this time his visits became frequent: he was so intoxicated with her charms (for indeed she was handsome) and so bewitched with her alluring blandishments, that the modest beauty of his fair and virtuous wife became at once neglected, and at length despised.

Poor Fidelia! who can express the agonies of her heart when first the fatal secret she discovered? Conscious on how many accounts she merited his love, pride and resentment for some time struggled with her affection; but such was the softness of her nature, such the tenderness of her passion, that she was not able to reproach him any other way than by a silent grief. Alone she pined, and like a lily in the secret vale drooped her fair head, unfriended and unseen. Of what must be his heart, that such endearing softness could not melt, that such engaging virtue shamed not into goodness! But such is the nature of vice, that it hardens the heart to all humane and generous impressions. At first, perhaps, his virtue made some efforts in her favour; but the trouble it cost him to suppress them when the rage of his new-kindled flame returned, made him by degrees unwilling to indulge them. Thus endeavouring to smother all remains of gratitude or compassion, he became at length as insensible to her grief as to her wrongs.

Barbarian! how canst thou lavish on abandoned vileness that wealth, which love and unsuspecting virtue trusted to thy hand! how canst thou leave that angel-sweetness, that untainted rose, for paint, polluted charms, and prostitution! how canst thou see thy tender innocent babe suck with its milk those grief-distilling drops that fall incessant on her snowy breast, for thy unkind neglect! Unfeeling wretch! But what is man not capable to do, when blind with passion, hardened with his guilt? Alas! this is but the beginning of her woes; and nothing to the grief this hapless fair one is ordained to suffer. Indifference is soon succeeded by ill nature and ill usage. He now no longer makes a secret of his base intrigue. Whole days and nights are spent in her lewd chambers, shameless and open in the sight of the world, and in the very face of his insulted, injured, unoffending wife.

But this was not enough. Home, and the sight of this affronted, yet still patient virtue, became uneasy and disgustful. He is therefore determined to remove her from him. But the means of bringing this about were as infamous, as the desire of doing it was cruel. His valet de chambre, whose name was Craven, had lived with him some years, and was a man whom he found to be capable of any villany he should think fit to employ him in. This man he prevailed with, by large gifts and many promises, to conceal himself in Fidelia's bed-chamber, "and continue there," said he to him, "till after she is in bed; when I will come in and pretend to surprise you with her: and in the confusion which will follow, do you slip out of the room, and make your escape." This detestable scheme was no sooner concerted, than it was put in execution. He that very evening found means to hide himself in the chamber of this innocent lady, who at her usual hour repaired to rest. After committing herself to Heaven, and with a shower of tears bewailing her hard fate, she closed her eyes in sleep. Protect her, Heaven, support her in this hour, when he who should protect her and support, is basely undermining and betraying her!

Sleep had no sooner closed her grief-swoln eyes, than her husband rushed into the chamber, and with feign'd rage and frightful imprecations demanded the adulterer. Surprised with terrour and astonishment she started from her sleep, and in a trembling voice desired to know the occasion of his anger. He gave no answer to her entreaties, but continuing his pretended rage, sought every corner of the room; and from beneath the bed at length pulled out the hidden traitor. This unexpected sight, and the appearance of so shocking a discovery, so terrified the poor amazed Fidelia, that, for a time, her senses seemed suspended. While thus her husband: "Is this, madam, the truth, the purity which you so much pretended! Is this your innocence! Is this the secret idol of your false devotion! Dissembling harlot! I long indeed have had suspicions what you were, at last I have pulled off the mask, and my pretended saint is now detected." "O Heaven and Earth!" cried out Fidelia, "do you then believe me guilty? do you believe I know aught of this vile man! that I encouraged, or that I concealed him! Suspected what I am! Good Heaven, what am I? Am I not your wife? would God I were not! O Lysander, there needed not this; my heart before was broke, why

would you murder too my innocence?" "Your innocence!" returned the brute: "and have you the assurance after this to talk of innocence? No, no, madam, I will not murder your innocence, the law shall do you justice." Saying this, he turned from her and was going to leave the room; when falling on her knees, and catching hold of his coat, in broken accents and a flood of tears, she thus addrest him: "O Lysander, O my dear husband! if yet it is permitted me to call you by that name, let me entreat, nay beg upon my knees, you will not thus expose my yet untainted name to public infamy, nor let the leprous blast of scandal-bearing tongues make foul my spotless honour. I shall not long stand in the way of your pleasures; my bursting heart can hold but a very little while; O let me leave the world unblemished! then shall I die in peace, and my last parting breath shall bless and call you kind. But if I must not, as I sadly fear I must not stay; O let me in some friendly darksome night, when not an eye can see me, steal from your house, my infant in my arms, and wandering to some lonely hut, or distant village, die there unknown in silent grief, for I will never complain, and save you the reproach of having used me thus."

This last proposal was the very thing he wished; so turning to her with a scornful look, he told her she might take her brat and go whither she would as soon as she pleased; then breaking rudely from her, left her on the floor. What language can express the agonies she felt at this hard usage! she arose from the floor where his barbarity had left her, and putting on the meanest clothes she had, went to the bed where lay her sleeping babe, kissed and wept over it for some time, then took it in her arms, and laying it to her breast, departed from her house that very night.

Here for the present let us leave this poor unhappy wanderer, with Providence her sole guide, and innocence her comfort; and turn to see what punishment will be prepared for her perfidious and inhuman husband. Now unrestrained he lived with his lewd paramour in all the heights of luxury and extravagance, and every pleasure for a while appeared to wait on his command. But soon her wanton waste and boundless riot brought him to distress.

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Cætera desunt.

ROME'S PARDON.

A TALE.

If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold;
And if those pardons may be bought and sold,
It were no sin t' adore and worship gold.
Rochester.

It happen'd on a certain time,
Two seigniors, who had spent the prime
Of youth in every wickedness,
Came to his holiness to confess;
Of which, the one had riches store,
The other (wicked wretch!) was poor,
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to Heaven a nearer way
Than those who all their life-time pray:
Which may effected be, they hope,
By buying pardon of the pope.
So calling fresh to mind their sins,
The rich offender thus begins:
"Most holy father, I have been,
I must confess, in many a sin.
All laws divine I've thought a joke;
All human laws for interest broke.
And to increase my ill-got store,
Thought it no crime to oppress the poor,
To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
Or any thing to gain my ends.
But now grown old, and near to die,
I do repent me heartily
Of all my vile offences past,
And in particular the last,
By which I wickedly beguil'd
A dead friend's son, my guardian child,
Of all his dear paternal store,
Which was ten thousand pounds or more;
Who since is starv'd to death by want,
And now sincerely I repent:
Which that your holiness may see,
One half the sum I've brought with me,
And thus I cast it at your feet,
Dispose of it as you think meet,
To pious uses, or your own,
I hope 'twill all my faults atone."
"Friend," quoth the pope, "I'm glad to see
Such true repentance wrought in thee;
But as your sins are very great,
You have but half repented yet:
Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
Unless the whole which thus you've gain'd
To pious uses be ordain'd."
"All!" cry'd the man, "I thought that half
Had been a pretty price enough."
"Nay," quoth the pope, "sir, if you hum
And haw at parting with the sum,
Go, keep it, do; and, damn your soul:
I tell you I must have the whole,
'Tis not a little thing procures
A pardon for such sins as yours."
Well—rather than be doom'd to go,
To dwell with everlasting woe,
One would give any thing, you know:
So th' other half was thrown down to't,
And then he soon obtain'd his suit;
A pardon for his sins was given,
And home he went assur'd of Heaven.
And now the poor man bends his knee;
"Most holy father, pardon me,
A poor and humble penitent
Who all my substance vilely spent
In every wanton, youthful pleasure;
But now I suffer out of measure;
With dire diseases being fraught
And eke so poor not worth a groat."
"Poor!" quoth the pope, "then cease your suit,
Indeed you may as well be mute;
Forbear your now too late contrition,
You're in a reprobate condition.
What! spend your wealth, and from the whole
Not save one souse to save your soul?
Oh, you're a sinner, and a hard one,
I wonder you can ask a pardon:
Friend, they're not had, unless you buy 'em,
You're therefore damn'd, as sure I am—

Vicegerent to the King of Heaven:
No, no, such sins can't be forgiven.
I cannot save you if I wou'd,
Nor would I do it if I cou'd."
Home goes the man in deep despair,
And died soon after he came there;
And went, 'tis said, to Hell: but sure
He was not damn'd for being poor!
But long he had not been below,
Before he saw his friend come too;
At this he was in great surprise,
And scarcely could believe his eyes:
"What, friend," said he, "are you come too?
I thought the pope had pardon'd you."
"Yes," quoth the man, "I thought so too;
But I was by the pope trepann'd—
The devil could not read his hand."

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK,

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

Forgive me, Duck, that such a Muse as mine,
Brings her weak aid to the support of thine;
In lines, which if the world should chance to see,
They'd find I pleaded for myself—in thee.
Yet some indulgence sure they ought to shew
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;
Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing;
I've just but tasted the Pierian spring:
But tho' my stock of learning yet is low;
Tho' yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
I fain wou'd hope it won't be always so.
The morning Sun emits a stronger ray,
Still as he rises tow'rds meridian day:
Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,
And dark'ning shadows shoot along the gleam;
Impending mists yet hover in the air,
And distant objects undistinct appear.
But as he rises in the eastern sky,
The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;
In all her various beauties shines th' enlighten'd plain.
So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain:
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and increases with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
Dark mists of errour melt and brighten into truth.
Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue so.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender Muses, learning now to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime.
The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay;
Virgil wrote not his Æneid in a day;
Nor is't impossible a time might be,
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a *pantry* nor a *barn:*
Yet *they*, as well as *we*, by slow degrees
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease.
Have you not seen? yes, oft you must have seen,
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The tim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest,
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;
From twig to twig their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.
But as their strength and feathers more increase,
Short flights thy take, and fly with greater ease:
Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,
Forsake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire;
Transported thence, with strong and steady wing
They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.
So you and I, just naked from the shell,
In chirping notes our future singing tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill:
Our flights are low, and want of art and strength
Forbids to carry us to the wish'd-for length.
But fledg'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,
We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lie the remains of Caroline,
Queen consort of Great Britain.
Whose virtues
Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd;
Now dead, her foes confess and admire.
Her ambition aspired to wisdom,
And attain'd it;
To knowledge,
And it fill'd her mind.
Patroness of the wise,
And a friend of the good,
She look'd, and modest merit rais'd its head;
She smil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.
Religion, plain and simple,
Dignify'd her mind,
Despising forms and useless pageantry.
Morals, clear and refin'd,
Dwelt in her heart,
And guided all her actions.
Virtue she lov'd, beneath her smile it flourish'd;
She frown'd on vice, and it was put to shame.
In fine,
Her life was a public blessing;
Her death is an universal loss.
O reader! if thou doubtest of these things,
Ask the cries of the fatherless, they shall tell thee,
And the tears of the widow shall confirm their truths
The sons of wisdom shall testify of her,
And the daughters of virtue bear her witness;
The voice of the nation shall applaud her,
And the heart of the king shall sigh her praise.

ON RICHES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. . . . .

To succour all whom grief or cares oppress,
To raise neglected merit from distress,
The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative.
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
And thousands feel, and bless their power in you,
But stay, my Muse, nor rashly urge thy theme.
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verse is praise. Consider—very few
Can justly say one single line's their due:

Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
An honest line prefer to a polite,
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.
  But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H———r;
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;
But finisht well, there's nothing charms so much.
A shining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart,
  Mecænas first the noble list shall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the first place.
O dear to every muse! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend, supporter of desert!
Is there a man, tho' poor, despis'd, oppreat,
Yet whose superior genius shines confest;
Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,
Or the politer Muse's sacred fire,
Learning and arts t'encourage and extend?
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.
  Wealth thus bestow'd returns in lasting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.
  Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, tho' blest with plenty, ease, and health,
His every want supply'd from boundless wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows
To see, or hear, or think on others woes.
Is there a wretch with pinching want oppreat?
His pain, till ease'd, is felt in Carus' breast.
Does any languish under dire disease?
Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And some expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to sympathize, and give relief.
  Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at interest in the bank of Heaven.
  But where's th' advantage then, will Corvus say,
If wealth is only lent to give away?
Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the power to give!
Thou canst not feel it: True, 'tis too divine
For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.
Comes is rich, below'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;
His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,
Inviting plenty smiles upon his board:
Easy and free, his friends his fortune share,
Ev'n travelling strangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,
He in return possesses all their hearts.
  Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?
  Is then the noble privilege to give,
The sole advantage we from wealth receive!
Whilst others' wants or merits we supply,
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?
Doubtless you have. A thousand different ways
Wealth may be self-enjoy'd, and all with praise.
Whom truth and reason guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his desires.
But shou'd pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool;
The Muse forbids. She only gives to sense
The dangerous province to contrive expense.
Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes delight,
His house, his gardens charm the ravish'd sight:
With beauty use, with grandeur neatness joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis costly: true, but who can blame the expense,
"Where splendor borrows all her rays from sense?"
  Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods
Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his soul, and charms his ear.
In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,
Plann'd by himself, he spends the peaceful hours:
Here serious thought pursues her thread serene,
No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious silence aids th' attentive mind,
The God of Nature in his works to find.
  If this t' enjoy affords him most delight,
Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?
  Publius in curious paintings wealth consumes,
The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;
Various designs, from each enliven'd wall, [all.
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms in
Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind convey
A smiling country, or a stormy sea;
Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,
And ships in danger fright us from the main.
There the past actions of illustrious men,
In strong description charm the world agen:
Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are wrought,
All its just passions animate the draught.
But see new charms break in a flood of day,
See Loves and Graces on the canvass play;
Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,
And light and shade retains the power to charm.
  Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,
Must wish the nobler art of painting lost.
  Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shews,
Critus admires her sister art, the Muse.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau
Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.
From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,
Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.
Hail, judge impartial! noble critic, hail!
In this thy day, good writing must prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they shou'd,
Please and improve us, make us wise and good.
  Thus bless'd with wealth, his genius each pursues,
In building, planting, painting, or the Muse.
O envy'd power!—But you'll object and say,
"How few employ it in this envied way?
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?"
No: But they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
Is it for gold the lawless villain spoils?
'Tis for the same the honest lab'rer toils.
Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:
Many, no doubt, thro' power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heaven reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE PETITION.

The various suppliants which address
Their pray'rs to Heaven on bended knees,
All hope alike for happiness,
Yet each petition disagrees.
Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss;
The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And sent for us t' admire below:
I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,
And hope you'll therefore think my title best.

I ask not heaps of shining gold,
No, if the gods vouchsafe
My longing arms may her infold,
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at best can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I ask not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all th' world t' outbrave;
The title I wou'd wish to gain,
Is,—Her most fav'rite slave:
To bow to her, a greater bliss wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power supreme,
Let meaner souls aspire;
To gain the sov'reignty from them
I stoop not to desire:
Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast,
Let petty princes for the world contest.

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and excess,
Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,
Whilst I to joys sublimer press:
Clasp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove,
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In short, I ask you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleasure give,
When health and strength decays:
Let but what time I have be spent with her's,
Each moment will be worth a thousand years.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Hence, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jars,
Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy,
Shall their powers employ,
To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.
Anger shall ne'er presume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, shall never the union divide.
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters!
Love commencing,
Joys dispensing;
Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures!

THE ADVICE.

Dost thou, my friend, desire to rise
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,
With constant steps do thou pursue.
For as the coward-soul admires
That courage which the brave inspires;
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes such a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infest,
How is an honest man caress'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue safe rely[1].

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

Ye fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
Nor think that I am joking;
When *she* wou'd, *he* cannot comply,
When *he* wou'd drink, *she's* not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns,
And fain, wou'd fain be doing:
But Chloe now, asleep or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disast'rous case,
When in the critical embrace
That only one is burning!
Dear doctors, set this matter right,
Give Strephon spirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Welcome, fair scene; welcome, thou lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the bustling great.

[1] This is only the first few verses of a very long and dull poem in The Muse in Livery, which the author did not think proper to republish.—*C.*

Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrapp'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
My soul, while Nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
To Nature's God contemplative shall rise.
What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene?
Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms
Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,
And oh descend to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue drest;
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show, farewell.
And see! oh see! the heav'n-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Beneath the myrtle's secret shade,
When Delia blest my eyes;
At first I view'd the lovely maid
In silent soft surprise.
With trembling voice, and anxious mind,
I softly whisper'd love;
She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.
Her lovely yielding form I prest,
Sweet maddening kisses stole;
And soon her swimming eyes confest
The wishes of her soul:
In wild tumultuous bliss, I cry,
"O Delia, now be kind!"
She press'd me close, and with a sigh,
To melting joys resign'd.

SONG.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who wou'd trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wond'rous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in errour, lives and dies.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE WORD "ONE PRIOR," IN THE SECOND VOLUME OF BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

One Prior!—and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim!
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

AN EPIGRAM.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven?"

"There are no women," he reply'd;
She quick returns the jest—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

A JEST.

Why pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But tho' each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face:
All mankind behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

MELPOMENE:

OR THE REGIONS OF TERROUR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

Queen of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To Nature's awful courts, where nurst of yore,
Young Shakspeare, Fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrow charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terrour shake us, or compassion warm,
As different strains control
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for other's woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove, [play;
'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's Muse, that breathes her melting lay,
This ardent prayer was made: [
When lo! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—m' astonished soul forsook.

Ah! whither goddess! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic shore?
These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrours never felt before?
Darkness inwraps me round;
While from the vast profound

Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horrour to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his lab'ring frame.
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choke:
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation? as grim Death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek, [may'd:
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dis-
Ah see! besmear'd with gore
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate assail;
Alternate they prevail: [conspire,
While conscious pride and shame with rage
And urge the latent sparks to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks:
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood,
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow sound? [hair?
Why with strange horrour starts my bristling
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghost slow-rising steals on air.
To where a mangled corse
'Expos'd without remorse
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the away—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

"Was it for this," he cries, "with kindly shower
Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd?
For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
O kindness ill repaid!
To bare the murdering blade
Against my life!—may Heav'n his guilt explore,
And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore."

He said, and stalk'd away.—Ah, goddess! cease
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous sound,
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terrour vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise;
New scenes salute my eyes,
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the plain, [plain.
And turtles coo around, and nightingales com-

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.
Her bosom heaves with sighs;
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship? yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!
What could such fury move!
Ah what, but ill-starr'd love?
The same fair object each fond heart enthralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can ought so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence;
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp't in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form so graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight;
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear;
And, as with grief ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear.
"Aspiring son of art,
Know, tho' thy feeling heart
Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown,
Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils disown.

"A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;
A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
Whence Otway's melting tears—
That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.

"But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
And all due honour to her precepts pay?
Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,
Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to stray?
Hast thou the Graces fair
Invok'd with ardent prayer?
'Tis they attire, as Nature must impart,
The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

"Then, if creative Genius pour his ray,
Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
And the deep source of passion stand confest:
Then may the listening train,
Affected, feel thy strain;
Feel grief or terrour, rage or pity move;
Change with the varying scenes, and every scene approve."

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But fear upon my lip her seal imprest.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celestial, fading on my sight,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE LEASOWS, 1754.

"How shall I fix my wand'ring eye? where find
The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
Some favouring power directs the happy lines
That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,
And scoops the dales to Nature's finest forms,
Vague, undetermin'd, infinite: untaught
By line or compass, yet supremely fair."
So spake Philemon, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From distant plains
He sought his friend's abode; nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Thro' lawn or thicket he pursued his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
With lines more bright than fancy paints the flowers
Of Paradise? what Naiad's guiding hand
Leads, thro' the broider'd vale, these lucid rills,
That murmuring as they flow, bear melody
Along their banks; and thro' the vocal shades,
Improve the music of the woodland choir?
What pensive Dryad rais'd yon solemn grove,
Where minds contemplative, at close of day
Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,
Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy?—
What room for doubt? some rural deity,
Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees:
And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
Penèus watered. Yes, some sylvan god
Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the woods,
Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes:
While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots
And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,
An open cavern all its rage entombs.
So vanish human glories! such the pomp
Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage
Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
"Yes, 'tis enchantment all—and see, the spells,
The powerful incantations, magic verse,
Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn.—
Spells!—incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
Thine are the numbers! thine the wond'rous work!
Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
And lightly weigh all sorcery, but thine.
No Naiad's leading step conducts the rill:
Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
In beauteous wildness, with fair spreading trees;
Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene.
'Tis thine own taste, thy genius, that presides,
Nor needs there other deity, nor needs [swain,
More potent spells than they."——No more the
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

AGRICULTURE.

A POEM.

To his royal highness the prince of Wales, this attempt to delineate such objects of public

virtue, as best may deserve the attention of a British prince, is, with the profoundest respect, most humbly inscribed, by his royal highness's most devoted, most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

If the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the public attention; it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is further confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistances of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest; the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry; his prospect of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public, without the approbations of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan[1]. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion; and most submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would in case of success have increased his reputation, he hopes if he hath failed they will soften his disgrace.

[1] The author's original design was to have written a poem, intitled, Public Virtue, in three books, 1. Agriculture. 2. Commerce. 3. Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition. Address to the prince of Wales. Invocation to the Genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milkmaid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great to study Agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth;
Of social commerce; of the nobler arts,
Which polish and adorn the life of man:
Objects demanding the supreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons;
The Muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!
The favourite of her wishes! thou, O prince,
On whom her fondest expectations wait,
Accept the verse; and, to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear.
Genius of Britain! pure Intelligence!
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign,
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;
Oh wake the breast of her aspiring son,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue.
From cultivation, from the useful toils
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth!
To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
And with a spirit congenial to your birth,
Regard his various labours thro' the year:
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.
The year declining, now hath left the fields
Divested of their honours: the strong glebe,
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes, and to his cares.
O ye, whom Fortune in her silken robe
Inwraps benign; whom Plenty's bounteous hand
Hath favour'd with distinction: Oh look down,
With smiles indulgent, on his new designs;
Assist his useful works, facilitate
His honest aims, nor in exaction's gripe [toils
Enthrall th' endeavouring swain. Think not his
Were meant alone to foster you in ease
And pamper'd indolence: nor grudge the meed,
Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
The labouring hand of useful industry.
Be yours the joy to propagate content;
With bounteous Heav'n co-operate, and reward
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring.
As in a garden, the enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
Which by its influence rise: so in his breast
Benevolent who gives the swains to thrive,
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.
But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
Gives labour hope; where sheltering shades arise,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;

Where arable and pasture duly mix;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the Muse,
And catch the moral lessons of her song.
Be frugal and be blest; frugality
Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,
Too small to bear profusion's wasteful hand.
Make temperance thy companion, so shall health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
To every useful work. And if to these
Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,
The love of industry, the glowing joy
Felt from each new improvement; then fair Peace,
With modest Neatness, in her decent garb,
Shall walk around thy dwelling: while the great,
Tir'd with the vast fatigue of indolence,
Fill'd with disease by luxury and sloth,
Impatient curse the dilatory day,
And look with envy on thy happier state.
Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain
With courage enters on his rural works.
First he provides the needful implements.
Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast
Fed with his fellow-brute, in woods and wilds,
Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
The spiked harrow next, to break the clods,
And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field:
Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought,
Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
T' encounter all the numerous host of weeds,
Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes.
The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,
And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save
With providential care he treasures up.
His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox
Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts:
While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse
Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd sheaves
Their hidden stores profuse; which now demand
The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
With blasts successive, wafting far away
The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.
And now compell'd to hire assistant strength,
Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
Where willing Servitude, for mutual wants
Of hand and farmer, holds her annual feast[2].
'Tis here the toiling hand of industry
Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord
And leader of the rustic band; who claims
His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
And dignity superior; boasting skill
To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
To scatter with an equal hand the seed,
And with a master scythe to head the train
When the rip meadow asks the mower's hand.
Here too the thresher, brandishing his flail,
Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand
A labouring arm, now ready to give up
Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.
The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects
Observance; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep
In all diseases of the bleating flock.
Mixt with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
Or stroke the swelling udder; some expert
To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf;
To mash the malted barley, and extract
Its flavour'd strength; or with a housewife's care,
To keep the decent habitation neat.
But now let loose to revelry and sport,
In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude, [voke
The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, pro-
Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid;
As Verulam the pleasing tale records.
When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milkmaid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph, upon her brow
Sat virgin Modesty, while in her eyes
Young Sensibility began to play
With Innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either side her face in careless curls,
Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Thro' lips of living coral. When she spoke
Her features wore intelligence: her words
Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,
As lighted in her face resistless charms.
Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast,
With pleasing elegance:—That lovely breast!—
Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, lest gay Desire,
Who smiling hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous extasy.
Her shape was moulded by the hand of Ease;
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While Grace, following her steps, with secret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail
Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
In that fair province of the rural state,
The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.
How great the power of beauty! The rude swains
Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds
Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne thro' the grove,
With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a spreading whisper thro' the crowd.
Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No rest the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous [form,
Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain

[2] This is called in the country a statute; and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places and employment.

He strives to tear her image from his breast;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
And binding all his soul a slave to love.
Ah! little did he know, alas, the while,
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts
She studied, and for him she wish'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,
Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.
Judge then the sweet surprise when she at length
Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:
"O Patty! dearest maid! whose beauteous form
Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:
Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
Of strugaling passions rising in her breast?
Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love
Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,
But the faint accents died upon her tongue:
Her fears prevented utterance.—At length—
"Can Thyrsis mock my poverty? can he
Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
Too humble even to hope"—No more she said;
But gently, as if half unwilling, stole
Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,
Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.
But Thyrsis read, with rapture, in her eyes
The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,
And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams
Coagulated, rise in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
To her sweet butter yield superior praise.
But turn, my Muse, nor let th' alluring form
Of beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
See where the farmer, with a master's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
In sov'reign independence. At a word,
His feathery subjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glittering pageant, to the mid-day Sun:
In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
And calls the bristling feathers round his head.
There the loud herald of the morning struts
Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
See the grey gander, with his female train,
Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,
Rejoicing on the surface, clap their wings;
Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The glossy pigeons chase their sportive loves,
Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.
Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
Promise the future market large supplies:
While with an eye of triumph he surveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at Winter's frown.
In silent rumination, see the kine,
Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait
To pour into his pails their milky stores.
While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily-blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
And broad-leav'd cabbage, for the ploughman's feast.
These his amusements, his employment these;
Which still arising in successive change,
Give to each varied hour a new delight.
Peace and contentment with their guardian wings
Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy health,
When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy foot-steps round the field;
And cheerfulness attends his closing day.
No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,
Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
Sailing around portentous; the rank stote
Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;
The corn-devouring partridge; timorous hare;
Th' amphibious otter bold; the weasel sly,
Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell;
And moles, a dirty undermining race.
These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd
With man to man, an inoffensive train.
'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,
Th' explosive thunder of the levell'd tube,
Or toils unweary'd of his social friend
The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
And health and pleasure in the sportive field
Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.
O happy he! happiest of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
The purchase of his honour; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, drest in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce; and beneath the mask
Of friendship and sincerity, betray.
Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate, enwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits to meditate the God!
Turn then, at length, O turn, ye sons of wealth,
And ye who seek, thro' life's bewildering maze,

To tread the paths of happiness, O turn!
And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;
In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of Nature, and displays
The matchless beauty of created things.
Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts
Of cultivation; and those fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.
Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,
That noblest science, which in ancient time
The minds of sages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his works in Agriculture's school.
Then hear the Muse, now entering, hand in hand
With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers
Of deep mysterious Nature; there t' explore
The causes of fecundity, and how
The various elements, earth, water, air,
And fire united; the enlivening ray
Diurnal; the prolific dews of night;
With all the rolling seasons of the year;
In vegetation's work their power combine.
Whither, O whither dost thou lead my steps,
Divine Philosophy? What scenes are these,
Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! enthron'd
Upon a solid rock great Nature sits;
Her eyes to Heaven directed, as from thence
Receiving inspiration. Round her head
A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.
List! list! what harmony, what heavenly sounds
Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'Tis ancient Pan[3],
Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
Conveys the fancied music of the spheres.
See by his strains the elements inspir'd,
Join in mysterious work; their motions led
By active fire[4], in windings intricate,
But not perplext, nor vague. And who are they?
What pair obeying in alternate rounds
The tuneful melody? Majestic one,
And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time
A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,
Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;
And wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,
Glides gayly on; a milk-white robe invests
His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head,
A shining glory paints his flying robe,
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.
Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
The varying Seasons join the mystic train.

In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
Gay Spring advances smiling: on her head
A flow'ry chaplet, mixt with verdant buds,
Sheds aromatic fragrance thro' the air;
While little Zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
Of ripening harvest; in her hand she bears
A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek
The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:
Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry breath
Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath
Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks
Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold;
Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
Shines the hoar frost, and icicles depend.
Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
Shivering he walks, his joints benumm'd and stiff;
And wraps in northern furrs his wither'd trunk.
And now, great Nature, pointing to the train
Her Heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound
Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd
Her voice harmonious; and the listening Muse,
Admiring, caught the wonders of her theme[5].

"To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!
All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
In choral symphonies of praise and love,
Let all the powers of Nature raise the song!

'The wat'ry signs forsaking, see, the Sun,
Great father of the vegetable tribes,
Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray.
When now the genial warmth Earth's yielding breast
Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,
And air, and water mixt; attract, repel,
And raise prolific ferment. Lo! at length
The vital principle begins to wake:
Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,
Seek their terrestrial nurture; which, convey'd
In limpid currents thro' th' ascending tubes,
And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells;
To its own nature every different plant
Assimilating, changes. Awful Heaven!
How wond'rous is thy work! To thee! to thee!
Mysterious power belongs! Summer's fierce heat
Increasing, rarifies the ductile juice.
See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,
Th' elastic air impels the rising sap.
Swift thro' the stem, thro' every branching arm,
And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,
Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:
Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring air flows out
In copious exhalations; and from whence
Its noblest principles the plant inhales.

[3] Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signified by this god; and that his pipe, composed of seven reeds, was the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

[4] According to Dr. Boerhaave and other modern philosophers, all the motion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away all things would become fixt and immovable: fluids would become solid; a man would harden into a statue; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid mass.

[5] The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.

"See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!
Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!
On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,
Cloth'd in soft-mingling shades from light to dark,
The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,
And Flora's pencil o'er the enamell'd green,
The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale
Breathes odours, every Zephyr from his wings
Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
From every flower and aromatic herb
In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plum,
The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
And thy rich nectar, many-flavour'd pine.
These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man;
These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of Heav'n,
A world of beauty, wonder, and delight!'
"To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!
All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
In choral symphonies of praise and love,
Let all the powers of Nature close the strain."

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding, dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

Descending now from these superior themes,
O Muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different culture each requires.
The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
The falling moisture: hence the embrio seeds,
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
Correct this errour of the ardent soil,
With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay
Give the loose glebe consistence, and firm strength:
So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.
Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay?
Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil
Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
The hand of diligence. Here give the plough
No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm dungs
Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground,
Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these
The sharpest sand, to open and unbind
The close-cohering mass; so shall new pores
Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive,
And yield a passage to the soaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots in quest of food,
Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,
And richer juices feed the swelling shoots:
So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.
But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live,
Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish,
Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views
All products of the teeming earth arise
In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid
Of culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears
Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain
Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change
Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,
In vigour thro' the perils of the year.
But new improvements curious would'st thou learn?
Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's [1] son,
Whose precepts, drawn from sage experience, claim
Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
First let the young agricolist be taught:
Then how to sow, and raise the embrio seeds
Of every different species. Nitre, fire,
Air, water, earth, their various powers combine
In vegetation; but the genuine food
Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
Their strength, and substance. Nitre first prepares
And separates the concreted parts; which then
The watery vehicle assumes, and thro'
Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtile air,
Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.
Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
Is earth's inverted surface. This the swain,
By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots:
But from the streams of ordure, from the stench
Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes
Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preserve
Her purity from taint amid the stews.
Defile not then the freshness of thy field
With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller, lend
Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
Turn it to catch the Sun's prolific ray,
Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent Heaven.
These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And toil's unceasing hand full well supply
The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.
Thus taught the Shalborne swain; who first with skill
Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough;
Who first his seed committed to the ground.
Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
In just proportion and in even rows;
Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
His new machine [2]; form'd to exterminate
The weedy race, (intruders who devour,
But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil,
Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,

[1] The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkshire, in his Horse-hoeing Husbandry; or an Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage.

[2] The hoe-plough.

And to its last perfection raise the crop.
He taught, alas, but practis'd ill the lore
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
His own philosophy disgracing, brought
Discredit on the doctrines he enfore'd.
Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth;
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.
Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour sees. Accumulated filth
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
Spring up uncheck'd: the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
Benumming stupor creeps upon his brain;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
Ah, why so near the path of innocents, [wise.
Should spring their bane? But thou alone art
Thus hath the faithful Muse his lore pursu'd,
Who, trusting to the culture of his plough,
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith:
Experience to experience oft oppos'd
Leaves truth uncertain. See, what various crops,
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields
On Thame's prolific bank. On culture's hand
Alone do these horticulists rely?
Or do they owe to London's rich manure
Those products which its crowded markets fill?
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
Have spread the glory of their gardens wide,
A theme of wonder to the distant swain.
Hence the piazza'd square[3], whereerst, embower'd
In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;
Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,
Each various esculent the teeming earth
In every changing season can produce.
Join then with culture the prolific strength
Of such manure as best inclines to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marle appoint
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling tan[4]
Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,
Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,
From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil
Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
From its black sediment; and from the street
Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
Of unripe weeds[5], afford a cool manure.
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,
From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught
This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
Thro' chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.
But if nor oily marle, nor crumbling tan,
Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
Nor weed, nor ocean's sand, can lend its aid,
Then, farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,
The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pulse,
Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;
These early reapt, and bury'd in the soil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprung.
Or sow the bulbous turnip; this shall yield
Sweet pasture to the flocks or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.
Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
Thy products from invasion, and divide
For various use th' appropriated fields,
Disdain not thou to learn. For this, the sloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
Their branches, and their different merits boast.
But from the nursery thou with care select
Quick hawthorn sets, well rooted, smooth and straight:
Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side,
Let rise in height the sloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richest mould.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant shoots from depredation deep,
At proper distance drive stiff oaken stakes;
Which interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Frustrate the nibbling flock, or browsing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choke, by covering from the vital air,
The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,
Soon shall they rise, and to the field afford
A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
Here, by security invited, build
Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer
With melody; the hand of lovely May
Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mixt
With stocks of knotted crab, ingrafted fruits,
When Autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.
But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.
From seeds, or suckers, layers, or sets, arise
Their various tribes; for now exploded stands
The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,
To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,
In fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the shades their grandsire gave;
Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,
In distant ages, Britain's naval power;
Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
A shelter'd nursery; well from weeds, from shrubs,
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth.
Then from the summit of the fairest tree
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills

[3] Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

[4] The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hot-beds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardeners, tan.

[5] If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

On Nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wintry months
In embrio close the future forest lies,
And waits for germination: but in spring,
When their green heads first rise above the earth,
And ask thy fostering hand; then to their roots
The light soil gently move, and strew around
Old leaves or litter'd straw, to screen from heat
The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,
Or starves the nurslings they pretend to shade.
When now four summers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nursery, then transplant,
The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.
Avoid the errour of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade
His hands shall raise, removes at vast expense
Tall trees, with envy and regret shall see
His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copse.
But if thy emulation's generous pride
Would boast the largest timber straight and strong!
Thick let the seedlings in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; so shall each lateral branch,
Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
The towering stem: and they whose vigorous
Exalts above the rest their lofty heads, [health
Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,
Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.
Nor small the praise the skilful planter claims
From his befriended country. Various arts
Borrow from him materials. The soft beech,
And close-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
And with a thousand implements supply
Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
The cabinet. Smooth linden best obeys
The carver's chisel; best his curious work
Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—
Ah, why should birch supply the chair? since oft
Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending ash
Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
To weave our baskets the soft osier lends
His pliant twigs: staves that nor shrink nor swell,
The cooper's close-wrought cask to chesnut owes.
The sweet-leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
Its varying beauties. The tall towering elm,
Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams
Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;
Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.
And last the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her isle! whose sons robust,
The best supporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
Of strength immense: or in the bounding deep
The loose foundations lay of floating walls,
Impregnably secure. But sunk, but fallen
From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
The Druid erst his solemn rites perform'd,
And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? Where but to serve
Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,
O prince belov'd! for thee, more nobly born
Than for thyself alone, the patriot work
Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
The fair occasion to remotest time
Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
So shall thy country's rising fleets to thee
Owe future triumphs; so her naval strength,
Supported from within, shall fix thy claim
To ocean's sovereignty; and to thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled Earth,
Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
Let then the great ambition fire thy breast,
For this, thy native land; replace the lost
Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
Survey young forests planted by thy hand.
Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
The Spaniard's terrour[6] rise renew'd. And Trent
From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.
Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!
I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within!
And all-obedient to the ruling god,
The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.
And hence, disdaining low and trivial things,
Why should I tell of him whose obvious art,
To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks
A hollow trench, which, arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, furze or broom,
And surfac'd o'er with earth, in secret streams
Draws its collected moisture from the glebe?
Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,
Too dry to bear the Sun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious springs,
Which, led in winding currents thro' the mead,
Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,
While wither'd plants reviving smile around?
But sing, O Muse! the swain, the happy swain,
Whom taste and nature leading o'er his fields,
Conduct to every rural beauty. See!
Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently rising, there descending slow
Thro' the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
And weeping willows bend to kiss the stream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink,
Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.
Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits
Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
Or from the gay espalier: while below,

[6] The officers on board the Spanish fleet in 1588, called the Invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

His various esculents, from glowing beds
Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.
There from his forming hand new scenes arise,
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,
Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves;
The mansion seeming of some rural god,
Whom Nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.
From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
Their downward shadows in the glassy wave,
What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye!
Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,
And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
To prop the canopy of Heaven. Now lost
Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,
The golden orange, arbute ever green,
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
Fair opulus[7], to Spring, to Autumn dear,
And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
From soft acacia's gently-waving branch,
Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents
Of sweet-briar, roses, honeysuckles wild,
Regale the smell; and to th' enchanted eye
Mezereon's purple, laurustinus' white,
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers display
Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn grass
His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,
In meditation deep:—When, hark! the sound
Of distant water steals upon his ear;
And sudden opens to his pausing eye
The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock
Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:
Then glides away, meandring o'er the lawn,
A liquid surface; shining seen afar,
At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees;
Till lost and buried in the distant grove.
Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
Beneath the covert of embowering shades;
And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.
Genius of gardens; Nature's fairest child!
Thou, who, inspir'd by the directing mind
Of Heaven, didst plan the scenes of Paradise;
Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: Oh where hast thou been hid?
For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown?
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore
Of Britain's beauteous isle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join
To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,
And give thy varying landscapes every charm.
Drive then Batavia's[8] monsters from our shades;
Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.
Banish the regular deformity
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorr'd
In Nature's free plantations; and restore
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
The calm serene recess of thoughtful man;
In meditation's silent sacred hour.
And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land.
Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade
To Nature introduc'd, the goddess woo'd,
And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
The calm retreat, where wearied majesty,
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,
Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
On Oatland's brow, where grandeur sits enthron'd,
Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
Of Esher, where the mole glides lingering, loath
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.
In Woburn's[9] ornamented fields, where gay
Variety, where mingled lights and shades, [break,
Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects
With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye.
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
Where thro' romantic scenes of hanging woods,
And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
Its master, who, inspir'd with all thy art,
Adds beauties to what Nature plann'd so fair.
Hail, sweet retirement! wisdom's peaceful seat!
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
Th' Athenian[10] sage his happy followers taught,
That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious
How worthy thy divine beneficence, [Heaven!
This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,
Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
O might I hear, thro' time's long tract convey'd,
The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!
And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
Such the divine enchantment of the Muse,
I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.
"The end of life is happiness; the means
That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
From the vain phantoms of delusive fear,
Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes
Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons, [fear
From errour's darkening clouds, from groundless
Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,
Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
Establish in your breasts her steadfast throne;
So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:
Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.
The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,
To rein th' impetuous sallies of desire.
He who the kindling sparks of anger checks,
Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
Ambition's dangerous pinacle surveys;
Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns
From lewd temptation smiling in the eye
Of wantonness, hath burst the golden bands
Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
From early feebleness, and dire disease.

[7] The Gelder rose.

[8] The taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

[9] Mr. Southcote's.

[10] Epicurus; who on account of teaching in his garden, was called the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples, the Philosophers of the Garden.

Who lets the griping hand of av'rice pinch
To narrow selfishness the social heart;
Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,
From their divine exertions in his breast.
And see, my friends, this garden's little bound,
So small the wants of nature, well supplies
Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream
The hand of moderation fills a cup,
To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,
Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
With turbid violence, the veins distend.
Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.
Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,
Enjoy the heavenly Venus[11] of these shades,
Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,
From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fullers-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyers herbs. Esculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horses. The draught-horse—road-horse—hunter—race-horse—and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the prince to prefer the arts of peace to those of war.

While thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,
With still-approaching step, and levell'd stroke,
The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of Time.
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.
Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,
They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of Zephyr; whose soft gale,
Now while th' ascending Sun's bright beam exhales
The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,
Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.
And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Resound with merriment. The simple jest,
The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts
Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,
Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the Sun,
The plain repast, and wholesome bev'rage cheer
Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,
To social labour: soon the ponderous wain
Moves slowly onward with its fragrant load,
And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of plenty, to ensure
From Winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.
But do the threat'ning clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the Sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?
Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd
With sudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,
Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,
In flames resistless, thy collected store.
This dire disaster to avoid, prepare
A hollow basket, or the concave round
Of some capacious vessel; to its sides
Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtrusive barrier; rising still
As they advance, by its united bands,
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst
An empty space, the coolling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offensive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.
And now the ruler of the golden day,
From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense;
While Ceres on the ripening field looks down
In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend
His fervent prayer; restrain the tempest's rage,
The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast
The products of the labouring year destroy!
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,
Arm'd with the scythe or sickle:—echoes shrill
Of winding horns, the shouts and hallooings loud
Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frighted sense with dread. Near and more near
Th' unwelcome sounds approach; and sudden o'er
His fence the tall stag bounds: in close pursuit
The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack
Burst unresisted thro' the yielding hedge.
In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims:
The ruin of his crop in vain laments:
Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field
In cruel exultation; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy insults, thy injustice to the poor?
When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
The sweet sensations of humanity?
Yet all are not destroyers: some unspoil'd
By fortune still preserve a feeling heart.
And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.
Here stands in comely order on the plain,
And cluster'd sheaves, the king of golden corn,
Unbearded wheat, support of human life:
There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
Grain which the reaper's care solicits best
By tempting promises of potent beer,
The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil:
The poor man's clammy fare[1] the sickle reaps;

[11] He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus Celestis, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his doctrine.

[1] Rye, of which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England on account of its cheapness.

The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
The mid-day Sun; the laughing hinds rejoice;
Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye
Looks with indulgence on the gleaning poor.
At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,
Nods the last load along the shouting field.
Now to the God of harvest in a song
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear
The gratulations of assisting swains
Are music. His exulting soul expands:
He presses every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
A free libation to th' immortal gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.
Hail, favour'd island! happy region, hail!
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe; blessing thy sons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
Delicious bev'rage. Thine on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendent clusters; which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught. Thine too the plant,
To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets
Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,
Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's[2] tribe,
T' enfold in softness beauty's lovely limbs,
Present their woven texture; and from whence,
A second birth, grows the papyrean leaf[3],
A tablet firm, on which the painter-bard
Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.
With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine
Thy fossil treasures rise. The blazing hearths,
From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
Of fuel boast. Thy oil-imbibing earth[4],
The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;
With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,
The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,
In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,
In safety clothe. Devonia's ancient mines,
Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
Thine honour'd name[5] deriv'st. Nor want'st thou [store
Of that all-useful metal, the support
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise
In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat
Melts the hard mass; which flows, an iron stream,
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,
A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.
But the glad Muse, from subterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products still remain unsung.
With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
The cloven-footed race, in various herds,
Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.
Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
The yellow-staining weed, luteola[6];
The glastum brown[7], with which thy naked sons
In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
Nor the rich rubia[8] does thine hand withhold.
Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.
Nor hath the god of physic and of day
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep

[2] Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

[3] The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is derived the present name of our material called paper.

[4] Fullers earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

[5] The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the land or country of tin: which being softened by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the isles of Scilly, Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician. Rapin.

[6] Weld, commonly called dyer's weed.

[7] Woad.

[8] Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in king Charles the First's time, that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand pounds a year.

With powers carminative. In every brake
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid digestion's sickly powers, refine.
The smooth althæa[9] its balsamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons.
Hypericum[10], beneath each shelt'ring bush,
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.
Lo, from thy baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black Melancholy, flies;
And burning Febris, with its lenient flood
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow [boast
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st
The blessed thistle[11], whose rejective power
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee
The rose, the violet, their emollient leaves
On every bush, on every bank, display.
These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
The copious blessings, which thy envied sons,
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war;
Nor black contagion's pestilential breath; [towns,
Nor rending Earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks,
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,
Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous unresisting gripe.
But further now in vegetation's paths,
Thro' cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops,
The wearied Muse forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.
Lo! on the side of yonder slanting hill,
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their wide fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he shelters from the rising Sun,
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food
Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,
T'enrich th' exhausted soil: defending safe
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,
Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off
In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous
Assault the harmless race; but chief the fiend
Which taints with rotteness their inward frame,
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches lost; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
Deny their aid, he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mixt,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, stops the dangerous malady.
Refulgent summer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the Sun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,
The woolly people in full clothing sweat:
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frighted innocents, their whitening robes
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline;
Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dews
Perspiring soft, again thro' all the fleece
Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain
Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down
The patient creature lays; divesting soon
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.
O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
More precious, more important is the fleece!
This, this the solid base on which the sons
Of commerce build, exalted to the sky,
The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and power!
Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
To Earth descending in a radiant cloud,
Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.
To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair Commerce rode
Sublime, the goddess of the watry world,
On every coast, in every clime ador'd.
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
What mighty honours to her name should rise,
She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
The Muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
Which here commenc'd, to times remotest age,
Shall bear the glory of the British sail.
Cautious and fearful some in early spring
Recruit their flocks; as then the wintry storms
Their tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
In fruitful autumn stocks the bleating field

[9] Marsh-mallows. [10] St. John's wort.
[11] Carduus, called by physical writers carduus benedictus.

With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
Yet not too early to the genial sport
Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast
Commemorate the deed, lest the cold hand
Of Winter pinch too hard the new-yean'd lamb.
How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
When fixing on the sire to raise his flock?
His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys?
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
Give indication of internal strength:
Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;
So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,
And less the hazard of the teeming ewe:
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
Thick, shining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns
You choose, not straight, but curving round and round
On either side his head. These the sole arms
His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours
Into his heart new courage, these he aims
With meditated fury at his foe.
In glowing colours, here the tempted Muse
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
The rival rams, opposing front to front,
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.
But as deterr'd by the superior bard,
Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
My feebler combatants appall'd retreat.
At leisure now; O let me once again
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
The lowing kine, see, at their custom'd hour,
Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
Exhausts the swelling udder. Vessels large
And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd,
Mean while, in decent order rang'd appear,
The milky treasure, strain'd thro' filtering lawn,
Intended to receive. At early day,
Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
There from the surface of expanded bowls
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,
Though soft her hand, tho' delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
Continu'd agitation separates soon
The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes
And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,
She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and pressed
To one consistent golden mass, receives
The sprinkled seasoning, and of pats, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.
Is cheese her care? warm from the teat she pours
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
From the dried stomach drawn of suckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,
The size and fashion which her taste approves,
She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;
And the strong press establishes its form.
But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
The jelly'd cream or custard, daintiest food,
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,
For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak:
Down to their frugal board contentment sits,
And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie
The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
Variety, which idlers to their aid
Call in, to make the length of lazy life
Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
Her children and her dairy, well divide
Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives
Each busy season of the rolling year,
To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse,
And fit for various use his strength or speed.
Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
The burthen'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.
Yet, straining in th' enormous cars which crowd
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every sinew, every nerve
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains!—but the Muse
Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye,
Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,
And cool, tho' sprightly, to the travell'd road
He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.
But not alone to these inferior tribes
Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.
Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs:
Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
And all impatient for the well-known sport,
Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
Pursues with voluntary speed the chase.
See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
Nor headlong steeps deter the vigorous steed:
Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.
Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
He the fleet courser, too, exulting shows,

And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
With ease the ambient air. His body firm
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, tho' slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race,
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips,
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.
But lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
Courage enthroned sits, and animates
His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest;
His mane, loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Clothing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Disdainful seems to tread the sordid earth,
Yet hears he and obeys his master's voice,
All gentleness, and feels, with conscious pride,
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand:
But when the battle's martial sounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire
Burst thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all-inspir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems
Impatient to express his swelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he stands,
And mocks at fear. Then springing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terrour flies
Before his dreadful front; and in his rear
Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,
Such was the steed thou, Cumberland, bestrod'st,
When black Rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the throne
Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd,
And such, O prince! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er insidious France again presume
On Europe's freedom, such, tho' all averse
To slaughtering war, thy country shall present
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause
Ne'er shall ambition's sophistry persuade
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace;
Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws;
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the British lion's rage.
But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd sail
Fair commerce spreading to remotest climes;
And plenty rising from th' encourag'd plough;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

Highly unfair.

THIS extraordinary young man was born on the 20th of November 1752. His father was originally a writing usher to a school in Bristol, afterwards a singing man in the cathedral, and lastly master of the free-school in Pyle-street in the same city. He died about three months before this son was born.—It is not quite unimportant, although in any other case it might seem ridiculous, to add that our poet was descended from a long line of ancestors who held the office of *sexton* of St. Mary Redcliffe: for it was in the muniment room of this church that the materials were found from which he constructed that system of imposture which has rendered his name celebrated, and his history interesting.

At five years of age he was sent to the school in Pyle-street, then superintended by a Mr. Love, but here he improved so little that his mother took him back. While under his care his childish attention is said to have been engaged by the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which circumstance encouraged her to initiate him in the alphabet, and she afterward taught him to read from an old black-letter Testament or Bible. That a person of her rank in life should be able to read the black-letter is somewhat extraordinary, but the fact rests upon her authority, and has been considered as an introduction to that fondness for antiquities for which he was afterwards distinguished[1].

His next remove was to Colston's charity school, at the age of eight years, where he was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the daily rate of nine hours in summer and seven in winter. Such at least was the prescribed discipline of the school, although far more tedious than a boy of his capacity required. One of his masters, Phillips, whom he has celebrated in an elegy, was a frequent writer of verses in the magazines, and was the mean of exciting a degree of poetical emulation among his scholars, but to this Chatterton appeared for some time quite indifferent. About his tenth year he began to read from inclination, sometimes hiring his books from a circulating library, and sometimes borrowing them from his friends; and before he was twelve, had gone through about seventy

[1] Lord Orford derives his taste from an incident somewhat later. "I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol." Orford's Works, vol. iv. p. 232.

volumes, principally history and divinity. Before this time he had composed some verses, particularly those intitled Apostate Will, which although they bear no comparison with what he afterwards produced, discover at that early age a disposition to personal satire, and a consciousness of superior sense. It would be more remarkable, were it true, that while at this school he is said to have shown to his master Phillips one of those manuscripts which he pretended had been found in a chest in Redcliffe church, but as neither Phillips nor another person to whom this treasure was exhibited, could read it, the commencement of his Rowleian impostures must be postponed to a future period.

At school he had gathered some knowledge of music, drawing, and arithmetic, and with this stock he was bound apprentice July 1767, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol, for seven years. His apprenticeship seems to have been of the lower order, and his situation more resembling that of a servant than a pupil. His chief employment was to copy precedents, which frequently did not require more than two hours in a day. The rest of his time was probably filled up by the desultory course of reading which he had begun at school, and which terminated chiefly in the study of the old English phraseology, heraldry, and miscellaneous antiquities: of the two last he acquired, not a profound knowledge, but enough to enable him to create fictions capable of deceiving those who had less. His general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular. On one occasion only Mr. Lambert thought him deserving of correction for writing an abusive letter in a feigned hand to his old schoolmaster. So soon did this young man learn the art of deceit, which he was now preparing to practise upon a more extensive scale.

In the beginning of October 1768, the completion of the new bridge at Bristol suggested to him a fit opportunity for playing off the first of his public deceptions. This was an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, said to be taken from an ancient manuscript, a copy of which he sent to Farley's Bristol Journal, in a short letter signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. Such a memoir, at so critical a time, naturally excited attention; and Farley, who was called upon to give up the author, after much inquiry, discovered that Chatterton had sent it. Chatterton was consequently interrogated, probably without much ceremony, where he had obtained it. And here his unhappy disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and according to all that can be gathered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example. "To the threats," we are told, "of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account. By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power."

The effect, however, of this mild usage was, that instead of all or any part of the information in his power, he tried two different falsehoods: the first, "that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love." But as this story was to rest on proofs which he could not produce, he next asserted, "that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church."

As this last story is the foundation of the whole controversy respecting Chatterton, it will be necessary to give the circumstances as related in his life, written for the Biographia Britannica, and prefixed to the recent edition of his works.

"Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the fifteenth century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called Mr. Canynge's *cofre;* this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were intrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church-wardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost: and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre. In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney: and that those writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broke open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been committed upon them, by different persons: but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy-books, &c. in particular Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty Bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained: the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatter-

son thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the dean of Exeter (Dr. Milles) that on her removal from Pyle-street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a square oak box of a smaller size: carrying both with their contents to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value: who having examined their contents, told his mother 'that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.' That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box: that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full: that one day happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away: at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely. Upon being informed of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more."

Such is the story of the discovery of the poems attributed to Rowley, which Chatterton evidently made up from the credulity of his mother and other friends, who could not read the parchments on which he affected to set so high a value, and which he afterwards endeavoured to render of public importance by producing these wonderful treasures of Canynge's coffre. In his attempt, already related, respecting the old bridge, he had not been eminently successful, owing to his prevarication. He now imparted some of these manuscripts to George Catcot, a pewterer of Bristol, who had heard of the discovery, and desired to be introduced to Chatterton. The latter very readily gave him the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's Ancestor, and some smaller pieces. These Catcot communicated to Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a history of Bristol, and would naturally be glad to add to its honours that of having produced such a poet as Rowley. In his conversations with Barret and Catcot he appears to have been driven to many prevarications, sometimes owning that he had destroyed several of these valuable manuscripts; and at other times asserting that he was in possession of others which he could not produce. These contradictions must have entirely destroyed his evidence in any other case, in the opinion of thinking and impartial judges: but the historian of Bristol could not forego the hopes of enriching his book by originals of so great importance; and having obtained from Chatterton several fragments, some of considerable length, he actually printed them as authentic in his history, long after the controversy ceased which had convinced the learned world that he had been egregiously duped.

In return for these contributions, Barret and Catcot supplied Chatterton occasionally with money, and introduced him into company. At his request, too, Mr. Barret lent our poet some medical authors, and gave him a few instructions in surgery; but still his favourite studies were heraldry and English antiquities, which he pursued with as much success as could be expected from one who

knew no language but his own. Camden's Britannia appears to have been a favourite book: and he copied the glossaries of Chaucer and others with indefatigable perseverance, storing his memory with antiquated words. Even Bailey's Dictionary has been proved to have afforded him many of those words which the advocates for Rowley thought could be known only to a writer of his pretended age.

During all these various pursuits, he employed his pen in essays, in prose and verse, chiefly of the satirical kind. He appears to have read the party pamphlets of the day, and imbibed much of their abusive spirit. In 1769, we find him a very considerable contributor to the Town and Country Magazine, which began about that time. His ambition seems to have been to rise to eminence entirely by the efforts of his genius, either in his own character or that of some of the heroes of the Redcliffe chest, in which he was perpetually discovering a most convenient variety of treasure, with which to reward his admirers and secure their patronage. Mr. Burgum, another pewterer, maintains the authenticity of Rowley's poems. Chatterton rewards him with a pedigree from the time of William the conqueror, allying him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and presents him with the Romaunt of the Cnyghte, a poem, written by John de Bergham, one of his own ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before. In order to obtain the good opinion of his relation Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, he informs him that he is descended from Fitzstephen, grandson of the venerable Od, earl of Blois, and lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095.[2] In this manner Chatterton contrived to impose on men who had no means of appreciating the value of what he communicated, and were willing to believe what, for one reason or other, they wished to be true.

But the most remarkable of his pretended discoveries issued in an application to one who was not so easily to be deceived. This was the celebrated Horace Walpole, the late lord Orford, who had not long before completed his Anecdotes of Painters. In March 1769, Chatterton, with his usual attention to the wants or prejudices of the persons on whom he wished to impose, sent to Mr. Walpole a letter, offering to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished at Bristol, and remitted also a small specimen of poems of the same remote era. Mr. Walpole, although he could not, as he informs us, very readily swallow "a series of great painters at Bristol," appears to have been in some measure pleased with the offer, and discovered beauties in the verses sent. He therefore returned a polite and thankful letter, desiring further information. From this letter Chatterton appears to have thought he had made a conquest, and, in his answer, thought proper to come to the direct purpose of his application. He informed his correspondent that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was an apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste fo. more elegant studies; he affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as a pastoral (Elinoure and Juga) which accompanied this second letter. He hinted also a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull

[2] See an ingenious summary of his various forgeries, drawn up by Mr. Cottle, in the edition of Chatterton's works lately published, vol. i. p. 509. *C.*

a profession, by procuring some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius.

Mr. Walpole immediately submitted the poems to Gray and Mason, who at first sight pronounced them forgeries; on which he returned Chatterton an answer, advising him to apply to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous. This produced a peevish letter from Chatterton, desiring the manuscripts back, as they were the property of another; and after some delay, owing to Mr. Walpole's taking a trip to Paris, the poems were returned in a blank cover. This affront, as Chatterton considered it, he never forgave, and at this no man need wonder who reflects how difficult it must ever be for an impostor to forgive those who have attempted to detect him.

The only remarkable consequence of this correspondence was the censure Mr. Walpole incurred from the admirers of Chatterton, who, upon no other authority than the circumstances now related, persisted in accusing him of barbarous neglect of an extraordinary genius who solicited his protection, and finally of being the cause of his shocking end. Mr. Walpole, when he found this calumny transmitted from hand to hand, and probably believed by those who did not take the trouble to inquire into the facts, drew up a candid narrative of the whole correspondence, which, he proved, was broken off nearly two years before Chatterton died, during which two years the latter had resided, with every encouragement, in London, and according to his own account, was within the prospect of ease and independence without the aid of Mr. Walpole's patronage. Of this Mr. Walpole's accusers could not be ignorant, if they knew any thing of Chatterton's history. They must have known that Chatterton did not apply to Walpole, as a poet, but merely as a young man who was transmitting the property of another, and who had no claims of his own, except that he was tired of a dull profession, and wished for a place in which he might indulge his taste in what was more lively. A patron must have had many places in his gift, and few applicants, if he could spare one to a person who professed no other merit than an inclination to exchange labour for ease. Yet Walpole has been held forth to public indignation as the cause of Chatterton's death. "But is it not hard that a man on whom a forgery has been tried unsuccessfully, should for that single reason be held out to the world as the assassin of genius? If a banker to whom a forged note should be presented, should refuse to accept it, and the ingenious fabricator should afterwards fall a victim to his own slight of hand, would you accuse the poor banker to the public, and urge that his caution had deprived the world of some supposititious deed of settlement, that would have deceived the whole court of chancery, and deprived some great family of its estate[3]?"

About this time (1769) we are told that Chatterton became an infidel, but whether this was in consequence of any course of reading into which he had fallen, or that he found it convenient to get rid of the obligations which stood in the way of his past or future schemes, it is not very material to inquire. Yet, although one of his advocates, the foremost to accuse Mr. Walpole of neglecting him, asserts that "his profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities," it does not appear that he was more profligate in the indulgence of the grosser passions than other young

[3] Orford's works, vol. iv. 212, 213, C.

men who venture on the gayeties of life at an early age. While at Bristol he had not mixed with improper company; his few associates of the female sex were persons of character. In London the case might have been otherwise, but of this we have no direct proof, and he practised at least one rule which is no inconsiderable preservative; he was remarkably temperate in his diet. In his writings, indeed, we find some passages that are more licentious than could have been expected from a young man unhacknied in the ways of vice, but not more so than might be expected in one who was premature in every thing, and had exhausted the stock of human folly at an age when it is usually found unbroken. All his deceptions, his prevarications, his political tergiversation, &c. were such as we should have looked for in men of an advanced age, hardened by evil associations, and soured by disappointed pride or avarice.

One effect of his infidelity, we are told, was to render the idea of suicide familiar. This he had cherished before he left Bristol, and when he could not fairly complain of the world's neglect, as he had preferred no higher pretensions than those of a man who has by accident discovered a treasure which he knows not how to make current. Beside repeatedly intimating to Mr. Lambert's servants that he intended to put an end to his life, he left a paper in sight of some of the family, specifying the day on which he meant to carry this purpose into execution. The reason assigned for this appointment was the refusal of a gentleman whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, to supply him with money. It has since been supposed to be merely an artifice to get rid of his apprenticeship, and this certainly was the consequence, as Mr. Lambert did not choose that his house should be honoured by such an act of heroism. He had now served this gentleman about two years and ten months, during which he learned so little of law as to be unable to draw up the necessary document respecting the dissolution of his apprenticeship. We have seen how differently his time was employed, and there is reason to think that he had fabricated the whole of his Rowleian poetry and antique manuscripts during his apprenticeship, and before he left Bristol.

His object now was to go to London, where he had full confidence that his talents would be duly honoured. He had written letters to several booksellers of that city, who encouraged him to reside among them. Some literary adventurers would have entered on such a plan with diffidence; and of many who have become authors by profession, the greater part may plead the excuse that they neither foresaw nor understood the many mortifications and difficulties that are to be surmounted. Chatterton, on the contrary, set out with the confidence of a man who has laid his plans in such deep wisdom that he thinks it impossible they should fail. He boasted to his correspondents of three distinct resources, one at least of which was unfortunately in his own power. He first meant to employ his pen; then to turn methodist preacher; and if both should fail, to shoot himself. As his friends do not appear to have taken any steps to rectify his notions on these schemes, it is probable that they either did not consider him as serious, or had given him up, as one above all advice, and curable only by a little experience, which they were not sorry he should acquire in his own way, and at his own expense.

His first literary attempts by which he was to realize the dreams of presumption, were of the political kind, chiefly satires against the members and friends of administration. In March 1770 he wrote a poem called Kew Gardens, part of which

only has been published, but enough to show that he had been supplied by some patriotic preceptor with the floating scandal of the day against the Princess dowager of Wales, lord Bute, and other statesmen. It is highly improbable that a boy who had spent the greater part of his time since he left school, in fabricating, or deciphering the poetry, heraldry, and topography of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, should on a sudden become intimatelely acquainted with the intrigues of political men and their families. In all this, his materials must have been supplied by some persons who lived by propagating the calumnies of personal and political history, and who would rejoice in the dauntless spirit of their new associate. Another poem of the same description was intitled the Whore of Babylon. Of both these the reader may find specimens in the present collection: it does not appear that the whole of them were printed.

On his arrival in London, near the end of April, he received, according to his own account, the most flattering encouragement, and various employment was recommended: Among other schemes was a history of London, which if he had lived to complete it, must have been a suitable companion to Mr. Barrett's history of Bristol. In the mean time he wrote for many of the magazines and newspapers; his principal contributions appeared in the Freeholder's Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the Political Register, and the Gospel Magazine[4]. He wrote songs also for the public gardens, and for some time got so much money that he thought himself comparatively affluent, and able to provide for his mother and sister, whose hearts he gladdened by frequent intimations of his progress.

During this career he became acquainted with Wilkes, and with Beckford who was then lord mayor. These patriots, however, he soon discovered were not so ready with their money as with their praise; and as the former appears to have been his only object, he had some thoughts of writing for the ministerial party. After Beckford's death, which he affected to lament as his ruin, he addressed a letter to lord North, signed Moderator, complimenting administration for rejecting the city remonstrance, and one of the same date signed Probus, abusing administration for the same measure. While this unprincipled young man was thus demonstrating how unsafe it would be for any party to trust him, his letters to all his friends continued to be full of the brightest prospects of honours and wealth. But about the month of July some revolution appears to have taken place in his mind or his affairs which speedily put an end to all his hopes.

Of what nature this was remains yet a secret. About the time mentioned, he removed from a house in Shoreditch, where he had hitherto lived, to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker in Brook-street, Holborn, where he became poor and unhappy, abandoning his literary pursuits, and projecting to go out to Africa as a naval surgeon's mate: he had picked up some knowledge of surgery from Mr. Barret, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation, which Mr. Barret, who knew his versatile turn, and how unfit in other respects he was for the situa-

[4] "They print the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol: they are hardly worth the carriage, methodistical and unmeaning." Letter to his sister, May 30, 1770: I have not been able to discover a magazine of this title earlier than 1774; but there was one in Chatterton's time called The Christian Magazine, which may probably be meant. G

tion, thought proper to refuse. If this was the immediate cause of his catastrophe, what are we to think of his lofty spirit? It is certain, however, that he no longer employed his pen, and that the short remainder of his days was spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death, he refused, with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry, although he had not eaten any thing for two or three days. On the 25th of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, as is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell in the burying ground belonging to Shoe-lane workhouse. Previous to this rash act he appears to have destroyed all his manuscripts, as the room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

It has been regretted that we know very little of the life of this extraordinary young man, whose writings have since become an object of so much curiosity; and great surprise has been expressed that, from the many with whom he appears to have been acquainted, such a canty information has been obtained. For this, however, various reasons may be assigned which will lessen the wonder. In the first place his fame, using that word in its most common application, was confined principally to his native city, and there it appears that his friends undervalued his talents, because they considered him in no better light than that of an unprincipled young man, who had accidentally become possessed of certain ancient manuscripts, some of which he had given up, some he had mutilated, and the rest he had destroyed. He was with them an illiterate charity-boy, the runaway apprentice or hackney-writer of an attorney; and after he came to London, they appear to have made very few inquiries after him, congratulating themselves that they had got rid of a rash, impetuous, headstrong boy, who would do some mischief, and disgrace himself and his relations. Again, in London, notwithstanding of his boasting letters to his mother and sister, he rose to no high rank among the reputable writers of the day, his productions being confined to publications of the lower order, all of which are now forgotten. But there cannot be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence which accompanied his death. This event, although so extraordinary, for young suicides are surely not common, is not even mentioned in any shape in the Gentleman's Magazine, the London Magazine, the Annual Register, the St. James's or London Chronicles, nor in any of the respectable publications of the day. He died, a coroner's jury sat upon the body, and he was buried among paupers, so long before his acquaintance heard of these circumstances, that it was with some difficulty they could be traced with any degree of authenticity. And, lastly, it does not appear that any inquiries were made into his early history for nearly seven years after his death, when the Poems of Rowley were first published[5], and led the way to a very acute and long-protracted discussion on their merits. It may be added, too, that they who contended for the authenticity of the poems were for sinking every circumstance that could prove the genius of Chatterton, until Mr. Thomas Warton, and some others, took the opposite side of the question, brought the poems to the

[5] "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin" preceded this by some years, but does not appear to have attracted much notice. Mr. Cole, a very acute antiquary, suspected this poem to be a forgery, from the hero's name being Charles, a name unknown in the times of Henry VI. and Edward IV. Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus.——*C.*

internal evidence, and discovered, that however *extraordinary* it was for Chatterton to produce them in the eighteenth century, it was *impossible* that Rowley could have written them in the fifteenth.

When public attention was at length called to Chatterton's history[6], his admirers took every step to excite compassion in his favour. It became the fashion to report that he was starved by an insensible age, or suffered by the neglect of patrons to perish in want of the common necessaries of life. But of this there is no satisfactory evidence. On the contrary he appears to have been fully employed by his literary friends almost up to the day of his death, and from one of them he solicited money a very little before that catastrophe, and received it with an assurance that he should have more if he wanted it. This benefactor was the late Mr. Hamilton, senior, the proprietor of the Critical Review, a man of well-known liberality both of mind and purse. One who knew him well, when in London, and who wrote under the inspection of Mr. Hamilton, gives it as a probable conjecture, that "he wished to seal his secret with his death. He knew that he and Rowley were suspected to be the same; his London friends spoke of it with little scruple, and he neither confessed nor denied it. He might fear somewhat from himself; might dread the effects of increasing obligations, and be struck with horrour at the thought of a public detection. He sometimes seemed wild, abstracted, and incoherent: at others he had a settled gloominess in his countenance, the sure presage of his fatal resolution. In short this was the very temperament and constitution from which we should, in similar circumstances, expect the same event. He was one of those irregular meteors which astonish the universe for a moment, and then disappear for ever[7]." This is at least plausible, but the immediate cause of his death must perhaps yet remain a mystery. He had written so recently to his Bristol friends (about a month before) without a syllable indicating discontent or despair, that it was wholly unexpected on their part; but suicide, at one time or other, his biographers have proved, was his fixed purpose, and the execution of it was probably to depend on his disappointment in whatever wild or impracticable scheme he might meditate. He got enough in London, by his literary labours, to supply the decent necessaries of life, but his dreams of affluence were over, and had probably left that frightful void in his mind at which despair and disappointed pride entered.

The person of Chatterton is said to have been, like his genius, "premature; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing; when he warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other[8]."

As to his genius, it must ever be the subject of admiration, whether he was or was not the author of the poems ascribed to Rowley. If we look at the poems avowedly his own, together with his productions in prose, where shall

[6] Sir Herbert Croft, in a miscellaneous publication, intitled Love and Madness, was among the first who brought the particulars of Chatterton's Life into notice. See his Letters on this subject in the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LXX. pp. 99, &c.——C.

[7] Critical Review, Vol. LIII. p. 424.——C.

[8] Life, by Dr. Gregory.——C.

we find such various and indubitable proofs of genius at so early an age, struggling against so many difficulties? Let us contemplate him as a young man, without classical education, and who knew nothing of literary society but during the few months of his residence in London; and if to this we add, what has been most decidedly proved, that he was not only the author of the poems attributed to Rowley, but consumed his early days in the laborious task of disguising them in the garb of antiquity, perpetually harassed by suspicion, and fearfull of discovery: if likewise we reflect that the whole of his career closed before he had completed his eighteenth year, we must surely allow that he was one of the most extraordinary young men of modern times, and deserves to be placed high among those instances of premature talents recorded by Kleferus in his Bibliotheca Eruditorum Præcocium, and by Baillet in his *Enfans Celebres.*

Still our admiration should be chastened by confining it to the single point of Chatterton's extreme youth. If we go farther, and consider Rowley's poems as the most perfect productions of any age; if, with Dean Milles, we prefer him to Homer, Virgil, Spenser and Shakespeare, we go beyond all bounds of sober criticism, or rather we defy its laws. Wonderful as those poems are, when considered as the productions of a boy, many heavy deductions must be made from them, if we consider them as the productions of a man, of one who had bestowed labour as well as contributed genius, and who had learned to polish and correct; who would not have admitted such a number of palpable imitations and plagiarisms, and would have altered or expunged a multitude of tame, prosaic, and bald lines and metres.

The general character of his works has been so fairly and elegantly appreciated by lord Orford, that I shall make no apology for introducing his remarks, especially as they occur only in the last edition of his works. "His life," says this critic, "should be compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition; his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except, at most, for the last five months of his life; the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature or fashion; and when added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended, and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescenses of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed."

The facts already related are principally taken from the account drawn up originally for the Biographia Britannica, and at the distance of eighteen years, prefixed to a late edition of his works, without any addition or alteration. Something yet remains to be said of his virtues, which, if the poetical eulogiums that have appeared deserve any credit, were many. Except his temperance, however, already noticed, we find only that he preserved an affectionate attachment for his mother and sister, and even concerning this it would appear that more has been said than is consistent. It has been asserted that he sent presents to them from London, when in want himself; but it is evident from his letters that these were unnecessary articles for persons in their situation, and were not sent when he was in want[9]. Six weeks after, when he felt himself in that state, he committed an act, which affection for his relations, since he despised all higher considerations, ought to have retarded. His last letter to his sister and mother, dated July 20, is full of high-spirited hopes, and contains a promise to visit them before the first of January, but not a word that can imply discontent, far less an intention to put an end to his life. What must have been their feelings, when the melancholy event reached them! But how little these poor women were capable of appreciating his character, appears from the very singular evidence of his sister, who affirmed that he was "a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason." The affectionate prejudices of a fond relation may be pardoned; but it was surely inconsistent to introduce this in a life, every part of which proves his utter contempt for truth at an age when we are taught to expect a disposition open, ingenuous, and candid.

With regard to the controversy occasioned by the publications attributed to Rowley, it is unnecessary to enter upon it in this sketch, which was intended merely to preserve the few particulars of his history that can be depended on. Whether the object of this controversy was not disproportioned to the warmth it excited, and the length of time it consumed, the reader may judge from a perusal of the whole of Chatterton's productions. The principal advocates for the existence of Rowley, and the authenticity of his poems, were Mr. Bryant, Dean Milles, Dr. Glynn, Mr. Henley[10], Dr. Langhorn (in the Monthly Review), and Mr. James Harris. Their opponents were Mr. Tyrwhitt, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Percy[10] (bishop of Dromore), Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Jones, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Colman, Mr. Sheridan[10], Dr. Lort, Mr. Astle, Mr. (sir Herbert) Croft[10], Mr. Hayley[10], Lord Camden, Mr. Gough[10], Mr. Mason, the writer of the Critical Review, Mr. Badcock (in the Monthly Review), the Reviewers in the Gentleman's Magazine, and various correspondents in the same miscellany. To these may be added Mr. Malone[10], who has lived to detect another forgery by a very young impostor, in the history of which the reader will probably recollect many corresponding circumstances, but will be inclined to prefer the *shame* of Chatterton, fatal as it was, to the unblushing impudence and unnatural fraud of one who brought disgrace and ruin on a parent.

In the year 1803, an edition of Chatterton's works, far more complete than

[9] See a note in the Biog. Britannica, vol. iv. p. 588, signed O, written by Dr. Lort, but omitted in the life lately published.——*C.*

[10] These gentlemen only are the survivors (1807) of this celebrated dispute.——*C.*

any that had yet appeared, was published under the care of Messrs. Southey and Cottle, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, (since dead) and of her daughter. This edition has been followed in the present collection, but the coldness with which it was received by the public is perhaps a proof that it will not be possible to perpetuate the fame of an author, who has concealed his best productions under the garb of a barbarous language, which few will be at the trouble of learning. The controversy is no longer interesting, and perhaps the warmth with which so many great names engaged in it may hereafter be reckoned as surprising as the object itself.

POEMS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ECLOGUES.

The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page: Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton. There is only one other poem in this book, viz. the fragment of Goddwyn, a Tragedie.

The fourth Eclogue is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest. And it has the following subscription: D. B. Bristol, May 1769. Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the magazine.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE AND RAUFE.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde, [awaie,
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 't was honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
First Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do commealonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as our danger go.
To our grete wronges wee have enheped moe,
The baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff, ytsel mie senses doe affraie
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale, [dale.
Come heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the errmiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges [1], and embodyde trees,
Mie parker's grange, far spreedynge to the syghte, [fyghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante, [lyghte,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe, [flowe.
Ihantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie [2] untylle dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
Whyche sleaeth everichone that cometh nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre.
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked [3] from evrych joie, heere wylle I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

[1] Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere.

[2] This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of Gloss. Ur. has observed, that *obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver. 12034 is a misprint, and should be *obeye*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best MSS. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the poems got his word *obaie*, with its interpretation. Tyrwhitt.

[3] This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner: "Calked, exp. cast, credo cast up." Chat-

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn[4], ystorven ys;
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges fledden is selyness,
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie seyncte;
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse[5]
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

SPRYTES of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the bredé sea doe the banners gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme.
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule depeynected oares from the black tyde,
Decorn with fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore red estells in the eve merk skyes;
The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,
Alyche talle roshes on the water syde; [flyes;
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes broudeous sonnes do cotte the waie. [there,
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and
Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.

terton did not attend to the difference between casting out, and casting up, i. e. casting up figures in calculation. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "Calked for calculated. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of the Frankeleins Tale, which in the common editions stands thus:—"Full subtelly he had *calked* al this," where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculed*, the reading of the MSS. Tyrwhitt.

[4] Alone is never used for only; *solus* for *unicus*; *sed* for *unique*. The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakspeare, "Ah! no—it is my only son"—to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words. Tyrwhitt.

[5] When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask.
Shakspeare, Henry IV. p. 1.

The banner giesters on the beme of daie;
The mittee crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the syghte yer corrage doe affraie,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers and cottes, soe swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones hys squyer, with his shielde and spere. [glare;
The jyaynge shieldes doe shemre and moke
The dosheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;
The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warryngge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rychard, lyche a lyoncel of warre,
In sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie gronfers[1], dyghte,

[1] Mr. Bryant has a curious remark upon this word. "It is here said to be derived from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, *a corruption of fire*. Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*; the same which the country people style a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack-a-lantern*. On this account the expositor has been induced to derive it from *gron* a *fen*. But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor, the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides a *gronfire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *gron*[*] and *grun*, *solum*. See Olai Verelii Lexicon Sueo. Gothic. It was expressed A. S. grund. *solum. fundum*. Al. *grund*. B. *grond*. See Lye's Etymolog. Ang. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature, and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyche a battently low mie swerde shall brend.
Goddwyn. 50.

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old some phenomena, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1032, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom; and that a sad mortality ensued; and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, *such as were never seen before*. They broke out of the earth in different places and did a great deal of mischief†. Simeon Dunelmensis takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1048. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and

[*] *Gron* signifies undoubtedly a marshy place: but also solid ground.

† P. 154. See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *battent lowes* and *gronfires*, which broke out in the times specified.

Shaketh alofe his honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and evrich seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsommie flie,
Enchafynge echone champyonne war to wage.
Speres[2] beryle[3] speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;

some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature; and he concludes with saying, "villas et segetes multas usturlavit." Hist. Ang. Script. Decem. p. 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed; and the mischief which was done by these fires. Ibid. p. 939. l. 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next century, according to Holinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not by water, nor by any means be subdued*. V. 2. p. 44. Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance. And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these groundfires, to which the poet alluded. It is remarkable that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon, was anno 1048; both in the days of earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made, agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires, was not indeed in the days of king Richard†, who is the person concerned in the Second Eclogue, yet not so far removed, but that there might have been persons living by whom they were seen. The memory of them could not have been soon effaced. Hence it was natural for persons, who were treating of those times, to introduce those circumstances, which so particularly marked them. For the justice of these comparisons was very apparent in those days: which fitness and propriety is lost if they are introduced at a later season, and by another hand. It is from such remote and secret references that I am induced to think that some of these poems are of a greater antiquity than has generally been attributed to them. As to the person who has attempted to explain them, it is manifest that he proceeded merely by surmise and conjecture. He was not acquainted with the latent purport of these references; and the conclusion which necessarily follows, is, I think, very plain.

* See an account of a similar phenomenon in Germany mentioned by Tacitus.

† They happened anno 1155, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p. 195.

Armoure on armooredyne, shielde upon shielde;
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warr assuage,
Botte falleynge nombers sable all the feelde,
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
Kynge Rycharde, thorough everyche trope doth flie,
And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the greene;
Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn is sleene;
The waylynge mone doth fade before hys sonne;
Bie hymm hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene,
Doeynge syke marvels, strongers be aston.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is wonne; kynge Rycharde master
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre; [is;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
Twyghte into lovynge armes, and feasted eft;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere,
Of all remembrance of past peyne bereste.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne. [loove,
Lette thyssen[4] menne, who haveth sprite of
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

WOULDST thou kenn Nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges and bordels[1] of the hynde;
Giff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem you see the blakied[2] forme of kynde.

[2] Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd.
* * * * * *
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
Pope's Homer.

[3] The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *beryle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey: "Bevile (in heraldry) broken or open, like a bevel, or carpenter's rule." Tyrwhitt.

[4] *Thyssen.* This word is not to be found in any other writer: *thisom* or *thisen* is used by the colliers about Bristol.

[1] *Bordel*, in very old French signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for a keeper of such a house.

[2] To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occurring Æ. 178.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote bee?
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free?
Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche iche dysportynge pende; [mende.
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte com-

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parsone, have hyred mee there,
Comme, comme lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylle drenche of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the chyrche
With birlette golde,
Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE.

I kenne syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich ask whie the loverds son,
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,
From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn scille oppe the haie upponne the playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great, the smalle, [darte.
Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis
See! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle:
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle parte.
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente.

MANNE.

All-a-boon[3], syr priest, all-a-boon.

And again 407.

Blake stondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyse,

is explained *open, exposed;* and *blakied* is made the participle from an imaginary verb, to *blakie*, signifying to *open*.

[3] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "the only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order, is in Chaucer, C. Tales, v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone."

This the dean of Exeter considers as authority, arguing that the words in Chaucer should be connected: but *all* is there evidently an adjective connected with the pronoun *hem*.

Bye yer preestschype nowe saye untò mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde
Whie shoulde he than mee [bie,
Bee moe greate,
Inne hounoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle;
An answere to thie barganette here see,
Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle;
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,
Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;
Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee. [bee?
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie; [thenne
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and
Heare thou from me the lyffe of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wyth the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syr preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;
Whan fuired unwers doe the Heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.
Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie[4] dyghte,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced bie the storme:
Syke is a picte of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mounte.

[4] Evidently from the French *abaisser*, but corruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed. It is used by no other writer. Tyrwhitt.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

Onne Ruddeborne[1] bank twa pynynge maydens sate, [cleere;
Theire teares faste dryppeyne to the waterre
Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
Whoatte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre [eyne,
Dydde speke acroole[2], wythe languishment of
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roherte wele.
Moke moe than ne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Bewette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn[3] halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne[4],
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the forreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,
And to the passante spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte [traughte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dys-
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe, [deede!
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme in-
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes he mengod oane the plain.
So sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne. [were slayne,
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde, [and dyde.
Yelled theyre lothalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,

[1] Ruddeborne, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*); a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York.

[2] Unauthorized. The imitative verb *crool*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

[3] Mr. Bowles has introduced this line in his Monody, written at Matlock.

Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment.

[4] The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. Gray.

THE PARLYAMENTE OF SPRYTES.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. The original in Chatterton's hand-writing is in the British Museum. It was among the most early communications of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.]

A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaied bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre[1], on dedicatynge the chyrche of Oure Ladie of Redclefte, highte the Parlyamente of Sprytes. Wroten bie T. Rowleie and J. Iscamme[2].

Entroductyon bie Queen Mabbe.
(*Bie Iscamme.*)

Whan from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,
Than from the flouretts straughte[3] with dewe;
Mie leege menne makes yee awhaped,
And wytches theyre wytchencref doe.

[1] John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the abbey at Westbury.

[2] John Iscam, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of Lamyngeton; also at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge) he translated a Latin piece called Miles Brystolli into English metre. The place of his birth is not known.

[3] Straughte, *stretched.* I think this line is borrowed from a much better one of Rowley's, viz. Like kynge cuppes brasteynge wyth the mornynge dew. The reason why I think Iscam guilty of the plagiary is, that the Songe to Ella, from whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Ischam

Then ryse the sprytes ugsome and rou,
And take theyre walke the letten throwe.
Than do the sprytes of valourous menne,
Agleeme along the barbed halle;
Pleasaunte the moultrynge banners kenne,
Or sytte arounde yn honourde stalle.
Oure sprytes atourne theyr eyone to nyghte,
And looke on Canynge his chyrche bryghte.
In sothe yn alle mie bismarde rounde,
Troolie the thynge must be bewryen:
Inne stone or woden worke ne founde,
Nete so bielecoyle to myne eyne,
As ys goode Canynge hys chyrche of stone,
Whych blatauntlie wylle shewe his prayse alone.

To Johannes Carpenterre Byshoppe of Worcesterre.
(Bie Rowleie.)

To you goode Byshoppe, I address mie saie,
To you who honoureth the clothe you weare;
Lyke pretious bighes ynne golde of best allaie
Echone dothe make the other seeme more fayre:
Other than you[5] where coulde a manne be founde
So fytte to make a place bee holie grounde.

The sainctes ynne stones so netelie carvelled,
Theie scantlie are whatte theie enseeme to be;
Bie fervente praier of yours myghte rear theyre
heade,
And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.
Was everie prelate lyke a Carpenterre, [terre.
The chyrche woulde ne blushe at a Wynches-

Learned as Beauclerke, as the Confessour
Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge charitable,
Busie in holie chyrche as Vavasour, [stable,
Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges
Honest as Saxonnes was, from whence thou'rt
sprunge,
Tho boddie weak thie soule for ever younge.

Thou knowest welle thie conscience free from
steyne,
Thie soule her rode[6] no sable batements have;
Yclenchde oer wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,
A daie aeterne thie mynde does aie adave.
Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,
Ne starvvynge preestes ycrase thie nyghtlie reste.

Here then to thee let me for one and alle
Give lawde to Carpenterre and commendatyon,
For hys grete vyrtues but alas! too smalle
Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste blatyon,
Or to blaze forthe hys publicke goode alone,
And alle his pryvate goode to Godde and hym ys
knowne.

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.
(Bie Iscamme.)

Soon as the morne but newlie wake,
Spyed nyghte ystorven lye;
On herre corse dyd dew droppes shake,
Then fore the Sonne upgotten was I.

The rampynge lyon, felle tygere,
The bocke that skyppes from place to place,
The olyphaunte[7] and rhynocere,
Before mee throughe the greene woode I dyd chace.
Nymrodde as scryptures hyght mie name,
Baalle as jetted stories saie;
For rearynge Babelle of greete fame,
Mie name and renome shaalle lyven for aie:
But here I spie a fyner rearynge,
Geust whych the clowdes dothe not fyghte,
Onne whych the starres doe sytte to appearynge:
Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom
of lyghte.
O where ys the manne that buylded the same,
Dyspendynge worldlie store so welle;
Fayn woulde I chaunge wyth hym mie name,
And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to Helle.

Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.

Whan toe theyre caves aeterne abeste[8],
The waters ne moe han dystreste
The worlde so large;
Butte dyde dyscharge
Themselves ynto theyre bedde of reste,

Then menne besprenged alle abroade,
Ne moe dyde worshyppe the true Godde;
Butte dyd create
Hie temples greate
Unto the image of Nymrodde.

But now the Worde of Godde is come,
Borne of Maide Marie toe brynge home
Mankynde hys shepe,
Theme for to keepe
In the folde of hys heavenlie kyngdome.

Thys chyrche whych Canynge he dyd reer,
To be dispente in prayse and prayer,
Mennes soules to save,
From vowrynge grave,
Ande puryfye them heaven were[9].

Sprytes of Elle, Bythrycke, Fytz-hardynge, Frampton, Gaunles, Segowen, Lanyngeton, Knyghtes Templars, and Byrtonne.
(Bie Rowleie.)

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

Elle, thie Brystowe is thie onlie care,
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode;
Ne lovynge dames toe kynde moe love can bear,
Ne Lombardes over golde moe vyllaunt broode.

wrote the above a little before the finishing of the church.

[5] "Other than you," &c. Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by a poem written by Rowley.

[6] Rode, *complection*. I take the meaning of this line to be, "The complection of my soul is free from the black marks of sin."

[7] Olyphaunt, *elephant*. So an ancient anonymous author:

The olyphaunt of beastes is
The wisest I wis,
For hee alwaie dothe eat
Lyttle store of meat.

[8] Abeste, according to Rowley, *humbled* or *brought down*. And Rowleie saies "thie pryde wylle be abeste." Entroductyon to the Entyrlude of the Apostate.

[9] Heaven were, *heavenward*, so Rowley:

Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven were,
Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne.
Entroductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate.

Spryte of Elle speeketh.

Swythyn, yee sprytes, forsake the bollen floude,
And browke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne;
Welle have I vended myne for Danyshe bloude,
Syth thys greete structure greete mie whaped eyne.
Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,
Tourne there your eyne and see your workes outvyde.

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

What wondrous monumente! what pyle ys thys!
That byndes in wonders chayne entendemente!
That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyss,
And seemeth mountaynes joined bie cemente,
From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse sente.
Fulle welle myne eyne arede ytte canne ne bee,
That manne could reare of thylke agreete extente,
A chyrche so bausyn fetyve as wee see:
The flemed cloudes disparted from it flie,
Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Were I once moe caste yn a mortalle frame,
To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne
To heare the masses to owre holie dame, [eare,
To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre!
Throughe the halfe bulstred sylver twynklynge glare
Of yon bryghte Moone in foggie mantles dreste,
I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,
Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte arreste.
Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle I flie the lyghte,
O were I manne agen to see the syghte!
There sytte the canons; clothe of sable hue
Adorne the boddies of them everie one;
The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,
And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,
Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the Sunne;
The dames ynne kyrtles alle of Lyncolne greene,
And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done:
A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

Byrtonne's spryte speeketh.

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,
For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome;
At everyche tyltynge yarde mie name was hyghte,
I beare the belle awaie whereer I come.
Of Redclifte chyrche the buyldynge newe I done,
And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,
Of Maries house made the foundacyon,
And gave a threescore markes to Johnes hys toe.
Then clos'd myne eyne on Erthe to ope no moe,
Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was doe.
Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,
Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.
Thys geason buyldynge limedst of the towne,
Like to the donours soule, shalle never die;
But if percase Tyme, of hys dyre envie, [stone;
Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and throckes of
The faytour traveller that passes bie
Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendoure shewne
Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,
And pyllars theyre greene heades to Heaven rearynge.

Spryte of Segowen speeketh.

Bestoykynge golde was once myne onlie toie,
Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie;
Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe emploie,
Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye.
Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howre laie,
Thynkynge howe to benym the orphyans breadde,
And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,
I from the skieu heare a voyce, which said,
"Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake;" [take.
Some deede thats holie doe, or hee thie soule wylle

I swythyn was upryst wyth feere astounde;
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle:
Strayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,
Thoughten full soone for to go to Helle. [telle,
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to pieces felle.
Mie heart dispanded into Heaven laie:
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—
Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to Heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,
Twas love of Godde that set thee on the rearynge
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge:
Thys chyrch owre lesser buyldyngs all owt-daryinge,
Lyke to the Moone wythe starres of lyttle lyghte;
And after tymes the feetyve pyle reverynge,
The prynce of chyrches buylders thee shall hyghte;
Greete was the cause, but greeter was the effecte,
So alle wyll saie who doe thys place prospect.

Spryte of Fytz Hardynge speeketh.

From royal parentes dyd I have retaynynge,
The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syre;
The Dane who often throwe thys kyngdom draynynge,
Would mark theyre waie athrowgh wythe bloude and fyre.
As stopped ryvers alwaies ryse moe hygher,
And rammed stones bie opposures stronger bee;
So thie whan vanquyshed dyd prove moe dyre,
And for one peysan theie dyd threescore slee.
From them of Denmarques royalle bloude came I,
Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie.

The pypes maie sounde and bubble forth mie
And tellen what on Radclefte syde I dyd: [name,
Trinytie Colledge ne agrutche mie fame,
The fayrest place in Brystowe ybuylded.
The royalle bloude that thorow mie vaynes slydde
Dyd tyncte mie harte wythe manie a noble thoughte;
Lyke to mie mynde the mynster yreared,
Wythe noble carvel workmanshyppe was wroughte.
Hie at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's throne,
Dyd I take place and was myself alone.

But thou, the buylder of this swotie place,
Where alle the sayncte in sweete ajunctyon stande,
A verie Heaven for yttes fetyve grace,
The glorie and the wonder of the lande, [hande,
That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers
To bee the beste that on the Erthe remaynes;
At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,
Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes,

Canynge the great, the charytable, and good,
Noble as kynges, if not of kyngelie bloude.

Spryte of Framptone speeketh.

Brystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radclefte toe,
For here mie deeds were goddelye everychone;
As Owdens mynster bie the gate wylle shewe,
And Johnes at Brystowe what mie workes han done.
Besydes anere howse that I han begunne;
Butte myne comparde to thyssen ys a groffe:
Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,
A verie punelstre or verie scoffe;
Canynge, thie name shall lyven be for ale,
Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie.

Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,
And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;
As tourynge to mie Godde on Erthe dyd lyve,
So alle the Brystowe chronycles wylle shewe.
But all my deedes wylle bee as nothynge nowe
Syth Canynge have thys buyldynge fynyshed,
Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Brystowe,
And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched:
Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of alle,
And onlie in the wrecke of nature falle.

A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh.

In hallie land where Sarasins defyle
The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,
And Chryste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,
Wordies of despyte genst oure Savyour throwe.
There twas that we dyd our warfarage doe,
Guardynge the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,
Movynge lyke thonder boultes yn drear arraie.
Owre strokes lyke levyn tareynge the tall tree
Owre Godde owre arme wyth lethalle force dyd dree.
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,
Maint tenures fayre, ande mannoures of greete welthe,
Greene woodes, and brooklettes runnynge throughe the lee,
Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deare soule her helthe,
Gave erthlie ryches for goodes heavenlie.
Ne dyd we lette our ryches untyle bee,
But dyd ybuylde the Temple chyrche soe fyne,
The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie;
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondrynge eyne;
And ever and anon when belles rynged,
From place to place ytte moveth yttes hie heade:
Butte Canynge from the sweate of hys owne browes,
Dyd gette hys golde and rayse thys fetyve howse.

Lanyngetonnes spryte speeketh.

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave;
Alle obloquyes be rotted wythe mie duste;
Lette him fyrst carpen that no wemmes have:
'Tys paste mannes nature for to be aie juste.
But yet in sothen to rejoyce I muste,
That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde;
Sythe thys quaintissed place so gloryous,
Seemeyng alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,
Has nowe supplied for what I had done,
Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Then let us alle do jyntelie reverannce here,
The beste of menne and byshoppes here doe stande:
Who are Goddes shepesterres and do take good care,
Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand;
Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande
Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,
When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,
Affryghte the wycked and awaken alle:
Then Canynge ryses to eternal reste,
And fyndes hee chose on Erthe a lyfe the beste.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

[This poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Redcliffe now stands. The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

"Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation m.cc.xxxxxxv. hee was desyrabelle of aspect, and in hys yowthe much yeven to tourneyeynge, and m.c.c.xxxxxxxx at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learned, and ybuylded a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye to beboulde, wyth carvelly'd pyllars on whych was thys ryme wroten:

Fulle nobille is thys kyngelie howse
And eke fulle nobille thee,
Echone is for the other fytte
As saynctes for Heaven bee.

"Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds and was of the poore beloved: in m.cc.lxxxv kynge Edwarde[1] kepte hys Chrystmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were syrre Ferrars Nevylle, Geoffroie Freeman, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days jouste on sayncte Maryes Hylle; syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure, bearyn, a rampaunte lyon gutte de sangue, agaynste hym came syr Gervayse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuynge proper, but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudie swerde peercynge a couroune wyth a sheelde peasenne with sylver; he ranne twayne tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyrde rencountre then dyd the aforesayd syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrowen syrre Ferrars Neville, he would

[1] This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285. Rex Edw. 1 per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitem Gloveruiæ noscitur pertinore: rex dein Bristolliam veniens festum Dominicæ nativitatis eo anno ibi tenit.—Barrett.

there erecte and builde a chyrche to owre Ladye: allgate there stoode anigh Lamyngtonnes Ladies chamber: hee then encountred vygorously, and bore syrre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde, remaynynge konyge, victore knyght of the jouste, ande settynge atte the ryghte honde of k. Edwarde. Inne m.cclxxxxi hee performed hys vowen ybuylden a godelye chyrche from a pattern of St. Oswaldes abbyes chyrche, and the day of our Lordes natyvyty m.ccc.i. Gylbert de Sante Leonfardoe byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde."]

Enter an HERAWDE.

THE tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;
The courserrs lysse about the mensuredd fielde;
The shemrynge armoure throwes the sheene arounde;
Quayntyssed fons depicted onn eche sheelde,
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell orr beare,
Wythe straunge depyctures, nature maie nott [yeelde,
Unseemlie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte,
Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.
I, sonne of honnoure, spencer of her joies,
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde;
Wythe advantayle[1] and borne[2] I meynte emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde,
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;
Soe the neshe flowerr grees ynne the woodeland shade.
The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikenesse nothynge could bee made.
As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

[1] "In the notes *adventayle* is interpreted *armour*, and *borne burnish*. In this passage there seem to be several mistakes. The transcriber has expressed the former word with a d, adventayle and advantayle: in which, if there be any propriety, he was, I believe, little aware of it. The true spelling is supposed to be *aventayle*, from the French *avant*. It was some part of a suit of armour which projected; and this might have been known from Skinner. *Aventaile*: credo a Franco—Gallico jam obsoleto, *aventail*; prætentura ferrea: προσερνίδιον: ab adverbio *avant*. A like account is afforded by Du Cange; but neither of them define precisely what piece of armour it was. However from the accounts which are uniformly given of it, we may be assured that it was something which stood forward; and is therefore supposed by Du Cange to be *anterior armaturæ pars*. In the MSS. of William and the Werwolf, mention is made of the hero seizing upon a person with whom he is engaged in fight, which circumstance is thus described:

William thant witli by the aventayle him hente,
To have with his swerd swapped of his heade.
P. 54.

We find that he laid hold of a particular part of the armour, such as most facilitated his cutting off the head of the enemy. This therefore must have been part of the helmet; and that part especially which was most prominent and liable to be seized upon; and this I take to have been the beaver. There were several sorts of helmets of different denominations; and I imagine that one of them was styled *aventaile* or *adventaile*, from a moveable beaver, which was made to slide up and down. The name was given from its affording, when the beaver was up, an opening to the air for respiration; and seems to have been derived, not from *avant* but from *ad* and *ventus*, or *ventilo*; from whence was formed the French word *aventail*. Du Cange quotes from Rymer's Fœd. an order tom 8. p. 384. Tredecim loricas, quinque *aventailles*, quadraginta arcus, &c. The beaver of an helmet projected beyond the helm, and stood hollow; so that it gave an opportunity for a person to lay hold of it and to force the head of his enemy downward. From hence I am induced to think, that an adventail was properly that fore part of the helmet, the beaver, but which often gave name to the whole. When this beaver, was put up, it afforded an opening to breathe more freely, and to receive fresh air; which opening was from thence styled a *ventail* from *ventilo*. When Æneas was healed of his wound by Iapis, and was returning completely armed to battle, he embraced his son who stood by his side, and kissed him; which is thus described by Gawin Douglas.

Ascaneus zoung tendirly the ilk place
With all his harnes belappit dyd embrace,
And thro his helms *ventall* a lytell we
Him kissit.
P. 425, l. 18.

It is expressed after the same manner in an ancient poem quoted by Mr. Warton. Hist. of Eng. Poetry v. 1. p. 163.

Upon his shoulders a shelde of steele,
With the lybardes painted wele,
And helme he had of ryche entayle,
Trusty and trewe was his ventayle.
From His. of Richard Coeur de Lion.

There is a passage in the interlude of Ælla, where the adventaile is mentioned in conjunction with the helmet.

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle
And tore the heaulmes from heads of myckle myghte.
v. 469.

Ventale or ventall, a vent-hole and breathing part of a helmet: a Fr. ventaille. Gloss. to Gawin Douglas. Hence I imagine that the beaver and the helmet itself had the name of adventail and aventail from being constructed in such a manner as to afford occasionally such an opening.

[2] *Borne*. By this word is signified a kind of gorget or breast-plate expressed more commonly burn and byrn; from the byrna of the Saxons. Bynna, lorica. Sax. Dict. In the laws of K. Athelstan mention is made of a person having a *burn* and helm. c. 72. In the laws also of k. Ina, a *burn* and sword are spoken of, c. 55. It was sometimes expressed *bryne* and *brynia*. Brynia, *lorica*, hringa brynia, *lorica annulis ferreis concatenata*. Olai Verelii. Lex Sueo-Goth. It is taken notice of by Du Cange as it is differently exhibited. Brunea,

Enter SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie Heavenne these tylters staie too longe
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe, [syghte.
Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lack a Guid[3], a Wyllyamm to entylte.
To reine anente a fele emboydiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne renome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
Bie Heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle thus to wielde the speare.

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! swythenn mie shielde aud tyltynge launce bee bounde.
Eftsoones beheste mie squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.
[*Goeth oute.*

brunia, bronia, *lorica*. Gloss. Lat. Theotise. *thorax*, *militare ornamentum*, *lorica*. He also expresses it byrnan and byrn. Turnus is described in the Scotish version of the Æneis, as arming himself in the following manner.

He clethis him with his scheild and semysbald,
He claspis his gilt habirihone thrinfald,
He in his breistplait strang, and his *birnye*,
Ane souir swerd beltis law down by his the.
P. 230. l. 42.

Among the English it seems to have been called burn; and in the poem from whence I have quoted the passage it appears to have denoted *militare ornamentum*, probably something like a gorget; with which the heralds presented the knights at the same time that they gave them their helmets and spears.

I, sonne of honour, spencer of her joyes
Must sythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde,
Wyth adventayle and borne. I meynte emploie,
Who without me would fall unto the ground.

So it should be stopt. After the herald had mentioned that he was to present to the knights what belonged to them, he magnifies his own office, and speaks of himself as the dispenser of all honour. 'I,' says he 'employ many, who without me would sink to nothing.' In short he intimates, that all honours and badges of honour come through the hands of the herald; which seems to have been not at all understood by the transcriber. Such, I imagine, is the purport of the two words in question *adventayle* and *borne*. By the former of these is meant an helmet with a sliding beaver; by the other a kind of cuirass or gorget: which two by the transcriber have been interpreted armour and burnish."—Bryant.

This is the strongest argument that has been adduced for the authenticity of the poems. Chatterton translates *borne*, after Kersey, *burnished*; this makes the passage unintelligible, the real meaning of the word explains it.

[3] *Guid*, Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age.

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous acts woulde meinte of menne astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
Anenst alle menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.
As whanne the mornynge Sonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke eche knyghte's hue.

The lystes. The Kynge. Syrr Symonne de Bourtonne, Syrr Hugo Ferraris, Syrr Ranulph Neville, Syr Lodovick de Clynton, Syrr Johan de Berghamme, *and odherr* knyghtes, herawde, mynstrelles, *and* servytours.

KYNGE.

The barganette; yee mynstrelles, tune the stryngé, [synge.
Somme actyonn dyre of anntyante kynges now

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes flour, botte Englondes thorne, [knite,
The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd
Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne[4],
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted denne,
Lett thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies;
Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;
He ryseth battent, roares, he panctes, bee dyes.
Forslagenn att thie feete let wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn slea.

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;
The flemed owlett flapps here eve-speckte wynge;
The lordynge toad ynn all hys passes bides;
The berten neders att hymm darte the stynge;
Stylle, stylle, he passes onn hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloode.

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn doth rayse himself distraughte,
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menne.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mow'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge thonder stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foor the sendes.
Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

[4] An unauthorized word, formed from Kersey's blunder.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge
The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie. [awaie;
Hee lepethe hie, hee stonds, he kepes att baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones dothe die.
Forslagenn att thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Lette thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.
Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynges hys bowe alyne[5]. [flowerrs.
The stagge ys ouch'd[6] wyth crownes of lillie
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forslagenn wyth thie floe lett wylde beastes bee,
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, do ne thie bredren slee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the tourneie; who wylle fyrst affraie?

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlett on mie gaberdyne.

HEREHAULDE.

A legeful challenge, knyghtes and champyonns dynge,
A leegeful challengelette the slugghorne sounde.
[Syr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte.*
Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, to grounde, [Nevylle *falls.*
Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes, [knyghtes.
Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe
Before I doe departe the lissedd fielde,
Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereuppon wyll blethe.
Mie shielde!

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe. [*Theie tylte.* Ferraris *falleth.*
Hee falleth; nowe bie Heavenne thie woundes doe smethe;
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys second beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.

[5] Unauthorized and unintelligible.

[6] *Ouch'd*, garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain worn by earls round their necks.

Botte gyff thou fyghteste mee thou shalt have mede;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of knyghtys saie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou shalte ne tende; I doe thee flie.
Lyche forreying levyn schalie mie tylte-launce flie.
[Berghamme *and* Clinton *tylte.* Clinton *falleth.*

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, syrr knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd eyne.
I have borne downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne begynne, and wrynn thie shappe orr myne:
Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.
[Bourtonne *and* Burghamm *tylleth.* Berghamme *falls.*

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee sett a syde, tylle hee dothe see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous heie,
Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie.

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and hombiie doe wee clayme
The rennome ynn thys tourneie forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hymm fraie?
[*Fyve knyghtes tylleth wythe the straunge knyghte, and bee everichone overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld, [stente,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, marshalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytt hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,
Botte he shalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.
Bie thee, seyncte Marie, and thy sonne I sweare,
Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyght shall fall
Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out speere,
There schalle aryse a hallie chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.
And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,
Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee bonne; I champyonn you to warre.
Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to be hearde fromm farre.
[Bourtonne *and the* straungerr *tylt.* Straunger *falleth.*

KYNGE.

The mornynge tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge,
Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente[7];
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments synge;
Yee herawdes, gatherr upp the speeres besprente;
To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde bee shente;
Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrelles, sound the strynge, goe onn eche syde,
Whylest hee untoe the kynge ynn state doe ryde.

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann battayle, smethynge wythe new quick-enn'd gore, [hedde,
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
Dydd the merke wood of cthe and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
From hys vysage washedd the bloude,
Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne she swotelie hymm dydd view
Dydd soe ycorven everrie shape to joie,
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delyghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshotynge fromme hys eyne,
Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,
Lyche the merk-plante doe entwyne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke honnoure fyrste, and pleasaunce lies behynde.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

[This poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated under the name of syr Charles Bawdin was probably sir Baldewyn Fulford, knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edw. IV, but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edw. IV.) was takin sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, knt. Rot. Pat. 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes totheym and other directe to here and determine all treesons, &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your highness, &c." If the commission sat soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, king Edwarde might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of sir Baldewyn's execution; for in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edwarde 4th is comynge. } iiijd.ob."]

THE feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryghte," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone[1] thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,
For goode syr Charleses lyfe.

[7] Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Shakspeare, Henry 6, part 1.

[1] It appears by a MSS. (Rich penes me) that Henry VI. was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that k. Edward IV. had such a person as sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem.
Barrett.

"O good syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave syr Charles,
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne Sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave syrr Charles;
"Of thatte I 'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I 'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I 'de sooner die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I should lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges in readyness
For goode syr Charleses fate.

Thenne maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I 'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoghte ytt stylle was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The beste were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes na synne,
Ynne all thys mortall state.

"Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thy crowne falle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childsennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytoure vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Entreate my clemencye?"

"Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynn Heav'n
That dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys syr Charles dethe lyve.

"Bie Marie, and alle seinctes in Heav'n,
Thys Sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all must die," quod brave syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all we mortall menne.

"Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr at thyne eye;
Is ytt for my most welcome doome
That thou doste child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou so soon must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome Sunne,
Thys was appointed mee:
Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

"And all I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My bonest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe:

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lette my servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye, but alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appear dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
Forr those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte tho' I orne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte tho', upboisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynn ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can 't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mie name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne world, and alle that's deare,
Mie sonnes and lovynge wyfe;

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde.

And just before the officers,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
They washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kisse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mie herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Trust thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers lead onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the Sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The freers of seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym five-and-twenty moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynn hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route;

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrells came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendynge menne echone,
Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
" O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mie soule clean thys daie!"

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

" Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne!
I 'm greater nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedynges, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

" Thou thynkest I shall die to-dai;
I have been dede 'till nowe,
And soon shall lyve to wear a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few years,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soul rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

" To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! he spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

" Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde sayde;
And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hygbe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the Sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffolde goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd sai,
" Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

" As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenn ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Then hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke;

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And tears, enowe to wash 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys bedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne Heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

[From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handiworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; "Some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Fulle well I wote so fyne a syghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte."
Quod Trouthe; "Thou lackest knowlachynge;
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A rev'rend fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the towne,
Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun."
Quod I; "Ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to Heaven.
"Yea," quod Trouthe; "than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne."
Quod I; "I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three." [dedes soe;
Quod Trouthe; "As thou hast got, give almes-
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe."

ON THE SAME.

[From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.]

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the westerne lande,
Yet is the buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen
state, [pande,
That seemd with breath and human soule dis-
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to
God elate.

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye tell,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to Heaven and
fame.

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.

[This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parlyamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.]

SOONE as bryght Sunne alonge the skyne,
Han sente hys ruddie lyghte;
And fayryes byd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,
The mattyn belle wyth shryllie sounde,
Reeckode throwe the ayre;
A troop of holie freeres dyd,
For Jesus masse prepare.
Arounde the highe unsaynted chyrche
Wythe holie relyques wente;
And every door and poste aboute
Wythe godlie thynges besprent
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreste,
And mytred holylie;
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse
Wyth rosarie dyd bie.
Before hym wente a throng of freeres
Who dyd the masse song synge,
Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,
Tryckd lyke a barbed kynge.
And then a rowe of holie freeres
Who dyd the mass songe sound;
The procurators and chyrche reeves
Next press'd upon the ground.
And when unto the chyrche theye came
A holie masse was sange,
So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce,
The Heven so hie it range.
Then Carpenter dyd puryfie
The chyrche to Godde for aie,
Wythe holie masses and good psalmes
Whyche hee dyd thereyn saie.
Then was a sermon preeched soon
Bie Carpynterre holie,
And after that another one
Ypreechen was bie mee:
Then alle dyd goe to Canynges house
An enterlude to playe,
And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode
And praie for him for aie.

ON THE MYNSTER.

[This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt: he dyed yn M.CC.XV. beynge buryed in his albe in the mynster."]

With daitive[1] stappe Religyon, dyghte in greie,
Her face of doleful hue, [waie,
Swyfte as a takel thro'we bryghte Heav'n tooke her
And ofte and ere anon dyd saie
"Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
"See Brystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
Arysynge to mie view,
"Thycke throug'd wythe soldyers and wythe
Butte saynctes I seen few." [traffyckmenne;
Fytz-Hardynge rose;—he rose lyke bryghte sonne
in the morne,
"Faire dame adryne thein eyne,
"Let alle thie greefe bee myne,
For I wylle rere thee uppe a mynster hie;
"The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie;
"And wylle a monke be shorne;"
Thenne dyd the dame replie,
"I shall ne be forelourne;
Here wyll I take a cherysaunied reste,
And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges
breste."

ON HAPPIENESSE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

[This, and the two following poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.]

Maie Selynesse on Erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found?
Wote yee, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd
abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

ONN JOHNNE A DALBENIE.

BY THE SAME.

Johne makes a jarre bonte Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM.

BY THE SAME.

Mie boolie entes adieu! ne moe the syghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the sylver noble cheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie bonde with weight to speke ytt
fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alass! I call you myne:
Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle
woe;
I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O storthe, unto mie mynde! I goe to Helle.
Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie Sunne,
A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd
seeme; [runn,
Whan ynn the Heavn full half hys course was
Eche stirrying nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:
Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie
dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
For thee, I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must
goe.

[1] *Daitive*, perhaps *haitive*, or *haitiff*, hasty, from the French *haity*, hasty.

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

BY THE SAME.

[This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge, mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Ælla, and in that of Goddwyn; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, The Merry Tricks of Laymington, is inserted in the Discorse of Bristow. Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See Rot. Parl. 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. vol. VII. p. 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the mynstrelles songes in Ælla. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of sir Theobald Gorges, knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.]

Thorowe the halle the belle han sounde;
Byelecoyle doe the grave beseeme;
The caldermenne doe sytte arounde,
And snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wyld ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

Syke keene thie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie stylle the guestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes and falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene, [seene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

[This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.]

THIS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true man goode of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde from hys loynes the present Canynge
Houton are wordes for to telle his doe; [came;
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shall bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise
the solle, [hys dolle.
He'll wynge to Heaven with kynne, and happy be

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

[The first 34 lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from another copy, furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called Thomas, by Stowe, in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by king Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the register of the bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by bishop Carpenter on 19 September, 1467, and received the higher orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.]

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the greene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped,
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mythowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of Helle dyd fyghte,
And Earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

"Ælle," I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
"Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
Inn Erthe and Hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde."

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:
Fitz-Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge
strayde, [mynde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the sylver Moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked shee was and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne shoulde see dyd swotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the
white tyde.
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte,
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan she dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whyche mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes
abrewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte:
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete[1];
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
She 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste:
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse
sheene.

[1] Unauthorized. Dean Milles says it is the old English word nete or nought, with the prefix; to which corresponds the old French verb aneantised (annihilated) used by Chaucer. But there is no proof, that the word nete has ever been used as a verb, even if it exists.

Shee sayd; "Mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle; [were,
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven-
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

"Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne."

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses soulke to reste, my boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to sygthe,
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the dáies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto Heaven
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyre content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soon hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade, [made.
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was

Eftsoons hys mornynge tourned to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, give upp her brethe,
Seekynge for eterne lyfe and endl ss lyghte,
And sleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
So have I seen a flower ynn sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of Heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis paste to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde fayn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I sawe what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.]

YYNGE Heraudyn al bie the grene wode sate,
Hereynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue,
Seeinge the kenspecked amaylde flourettes nete,
Envyngynge to the birds hys love songe true.
Syrre preeste camme bie ande forthe his bede-rolle drewe,
Fyve Aves ande on Pater moste be sedde;
Twayne songe, the on hys songe of Willowe Rue
The odher one ———

FRAGMENT,

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBATTE OF SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowleie's Historie of Peynctors. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."]

HARTE of lyone! shake thie sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge steinede honde:
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers-browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynnè thonderynge armes
Warriketh whole cyttes bale.
Harte of lyon! sound the beme!
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Freare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes.

WARRE.

BY THE SAME.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. Chatterton says, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley[1], whose workes when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.]

Of warres glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie, [the lyne,
Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps
Whylste hoare experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Stondeth and woe bements; the trecklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doeth shewe
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.

Saie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evrich syde,
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle;
Whanne smetheynge sange dyd flowe lyke to a tyde,
And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an Helle,
Where all were misdeedes doeyng lyche unwise,
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd shote theyre eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribibble kenne,
Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the spere: [menne,
In ugsommnesse ware moste bee dyghte toe
Unseliness attendethe honourewere;
Quaffe your swote vernage and atreeted beere.

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE RAUFE CHEDDER. CHAPPMANNE. 1356.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.]

Ynne whilomme daies, as Stowe saies,
Ynne famous Brystowe towne
There lyved knyghtes doghtie yn fyghtes
Of marvellous renowne.
A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
For dethe and dernie dede,
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne
Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
And yev bymme rennome grate,
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire
Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.
A mansion hie, made bosmorelie,
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Mercyann menne
As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arase.

[1] None of Rowley's pieces were ever made public, being till the year 1631 shut up in an iron chest in Redcliff church.

One Leefwyne of kyngelie Lyne
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a lorde of hie accorde
Was ynne the strete nempte brede;
So greate hys myghte, soe strynge yn fyghte,
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupous digne of gentle lyne
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne
Botte reittes and roshes laie.
Than Radclyve Strete of mansyonnes meete
In semelie gare doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre estate
Bryngeth to tradynge londe.
Hardynge dydde comme from longe kyngddomme
Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte hys sonne, moche gode thynges doune
As abbattes doe blasynne.
Roberte the erle, ne conkered curll
In castle stede dyd fraie
Yynge Henrie to ynn Brystowe true
As Hydelle dyd obaie.
A maioure dheene bee and Jamne hee
Botte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
Bie hallie taper lyghte.

THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. There is also the beginning of a poem called the Freere of Orderys Black, which is unfit for publication.]

There was a broder of orderys whyte
Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria,
The nonnes al slepeynge yn the dortoure
Thoughte hym of al syngeynge freerers the flowre,
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well
And songe with hem too the sothen to tell,
Ave Maria, &c.
But be ytte ne sed bie elde or yynge
That ever dheye oderwyse dyd synge
Than Ave Maria, &c.

This broder was called evrich wheere
To Kenshamm and to Bristol nonnere,
Ave Maria, &c.
Botte seyynge of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe
Above hys skynne hys bonys did growe,
Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten beefe ande dyshes of mows
And hontend everych knyghtys house,
With Ave Maria, &c.
And beynge ance moe .n gode lyken
He songe to the nones and was poren agen
With Ave Maria, &c.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MASTER PHILPOT AND WALWORTH, COCKNEIES.

[From dean Milles's edition of Rowley. It contains, says the dean, a variety of evidence,

tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages is a style used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rhyme, (p. 226. vol. 2d. Venice 1741) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus:

Namque locutus sum in linguâ triuâ.

Skelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, show it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, sir William Walworth and sir John Philpot; men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the controul and management of these two citizens. (Walsingham, p. 200. Rapin, vol. i. p. 454 and 458.)

PHILPOT.

God ye god den [1], my good naighbour, howe d'ye ayle?
How does your wyfe, man! what never assole?
Cum rectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

WALWORTH.

Ah, Mastre Phyllepot, evil tongues do saie,
That my wyfe will lyen down to daie:
Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quæsdam referenti semper credere,
But I pity you nayghbour, is it so?

[1] This salutation, which should be written *God ye good den*, is more than once used by Shakespear: In Love's Labour Lost, the clown says,

God dig you den all. Act iv. Sc. 1.

That is to say, *God give you a good evening;* for *dig* is undoubtedly a mistake for *give*.

So in the dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc. 5. the former says,

God ye good morrow gentlemen;

to which the latter replies,

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman,

And in the Exmoor Courtship,

Good den, good den;

which the glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of *a good evening;* and Mr. Steevens observes on the passage in Love's Labour Lost, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the Northern Lass, by R. Brome, 1633, for the following phrase:

God ye good even.

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.
Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay,
But oft with cityzens it is the case;
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.

THE MERRIE TRICKS OF LAMYNGETOWNE.

BY MAYSTRE JOHN A ISCAM.

[From Dean Milles's edition.]

A RYGOUROUS doome is myne, upon mie faie:
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome Sonne,
Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,
To other reaulmes must Laymingtonne be gonne,
Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunne;
And shall I hearken to a cowarts reede,
And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne?
No! flie all thoughtes of runynge to the queed:
No! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneies see,
That Laymyntone the brave, will Laymyngetowne still be.

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my swerde unto my syde;
I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,
But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde;
With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,
Theire goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde.
My bark the laverd of the waters ryde,
Her sayles of scarlette and her stere of golde;
My men the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all their three.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chase,
That through the lessel hunt the burled boare,
Tell them how standes with me the present case,
And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,
And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more;
Let every auntrous knyghte his armour brase,
Their meats be mans fleshe, and theyre beverage gore,
Hancele, or hanceled, from the human race;
Bid them, like mee theyre leeder, shape theyre mynde
To be a bloudie foe in armes, gaynst all mankynde.

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.
[Ralph *goes out.*

LAMYNGETOWNE.

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs! your god is gayne.
When in your towne I spent my greete estate,
What crowdes of citts came flockynge to my traine,
What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,
My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate;
But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,
I stoode in warde ye laughed at mie fate,
Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte;
But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,
I've got experience now, altho I bought it weele.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,
That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise;
I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,
Will profitte by youre lessons and bee wise;
Make you give back the harvest of youre lies;
From deep fraught barques I'le take the mysers
Make all the wealthe of every [1] my prize, [soul,
And cheating Londons pryde to dygner Bristowe
rolle.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.

[From Dean Milles's edition. According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the bridge at Bristol was completed in 1247.]

WHANN Norrurs and hys meune of myghte,
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte,
Forslagenn manie warriours laie,
And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie.
Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,
And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode
Embolled hie the runnynge floude.
Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,
And all hys arms were *gutte de sangue* [2].
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign warriors ranne awaie,
Erle Baldwynus regardeld well,
How manie menn forslaggen fell;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thanked Godd for victorye;
Thenne threw hys anlace ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

[From Dean Milles's edition.]

WHANNE kynge Kynghill [3] ynn hys honde
Helde the sceptre of thys londe,
Sheenynge starre of Chrystes lyghte,
The merkie mysts of pagann nyghte
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
Doffed hys honnores and fyne clothes;
Preechynge hys Lorde Jesus name,
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
Whare blaeke Severn rolls hys tyde.

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde
Overr the waterrs lyke a godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Witnesse to the myrracle;
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte
Moe than gueste bie mortalle thoughte,
Orr thann mortall tonge can tell.

Thenn the foulke a brydge dydd make
Overr the streme untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of thee tyde;
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie?
Then erle Leof he bespedde
Thys grete ryverr fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to runne,
'T was in trothe ann ancyante onne,
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

Now agayne, wythe bremie force,
Severn ynn hys aynciant course
Rolls hys rappyd streeme alonge,
With a sable swifte and stronge,
Moreying [4] manie ann okie wood:
Wee the meune of Brystowe towne
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,
Wyshyng echone that ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be past,
Standynge where the other stoode.

SANCTE WARBUR.

[From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Chirch. 1769.]

IN auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn king
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celes [5], as the bardyes synge,
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his earles estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,
Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile
Since valorous Ursa first wonne Bryttayn isle;
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greatest warriours myghte.

Around about the lofty elemens hie
Proud as their planter reerde their greenie crest,
Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest. [bie.
Attendynge squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth squier an attendynge knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, little birds to teir,
The sparrow hawke, and manie hawkies gode.
Just in the prime of life, whan others court
Some swottie nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the kynge and *trerdie* greet with the
And as aforesed mickle much of land, [court

* * * * * *

[1] The word *one*, or *man*, must be here supplied, in order to complete the sense and the verse.

[2] Gutte de sangue, drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.

[3] King Kynghill, king Coenwolf.

[4] Moreying, rooting up, so explained in the glossary to Robert Gloucester.—Mored, i. e. digged, grubbed. The roots of trees are still called mores in Devonshire.

[5] Celes, most probably from the ancient word *ceolis*; which, in the Saxon, is *ships*. From whence *ceolar*, we find in Brompton, are used for large ships.

THE WORLDE.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol.]

FADRE, SONNE, *and* MYNSTRELLES.

FADRE.

To the worlde newe and ytts bestoykenynge waie
Thys coistrelle sonne of myne ys all mie care,
Yee mynstrelles warne hyimme how wyth rede he straie [snare,
Where guylded vyce dothe spredde hys mascill'd
To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde, [hys hedde.
And couronnes of rudde goulde ne glorie rounde

FIRST MYNSTREL.

Mie name is Intereste, tis I
Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,
Eche one hylten secret's myne,
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,
Intereste wyll rule the roaste.
I to everichone gyve lawes,
Selfe ys fyrst yn everich cause.

SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholi,
Love somme behyghte mie name,
Some doe anemp me Follie;
Inne sprytes of meltynge molde
I sette mie burneynge sele;
To mee a goulers goulde
Doeth nete a pyne avele;
I pre upon the helthe,
And from gode redeynge flee,
The manne who woulde gette wealthe
Muste never thynke of mee.

THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the queede of Pryde, mie spyrynge heade
Mote reche the cloudes and stylle be rysynge hie,
Too lyttle is the Earthe to bee mie bedde,
Too hannow for mie breetheynge place the skie;
Dsynous I see the worlde bineth me lie
Botte to mie betterres, I soe lyttle gree,
Aneuthe a shadow of a shade I bee,
Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multyplie.

FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the queed of goulers; look arounde
The ayrs aboute mee thieves doe represente,
Bloudsteyned robbers spryng from oute the grounde,
And airie vysyons swarme around mie ente;
O save mie monies, ytte ys theyre entente
To nymme the redde godde of mie fremded sprighte,
Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte!

FIFTH MYNSTREL.

Vice bee I hyghte onne golde fulle ofte I ryde,
Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;
Mie ugsomness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,
Laieynge mie lovers ynne a sylkenne dreme;
Botte whan mie untrue pleasaunce have byn tryde,
Thanne doe I showe alle horrownesse and row,
And those I have ynne nette woulde feyne mie sryye eschew.

SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte, [blame,
Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe
Botte moste ryche goulerres from mee take a flyghte;
Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,
Doethe mie ghastness mockle multyplye
And maketh hem afrayde to lyve or die.

FADRE.

Howe, villeyn mynstrelles, and is this your rede,
Awaie: awaie: I wyll ne geve a curse, [bede,
Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speeche take
Nothynge ys goode thatte bryngeth not to purse.

ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT, OR THE TOURNAMENT.

[From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "He offered this as a sample, having two more cantos. The author unknown." 1769.]

The matten belle han sounded long,
The cocks han sang their morning songe,
When lo! the tuneful clarions sound,
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)
Did echo to the rooms around,
And greet the ears of champyons stronge;
Arise, arise from downie bedde,
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!
Then each did don in seemlie gear,
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice echon;
With manie a tassild spear;
And mounted echeone on a steed
Unwote made ladies hearts to blede.

Heraulds eche side the clarions wound,
The horses started at the sound;
The knyghtes echeone did poynt the launce,
And to the combattes did advance;
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce;
Thyre prancyng horses tare the ground;
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,
The first to exercise their myghte—

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;
From west Hybernee isle he came,
His myghte depictur'd in his name[1].
All dreded such an one to meet;
Bold as a mountain wolf he stood,
Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude,

But when he threwe downe his asenglave,
Next came in syr Botelier bold and brave,
The dethe of manie a Saraceen;
Theie thought him a devil from Hells black den,

[1] Probably alluding to the word rock.

Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee he render'd his thanks,
Descended from Godred the king of the Manks.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
Their launces with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there;
So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

Syr Botelier Rumsie first came from his traunce,
And from the marshall toke the launce;
O'Rocke eke chose another speere,
And ran at syr Botelier full career;
His prancynge stede the ground did tare;
In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain
Fellde him down upon the playne.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the clarions sound,
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings around,
He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,
And ferslie ranne up in full career;
But for his appearance he payed full deare,
In the first course laid on the ground;
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayne,
Rode conqueror off the tourneying playne,
Receivying a garland from Alice's hand,
The fayrest ladye in the lande.
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,
Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,
As some tall oak within the thick wode.

Awhile the shrill clarions sounded the word;
Next rode in syr John, of Adderleigh lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did bryng,
In checkee of redde and silver sheeninge,
With steede and gold trappings beseeming a king,
A guilded fine adder twyned round hie swerde.
De Bretville advanced, a man of great myghte
And couched his launce in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,
Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,
De Bretville fell upon the ground,
The bloude from inward bruised wound,
Did out his stained helmet flowe;
As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
So laie De Bretville on the plain.

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,
Advanced next in lists of fyght,
He knew the tricks of tourneyinge full well,
In running race ne manne culd him excell,
Or how to wielde a sworde better tel,
And eke he was a manne of might:
On a black stede with silver trappynges dyght
He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
So furiously ech other met,
That Compton's well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wound his hand in furious geir;
Syr Johns stele assenglave was wette:
Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.
The tenders of the feelde came in,
And bade the champyons not begyn;
Eche tourney but one hour should last,
And then one hour was gone and past.

THE ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE.

BY JOHN DE BERGHAM.

[From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr. Cottle.]

THE Sunne onto Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,
The woddie grasse blaunched the fenne
The quenis Ermyne arised fro bedde;
Syr knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a stede
Ne rouncie ne drybblette of make
Thanne asterte for dur'sie dede
Wythe Morglaie hys fooemenne to make blede
Eke swythyn as wynde. trees. theyre bartys to [shake
Al doune in a delle a merke dernie delle
Wheere coppys eke thighe trees there bee,
There dyd hee perchaunce I see
A damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne
An cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stonde
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,
Discorteous cnyghte, I doe praie nowe thou telle
Whirst doeste thou bee so to thee damselle.
The knyghte hym assoled eftsoones,
Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The knyghte sed I proove on thie gaberdyne.
Alyche boars enchafed to fyghte heie flies.
The discoorteous knyghte bee strynge botte
strynger the righte, [fyghte
The dynne bee herde a'myle for fuire in the
Tyl thee false knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the knyghte, now comme thou wi me,
Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne fere,
The knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heaven-were.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

MODERNISED BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's in the possession of Mr. Cottle.]

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
Meeting from every hill the ravish'd sight.
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed:
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
Of size uncommon, and no common breed.

His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
To seek for glory and renown, he goes
To scatter death among his trembling foes;
Unnerv'd by fear they trembled at his stroke;
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
Where trees intwining arch the azure sky,
Thither the fate-mark'd champion bent his way,
By purling streams to lose the heat of day:
A sudden cry assaults his list'ning ear,
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.—
The cry re-echoes: with his bounding steed
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.
The arching trees above obscur'd the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh;
Thro' the thick brake the astonish'd champion
A weeping damsel bending on her knees; [sees
A ruffian knyght would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use
The pleasure which they die for, will refuse,)
The champion thus: "Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might."
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies,
"Begone! whoever dares my fury dies."
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,
"I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too."

Like two fierce mountain-boars enraged they fly,
The prancing steeds make echo rend the sky,
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight, [knight.
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian
The victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the dame,
"I will convey you hence to whence you came."
With look of gratitude the fair replied,
"Content: I in your virtue may confide.
But," said the fair, as mournful she survey'd
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
"May all thy sins from Heaven forgiveness find!
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind!"

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

(SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING SONGE TO ÆLLA.)

[This and the two following poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing.]

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes be soe,
Thatt thou and I a bowtynge matche muste have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne John Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte, [nesse more.
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weak-

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRISTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie, [ing due,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of Helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, meane of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth best,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre, [sleyne;
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of
Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Yprauncyenge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES

WERE COMPOSED BY JOHN LADGATE, A PRIEST IN LONDON,

And sent to Rowlie, as an answer to the preceding Songe of Ælla.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyon redde
Whatt you dydd too mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dyd,
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,

Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of this and the two preceding poems, supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett, from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

Verses to Ladgate.
In the title, for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate.*
ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*
3. for *bee*, r. *goe.*
7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte.*

Songe to Ælla.
The title in the vellum MS. was simply *Songe toe Ælla*, with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—*Lord of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.* It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastynge*, r. *burstynge.*
11. for *valyante*, r. *burlie.*
23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore.*

Ladgate's Answer.
No title in the vellum MS.
ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene.*
antep. for *Lendes* r. *Sendes.*
ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge.*

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others:

In the title of the *Verses to Ladgate.*
Orig. *Lydgate.* — Chat. *Ladgate.*
ver. 3. Orig. *goe.* — Chat. *doe.*
7. Orig. *wryte.* — Chat. *fyghte.*

Songe to Ælla.
ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane.* — Chat. *Dacya's.*
Orig. *whose lookes.* — Chat. *whose hayres.*
11. Orig. *burlie.* — Chat. *brondeal.*
22. Orig. *kennest.* — Chat. *hearst.*
23. Orig. *honore.* — Chat. *dysmall.*
26. Orig. *Ypraunceynge* — Chat. *Ifrayning.*
30. Orig. *gloue.* — Chat. *glare.*

Æ L L A,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, OR DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BY THOMAS ROWLEIE; PLAIEDD BEFORE MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE: ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN HOWARD.

[This poem, with the Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's handy writing.]

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preest delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted tyltynge speares to please the syght,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn vyrtues gare rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel scathe.

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,
Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyseed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as good yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.
Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adrames[1];
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe.
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, behynde hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelye he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes[2] monthes on nothynge, and hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte of faultes, be less.
Ælla wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;

[1] Unauthorized. There is however the adjective *adramming*, churlish. [2] Perhaps *waystes*.

Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, [wronge
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie[3] mote ne beare,
placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere.
Bee THOMAS ROWLEIE

LETTER

TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hav place; [oures,
Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste ytts powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate,
Whyiste prose, and herehaughtrie, rysc yn estate.

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan heie gayne a throne, [sieres bore,
Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grand-
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, and toune folck, lett syke thynges
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure; [alone,
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe bede[4].

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys bedde[5] to styrre hys rede aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wyth-
Ekie, gyf ynto a vew percase I tooke [oute;
The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelie
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie; [alyse[6],
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;

[3] Droorie. Strange perversion of words! droorie in its ancient signification stood for modesty *.

* This is an errour of Chatterton.

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne;
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer
A lettyr that hym send a lady
That he luffyt *per drouery*.
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a good batchiller.
The awenturs castell off Dowglas
That to kep sa peralous was,
Than mycht he weill ask a lady
Hyr amours and hyr *drouery*.
The Bruce. B. 8. 488.

Mr. Pinkerton adds *per drouery* is *not in a way of marriage*: the term is old French.

[4] Probably *nede*.

[5] Sidrophel in Hudibras.
Who having three times shook his head,
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Instedde of mountynge on a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy dryve ynn dolefull course.

Canynge and I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes be-
pente, [sheene;
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures be-
sprente, [clene;
We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewryen
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge ytte moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Hee wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.
T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherisaunei tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne, [hynde,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name be-
And theyre goode deedes doe on the Earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentleness ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond, canne kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

ÆLLA.

Personnes representedd.

Ælla, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeste, the Auethoure.
Celmonde, *Johan Iscamm*, Preeste.
Hurra, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.
Birtha, Mastre *Edwarde Canynge*.
Odherr partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

CELMONDE, *alt* Brystowe.

BEFORE yonne roddie Sonne has droove hys wayne [goulde,
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of

[6] This word is loosely made from the Saxon verb *alysan*, to *loosen*, to set free.

Mee, happeless me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde, [chaunces chayne.
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne mys-

Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene!?
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the Sonne made redde,
Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe ywreene, [spreedde.
Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte [moste parte.
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere!
Ytte cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee. [beere,
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea.
Assyst mee Helle! lette devylles rounde mee tende, [friende.
To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie

ÆLLA, BIRTHA

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane shoulde blede, [fyghte;
Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne ynne

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, [softer soule;
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;
Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne;
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynne myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath biu yblente,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres,

Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to me all eares.
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente,
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttle kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.
Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate, [down to thee,
Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaven
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Botte be hys borrower stylle, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paste will Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you; [spere,
Be notte toe slack yn love, ne overdeare; [true.
A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde;
Oft maie the Moone, yn sylverr sheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed blessynges shedde,
Besprengeynge far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, so bryghte, [peace,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche
Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encrease! [
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan soppeles paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death. [

CELMONDE.

Ye mynstrelles, chaunt your songe!

Mynstrelles Songe bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie shepsterr swayne;
Bryghte Sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre, I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,

Is she not more than painting can express?
Fair Penitent.

Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
Percynge ynne the streme belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche,
Out uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche[2].
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinistre goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

[2] Unauthorized.

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn goodnesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes att the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrells synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge stylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, yn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wylle have a charme for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brent doe appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;
Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafte desyre bee free;
Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylled bee,
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere, [fayre:
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutylle membere fyrste beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn angel joie heie angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
As from the Sones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whyttes hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
"Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

"Mie husbande, lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

"Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-Dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle, [nynge.
Mie lorde fadres barbde[3] haulle han ne wyn-

"Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, [bleachynge,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

"Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge."

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge, [shee;
Shee putte uppe her knittynge, and to hym wente
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, we wylle toe spouse-feaste goe, [everych woe.
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon,
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre. [ryne,
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
Then groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guestes to eate?

O mie upswalynge harte, what words can saie
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 't ys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie goddes, and is yor favoures sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykyn[4] a swarthe obteyne?
O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle? [dreerie dole?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde lette me saie, wyth hommaged drede,
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,

[3] Bardé, barbed or trapped, as a great horse *Bardes*, barbes or trappings for horses of service or of show. Cotgrave. The word is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.

[4] This diminutive never was used as a mere synonym of its original word. Dean Miles adduces *God's bodikins*. This oath cannot be received in evidence.

The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for
And all the sabbataners goe aboute. [fraie,
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse [alyse.
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle. [telle,
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde:
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedere, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynge spryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thy swerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all [quyre,
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt ac-
Ytte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenpeste welle the Dacyannes myttes powere; [yeares;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command
Under the sygnette of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me thea a recreandee
Hollie seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou has potte a double stynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.
'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.
Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the friende.
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe; [flighte,
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreande doe;
I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries weie,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to [be] dyghte yn stele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted[5] harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
Albeytte I schulde go to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe assewaie[6]
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue. [dsie,
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute yna warre arraie.

[5] Qy. Sick, quasi agroted or agreated.
[6] Unknown and unintelligible.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe[7] foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to be borne,
Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wythe syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave behynde? [wynde,
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende:
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul 't fynde. [and friende.
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking.*

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge [shield dothe slynge.
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente, lyghte;
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente;
The sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponne thie wyde aumere[8].

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbrucheawed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place [awaie.
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies aroundne mee ryse;
Blake stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

Weare streighte gloves with *aumere*
Of silk.

The French original stands thus

De gans et de bourse de soye,
Et de saincture te cointoye.

Skinner, who probably did not think of consulting the original, supposes *aumere* to be something belonging to *gloves*, and so at a venture expounded it *fimbria, instila;* a *fringe* or *border*. It seemed, and still seems most probable to me, that *aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *bourse de soye;* and consequently that aumere was sometimes equivalent to a purse. But the dean, if I understand him rightly, differs from us both, and thinks that *aumere* is a translation of *ceinture*, a girdle. "The *ceinture*, or girdle," says he, "has escaped the notice of the learned editor, though, as a principal ornament in ancient dress, it was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, than the purse." Which was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, is not the question, but which is mentioned; and if the girdle escaped the notice of Chaucer, I do not see that I was bound to take any notice of it. In short *aumere*, upon the face of this passage, must probably signify, either *something belonging to gloves*, or a *purse*, or a *girdle;* and I think I might safely trust the intelligent reader with the determination, in which of these three senses it is used by Chaucer. But I have also referred to another passage of the same poem R. R. ver. 2067. in which he uses *aumener* in this same sense of a purse.

Then from his *aumener* he drough
A little key fetise enough.

The original is

Adonc de sa *bourse* il traict
Un petit clef bien fait.

Where *aumener* is undoubtedly the translation of bourse. I must observe further, that in what I take to be the most accurate and authentic edition of the French *Roman de la Rose*, (Paris 1727) these two lines are thus written, v. 2028.

Lors a de l' *aumoniere* traicte
Une petite clef bien faicte.

Which, I apprehend, adds no small strength to my conjecture, that both *aumener* and *aumere* are derivatives from the French *aumoniere*. If so, it becomes still clearer, that the proper signification fof *aumere* is a *purse;* a signification which will not suit any one of the passages, in which the word occurs in these poems.—Tyrwhitt.

[7] Qy. Hap?

[8] *Aumere*. The word does not occur in any of our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. v. 2271.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gastness fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground, [wounde.
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis[9] whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme; [beme,
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, AND HIE PREESTE, WYTH THE ARMIE *neare* Watchette.

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all aroundde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde;
Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
Stroven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th' empprize.
falleth downe and efte rysethe.

Thus sayethe the goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne beeslayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the queed dystraughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,
As whanne a tempeste vexe the soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste, [tare,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.

9 A word of unknown origin.

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke [rayne.
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke saiethe drefte, ytt armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corses I investynge everyche mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome, [dome.
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordbye peene.
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
I 'll prove mie courage onne the buried greene;
Tys there alleyne I 'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte [saie.
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie.
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whych to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage; [asswage.
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doest aslee[10] alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness
To thee and recreandes) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.

10 An unknown word.

UN

A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie bawed tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped ynnyghte,
A scoff to foemen, and to beastes a pheere!
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:
Fen vaipours blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes devoure. [tyngue
Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle onne mie heade all tórtures that be rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele. [ynne blewe,
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge lev-
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele,
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde. [come.
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla

MAGNUS.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe Helle!
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne, [felle;
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, hie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state, [dysregate.
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canst caile.
Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie blonde woulde scorne to foul mie sworde, [falle,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee
Alyche thieowne feare, slea thee wythe a worde.
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, *and* MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

[11] Blynne your contekions, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie comynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie, [alonge
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERE.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's noneg
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie. [pare;
Goe, sounde the berne, lette champyons pre-
Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as beie.
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde? ys ytte for feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wyll keepe watch and warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke knowe mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be chougheng foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? and soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne.
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste so moche of ayctna derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste attunne,
To cheere the sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, and inne the battle slee

[11] These nine lines, and the speech of the second messenger afterwards, are in blank verse; a metre first practised in England by Surrey.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, *and* ARMIE *near* Watchette.

ELLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne [browes.
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge

As for mie harte, I owne ytte ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate, [weale.
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes
Friends, kynne, and soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes; [gore;
Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name, [flame.
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerres of our hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame,
Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee. [flee,
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde, [hygher,
Ælla and Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, but all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme, [stronde,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne,
Gyff ynn thys battelle loeké ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhurie dyre; [ayre,
Brystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyre,
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
See [ing] the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne, [slayne.
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene. [myghte.
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte, [wepte;
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte. [crie,
Yourselfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be brave, and wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place; [waie;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the footepathe trace. [space;
'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves be menne; [grace,
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne; [breathe;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for
Go, and sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go, and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe to Helle;

Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres; [swelle,
The barrowes brastynge wythe the sleene schall
Brynnynge to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echoue wylle wyssen hee hanne[12] seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe our battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde, [grounde.
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare* Watchette.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene; [heade;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle mark the goeynge of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;

The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge[13] yield yer breathe;
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne, [battle slayne.
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme new place for safetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne; [joyne.
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner

Throwe hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde dethe and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves therey-nne: [rolle.
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne:

CELMONDE, *near* Watchette.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte Sonne han ynn hys roddie robes bya dyghte, [trayne,
From the rodde easte he flytted wythe hys
The howers[14] drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge streaks bedecked heavennes playne, [eie,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne whyche stondeth bie;
The souldyers stood uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe brieres;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,

[12] The capital blunder which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is the termination of verbs in the singular number in *n; han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the present or past time singular of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mood.——Tyrwhitt.

In opposition to this conclusive remark Anonymus produced twelve passages, of which only one is in the least to his purpose. "Ich han bitten this wax"—an old rhyme of nobody knows whom. Mr. Bryant and the dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection.

[13] Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,
And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.
Dryden's Virgil.

[14] Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours:
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
Pope's Homer.

Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelles;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warryngе harte for prayse and rennome swelles;
Lyche slowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge streme [armie seme.
Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie;
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie aroundc hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne; [nee;
Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, my tynge; saie
Howe greate I hymme maye make, styllе greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne. [felle;
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere
Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;
Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to telle! [speere
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on ummyssynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde; [slewe;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head, [ravenne fledde.
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stoutestе hartes affraie. [annes flie;
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacy
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Pressynge behynde; the Englysche soldyerres slaie. [mayne;
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne re-
Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie; [playne.
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde, [yn course,
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
Gyv onte to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Ouycke dyghte my beste of stedes, and brynge hymm heere — awaie!

CELMONDE. [*Solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe. [croune,
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe [breathe;
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of
Botte thanne rennome æterne—ytte ys botte ayre; [there.
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, and morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to nowe, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe lme plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere,

Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied[15] reste.
Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave-belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.

[15] By an error of the press, cherisaunci is printed in Kersey instead of cherisaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

ÆLLA, *alte* Watchette.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! bryngе mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge me a stede, wythe engle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys,
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe bane, and blesse;
On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse;
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

CELMONDE, *alte* Brystowe.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are stylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be sated yn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streme,
At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte blessynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
I flie; new wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge:
Sweftlie caparisons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome, [bee;
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode, [alle cheere;
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille be a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd slee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre; [slea,
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle
Spreddynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes maie dree.
And gyff yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne moere.

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and oure heaulmes dyd blede, [fledde awaie,
The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe dropes,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte; [paie,
Botte we ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss will
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte; [destroie;—
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie.

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge, [brende;
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie
Brastynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende; [rende,
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre and bloddie weere.
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wyll yssue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.

Howe sable ys the spreddynge skie arrayde[86]!
Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes,
No leme, no eyne, no mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene, [nyghte;
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne, [syghte;
Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt stondes, [loves bondes.
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh Heaven and Earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraste? Where ys mie Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!

[86] All is hush'd and still as death! — 'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile!
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.
Mourning Bride.

I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe,
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dysplesaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie sedde,
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead. [bedde,
Yee seynctes; and shal I wronge mie Ælla's
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lette mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn and her starres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avede,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte; [stele;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes bylte.

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of nede. [thou wylte.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff
Unto mig wyache bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne crie.
I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save from me thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie broudeous honde.

HURRA.

Resette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meinte Danes he sleath, and faleth to Hurra.*

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne; [nyghte;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne
To her be kynde.

[*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hautoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and wyne;
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? [fielde,
You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestrian
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed you to be stylle, and strayte didd sette you free.

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle bee, who havith byanne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle boe wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyvynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe and sea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chase the merkynds of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;
Bie the fulle daylieghte woe scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA *and* SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte [love;
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle proove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee.
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

What? where? how? Saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!
Ælla! whatt? Ælla! Oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.
Where ys shee gon awaie? Ah! speake! How? When?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie!
Where ys shee? Swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne.
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse, alleyne.
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste be soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Now rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onn mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.

Thys alleyn was unburied of alle mie spryte:
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce wynde,
Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage ln pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.

[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be stylle: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.

[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? Whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? Speeke; where? Howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Æll ?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.
Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah, Heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled swayne:
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yeé nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! Oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes coulde Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge laie; [preste,
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie:
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*Dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
Oh! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.
[*Birtha feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatte? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys Heaven can doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne;
For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,
Thie countrymen shall rere thee on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste:
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne Heaven thou synge of Godde, on Erthe we'lle synge of thee.

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE, BY THOMAS ROWLEIE.

[Transcribed by Mr. Catcott from a poem in Chatterton's hand writing.]

PROLOGUE,

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME bie pensmenne moke ungentle name
Have upon Goddwynne erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;
Unliart divinistres haveth saide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche;
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.

The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte a clergyon, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn a kynge mote bee full pleased to nyghte.
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon[1] anie onne.

Persons represented.

Harolde,	bie *T. Rowleie,* the Aucthoure.
Goddwyn,	*Johan de Iscamme.*
Elwarde,	*Syrr Thybbot Gorges.*
Alstan,	*Syrr Alan de Vere.*
Kynge Edwarde,	*Mastre Willyam Canynge.*

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

GODDWYN *and* HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ryseth to ifrete the londe.
Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge[2] stonde;
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
Am I betrassed, syke shulde mie burlie bronde
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe, ugsomme, rou, as smethynge armyes seeme;
Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme.
What tydynges from the kynge?

[1] No instance of this verb has yet been adduced from a writer earlier than Shakspeare.

[2] Unintelligible. Mr. Bryant supposed it to nave been written *adelege*, which he says is analogous to the Saxon adverb *ydelech*, and corresponds to Chatterton's interpretation.

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.
I make noe compheere of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah, Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome
What tydynge withe the foulke? [gayne.

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynge? [bee?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre. [prayde.
Whan Godde wyll sende us ayde! tis fetelie
Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howre?
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve
Unburled, undelievre, unespryte? [dareygne,
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fytte.
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies.
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe.
Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?
Upponne the trone I sette thee, belde thie crowne; [downe.
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee
Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte alle Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beseies thee notte amasse to synge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke thou arte servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe Heaven a servyce. To the
The dailie contekes of the loude ascende. [skyes
The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes cries
Acheke the mokie aire and Heaven astende[3].
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled from Erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee;
Lyche a battently low, mie swerde shalle brende.
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem slea; [fayte;
Wee wayte too longe; oure purpose wylle deboune the hyghe empryze, and rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster—

[3] Unauthorized.

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
Albeytte, dyd shee speeke her foemen fayre,
I wulde dequace her comlie semlykeene,
And foulde mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir blyn,

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unBeheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare, [kend,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his countries friende.
The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle,
The feerie anlace brede shal make mie gare prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here llethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,
Here llethe Normans coupynge her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng everich native plant to gre,
Whatte woulde I doe? I broudeous wulde hem slee; [breme;
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle
Theyre deathe a menes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee,
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace weilde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded rule the untentyfl reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
To yielde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, I wylle boute ytt strayte;
Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be dane.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron
Drented of alle yts swolynge owndes shalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our meune shall ryse;
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede [dyghtes
As the ybroched Moon, when blaunch she
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke yiere woes;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie, [fraie.
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all;
The moe wee gayne, the gare wylle prosper
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall. [beste,

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde. [feygne
No crouched champyone[4] wythe an harte moe
Dyd yssue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre labolures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aslepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle, [calle?
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em

GODDWYN.

Next eve, my sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason wronges bee reyne ynto theyre pryme;
Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee menne be sleene arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle, [calle.
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal

KYNGE EDWARDE *and hys* QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded[5] straungers alwaie do appere,
Theie parte yor trone, and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me grounde; [slepe.
To trete hem ylle wulde-lette mie kyndnesse

QUEENE.

Mancas[6] you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke make moke dole, you have theyr worthe asterte[7].

KYNGE.

I beste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele.
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;
No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele:
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were;
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

KYNGE *and* SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente;
The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere;
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente.

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte erle Harolde of the thynge;
He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke, [kynge.
Saieynye, go beare thatte message to the

KYNGE.

Arace hym of hys powers; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,
Inne strevvynge to slea hymme, ourselves we slea;
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same; [ent.
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde. [launde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thynge, [bere
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere,
Onknowlachynge gif thereunto to clynge.

[4] *Crouched champyone*, one who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.

[5] *Browded*, embroidered; it is conjectured embroidery was not used in England till Henry II.

[6] Mancas were small Saxon coins.

[7] Unintelligible.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege;
To thee heie shulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb forslege.
I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a nallie manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hèle mee ynn mie
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise, [praires.
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyres.
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

CHORUS,

TO GODDWYN, A TRAGEDIE.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced-war, bie envie burld arist,
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste——

* * * * * *

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

BIE T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE 1st[1].

[This poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.]

WHANNE Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves theie chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas,
Gerd the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets twighte,
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs,
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched clefs.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles,
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the froste of fere.
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne; [ayre,
The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelie
Ronneth to harbour from the beatynge bryne;
Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
A burled Trojan lepes, wythe morglaien sweerde yn honde.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose swerdes
Glestred lyke gledeynge starres yn frostie nete,
Hayleynge theyre captayne in chirckynge wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;
Theie urged the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete [syghte;
As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the
Tyll tyred wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns swaie.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the myndes,
Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breste,
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyre kyndes, [reste.
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente;
Halceld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge, [alonge.
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roaryngge rolled

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede, [spreade;
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was
Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of her wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

The gentle snyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie age;
Eft wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;

[1] *Booke 1st.* I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems. (Chatterton.

There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage,
Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted warriours to bewreck her bedde;
Theie rose; ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne, [daie,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the Western mittee pyles of claie
Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch and gear,
Vyncentewas she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate.

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,
Eke everychone who shulde her ele emprize.
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies, [lighte;
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge
Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye,
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde,
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broad grassie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
Houton dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare;
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde.

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped;
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne glesterrd on hys headde:
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne;
Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLEIE[1]. 1464.

[This poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.]

In Virgyne the sweltrie Sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pryde, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The Sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the Sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent[2]
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide, [lede,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Wherefrom the hail-stone coulde the almer[3] flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed[4] face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, howe withered, forwynd, deade! [manne!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde,
Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

[1] *Thomas Rowley*, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.

[2] *Seyncte Godwine's Covent.* It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbott of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

[3] Unauthorized, and contrary to analogy.

[4] *Glommed*, clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glummong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle; [raine;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard[5] eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Agayn the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette[6] was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bederoll[7] at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside, [bide.
With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoonepyke aloverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare[8] his head with roses dighte.

[5] Gallied is still used in this sense in the country around Bristol.

[6] *Chapournette*, a small round hat, not unlike the chapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers.

[7] *He aynewarde tolde his bederoll*, he told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.

[8] *Horse-millanare*, I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed.

Mr. Steevens has left a curious note upon this word. "One morning, while Mr. Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging, before he found he had left on his table a memorandum book which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it, while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the charity school on St. Augustine's-Back, where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot however where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his Excelente Balade of Charitie, as wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie. 1464.

For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term and such a trade had been extant in 1464; but his wonder would have ceased, had he been convinced as I am, that, in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a Sadler's shop, over which was inscribed A or B (no matter which) Horse-Milliner. On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator, stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of horse-millinery. We have here, perhaps, the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes Convente."

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the Sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loud tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alass! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live,
And now the Sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape[9] were graie, and eke were
A Limitoure he was of order seene; [clene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweete seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of sylver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
Tis thyne; the seynctes, will give me mie reward.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Vyrgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's handwriting, the one by Mr. Cat-

[9] *Jape*, a short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.

sott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 530, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked No. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. John's in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq." The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.]

(No. 1.)

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea! our teeming donore, han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement, [bloude,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of
Before duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passing hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poynnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And Sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon Sunne has donde his welke you 'll fynde,
Your lovynge wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everichie;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte:
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave kyng Harrolde had nowe donde his saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O Affiem, son of Cuthbert, holie sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe his freende sleyne piteouslie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brazen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrowe-lede[1] bene sleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comlie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a full clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,

[1] One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon *lade*, iter, profectiv. Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is mispelled for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable.

And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste[2].
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone, [downe.
And broght full manie Englysh champyons

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agaynne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe:
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his beaver, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's assenglave[3] stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke.

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghtes full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge theire ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mein,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinste the brest of sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele hys wounde, hys harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wythe cheryshment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode kynge Edward's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,
And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd hys armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard[4];
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a shadow to a substant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,

[2] Mr. Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

[3] This word is not known; it occurs again in this poem, l. 423. Chatteron has used it in The Unknown Knight.

[4] The author of the Examination, printed at Sherborne, remarks thus upon this passage. Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard." Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 1465, at which time the poem is said to have been translated. King Henry 7 was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The yeomen of the guard were instituted afterwards.

And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde hys kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose[5] pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

As when some ryver with the season raynes
White fomynge hie dothe breke the bridges oft,
Oerturnes the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by hym dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to kynge Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salnarville, duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde; [myghte,
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilke a
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,
Against erle Edelwarde his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, erle Ethelward he said;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell, [fend,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God fore-
It be the fate of no such trusty freende!

Then Egwin sieur Pikeny dyd attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwin cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.

[5] The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

His distant sonne, sire Romara di Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngle their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoones dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
Its fallen boddie tells you how it stoode.

When Edelward perceevd erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie. with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such acts you [doe,
The conquer'd mai clame victorie of you.

The erlie felte de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe hys arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not content he splete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;
Where Druids[6], auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient bardi dyd their verses synge,
Of Cæsar conquer'd and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the British coaste,

[6] Mr. Warton argues that this opinion concerning Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot. "The construction of this stupendous pile *by the Druids, as a place of worship*, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries." Dean Milles controverts this in a long note without effect. It only appears that he and the poet, with the same ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic divinities.

And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians stylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient elders of the isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thie cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd pourple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte;
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flew,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
That splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:
Faste as the ivy roundc the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's [7] lymbe.

The recer then begunne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squire then a swerde did sticke
Into hys harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;

[7] This is a modern word. Dean Milles justifies it from the antiquity and universality of horse races.

A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd out ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horse and bever han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he, thou 'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste.
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he, these offals are for ever curst, [foode.
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!
But now I muste do somethyng more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the ealie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe,
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytt Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne,
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Aluted from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And nowe eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But no such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon Du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his own he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, and with clinie juste,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there did lie,
While life and dethe strove for masterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and boddie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
When he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten by Walleris cruel darte;
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne. [bryghte,
As ouphant faieries, whan the Moone sheenes
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to kyng Offa's dyke [8].

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte;
A wolf skin girded round hys myddle was;
A bear skin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis sunge 9 much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of Greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and oute the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his [arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts [waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd his eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ran the swerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To dryve an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Merven's harte, God wote.
In dying pangs he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge:
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet hie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.

In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;

Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him so horrible did see
Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.
Spenser. Muispotmas.

8 This couplet has occurred before, line 229 of this poem.

9 And then about his shoulders broad he threw
A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he

Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a mischaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flatt upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward dyd ypass:
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! A lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce erle Egward drew,
And bit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions speak——

* * * * * * *

(No. 2.)

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre saincte! thy passynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle Moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
Shee sees kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied[1].

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
"Goe! Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills half a score:
And search how farre oure foeman's campe dothe bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, go to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battle to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte."
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilward dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and loudlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Gyrthe drew hys swerde, and cut hys burled hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokinge curles,
Reflected bie the Moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,
Not once theie stood abashd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;
Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne[2];
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; Alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe."
Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he heanie the same,
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge foe.
The sire wente onne; Ye menne, what mean ye so
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?"
Quod Gyrthe; Oure meanynge we ne care to showe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde:
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere[3].
Quod Willyam; Thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on Englysh ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;

[1] The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and dauncing, not sleeping one winke: on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledging their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the Lord's body.—Stowe.

[2] In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stonemell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

[3] He sent out before them that should spye, and view the number and force of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the dukes tents, duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their lord safe without harme.—Stowe.

They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr last,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage; [dyd sound,
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
Hetremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
With trustie talbots to the battel flies, [skies.
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line; [byllspear shine;
Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
Eche braed hys armlace siker ne desygne,
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele;
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
Whilst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.
You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede. [hand,
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

Thus he; Rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte. [renownd,
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the manne of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Sussers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone;
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the sceat,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everich one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;

To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.

Thus Leofwine; To day will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes auntare be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd, [mate,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels could
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled,
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gyrthe unto kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer? [glare;
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did
And thus he saide; Oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.
When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; My lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Gyrthe, I'll shewe;
Bie Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe [4]; Why will ye then provoke theyr hate? [grete.
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie

And nowe duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcubiastries stande, [flo,
Next those on horseback drewe the ascendyng
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

[4] Harold asked them what tydings they brought, and they with long commendation extolled the clemencie of the duke, and in good sadnesse declared that all the host almost did seeme to be priests. —The king laughing at their folly said, "they bee no priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes and stout of courage." Girthe his brother took the word out of his mouth and said, "for as much as the Normans bee of such great force, me thinketh it were not wisely done of you to joyne battle with them."—Stowe.

When thus duke Willyam to a monke dyd saie, [awaie.
Prepare thyself wyth spede, to Harolde haste

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the monke departyd out of hande,
And to kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; Tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the monke out of hys syghte [5], [fyghte.
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes, [there[6],
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.
To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted Heaven,

As when the Erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountayne, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne, [force,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty
Whole woodes and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
Moore feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright Sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The Sunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie riedes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayed
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whistlynge thro the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes [songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted shiede;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the aire [7].

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanched skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to Heaven or Helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sent hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As he on horsebacke for the fyghte addressed,
And sawe hys bloude come amokynge oer the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re payre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathlie wynges.
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,

[5] And with the same indiscreetness he drave away a monke that was duke William's ambassador. The monke broughte three offers, to wit, that either Harold should, upon certain conditions, give over the kingdome, or to be king under duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he offered to stande to the judgement of the see apostolic.—Stowe.

[6] The king himself stood afoote by the standard, which was made after the shape and fashion of a man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with gold and precious stones.—Stowe.

[7] Duke William commanded his men that some of them should shoote directly forward, and other some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped, and the arrowes shot directly aforehand wounded them that stood upright.—Stowe.

Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, [bloude;
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend, [end.
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundrynge dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Pierce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closed hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.

Wylliam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In grypynge-torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

Alrick his brother, when he this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere, [steede,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng
And to the Godde of Heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethal javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayld the sieur De Roe,
And braste his sylver helme so furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feared muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste,
The swyfte-wynged messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte, [fyghte.
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of

O Alfwolde, saie; howe shalle I synge of thee,
Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee, their leader, eche Brystowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys long sheelde dyd gleem with the Sun's rysyng ray.

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, how harde his fate
To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge;
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave,
Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As witherd okes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore [speere;
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's
Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After-la-goure[8],
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloud bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme, [harme.
As diamoudes onlie can its fellow diamonds

Next sire Du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste, [wounde;
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwold felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,

[8] The word astrologer used sometimes to be expressed *asterlagour;* and so it seems to have occurred in this line. Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*; and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name; the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this After-la-gour as a person of science—"most skyll'd After-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems.—Bryant.

Howe manie Alfwolde sent to Heaven or Helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand, [strand.
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles; [ment;
The shepter swaynes in vayne theyr lecs le-
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And lyke theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes, [bleedes.
His friends he lets to lyve, and all his foemen

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the Sun or Moon adave;
She was the mightie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestic was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine, [skyne,
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle'
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her feetly sparklynge eye;
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stood
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode, [synge;
Where sainctes and soules departed masses
Such awe from her sweete looke forthe issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove;
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face ymade, for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the Sun her mind
Did guilde, her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe among his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolls impetuouslie, [strayne,
And breaks the bankes that would its force re-
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corne-field mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokynge slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cut hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;

Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce, [myghte.
Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When soon he founde that Adhelmes poynted 'speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then felldown brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse; [floe;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peerced his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!
He opd and closd his eyen in everlastynge nyghte.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A mann well skilld in swerde and soundynge strynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peerced thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie, [flie.
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
And hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prowe;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

CONTINUED.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie, [ble heade,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr hum-
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis to far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the Erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee could fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the realmes of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neare hym lyke a bronded floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte Sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes did twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Should onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwine,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a paire
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte, [gl de,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie

Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleeme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englysbmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, beneethe a-shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
Neere to kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the Sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee strokeon Haroldes sheelde in manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge kyng Harolds paynacted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the Sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Ryd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a fecther'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normaune knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And said; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene erle Alfwoulde and duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was bee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of mightie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvyde;
So when an oke [9], that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie he falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is with hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * * *

Bled, gron'd and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the grounde.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,

9 As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.
Pope's Homer.

The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre he in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As he on horsebock was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upward wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymsyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys paynected sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * * *

GLOSSARY[1].

A.

Abessie, *humility.* C.
Abest, *humbled, or brought down.*
Aborne, *burnished.* C.
Abounde, *do service, or benefit.*
Aboune, *make ready.* C.
Abredynge, *upbraiding.* C.
Abrewe, *brew.*
Abrodden, *abruptly.* C.
Acale, *freeze.* C.
Accaie, *assuage.* C.
Acheke, *choke.* C.
Achevments, *services.* C.
Achments, *achievements.* C.
Acome, *come.*
Acrool, *faintly.* C.
Adave, *dawned upon.*
Adawe, *awake.*
Adeene, *worthily.*
Adente, *fastened.* C.
Adented, *fastened, annexed.* C.
Adented, *indented, bruised.*
Aderne, *cruel, fierce.*
Adigne, *noble, worthy.*
Adoe, *delay.*
Adradde, *afraid.*
Adrames, *churls.* C.
Adrewe, *drew.*
Adventaile, *armour.* C.
Adygne, *nervous; worthy of praise.* C.
Æterne, *eternal.*
Affere, *to affright or terrify.*
Affraie, *affright.* C.
Affraie, *to fight, or engage in a fray.* C.
Affynd, *related by marriage.*
Afleme, as *fleme;* to drive away, to affright.
After la goure, should probably be *astrelogour;* astrologer.
Agested, *heaped up.*
Agguylte, *offended.*
Agleeme, *to shine upon.*
Agrame, *grievance.* C.
Agreme, *torture.* C.
Agreme, *grievance.* C.
Agrosed, *agrised; terrified.*
Agroted, See *groted.*
Agylted, *offended.* C.
Aidens, *aidance.*
Aiglintine, *sweet-briar.*
Ake, *oak.* C.
Alans, *hounds.*
Alatche, *accuse.*
Aledge, *idly.*
Alenge, *along.*
Alest, *lest.*
Alestake, *a may-pole.*
All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour.* C.
Allaie, *was allayed or stopped. Allaie used as a verb neuter.*
Alleyn, *only.* C.
Almer, *beggar.* C.
Alofe, *aloft.*
Alse, *else.*
Alyche, *like.* C.
Alyne, *across his shoulders.* C.
Alyse, *allow.* C.
Amate, *destroy.* C.
Amayld, *enameled.* C.
Amede, *recompense.*
Ameded, *rewarded.* C.
Amenged, as *menged,* mixed.
Amenused, *diminished.* C.
Ametten, *met with.*
Amield, *ornamented, enamelled.* C.
Aminge, *among.*
Aneighe, *near.*
Aneste, *against.*
Anente, *against.* C.
Anere, *another.* C.
Anete, *annihilate.*
Anie, as *nie,* nigh.
Anlace, *an ancient sword.* C.
Annethe, *beneath.* C.
Antecedent, *going before.*
Applynges, *grafted trees.* C. *apple trees.*
Arace, *divest.* C.
Arblaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublastries, *cross-bowmen.*
Ardurous, *burning.*
Aredynge, *thinking. reading.* qu.
Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent.* C.
Arist, *arose.* C.
Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms.*
Armourbrace, *a suit of armour.*
Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow.*
Ascaunce, *disdainfully.* C.
Ascaunse, *obliquely.*
Asenglave, a *lance.*

[1] Those words, whose significations were given by Chatterton, have the letter C affixed to them.

Askaunte, *obliquely.*
Askaunted, *glanced.*
Aslape, *asleep.*
Aslaunte, *slanting.*
Aslee, *slide or creep.*
Assayle, *oppose.*
Asseled, *answered.* C.
Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate.* C.
Asswaie, *to assay, put to trial.*
Astarte, *started from, or afraid of.* Neglected. qu.
Astedde, *seated.* C.
Astend, *astonish.* C.
Asterte, *neglected.* C.
Astoun, *astonished.* C.
Astounde, *astonish.* C.
Astounded, *astonished.*
Astrodde, *astride, mounted.*
Asyde, perhaps *astyde;* ascended.
Athrowe, *through.*
Athur, as *thurgh;* through, athwart.
Attenes, *at once.* C.
Attoure, *turn.* C.
Attoure, *around.*
Atturne, *to turn.*
Aucthoure, *author.*
Ave, for *eau,* Fr. Water.
Avele, *prevail.*
Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle.* C.
Aumeres, *borders of gold and silver,* &c. C.
Aunture, as *aventure;* adventure.
Aure, *Or,* the colour of gold in heraldry.
Autremere, *a loose white robe, worn by priests.* C.
Awhaped, *astonished.* C.
Aye, *ever, always.*
Aynewarde, *backwards.* C.

B.

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable.* C.
Bane, *hurt, damage.*
Bane, *curse.*
Baned, *cursed.*
Bankes, *benches.*
Bante, *cursed.*
Barb'd, *armed.*
Barbde haulle, *hall hung round with armour.*
Barbe, *beard.*
Barbed horse, *covered with armour.*
Baren, for *barren.*
Barganette, *a song or ballad.* C.
Barriere, *confine or boundary.*
Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth.*
Bataunt, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum.* qu.
Battayles, *boats, ships,* Fr.
Batten, *fatten.* C.
Battent, *loudly.* C.
Battently, *loud roaring.* C.
Battone, *beat with sticks,* Fr.
Baubels, *jewels.* C.
Bawsin, *large.* C.
Bayne, *ruin.* C.
Bayre, *brow.* C.
Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*
Beer, *bear.*
Beeveredd, *beaver'd.* C.
Beheste, *command.* C.
Behesterynge, *commanding.* C.
Behight, *name.*
Behylte, *promised.* C.
Behylte, *forbade.*
Behyltren, *hidden.*
Belent, *stopped, at a fault, or stand.*
Beme, *trumpet.*
Bemente, *lament.* C.
Benned, *cursed, torment.* C.
Benymmyng, *bereaving.* C.
Berne, *child.* C.
Berten, *venomous.* C.
Beseies, *becomes.* C.
Bespronte, *scattered.* C.
Bestoiker, *deceiver.* C.
Bete, *bid.* C.
Betrassed, *deceived, imposed on.* C.
Betraste, *betrayed.* C.
Bevyle, *break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting.* C.
Bewrecke, *revenge.* C.
Bewreen, *express.* C.
Bewryen, *declared, expressed.* C.
Bewryne, *declare.* C.
Bewrynning, *declaring.* C.
Bighes, *jewels.* C.
Birlette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head.* C.
Blake, *naked.* C.
Blakied, *naked, original.* C.
Blanche, *white, pure.*
Blaunchie, *white.* C.
Blatauntlie, *loudly.* C.
Blente, *ceased, dead.* C.
Blethe, *bleed.* C.
Blynge, *cease.* C.
Blyn, *cease, stand still.* C.
Boddekin, *body, substance.* C.
Boleynge, *swelling.* C.
Bollengers and Cottes, *different kinds of boats.* C.
Boolie, *beloved.* C.
Bordel, *cottage.* C.
Bordelier, *cottager.*
Borne, *burnish.* C.
Boun, *make ready.* C.
Bounde, *ready.* C.
Bourne, *boundary, promontory.*
Bourne, *bounded, limited.*
Bowke, Bowkie, *body.* C.
Bowting matche, *contest.*
Bismarelie, *curiously.* C.
Braste, *burst.*
Brasteth, *bursteth.* C.
Brasteynge, *bursting.*
Braunce, *branch.* C.
Braunces, *branches.* C.
Brauncynge, *branching.*
Brayd, *displayed.* C.
Brayde, *embroider.*
Brayne, *brain, care.*
Brede, *broad.* C.
Bredren, *brethren.*
Breme, *strength.* C.
Breme, *strong.* C.
Bremie, *furious.*
Brende, *burn, consume.* C.
Brendeynge, *flaming.* C.
Bretful, *filled with.* C.
Brionie, *briony, or wild vine.*
Broched, *pointed.*
Bronde, *fury, or sword.*
Brondeynge, *furious.*
Brondeous, *furious.* C.
Brooklette, *rivulet.*
Browded, *embroidered.* C.
Brued, *embrued.*

Brutylle, *brittle, frail.*
Brygandyne, *part of armour.* C.
Brynnyng, *declaring.* C.
Burled, *armed.* C.
Burlie bronde, *fury, anger.* C.
Byelecoyle, *bell acueil,* Fr. the name of a personage in the *Romant de la Rose,* which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming.*
Byker, *battle.*
Bykrous, *warring.* C.
Bysmare, *bewildered, curious.* C.

C.

Cale, *cold.*
Calke, *cast.* C.
Calked, *cast out.* C.
Caltysning, *forbidding.* C.
Carnes, *rocks, stones,* Brit.
Castle-stede, *a castle.* C.
Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle.*
Caties, *cates.*
Caytysnede, *binding, enforcing.* C.
Celness, *coldness.*
Chafe, *hot.* C.
Chaftes, *beats, stamps.* C.
Champion, *challenge.* C.
Chaper, *dry, sun-burnt.* C.
Chapournette, *a small round hat.* C.
Charie, *dear.*
Cheése, *choose.*
Chefe, *heat, rashness.* C.
Chelandree, *goldfinch.* C.
Cherisaunce, *comfort.* C.
Cherisaunied, *comfortable.*
Cheves, *moves.* C.
Chevyseil, *preserved.* C.
Cheynedd, *chained, restricted.*
Chirckynge, *a confused noise.* C.
Chop, *an exchange.*
Choppe, *to exchange.*
Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws.*
Church-glebe-house, *grave.* C.
Chyrche-glebe, *church-yard.*
Clangs, *sounds loud.*
Cleme, *sound.* C.
Cleere, *famous.*
Clefs, *cliffs.*
Cleped, *named.*
Clerche, *clergy.*
Clergyon, *clerk or clergyman.* C.
Clergyon'd, *taught.* C.
Clevis, *cleft of a rock.*
Cleyne, *sound.*
Clinie, *declination of the body.*
Clymmynge, *noisy.* C.
Compheeres, *companions.* C.
Congeon, *dwarf.* C.
Contake, *dispute.* C.
Conteins, for *contents.*
Conteke, *confuse; contend with.* C.
Contekions, *contentions.* C.
Cope, *a cloak.* C.
Corteous, *worthy.* C.
Corven, See *ycorven.*
Cotte, *cut.*
Cottes, See *bollengers.*
Cotteynge, *cutting.*
Covent, *convent.*
Coupe, *cut.* C.
Coupynge, *cutting, mangling.*
Couraciers, *horse-coursers.* C.
Coyen, *coy.*
Crased, *broken.*
Cravent, *coward.* C.
Creand, as *recreand.*
Cristede, *crested.*
Croche, *cross.* C.
Crokynge, *bending.*
Crochet, perhaps *broched.*
Crokynge, *bending.*
Cross-stone, *monument.* C.
Cryne, *hair.* C.
Cuarr, *quarry.*
Cuishe, *armour for the thigh.*
Cullis-yatte, *portcullis-gate.* C.
Curriedowe, *flatterer.* C.
Cuyen kine, *tender cows.* C.

D.

Dacya, *Denmark.*
Daie brente, *burnt.* C.
Daise eyed, *daisied.*
Damoyselles, *damsels.*
Danke, *damp.*
Dareygne, *attempt, endeavour.* C.
Darklinge, *dark.*
Daygnous, *disdainful.* C.
Deathdoeynge, *murdering.*
Declynie, *declination.*
Decorn, *carved.* C.
Deene, *glorious, worthy.* C.
Decre, *dire.* C.
Defs, *vapours, meteors.* C.
Defayte, *decay.* C.
Defte, *neat, ornamental.* C.
Deigned, *disdained.* C.
Delievretie, *activity.* C.
Dente, See *adente.*
Dented, See *adented.*
Denwere, *doubt.* C.
Denwere, *tremour.* C.
Depeyncte, *paint, display.* C.
Depicted, *painted, or displayed.* C.
Depyctures, *drawings, paintings.* C.
Dequace, *mangle, destroy.* C.
Dequaced, *sunk, quashed.*
Dere, *hurt, damage.* C.
Derne, *melancholy, terrible.*
Derkynnes, *young deer.*
Dernie, *woeful, lamentable.*
Dernie, *cruel.* C.
Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful.*
Deslavatie, *lechery.* C.
Detratours, *traitors.*
Deysde, *seated on a deis.*
Dheie; *they.*
Dhere, *there.*
Dhereof, *thereof.*
Difficile, *difficult.* C.
Dighte, *drest, arrayed.* C.
Dispande, *expanded.*
Dispente, *expended.*
Dispone, *dispose.*
Divinistre, *divine.* C.
Dolce, *soft, gentle.* C.
Dole, *lamentation.* C.
Dolte, *foolish.* C.
Donore, This line should probably be written thus; *O sea-o'erteeming Dovor!*
Dortoure, *a sleeping-room.* C.

Dote, perhaps as *dights*.
Doughtre mere, *d'outre mere*, Fr. From beyond sea.
Draffs, *the refuse, or what is cast away*.
Dreare, *dreary*.
Dree, *draw, or drive*.
Dreerie, *dreary, terrible*.
Drefte, *least*. C.
Drenche, *drink*. C.
Drented, *drained*. C.
Dreyncted, *drowned*. C.
Dribblete, *small, insignificant*. C.
Drierie, *terrible*.
Drites, *rights, liberties*. C.
Droke, *dry*.
Drocke, *drink*. C.
Droncke, *drank*.
Droorie, *courtship, gallantry*. C.
Drooried, *courted*.
Dulce, as *dolce*.
Duressed, *hardened*. C.
Dursie, from *duress, hardship, signifying hardy*.
Dyd, should probably be *dyght*.
Dyghte, as *dight*.
Dyghtynge, as *dightynge*.
Dygne, *worthy*. C.
Dygner, *more worthy*. C.
Dynning, *sounding*. C.
Dyspendynge, *expending*.
Dyspense, *expense*. C.
Dysperpellest, *scatterest*. C.
Dysporte, *pleasure*. C.
Dysporteynge, *sporting*. C.
Dysportisement, as *dysporte*.
Dysregate, *to break connection or fellowship. To degrade*. qu.

E.

Edraw, for *ydraw*; Draw.
Eeke, *amplification, exaggeration*.
Efte, *often, again*. C.
Eftsoones, *quickly*. C.
Egederinge, *assembling, gathering*. C.
Eke, *also*. C.
Ele, *help*. C.
Eletten, *enlighten*. C.
Elmen, *elms*.
Elocation, *elocution*.
Elves, *personages, people*.
Emarschalled, *arranged*.
Emblaunched, *whitened*. C.
Embodyde, *thick, stout*. C.
Embowre, *lodge*. C.
Embollen, *swelled, strengthened*. C.
Emburled, *armed*. C.
Emmate, *lessen, decrease*. C.
Emmertleynge, *glittering*. C.
Emmers, *coined money*.
Emprize, *adventure*. C.
Empprize, *enterprize*. C.
Enactynge, *acting*.
Enalse, *embrace*. C.
Encaled, *frozen, cold*. C.
Enchafed, *heated, enraged*. C.
Encheere, *encourage*.
Encontrynge, *encountring*.
Enfouled, *vitiated, polluted*.
Engarlanded, *wearing a garland*.
Engyne, *torture*.
Engyned, *tortured*.
Enharme, *to do harm to*.
Enheedynge, *taking heed*.
Enhele, *heal*.
Enhepe, *add*. C.
Enlefed, *full of leaves*.
Enleme, *enlighten*.
Enlowed, *flamed, fired*. C.
Enrone, *unsheath*.
Enseme, *to make seams in*.
Ensemeynge, as *seeming*.
Enshone, *shewed*.
Enshoting, *shooting, darting*. C.
Enstrote, *deserving punishment*.
Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in*. C.
Enswote, *sweeten*.
Ensyrke, *encircle*.
Ent, *a purse or bag*. C.
Entendemente, *understanding*.
Enthoghte, *thinking*.
Enthoghte, *thought of*.
Enthoghteynge, *thinking*.
Entremed, *intermixed*.
Entrykeynge, *tricking*.
Entyn, *even*. C.
Enyronnde, *worked with iron*. C.
Eraced, *banished, erased*.
Erlie, *earl*.
Ermietts, *hermits*. C.
Erste, *formerly*.
Estande, *for ystande, stand*.
Estells, A corruption of *estoile*, Fr. A star. C.
Estroughted, *stretched out*.
Ethe, *ease*. C.
Ethie, *easy*.
Evalle, *equal*. C.
Eve-merk, *dark evening*.
Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew*. C.
Everichone, *every one*. C.
Everyche, *every*.
Ewbrice, *adultery*. C.
Ewbrycious, *lascivious*.
Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes*.
Eyne syghte, *eye-sight*.

F.

Fadre, *father*.
Fage, *tale, jest*. C.
Faie, *faith*.
Faifully, *faithfully*. C.
Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond*. C.
Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat*. See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium*.
Far-kend, *far seen*. C.
Fayre, *clear, innocent*.
Featliest, *most beautiful*.
Federed, *feathered*.
Feere, *fire*.
Feerie, *flaming*. C.
Fele, *feeble*. C.
Felle, *cruel, bad*.
Fellen, *fell* pa. t. sing. qu.
Ferse, *violent, fierce*.
Ferselie, *fiercely*.
Fetelie, *nobly*. C.
Fetive, as *festive*.
Fetyve, *elegant, beautiful*.
Fetyvelie, *elegantly*. C.
Fetyveness, *festiveness*.
Feygne, *willing*.
Feygnes, A corruption of *feints*. C.
Fhuir, *fury*. C.

Fie, *defy*. C.
Flaiten, *horrible, or undulating*, qu.
Flanched, *arched*.
Fleers, *fliers, runaways*.
Fleeting, *flying, passing*.
Fleme, *to terrify*.
Flemed, *frighted*. C.
Flemie, *frightfully*.
Flemeynge, *terrifying*.
Fleurs, *flowers*.
Flizze, *fly*. C.
Floe, *arrow*. C.
Florryschethe, *blooms, flourishes*.
Flott, *float*. C.
Flotting, *floating or undulating*.
Floure Seyncte Mary, *marygold*. C.
Flourette, *flower*. C.
Flytted, *fled*.
Foile, *baffle*. C.
Fous, Fonnes, *devices*. C.
Fore, *before*.
Forefend, *forbid*.
Forgard, *lose*. C.
Forletten, *forsaken*. C.
Forloyne, *retreat*. C.
Forroy, *destroy*.
Forreying, *destroying*. C.
Forslagen, *slain*. C.
Forslege, *slay*. C.
Forstraughte, *distracted*.
Forstraughteyng, *distracting*. C.
Forswat, *sun-burnt*. C.
Forweltring, *blasting*. C.
Forwyned, *dried*. C.
Foulke, *people*.
Foury, *fury*.
Fowlyng, *defiling*.
Fraie, *fight*. C.
Fremde, *strange*. C.
Fremded, *frighted*. C.
Fructile, *fruitful*.
Fuired, *furious*.
Furched, *forked*.

G.

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour*. C. A cloak.
Gallard, *frighted*. C.
Gare, *cause*. C.
Gastness, *ghastliness*.
Gauntlette, *glove*. C.
Gauntlette, *challenging*.
Geare, *apparel, accoutrement*.
Geasonne, *rare, extraordinary, strange*. C.
Geer, *dress*.
Geete, As gite.
Gelten, *guilded*. C.
Gemot, *council*.
Gemote, *assembled*.
Gerd, *broke, rent*.
Gies, *guides*. C.
Gier, *a turn or twist*. C.
Gif, *if*. C.
Gites, *robes, mantles*. C.
Glair, *shining, clear*.
Glairie, *clear, shining*.
Glare, *glitter*. C.
Gledes, *glides*.
Gledeynge, *livid*. C.
Gleme, *shine, glimmer*. C.
Glester, *to shine*.
Glestreynge, *shining, glittering*.
Glomb, *frown*. C.
Glommed, *clouded, dejected*. C.
Gloure, *glory*. C.
Glowe, *shine, gleam*.
Glytted, *shone, or gilded*. qu.
Gore-depycted, *painted with blood*.
Gore-red, *red as blood*.
Gorne, *garden*. C.
Gottes, *drops*.
Gouler, *usurer*.
Goushynge, *gushing*.
Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*. C.
Grange, *liberty of pasture*. C.
Gratche, *apparel*. C.
Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen*. qu.
Gravots, *groves*. C.
Gre, *grow*. C.
Greaves, *a part of armour*.
Grees, *grows*. C.
Greeynge, *growing*.
Grete, *greeted, saluted*.
Groffile, *groveling, mean*.
Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly*.
Groffyshe, *uncivil, rude*.
Gron, *a fen, moor*. C.
Gronfer, *a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire*. C.
Gronfyres, *meteors*. C.
Groted, *swollen*. C.
Gryne, *groin*.
Grypped, *grasped*.
Gule depeyncted, *red painted*. C.
Gule steynct, *red stained*. C.
Guyfts, *gifts, talents*.
Guylde, *assess, tax*.
Guylteynge, *gilding*.
Gye, *a guide*. C.
Gyte, *as gite*.
Gytelles, *mantles*. C.

H.

Habergeon, *coat of mail*.
Haile, *happy*. C.
Hailie, *as haile*.
Halceld, *defeated*. C.
Hallidome, *holy church*. qu.
Hallie, *holy*. C.
Hallie, *wholely*.
Halline, *joy*. C.
Hamlettes, *manors*. C.
Han, *hath*. qu. *had*,
Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed*. C.
Handesword, *back-sword*.
Hantoned, *accustomed*. qu.
Harrie, *harass*. qu.
Harried, *tost*. C.
Harte of Greece, *a stag*.
Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments*.
Hatchments, *achievements, coat armour*.
Haveth, *have, hath*.
Havyoure, *behaviour*.
Heafod, *head*. C.
Heavenwere, *heavenward*. C.
Heaulme, *helmet, crown*.
Hecket, *wrapped, closely covered*. C.
Heckled, *wrapped*.
Hedes, *regards, attends to*.
Heie, *they*. C.

Heideygnes, *a country dance, still practised in the North.* C.
Hele, *help.* C.
Hem, *a contraction of them.* C.
Hendie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting.*
Hente, *grasp, hold.* C.
Hentylle, *custom.*
Her, *for their.*
Herehaughtes, *heralds.*
Herehaughtrie, *heraldry.* C.
Herselle, *herself.*
Heste, *require, ask.* C.
Heste, *a command.*
Hete, *promised.*
Hight, *named, called.*
Hiltrene, *hidden.* C.
Hiltring, *hiding.* C.
Hoastrie, *inn, or a public house.* C.
Hoistes, *lifts up.*
Hollie, *holy.*
Holtred, *hidden.* qu.
Hommageres, *servants.* C.
Hommeur, *honour, humour.* qu.
Honde poyncte, *index of a clock, marking hour or minute.*
Honnourwere, *the place or residence of honour.*
Hopelen, *hopelessness.*
Harrowe, *unseemly, disagreeable.* C.
Hove, *lifted up, threw.*
Houton, *hollow.* C.
Hulstred, *hidden, secret.* C.
Hus, *house.*
Huscarles, *house servants.*
Hyger, the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra.*
Hyghte, *named, called.*
Hylle fyre, *a beacon.*
Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide.* C.
Hylted, *hidden.* C.
Hyltren, *hidden.*
Hynde, *peasant.* C.
Hyndlettes, *servants.*

I.

Jade, *to render languid, fatigue.*
Jape, *a short surplice, &c.* C.
Jernie, *journey.*
Jeste, *hoisted, raised.* C.
Ifrete, *devour, destroy.* C.
Ihantend, *accustomed.* C.
Jintle, *for gentle.*
Immengde, *mixed, mingle.*
Impestering, *annoying.* C.
Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness.*
Inhild, *infuse.* C.
Investynge, *clothing.*
Joice, *juice.* C.
Joice, *juicy.*
Joustedd, *justed..*
Ishad, *broken.* C. *shed.*
Ithink, *think.*
Jubb, *a bottle.* C.
Iwreene, *disclosed.*
Iwimpled, *wrapped up.*
Iwys, *certainly.* C.
Jyned, *joined.*
Jynynge, *joining.*

K.

Ken, *see, discover, know.* C.
Kenns, *knows.* C.
Kenne, *know.*
Kepe, *to take care of.*
Keppened, *careful.*
Kerveth, *cutteth, destroyeth.* qu.
Kiste, *coffin.* C.
Kivercled, *the hidden or secret part.* C.
Knite, *joined.*
Knopped, *fastened, chained, congealed.* C.
Knowlache, *knowledge.* C.
Knowlached, *known, distinguished.*
Knowlachynge, *knowledge.* C.
Kynde, *nature.* C.
Kyngecoppes, *butterflowers.*

L.

Labrynge, *labouring, agitated.*
Ladden, *lay.*
Lare, *leather.*
Laverde, *lord.* C.
Lea, *field* or *pasture.*
Lease, *lose.*
Leathal, *deadly.* C.
Lechemanne, *physician.*
Leckedst, *most despicable.*
Lecture, *relate.* C.
Lecturn, *subject.* C.
Lecturnyes, *lectures.* C.
Leden, *decreasing.* C.
Leeche, *physician.*
Leege, *homage, obeisance.* C.
Leegefolcke, *subjects.* C.
Leegefull, *lawful.* C.
Leegemen, *subjects.*
Leffed, *left.*
Lege, *law.* C.
Leggen, *lessen, alloy.* C.
Leggende, *alloyed.* C.
Lemanne, *mistress.*
Leme, *lighted up.*
Lemed, *lighted, glistened.* C.
Lemes, *lights, rays.* C.
Lere, *leather.*
Lessel, *a bush, or hedge.* C.
Lete, *still.* C.
Lethalle, *deadly, or death-boding.* C.
Lethlen, *still, dead.* C.
Letten, *church-yard.* C.
Levyn-blasted, *struck with lightning.*
Levyn-mylted, *lightning-melted.* qu.
Levyn-plome, *feathered lightning.*
Levynde, *blasted.* C.
Levynne, *lightning.* C.
Levynne bronde, *flash of lightning.*
Liefe, *choice.*
Liff, *leaf.*
Likand, *liking.*
Limed, *glassy.* C.
Limitoure, *a licensed begging friar.*
Limmed, *glassy, reflecting.* C.
Lissedd, *bounded.* C.
Lisseth, *boundeth.* C,
List, *concern, cause to care.*
Listeynge, *listening.*
Lithie, *humble.* C.
Loaste, *loss.*
Locke, *luck, good fortune.*
Lockless, *luckless, unfortunate.*
Lode, *load.*
Lode, *praise, honour.* qu.

Logges, *cottages.* C.
Longe straughte, *far extended, lengthened.*
Lordynge, *standing on their hind legs.* C.
Lore, *learning.* C.
Lote, *lot, fortune.*
Loverde, *lord.* C.
Loughe, *laugh.* C.
Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*
Low, *flame of fire.* C.
Lowes, *flames.* C.
Lowings, *flames.* C.
Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*
Lurdanes, *lord Dunes.*
Lycheynge, *liking.* C.
Lyene, *lye.*
Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*
Lymmed, *polished.* C.
Lynche, *bank.* C.
Lynge, *stay, linger.*
Lyoncelle, *young lion.* C.
Lyped, *linked, united.* qu.
Lysse, *sport, or play.* C.
Lyssed, *bounded.* C.
Lyvelyhode, *life.* C.

M.

Magystrie, *mastery, victory.*
Marvelle, *wonder.* C.
Mancas, *marks.* C. *mancuses.*
Machyn, *a sleeve.* Fr.
Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*
Mate, *match.*
Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*
Maynt, *many.*
Mede, *reward.* C.
Mee, *meadow.* C.
Meeded, *rewarded.*
Melancholych, *melancholy.*
Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*
Menged, *mixed, the many.*
Miniced, *menaced.* qu.
Mennys, *men.*
Mensuredd, *bounded, or measured.* C.
Menynge, *meaning.*
Mere, *lake.* C.
Merke, *dark, and gloomy.*
Merke-plant, *nightshade.* C.
Merker, *darker.*
Merkness, *darkness.*
Merkye, *dark.*
Meve, *move.*
Meynte, *many, great numbers.* C.
Mical, *much, mighty.*
Miesel, *myself.*
Miskynette, *a small bagpipe.* C.
Mist, *poor, needy.* C.
Mitches, *ruins.* C.
Mitte, *a contraction of mighty.* C.
Mittee, *mighty.* C.
Mockler, *more, greater, mightier.*
Moke, *much.* C.
Mokie, *black.* C.
Mokynge,, *mocking, murmuring.* qu.
Mole, *soft.* C.
Mollock, *wet, moist.* C.
Molterynge, *mouldy, mouldering.*
Mone, *moon.*
Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*
Morie, *marshy.*
Morthe, *death, murder.*
Morthynge, *murdering.*
Mose, *most.*
Moste, *must.*
Mote, *might.* C.
Motte, *word, or motto.*
Mottring, *muttering, murmuring.*
Myckle, *much.* C.
Mychte, *mighty.*
Myghte ameine, *main force.*
Myndbruche, *firmness of mind, sense of honour.* qu.
Mynemenne, *miners.*
Mynsterr, *monastery.* C.
Mynstrelle, *a minstrel is a musician.* C.
Myrynge, *wallowing.*
Mystell, *miscall.*
Mysterk, *mystic.* C.

N.

Ne, Le. *not.* C.
Ne, *no, or, none.*
Ne, *nigh, or nearly.*
Nedere, *adder.* C.
Neete, *night.*
Nesh, *weak, tender.* C.
Nete, *nothing.* C.
Nete, *night.*
Nethe, *beneath.*
Nillynge, *unwilling.* C.
Nome-depeyncted, *rebus'd shields, &c.* C.
Notte, *knot, fasten.*
Notte browne, *nut brown.*
Noyance, *annoyance.*

O.

Oares, *wherries,*
Oathed, *bound upon oath.*
Obaie, *abide.* C.
Offrendes, *presents, offerings.* C.
Olyphauntes, *elephants.* C.
Onflemed, *undismayed.* C.
Onknowlachynge, *ignorant, unknowing.* C.
Onlist, *boundless.* C.
Onlyghte, *darken.* qu.
Ontylle, *untill.*
Onwordie, *unworthy.*
Oppe, *up.*
Optics, *eyes.*
Orrests, *oversets.* C.
Overest, *uppermost.*
Ounde, *wave.*
Oundynge, *undulating, swelling.* qu.
Ouphante, *euphen, elves.*
Ourt, *overt,* Fr. *open.* qu.
Ouzle, *black bird.* C.
Owlett, *owl.* C.
Owndes, *waves.* C.

P.

Paizde, *poised.*
Pall, *contraction from appall, to fright.* C.
Paramente, *robes of scarlet.* C. *a princely robe.* C.
Parker, *park-keeper.*
Passente, *passing.*
Passent, *walking leisurely.* C.
Paves, *shields.*
Pavyes, *shields.*
Payrde, *compared.*
Peede, *pied.* C.
Peene, *pain.*
Pencte, *painted.* C.
Penne, *mountain.*

Pensmenne, *writers, historians.* C.
Percase, *perchance.* C.
Perdie, *for a cetainty.*
Pere, *pear.*
Pere, *appear.* C.
Pereynge, *appearing, peeping.*
Perforce, *of necessity.*
Perpled, *purple,* qu. *scattered, diffused.* qu.
Persant, *piercing.*
Pete, *beat, pluck.* qu.
Peynctedd, *painted.* C.
Pheeres, *fellows, equals.* C.
Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.*
Picte, *picture.* C.
Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts.* C.
Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit.*
Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing.*
Plies, *sounds.* C.
Plonce, *plunge.*
Pole, *the crown of the head.*
Pouche, *purse.*
Poyntelle, *a pen, &c.* C.
Pre, *prey.*
Pre, *to pray.*
Preche, *preach, exhort, recommend.*
Preestschyppe, *priesthood.*
Prevyd, *hardy, valorous.* C.
Proto-sleue, *first slain.*
Prowe, *forehead.*
Prowes, *might, power.* C.
Puerilitie, *childhood.*
Pyghte, *pitched, or bent down, settled.* C.
Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures.* C.
Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

Q.

Quacedd, *vanquished.* C.
Quansed, *stilled, quenched.* C.
Quayntyssed, *curiously devised.*
Queede, *the evil one, the devil.*
Quent, *quaint, strange.*

R.

Rampynge, *furious.*
Receivure, *receipt.*
Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice.*
Recer, *for racer.*
Reddoure, *violence.* C.
Rede, *wisdom.* C.
Reded, *counselled.* C.
Redeynge, *advice.*
Regrate, *esteem, favour.* C.
Reine, *run.* C.
Rele, *wave.* C.
Reles, *waves.* C.
Rennomde, *honoured, renowned.*
Rennome, *honour, glory.* C.
Requiem, *a service used over the dead.* C.
Responsed, *answered.*
Rewynde, *ruined.*
Reyne, *run.* C.
Reynynge, *running.* C.
Reytes, *water-flags.* C.
Ribaude, *rake, lewd person.*
Ribbande geere, *ornaments of ribbands.*
Ribible, *violin.* C.
Riese, *rise.*
Riped, *ripened.*
Rodded. *reddened.* C.
Roddie, *red.*
Roddie levynne, *red lightning.* C.
Rode, *complexion.* C.
Roder, *rider, traveller.*
Rodeynge, *riding.*
Roghlynge, *rolling.* C.
Rostlynge, *rustling.*
Rou, *horrid, grim.* C.
Rouncy, *cart-horse.* C.
Royn, *ruin.*
Royner, *ruiner.*
Rynde, *ruined.*
Ryne, *run.*

S.

Sabalus, *the devil.* C.
Sabbataners, *booted soldiers.*
Sable, *black, in heraldry.*
Sable, *blacken.* C.
Sable, *darkness.*
Sable, *black.*
Sai, *sagum, military cloak.*
Sanguen, *bloody.*
Sarim's plain, *Salisbury plain.*
Sayld, *assailed.*
Scalle, *shall.* C.
Scante, *scarce.* C.
Scantillie, *scarcely, sparingly.* C.
Scarpes, *scarfs.* C.
Scarre, *mark.*
Scethe, *hurt, damage.* C.
Scathe, *scarce.*
Scannce-layd, *uneven.*
Scauncing, *glancing, or looking obliquely.*
Scethe, *damage, mischief.* C.
Schaftes, *shafts, arrows.*
Scheafted, *adorned with turrets.*
Scille, *gather.* C.
Scillye, *closely.* C.
Scolles, *sholes.*
Seck, *suck.*
Seeled, *closed.* C.
Seere, *search.* C.
Selke, *silk.*
Selynesse, *happiness.* C.
Semblamente, *appearance.*
Semblate, *appearance.*
Seme, *seed.* C.
Semecope, *a short under cloak.* C.
Semlykeene, *countenance, beauty.* C.
Semmlykeed, *countenance.*
Sendaument, *appearance.*
Sete, *seat.*
Shap, *fate.* C.
Shap scurged, *fate-scourged.* C.
Sheene, *lustre, shine.*
Sheen, *to shine.*
Shemres, *shine.*
Shemrynge, *glimmering.* C.
Shente, *broke, destroyed.* C.
Shepen, *innocent.* qu.
Shepsterr, *shepherd.* C.
Shettynge, *shooting.*
Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes, the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.*
Shotte, *shut.*
Shotteyng, *closing, shutting.*
Shrove, *shrouded.*
Siker, *sure.*
Skyne, *sky.*
Slea, *slay.* C.
Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth.* C.

Sledde, *sledge, hurdle.*
Slee, *slay.*
Sleene, *slain.* C.
Sleeve, *clue of thread.*
Sletre, *slaughter.*
Sleyghted, *slighted.*
Sleynges, *slings.*
Slughornes, *a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy, a kind of clarion.* C.
Smethe, *smoke.* C.
Smething, *smoking.* C.
Smore, *besmeared.*
Smothe, *steam, or vapours.* C.
Snett, *bent, snatched up.* C.
Snoffelle, *snuff up.*
Sockeynge, *sucking.*
Solle, *soul.*
Sorfeeted, *surfeited.*
Sothe, *truth.*
Sothen, *sooth.* qu.
Soughle, *soul.*
Soughlys, *soul's.* C.
Souten, *for sought.*
Sparre, *a wooden bar, or enclosure.*
Spedde, *reached, attained.* qu.
Spencer, *dispenser.* C.
Spere, *allow.* qu.
Sphere, *spear.*
Splete, *cleaved, split.*
Sprenged, *sprinkled.*
Sprytes, *spirits, souls.* C.
Spyryng, *towering.*
Staie, *support, prop.*
Staie, *fastening.*
Starks, *stalks.*
Steck, *stuck.*
Stedness, *firmness, stedfastness.* C.
Steemde, *reeked, steamed.*
Steemie, *steaming.*
Steeres, *stairs.*
Stent, *stained.* C.
Steynced, *alloyed, or stained.* qu.
Steyne, *stain, blot, disgrace.*
Stoke, *stuck.*
Storthe, *death.*
Storven, *dead.* C.
Storven, *for strove.* qu.
Stowe, *place, city.*
Straughte, *stretched.* C.
Stre, *straw.*
Stree, *strew.*
Stret, *stretch.* C.
Strev, *strive.*
Stringe, *strong.* C.
Stynts, *stops.*
Substant, *substantial.*
Suffycyll, *sufficient.*
Super-hallie, *over righteous.* C.
Surcote, *a cloak or mantle which hid all the other dress.* C.
Suster, *sister.*
Swanges, *wave to and fro.*
Swarthe, *spirit, ghost.*
Swarthless, *dead, expired.*
Swarthynge, *expiring.*
Sweft-kerv'd, *short liv'd.* C.
Sweltrie, *sultry.* C.
Swolterynge, *overwhelming.* qu.
Swolynge, *swelling.*
Swote, *sweet.* C.
Swotelie, *sweetly.* C.
Swotie, *sweet.* C.
Swythe, *quickly.* C.
Swythen, *quickly.* C.
Swythyn, *quickly.* C.
Syke, *such, so.* C.
Sythe, *since.*
Sythence, *since then.*

T.

Takells, *arrows.* C.
Talbots, *a species of dogs.*
Tempest-chaft, *tempest-beaten.* C.
Tende, *attend, or wait.* C.
Tene, *sorrow.*
Tentyflie, *carefully.* C.
Thight, *consolidated, closed.*
Thilk, *that, or such.*
Thoughteune, *thought.*
Thraslarke, *thrushes.*
Throstle, *thrush.*
Thyk, *such.* C.
Tore, *torch.* C.
Tournie, *tournament.* C.
Trechit, *treget, deceit.*
Trone, *throne,* C.
Trothe, *truth.* C.
Troulie, *true, trulie.*
Twaie, *two.*
Twayne, *two.* C.
T..ighte, *plucked, pulled.* C.
Twytte, *pluck, or pull.* C.
Tynge, *tongue.*
Tytend, *tightened, fastened.*

V. U.

Val, *helm.* C.
Vengouslie, *revengefully.*
Ugsomme, *terrible.* C.
Ugsomness, *terror.* C.
Villeyn, *vassal, servant.*
Unburled, *unarmed.* C.
Uncouthe, *unknown.* C.
Undevyse, *explain.*
Unliart, *unforgiving.* C.
Unseliness, *unhappiness.*
Unlydgefulle, *rebellious.*
Unwote, *unknown.*
Upryne, *raise up.*
Vyed, *viewed.*

W.

Walsome, *loathsome.*
Whanhope, *despair.* C.
Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread.*
Waylde, *choice, selected.*
Waylynge, *decreasing.*
Whestlyng, *whistling.*
Woden blue, *dyed blue with woad.*
Woe-be-mentynge, *woe-bewailing.*
Wychencref, *witchcraft.*
Wysche, *wish.*

Y.

Yan, *than.*
Yaped, *laughable.* C.
Yatte, *that.*
Ybereynge, *bearing.*
Yborne, *son.*
Ybrende, *burn.*
Yeorne, *engraved, carved.*

Ycorvenn, *to mould.* C.
Ydeyd, *dyed.*
Ydronks, *drinks.*
Yer, *your, their.*
Yeyre, *their.* C.
Yie, *thy.*
Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*
Yinder, *yonder.*
Yis, *this.*
Ylachd, *enclosed, shut up.*
Ynhyme, *inter.* C.
Ynutyle, *useless.*
Yreaden, *made ready.*
Yreerde, *reared, raised.*
Yspende, *consider.* C.
Ystorven, *dead.* C.
Ytorn, *torn.*
Ytsel, *itself.*

Z.

Zabalus, *the devil.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IN THE MODERN STYLE.

SLY DICK.

[From a copy in the hand writing of sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of sir Herbert's library. He says "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven: as well as the following hymn."]

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky,
Sly Dick, in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite
A native of the blackest night,
Portending mischief to devise
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;
Then straight descends the infernal sprite,
And in his chamber does alight:
In visions he before him stands,
And his attention he commands.
Thus spake the sprite—"Hearken, my friend:
And to my counsels now attend.
Within the garret's spacious dome
There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,
Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,
Which I suppose will do for you.
First from the cloth take thou a purse,
For thee it will not be the worse,
A noble purse rewards thy pains,
A purse to hold thy filching gains;
Then for the stockings let them reeve
And not a scrap behind thee leave,
Five bundles for a penny sell
And pence to thee will come pell mell;
See it be done with speed and care:"
Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.
When in the morn with thoughts erect
Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,
"Why faith," thinks he, "'tis something too,
It might—perhaps—it might—be true,
I'll go and see"—away he hies,
And to the garret quick he flies,
Enters the room, cuts up the clothes,
And after that reeves up the hose;
Then of the cloth he purses made,
Purses to hold his filching trade.

* * * *Cætera desunt.* * * *

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

[From a copy by sir Herbert Croft, in the same volume.]

ALMIGHTY framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
Refin'd the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal love
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk he trod,
Still was the Man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears;
Nor bad his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groan'd beneath a life of shame
In all afflictions try'd;
The soul is raptur'd to conceive
A truth, which being must believe,
The God Eternal dy'd.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day:
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From him I'll catch the lay!

X. Y.

APOSTATE WILL.

[From Love and Madness.]

[It is transcribed, says sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven years and almost five months old.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's son) in the established church.]

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gather'd new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;
Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man address'd:
"Good sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me."
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God.
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
"How blessed is the sect!" he cries;
"Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat."
He then his circumstance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next morning for to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, "Do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine."
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business straight he goes.
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodist appear'd in him.
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.
It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then——to the Methodists, adieu.
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for he.
Then to the curate straight he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:
"I was a Methodist, 'tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit."
The curate straightway gave consent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

[This and the following poems are printed from the Miscellanies.]

"Recite the loves of Narva and Mored,"
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors [sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind:
Ascends the mountains' brow, and measures round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground;
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far,
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where Nature in her strongest vigour smiles;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creeps through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.
Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;
The flying terrours of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendour of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the wat'ry way;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast, [ghost;
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble Sun,
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:
Till spent with exercise they spread around
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.

The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;
Far from the lustre of the morning star;
Far from the pleasure of th holy morn;
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn:
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma rewards them in his gloomy cave,
And opens all the prisons of the grave.
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
And living but to serve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day
When on the spangling waves the sun-beams play,
When the Mackaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.
Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat;
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Yuca's fleet,
Completely beauteous as a summer's Sun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed
Liv'd the still sweeter flow'r, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and lov'd! and Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement [there.
Existence was a torment! O my breast!
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;
And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above,
" Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

Shoreditch, May 2, 1770. *C.*

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell;
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down and shakes the [world;
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies:
Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course;
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jas'mines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;
Where, when the Sun is meltin in his heat,
The reeking tigers find a cool retreat;
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream;
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd:
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
" Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!
This day the Sun is rising in the east;
The Sun, which shall illumine all the Earth,
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth."
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke:
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way thro' Tiber's wat'ry swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep;
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declension of the circling globe;
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Caus,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
When the soft earth at his appearance fled;
And rising billows play'd around his head:
When a strong tempest rising from the main,
Dash'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war,
Who liv'd coeval with the morning star:
Narada was his name; who cannot tell,
How all the world thro' great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who rul'd above the skies,
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes:
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada still escap'd; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.
The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god, astonish'd, dropt; hurl'd from the skies,
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.
Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young,
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield:
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain,

When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way:
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
Once the companion of his youthful breast.
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
Strong as the tempest of the evening air.
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:
They sought in vain, till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the mountain king,
Drest beautiful, with all the flow'rs of spring:
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
To every glossy feature of her face.
Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight;
Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right:
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: oh! need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathless army mantled all the plain;
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
"I and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd."

Brooke-street, June 12.

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS PHILIPS, OF FAIRFORD.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam;
No more the wonders of the view I sing:
Friendship requires a melancholy theme;
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,
Where the dark vapours of the evening rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move;
Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes?

Philips, great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would the grateful Muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect;
O, lend my pen what animated thine,
To show thee in thy native glories deckt.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw,
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
Nothing was Spring which Philips did not draw,
And ev'ry image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star;
So shone the pleasant rustic daisied bed;
So seem'd the woodlands less'ning from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the streams in hollow trills to glide,
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue;

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimprov'd by thee:
Pleasures he has, tho' horribly deform'd:
The silver'd hill, the polish'd lake, we see,
Is by thy genius fix'd, preserv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleasures too;
But I 'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel, now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine:
With thee did ev'ry pow'r of genius dwell:
Thou wert the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string,
And now she soars, and now again descends;
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread a silver plume.
The rosy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in all her pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every cheerful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid anxious troubles still.

But see! the sick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning shades the dusky grey:
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Philips, dies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrours of the coming night;

I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whistle thro' the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell.

With rustling sound the dusky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls.
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,
And lost to sight in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm, by friendship's potent spells,
The soul of Philips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander thro' the dark'ned vale,
In converse such as heav'nly spirits use,
And born upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the Muse.

But horrour to reflection! Now no more
Will Philips sing, the wonder of the plain,
When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous strain.

A madd'ning darkness reigns thro' all the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by ev'ry sacred tye!
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,
Philips is dead! 'tis pleasure then to die!

FEBRUARY.

AN ELEGY.

Begin, my Muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcass warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares:

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen:
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the Muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bayes.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky,
There teach the winter'd Muse with clouds to soar;
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd Muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies: [plore,
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! the wond'rous loss de-
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies!

What iron stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye;
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—!

Bristol, Feb. 12. *D.*

ELEGY.

ON W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

Weep on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence each titled slave;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave,

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)
Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n-fraught with liberty! He came,
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint and fainter grew;
As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd Death's arrow with a Christian eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom;
Receive his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could control;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on fame's wide pinions all sublime;
Till Heaven's own bright and never dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

ELEGY.

Hasty, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,

Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds;
Ascend the bright-crown'd Sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers thro' the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride;
Ye softly-tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Thro' the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead!

TO MR. HOLLAND,

THE TRAGEDIAN.

What numbers, Holland, can the Muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part;
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majestic as the eagle on the wind,
Or the young sky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terrour's strain, as clanging armies drear!
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise,
In pity, gentle as the falling tear,
In all superior to my feeble lays.

Black anger's sudden rise, extatic pain,
Tormenting jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;
Consuming envy with her yelling train,
Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing;

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee by art, the demon stands confest,
But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really distrest,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
No single part is thine, thou 'rt all in all.

Bristol, July 31. D. B.

ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL.

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

Ye Nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O Muse! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone etherial blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand:
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
The silver fountains seem to flow;
The hoary woods to nod:
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist! rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view:
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of fame,
And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29, 1769. ASAPHIDES.

TO MISS B——SH, OF BRISTOL.

Before I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And tho' a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid!
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the Sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around,
There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame:
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element, the sea,
I 'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm:
No more my bosom shall be torn;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I 'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast:
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I 'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

D. CELORIMON.

THE ADVICE,

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— R——, OF BRISTOL.

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in gray
Those auburn tresses fade away;)
So youth and beauty die.

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble Muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name:
Tho' tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkled, and defac'd:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond simile you 're fair;
Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine;
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall;
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see

Maria can be true:
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His Muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to rest.

D.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

The Sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our Earth supreme,
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam;
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night:
On the Earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the Sun, our year completing, shines;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.
Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primeval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlight'ned with the solar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tours majestic thro' the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles thro' immensity of space.
These are thy wond'rous works, first Source of good!
Now more admir'd in being understood.

Bristol, Dec. 23. *D.B.*

THE CONSULIAD.

AN HEROIC POEM.

Of warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre,
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the square,
And N—t—n's future prospects hang in air!
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch;
A group of heroes occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence sat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine:*
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste;
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.
Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrours of her native Hell:
She, on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clocks
Whose attributes detestable have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.
A toast's demanded; Madoc swift arose,
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face:
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
Demands this proper homage of the board." [beer:
"Monarchs!" said Twitcher, setting down his
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer:
"Monarchs of mole-hills, oyster-beds, a rock!
These are the grafters of your royal stock:
My pony Scrub can sires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;
His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
"Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state:
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends:
His straining arms uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days, for three a meal:
In antient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest eat three a day. [plies
With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher
His stretching muscles, and the mountain flies.
Swift, as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives:
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And faction separates the noisy room.
Bailuntum, exercis'd in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With D—s—n trammell'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law:

From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
"Goddess of fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fist:
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each street."
The goddess smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown:
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd he seiz'd a Gallic roll:
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part:
Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
A title made him infamously great.
A slave to venal slaves; a tool to tools:
The representative to knaves and fools.
Bet see! commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head:
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and ven'son their attention draws:
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies;
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fist, his shadow'd corps defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguish, and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side.
With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune, (or some higher power, or god)
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose; but deafen'd with a singing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls:
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.
The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight;
Our heroes, like lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar;
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark;
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs:
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcasses ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horrour still;
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot;
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, and mighty Chatham fell.
Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade;
Whose every action is of trifles made:
At Graft—n's well-stor'd table ever found;
Like G—n too for every vice renown'd:
G—n to whose immortal sense we owe,
The blood which will from civil discord flow:
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe:
Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, saw the dreary fray:
Amidst the greasy horrours of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
Of talk verbose, whose meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,
His foot upon a smoking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he disdains,
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high-powder'd head and ruffled hands.
"Friends! let this clang of hostile fury cease,
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:
Shall olios, for internal battle drest,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast;
Shall jav'lin bottles blood etherial spill;
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill?"
More had he said: when, from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:
And, ah! misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alayat in common styl'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child;
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught;
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends,
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:

He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Reposed him weary on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
Tyro, the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.
Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies appear;
Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre:
Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
Tyro excepted, for old laws renown'd;
Who, stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command:
"Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
In the king's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
"What fury, nobles, occupies your breast;
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possest?
Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!
How? wist you not what ancient sages said,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty-thousand drest;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it and be friends again," he said:
The council god return'd; and Discord fled.

Bristol, Jan. 4, 1770. *C.*

ELEGY.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
'Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the dark'ned wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue;
The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
And nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghast with horrour, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmers roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded Moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale;
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

Bristol, Nov. 17, 1769.

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend,"
The difficulty's then to know,
How long oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vice exalted takes the lead,
And vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peeresses turn'd out o'doors;
Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge, to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish bishops dare to claim
Authority in George's name;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake;

Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d—g William's revolution,
As justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the outs, and all the ins;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Stewards pass a boot account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then, to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or seven-years lease, you sold, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Briton's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

A SONG.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control,
In spite of each hind'rance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

London, May 4, 1770. C.

TO A FRIEND.

[This and the following poems are reprinted from the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies.]

March 6th, 1768.

Dear Friend,

I HAVE received both your favours—The Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse.
Begin, O servant of the sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line:
Bring down th' etherial choir to aid the song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.
My Baker's well! oh words of sweet delight!
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height,
What wond'rous numbers can the goddess find
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

FAR distant from Britannia's lofty isle,
What shall I find to make the genius smile?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew:
The variegated daughters of the land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
All the rich pleasures Nature's store-house yields,
Have all their powers to wake the chorded string:
But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.
Hoyland, more beauteous than the god of day,
Her name can quicken and awake the lay;
Rouse the soft Muse from indolence and ease;
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.

In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland rise;
'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the eastern skies;
'Tis she alone de rives us of the light;
And when she slumbers then indeed 'tis night.
To tell the sep'rate beauties of her face
Would stretch eternity's remotest space,
And want a more than man to pen the line;
I rest; let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine!

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Amidst the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
The bending mountain's head;
Whilst evening, moving thro' the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
Her pitchy robes doth spread.

There gently moving thro' the vale,
Bending before the blust'ring gale,
Fell apparitions glide;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound
Runs through the mountain side:

Then steal I softly to the grove,
And singing of the nymph I love,
Sigh out my sad complaint;
To paint the tortures of my mind,
Where can the Muses numbers find?
Ah! numbers are too faint!

Ah! Hoyland, empress of my heart!
When will thy breast admit the dart,
And own a mutual flame?
When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,
Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,
Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
When will the little god perplex
The mansions of thy breast!
When wilt thou own a flame as pure,
As that seraphic souls endure,
And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste to give my passion ease,
And bid the perturbation cease,
That harrows up my soul!
The joy such happiness to find,
Would make the functions of my mind
In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC ON MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Enchanting is the mighty power of love;
Life stript of amourous joys would irksome prove:
Ev'n Heaven's great thund'rer wore th' easy chain;
And over all the world Love keeps his reign.
No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others am more tender made.
Right through my heart a burning arrow drove,

Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love.
Oh! torture, inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing author of my care;
Look down, fair angel, on a swain distrest,
A gracious smile from you would make me blest.
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief,
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE. 1768.

Seraphic virgins of the tuneful choir,
Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre!
Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair,
Let the smooth numbers warble in the air;
Yet prudes, coquets, and all the misled throng,
Can beauty, virtue, sense, demand the song;
Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite;
A beauteous pattern to the always-right.
Rest here, my Muse, not soar above thy sphere,
Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Once more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings;
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise.
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature! Charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine.
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
O for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the Epode rise;
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face
Of my seraphic maid; whose beauteous charms
Might court the world to rush at once to arms.
Whilst the fair goddess, native of the skies,
Shall sit above and be the victor's prize.
O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire;
When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
My pulse beats high: my throbbing breast's on fire
In sad variety of wild desire.
O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel, saint,
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint;
Thou best, completest work that nature made,
Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.
Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go
Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
From thee alone my being I derive,
One beauteous smile from thee makes all my hopes alive.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Since short the busy scene of life will prove,
Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love;
To love, with passions pure as morning light,
Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night
With rosy mantles do the Heavens streak,
Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.

The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state
Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great.
Virtue and love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terrour, lest I should offend
The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure to the vile unknown.
But when the body charming, and the mind,
To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclin'd,
Meet in one person, maid and angel join;
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?
What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers.
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last.
Love, means an unadulterated flame,
Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of love.
Oh, was my merit great enough to find
A favour'd station in my Hoyland's mind;
Then would my happiness be quite complete,
And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Tell me, god of soft desires,
Little Cupid, wanton boy,
How thou kindlest up thy fires!
Giving pleasing pain and joy.

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
Striking glances are thy darts;
Making conquests never slow,
Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
Juno's in her portly air;
Not Britannia's fav'rite isle
Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
Where disorder springs around,
If the lovely fair is there,
'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

O my Hoyland! blest with thee,
I'd the raging storm defy,
In thy smiles I live, am free;
When thou frownest, I must die.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

WITH A PRESENT.

Accept, fair nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain;
By ev'ry sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy for to wear your chain,

Not with more constant ardour shall the Sun
Chase the faint shadows of the night away;
Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
And cheer the universe with coming day,
Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming author of my smart;—
For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Count all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's side,
When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;
Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;
Count all the birds that thro' the ether fly;
Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;
Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;
Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
Thro' the blue ether, or tempestuous roar;
Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;
Count all the minutes since the world began;
Count all the troubles of the life of man;
Count all the torments of the d——n'd in Hell,
More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph excel.

TO MISS CLARKE. 1768.

To sing of Clarke my Muse aspires,
A theme by charms made quite divine;
Ye tuneful virgins, sound your lyres,
Apollo, aid the feeble line;
If truth and virtue, wit, and charms,
May for a fix'd attention call:
The darts of love and wounding arms
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.
'Tis not the tincture of a skin,
The rosy lip, the charming eye;
No, 'tis a greater power within,
That bids the passion never die:
These Clarke possesses, and much more,
All beauty in her glances sport,
She is the goddess all adore,
In country, city, and at court.

EPISTLE TO THE REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.

December 6th, 1769.

What strange infatuations rule mankind!
How narrow are our prospects, how confin'd!
With universal vanity possest,
We fondly think our own ideas best;
Our tott'ring arguments are ever strong;
We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.
What philosophic sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear;
What pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth;
What blushing author ever rank'd his Muse
With Fowler's poet-laureat of the Stews?
Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
All in the language of apostles cry,
If angels contradict me, angels lie;

As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain;
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene;
Dull single acts of many-footed prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of creation's blessings cloy;
Their senses dosing a continual dream,
They hang enraptur'd o'er the hideous scheme:
So virgins tott'ring into ripe three-score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.
When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old;
Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primeval light,
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world won'd have you prove it too:
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best; one only can be right,
Tho' all had inspiration to indite.
Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.
Writers on rolls of science long renown'd
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust
An excommunication proves him just.
Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn?
A mitred rascal to his long-ear'd flocks
Gives ill example, to his wh—s, the p-x.
Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
And saddle all his faults on Nature's back:
But hold, there's solid reason to revere;
His lordship has six thousand pounds a year;
In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
He fasts at Arthur's and he prays at White's;
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tail'd six,
At White's the Athanasian creed for tricks.
Whilst the poor curate in his rusty gown
Trudges unnotic'd thro' the dirty town.
If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.
The servants of the Devil are rever'd,
And bishops pull the fathers by the beard.
Yet in these horrid forms salvation lives,
These are religion's representatives;
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
But sure religion can produce at least,
One minister of God—one honest priest.
Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
The fancy'd character, an honest man
(A man of sense, not honest by constraint,
For fools are canvass, living but in paint):
To Mammon or to Superstition slaves,
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves:
In the first attribute by none surpast,
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.
Imagination may be too confin'd;
Few see too far; how many are half blind!
How are your feeble arguments perplext
To find out meaning in a senseless text!
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
And words can philosophic truths conceal.
What Paracelsus humour'd as a jest,
You realize to prove your system best.
Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for scripture hath devour'd your sense;
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
See Nature marshal oozy atoms right;
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free;
We need not inspiration how to see.
If scripture contradictory you find,
Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.
How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths, we never meant?
Which couches systems in a single word,
At once deprav'd, abstruse, sublime, absurd.
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.
But to assert that inspiration's giv'n,
The copy of philosophy in Heav'n,
Strikes at religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrours of ten thousand Hells.
Attentive search the scriptures, and you'll find
What vulgar errours are with truths combin'd.
Your tortur'd truths, which Moses seem'd to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe;
But if from God one errour you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ?
What knotty difficulties fancy solves?
The Heav'ns irradiate, and the Earth revolves;
But here immagination is allow'd
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many colour'd coat.
O Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light!
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.
Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, tho' in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Tho' pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chaunt your name;
Tho' in each taylor's book-case Catcott shines,
With ornamental flow'rs and gilded lines;
Tho' youthful ladies, who by instinct scan
The natural philosophy of man,
Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat:
Yet check your flowing pride: will all allow
To wreathe the labour'd laurel round your brow?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue;
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves,
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckon'd weak,
As nothing but my mother tongue I speak;
Else would I ask; by what immortal pow'r
All nature was dissolv'd as in an hour?

How, when the earth acquir'd a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combin'd?
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass;
Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?
If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impell'd into the Sun?
Philosophy, nay common sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air,
Revolves the planets in their destin'd sphere;
How are the secondary orbs impell'd?
How are the moons from falling headlong held?
"'Twas the Eternal's fiat" you reply;
"And who will give Eternity the lie?"
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear;
The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.
No agents could assist creation's birth:
We trample on our God; for God is earth.
'Tis past the pow'r of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.
How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before! [brought
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast
From the Moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,
Fling not thy saucy satire at divines;
This single truth thy brother bards must tell;
Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
But disputations are befitting those
Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.
O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys,
Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?
Proud of thy own importance, tho' we see
We've little reason to be proud of thee:
Thou putrid fœtus of a barren brain,
Thou offspring illegitimate of pain.
Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
You claim the preference to men of sense!
—— wants learning; see the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
Their native language, but declaim in Greek.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
—— has parts; parts which would set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent beauties rise;
His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
Impreat with Folly's head to make it pass.
But —— swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street:
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his virtues: calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown;
Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a —— than a saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The Muse will go where merit leads the way;
The owls of learning may admire the night,
But —— shines with reason's glowing light.
Still admonition presses to my pen,
The infant Muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
You're a detested heretic in sense [1],
But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,
In showing wond'ring cits the fossile store!
The ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madame more prudent thinks 'twould seem too much;
The doors fly-open, instantly he draws
The sparry lood, and wonders of applause;
The full dress'd lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her di'mond pendants die;
Sage natural philosophers adore
The fossil whimseys of the numerous store.
But see! the purple stream begins to play,
To show how fountains climb the hilly way.
Hark what a murmur echoes thro' the throng,
Gods! that the pretty trifle should be wrong!
Experience in the voice of reason tells
Above its surface water never swells.
Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now?
See what a triumph sits upon his brow:
And can the poor applause of things like these,
Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
Catcott, the foremost of the judging few?
So at Llewellin's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits;
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

Dec. 20th, 1769.

Mr. Catcott will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned remarks. This poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of truth. —The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may on perusal of this rank me as an enemy: but I am indifferent in all things, I value neither the praise or the censure of the multitude.

SENTIMENT. 1769.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,

[1] Renounce is written over the two first words of this line. Which is the true meaning is uncertain, both being in his own hand-writing, and uncancelled.

Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
Curtail the miseries of human life?
Tho' varied is the cause, the effect's the same;
All to one common dissolution tends.

THE DEFENCE.

Dec. 25th, 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hackney'd tale renew;
I own their censure, I approve it too.
For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught?
Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears,
Exalt his name or mutilate his ears?
None, but a Lawrence, can adorn his lays,
Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.
T—l—r repeats, what Catcott told before,
But lying T—l—r is believ'd no more.
If in myself I think my notion just,
The church and all her arguments are dust.
Religion's but opinion's bastard son,
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.
'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;
As education taught us, we're inclin'd.
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see
Mankind are by the state of nature free;
Who, thinking for himself, despises those,
That would upon his better sense impose;
Is to himself the minister of God,
Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.
Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
Who, not by priest, but reason rules his span;
Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in revelation's side.
If reason fails, incapable to tread
Thro' gloomy revelation's thick'ning bed,
On what authority the church we own?
How shall we worship deities unknown?
Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive
The prayers of those, who, ignorant, believe?
Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry sect,
The church supreme, with Whitfield's new elect;
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
But why must Chatterton selected sit,
The butt of ev'ry critic's little wit?
Am I alone for ever in a crime;
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme?
All monosyllables a line appears?
Is it not very often so in Shears?
See gen'rous Ecens, length'ning out my praise
Inraptur'd with the music of my lays;
In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,
The cream of modern literary taste.
Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine;
But then how hobbling are the other two;
There are some beauties, but they're very few.
Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
Commends a reverential awe of God.
Read but another fancy of his brain;
He's atheistical in every strain.
Fallacious is the charge: 'tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of creation rise;
Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,
Centring his many wonders in the mind;
Who saw religion, a fantastic night,
But gave us reason to obtain the light;
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
He only can direct to Heaven's high-way.
While bishops, with as much vehemence tell,
All sects [1] heterodox are food for Hell.
Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
Their notions are not oracles to me:
What I think right I ever will pursue,
And leave you liberty to do so too.

SONG

TO MR. G. CATCOTT. 1769.

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
My notions and actions run far.
How can my ideas do other but stray,
Depriv'd of the ruling north-star?

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
I chatter and spoil the dull air;
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
When discord's the voice of my fair?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
If Harding was girlish and cold,
If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,
If Flavia was blasted and old;

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
Nor welcom'd the frown with a sigh;
I scorn'd, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,
And paint them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd, and I burn'd,
I died to obtain the bright queen:
But when I beheld my epistle return'd,
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

"She's damnable ugly," my vanity cried,
"You lie," says my conscience, "you lie;"
Resolving to follow the dictates of pride,
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.

HECCAR AND GAIRA,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

Jan. 3, 1770.

Where the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders thro' the [2] echoing cave;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horrour seen,
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;

[1] Sorts is written under sects. Both in the author's hand-writing, and uncancelled.
[2] Distant is written under echoing in the MSS.

Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day;
Their bloody jav'lins reek'd one living steam,
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;
Heccar the chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira, the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chase,
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race;
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain,
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart:
But now my ling'ring feet revenge denies,
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke, [stroke.
Death wing'd the arrow; Death impell'd the
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
Search the brown desert, and the glossy green;
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,
Once animated, dared the force[2] in fight.
The children of the wave, whose pallid race,
Views the faint Sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sicken'd silver ting'd their hue:
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

GAIRA.

Rouse not remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many-colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake:
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghirs shores;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.
The Sun sat low'ring in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil,
I stripp'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
"On this," I cried, "shall my lov'd Cawna lie."
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain;
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The gods had given me to the demon's power.
The dusk slow vanish'd from the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
Struck horrour and distraction in my mind;
There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,
In common slav'ry drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dy'd
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart;
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

[2] Query, whether not intended for foes?

THE METHODIST.

May 1770.

Says Tom to Jack, "'Tis very odd,
These representatives of God,
In colour, way of life and evil,
Should be so very like the Devil."
Jack, understand, was one of those,
Who mould religion in the nose,
A red hot Methodist; his face
Was full of puritanic grace,
His loose lank hair, his low gradation,
Declar'd a late regeneration;
Among the daughters long renown'd,
For standing upon holy ground;
Never in carnal battle beat,
Tho' sometimes forc'd to a retreat.
But C———t, hero as he is,
Knight of incomparable phiz,
When pliant Doxy seems to yield,
Courageously forsakes the field.
Jack, or to write more gravely, John,
Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;
Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;
Hymns which will sanctify the throte:
But some indeed compos'd so oddly,
You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED. 1770.

Young Colin was as stout a boy
As ever gave a maiden joy;

But long in vain he told his tale,
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

"Ah why," the whining shepherd cried,
"Am I alone your smiles denied,
I only tell in vain my tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

"True, Colin," said the laughing dame,
"You only whimper out your flame,
Others do more than sigh their tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

He took the hint, &c.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA. 1770.

RECITATIVE.

MOUNTED aloft in Bristol's narrow streets,
Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy collier prest the empty sack,
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;
When sudden to his rapt extatic view
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.
Music spontaneous echoed from his tongue,
And thus the lover rather bawl'd, than sung.

AIR.

Zounds! Prithee, pretty Zue, is it thee,
Odzookers I mun have a kiss.
A sweetheart should always be free,
I whope you wunt take it amiss.

Thy peepers are blacker than caul,
Thy carcase is sound as a sack,
Thy visage is whiter than ball,
Odzookers I mun have a smack.

RECITATIVE.

The swain descending, in his raptured arms
Held fast the goddess, and despoil'd her charms.
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,
His jetty skinnis met her red bronz'd face;
It seem'd the Sun when labouring in eclipse.
And on her nose he stampt his sable lips,
Pleas'd ———

SONG.

FANNY OF THE HILL[1]. 1770.

IF gentle love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still;
And all my ravish'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill,
Ye gods! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

[1] Miss F. B.———, on Radcliff-hill, Bristol.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty power, eternal fate,
My happiness to fill,
O! bless a wretched lover's fate,
With [2]Fanny of the Hill.

HAPPINESS. 1770.

[From Love and Madness. Corrected from Mr. Catcott's copy.]

SINCE happiness was not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can;
Possest with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
But think it happiness——we want no more.
Hail Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as ambition's dream, or beauty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy found
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The lords of nature are design'd to share,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only god we know.
Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear
In diff'rent subjects, differently appear.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled.—
This passage leads to Heaven--yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it lead to Hell.
Conscience, the soul-camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind.
In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.
Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall.
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin;
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy—
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they 'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, madded in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.
Mercator worships mammon, and adores
No other deity but gold and w——es.

[2] The name of *Fanny*, which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead: but for what reason was best known to the author.

Catcott is very fond of talk and fame;
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To b.ar his name, and signify his trade,
In pomp burlesqu'd the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view:
Unfinish'd chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat:
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnotic'd this in prose or tagging flower,
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with ev'ry power thou canst command;
Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies, name and phyz—
Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,
A Catcott shall remain admir'd by all.
Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit— [views,
Thinks I've more judgment than the whole Re-
Because I always compliment his Muse.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.
Say, sages—if not sleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating flattery sing?
Is it more noble to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!
Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snoar,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.
Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness is plac'd;
When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul;
But what would make another man distrest,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good English if not Latinized,
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays!
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.
Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossile face.
When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dullness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wond'rous wise:
—But little had she read in Nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.
O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stampt the pedant with his name;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.
But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as sages say—
But what's content? The trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be by superstition led aside.
The saint and sinner, fool and wise attain
An equal share of easiness and pain.

THE RESIGNATION.

FROM LOVE AND MADNESS.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Incroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CLIFTON.

[From a copy in Chatterton's hand-writing deposited by Dr. Glyn in the British Museum.]

CLIFTON, sweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its font the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated Wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue,
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.
Yon dusky rocks, that from the stream arise
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if Nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Briton's heroes, true to honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But tho' in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade;
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where honour led the way;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet;
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair; where to the Sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.
Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons.
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dy'd with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take:
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake;
When Rupert bold, of well-achiev'd renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates destroy'd;
In hist'ry's roll it still a shade retains,
Tho' of the fortress scarce a stone remains.
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb.
Here does attention her fixt gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene;
Fixt in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:
For tho' her waves, by commerce richly blest,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the West,
Tho' her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever-murm'ring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here too (alas! tho' tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powell, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky;
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:
But O! how soft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on Zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakespear's varied scenes he wandered wide,
In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defy'd;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murder'd train arise;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strew'd with pointed thorns his bed of rest!
But fate has snatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How soon enclos'd within the silent tomb!
No more our raptur'd eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy belov'd remains
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;
Whilst hallow'd dirges fill the holy shrine,
Deserved tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,
Slackens the strings of her enamour'd lyre,
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And thro' the cloister'd aisle would take her way,
Where sleep (ah! mingling with the common dust)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.
But vain th' attempt to scan that holy lore,
These soft'ning sighs forbid the Muse to soar.
So treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's in the British Museum.]

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of spring array'd;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.
Then why, when mild good-nature basking lies
Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes,

When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in a frown!
Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair,
That fears you 're cruel whilst it owns you fair?
O speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long.

TO MR. POWELL.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.]

WHAT language, Powell! can thy merits tell,
By Nature form'd in every path t' excel:
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—
Each melting heart must sympathize with thee.
Yet, though design'd in every walk to shine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;
Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.]

HAD Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierc'd to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart
At such soft tones, had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,
Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm;
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

THE ART OF PUFFING,

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

[Copied from a MS. of Chatterton.]

VERS'D by experience in the subtle art,
The myst'ries of a title I impart:
Teach the young author how to please the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal, never-dying name!
A Double Pica in the book of Fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop:
Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again to drain your purses dry:
Nor yet unrivall'd they: see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:
The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do.
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol, gain:
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment, tho' trite, divine;
For this, the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor Liberty in chains:
For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,
And Edmunds swore what nobody believ'd:
For this the wits in close disguises fight;
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dullness fill'd and transcripts of the old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit:
Aping her walk the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind:
Sons of Apollo learn; merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace the door.
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dullness sell;
Flexney and every bookseller will buy,
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

July 22, 1770. PAIR.

COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON,

TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.

[From a copy given by Chatterton to Mr. H. Kater, of Bristol.]

To use a worn out simile,
From flow'r to flow'r the busy bee
With anxious labour flies,
Alike from scents which give distaste,
By fancy as disgusting plac'd,
Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
The fopling of some gay parterre,
The mimickry of art!
But round the meadow—Violet dwells,
Nature replenishing his cells,
Does ampler stores impart.

So I, a humble dumble drone,
Anxious and restless when alone
Seek comfort in the fair,
And featur'd up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,
To you address my pray'r.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
Nature untouch'd by art delights,
Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some priest of mystic thought,
The bard alone by nature taught,
Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine
If ye perchance should read this line
Which fancy now inspires:
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His Hell, his Heaven, his solemn airs,
Quench nature's rising fires?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
Nature's the God I own:
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only Hell,
No other Hell is known.

I, steel'd by destiny, was born
Well fenc'd against a woman's scorn,
Regardless of that Hell.
I fir'd by burning planets came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
To make a safe return.

A rev'rend cully mully puff
May call this letter odious stuff,
With no Greek motto grac'd;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain;
"The dog's unsufferably vain
To think to please my taste!"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence,
Is all the merit, all the sense
Thro' which to fame I trod,
These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
Procure me friends and notice too,
And shall gain you by G—d.

THE WHORE OF BABYLON,

BOOK THE FIRST.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

NEWTON[1], accept the tribute of a line
From one whose humble genius honours thine.
Mysterious shall thy mazy numbers seem,
To give thee matter for a future dream.
Thy happy talents, meanings to untie,
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the Muse is witty in a dash
Thy explanations may enforce the lash:
How shall the line grow servile in respect,
To North or Sandwich infamy direct.
Unless a wise ellipsis intervene,
How shall I satyrize the sleepy dean[2].
Perhaps the Muse might fortunately strike
An highly finish'd picture, very like,
But deans are all so lazy, dull and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where revelation's farthing candle shines,
In search of hidden truths let others go,
Be thou the fiddle to my puppet-show:
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseas'd imaginations rise;
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews.

[1] Dr. Newton, then bishop of Bristol.
[2] Dr. Barton, dean of Bristol.

When universal reformation bribes
With words and wealthy metaphors the tribes,
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears.
When ministers with sacerdotal hands
Baptise the flock in streams of golden sands,
Thro' ev'ry town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.
Faith removes mountains, like a modern dean;
Faith can see virtues which were never seen.
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote,
Whilst Luttrell, happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty, rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, Newton caught the pen,
And show'd by demonstration, one was ten.
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,
'Twas orthodox, the Thane[3] would have it so.
And who shall doubts and false conclusions draw
Against the inquisitions of the law;
With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And Mansfield's conscience settle right his creed:
"Is Mansfield's conscience then," will reason cry,
"A standard block to dress our notions by.
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That Mansfield has no conscience, none at all."
Pardon me, freedom! this and something more
The knowing writer might have known before;
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can refine my breast?
What besides interest has my mind possest?
And should a gabbling truth like this be told
By me instructed here to slave for gold,
My prudent neighbours, (who can read,) would see
Another Savage to be starv'd in me.
Faith is a pow'rful virtue ev'ry where:
By this once Bristol drest, for Cato, Clare;
But now the blockheads grumble, Nugent's made
Lord of their choice, he being lord of trade.
They bawl'd for Clare when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise.
This state credulity, a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools.
Murphy, a bishop of the chosen sect,
A ruling pastor, of the Lord's elect,
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his daily statute law.
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge from Bute,
An excommunication-satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, a subject for a longer theme,
Is not the substance of a waking dream;
Tho' blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixt Egyptian night.
Yet things unseen, are seen so very clear,
She knew fresh muster must begin the year;
She knows that North, by Bute and conscience led,
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead;
She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,
Must practice at the target of the state:
If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why Martin must remain a traitor still.
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave,

[3] Lord Bute.

Since pious Ch—dl—gh is become her grace,
Martin turns rump, to occupy her place.
Say, Rigby, in the honours of the door
How properly a knave succeeds a whore.
She knows the subject almost slipt my quill,
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will;
She knows when Bute would exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
But (say the critics) this is saying much,
The Scriptures tell us peace-makers are such.
Who can dispute his title, who deny
What taxes and oppression justify?
Who of the Thane's beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but North as sure of being out.
And, (as I end whatever I begin,)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in.
But foster child of fate, dear to a dame,
Whom satire freely would, but dare not name.
Ye plodding barristers who hunt a flaw,
What mischief would you from the sentence draw.
Tremble and stand attentive as a dean,
Know, royal favour is the thing I mean.
To sport with royalty the Muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shebbeare in glorious triumph stood
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,
Who then withheld his guinea or his praise,
Or envy'd him his crown of English bays?
But now Modestus, truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again.
But lifted into notice, by the eyes
Of one whose optics always set to rise,
Forgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearnt to live.
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool.
Burgum and I, in ancient lore untaught,
Are always, with our nature, in a fault:
Tho' C——n would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals would not err by art.
Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We'll call imagination to our aid.
See Bute astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open'd bag,
Whence fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places, and the last excise.
Upon the ground in seemly order laid
The Stuarts stretch'd the majesty of plaid.
Rich with the peer, dependance bow'd the head,
And saw their hopes, arising from the dead,
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch piper was above his grace.
But say, astrologers, could this be strange,
The lord of the ascendant rul'd the change,
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All which is sense as meaning overcomes.
So now this universal fav'rite Scot
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the car of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate:
If fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquests at the gen'ral day of peace.
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil:
To guide the car of war he fancied not
Where honour, and not money, could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man;
Honour's the tie that bundles up the clan.
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine.
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Who polishes by wealth his native land.
And to complete the worth possest before
Gives ev'ry Scotchman one perfection more,
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And C—mpb—ll struts about in doubled lace.
Who says Bute barters place, and nobly sold
His king, his union'd countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs defy,
If Musgrave cannot prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it, there's a strong suspicion still.
When Bute the iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty passions in his look,
Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He sought to throw his chain upon the mind,
Nor would he leave conjectures unconfin'd;
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think these measures right:
Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious rein,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees,
Trembles to think of such a daring step,
As from a tool to chancellor to leap.
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst Bute was suffer'd to pursue his plan,
And ruin freedom as he rais'd his clan,
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the villany and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves and thought them right.
This faith, established by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive that system of the Dane:
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And, (or the philosophic sages dream,)
Nothing is really so as it may seem.
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right:
By this corrected Bute appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which Murphy writ.
Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws.
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see,
You to her Baal bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of the fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot,
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod:
Tho' genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and prov'd his scripture true;
No literary worth presum'd upon,
He wrote the understrapper of St. John,
Unravell'd every mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me.

Pull'd revelation's sacred robes aside,
And saw what priestly modesty should hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent,
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The reader, who in carnal notions bred,
Has Athanasius without rev'rence read;
Will make a scurvy kind of Lenten-feast
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast;
But if, in happy superstition taught,
He never once presum'd to doubt in thought,
Like C——, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the literal meaning for his guide.
Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare.
What prophesies unprophesied are there!
In explanations he 's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo prophet's myst'ries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgrac'd
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste;
No flaming arguments he holds in view,
Like C——n he affirms it, and 'tis true. [crutch,
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawny's instruments at court:
For secret services, without a name,
And myst'ries in religion are the same.
But, to return to state, from whence the Muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues,
And rambling from his grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests and hirelings, ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate.
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash.
Not Bute, so tender in his spotless fame;
Not Bute, so careful of his lady's name.
Has sable lost its virtue? will the bell
No longer send a straying sprite to Hell?
Since souls, when animate with life, are sold
For benefices, bishoprics, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the nightman, conscience, into rest,
And learn'd exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times,
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All thro' the telescope of fancy see:
Tho' fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion's all in all.
Amongst the cassock'd worthies is there one
Who has the conscience to be freedom's son?
Horn, patriotic Horn, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy book, and sacerdotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice, "An hundred more:"
"A hundred more"—his rising lordship cries,
Astonishment and terrour in his eyes:
"A hundred more—By G—d, I wo'nt comply:"
"Give," quoth the voice, "I'll raise a hue and cry:
In a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane
I'm not another Fanny of Cock-lane."

"Enough," says Mungo, "reassume the quill,
And what I can afford to give, I will."
When Bute the ministry and people's head
With royal favour pension'd Johnson dead,
The Muse in undeserv'd oblivion sunk,
Was read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred Shakespear, in the doctor's name:
The pulpit saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,
Death is of all mortality the lot.
Kenrick had wrote his Elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal catcalls testified
How mourn'd the critics when the genius dy'd.
But now, tho' strange the fact to deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a venal theme!
And emulation madden'd all the Row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow,
And print the reasons of a bard decease'd,
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wond'rous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the action of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds,
His genius dead, and decently inferr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Tour'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again,
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy, figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horn set this restless shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch'd the quill.
If in defiance of the priestly word
He still will scribble learnedly absurd,
North is superior in a potent charm,
To lay the terrours of a false alarm.
Another hundred added to his five
No longer is the stumbling-block alive,
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy Rambler will no longer roam,
Releas'd from servitude, (such 'tis to think,)
He 'll prove it perfect happiness to drink,
Once, (let the lovers of Irene weep,)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep:
Irene, perfect composition, came
To give us happiness, the author fame;
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And box, pit, gallery, own'd it in a nap.
Hail, Johnson, chief of bards, thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snoar'd applause
If from the humblest station in a place,
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace,
Long in the literary world unknown,
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own,
Then only introduc'd (unhappy fate)
The subject of a satire's deadly hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool:
If from this place where catamites are found
To swarm like Scotchmen Sawney's shade around,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men;
Health is the ruling minister I send,
Nor has the minister a better friend:
Greater perhaps in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his grace.
Ah! North! a humbler bard is better far;
Friendship was never found near Grafton's star;

Bishops are not by office orthodox:
Who 'd wear a title when they'd titled Fox;
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare.
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old;
If noble murders, Barrington's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line;
Let officers of train-bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens and fly.
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Our tragic trumpets entertain the court,
The captain flies thro' every street in town,
And safe from dangers wears his civic crown:
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic wand discharg'd his gun;
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts to howl him into rest.
Health to the instruments of Bute the tool,
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Marks for a Neddy Ptolomy the sage,
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blundering senses are alone in fault,
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hand of Sawney actuating thee;
The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By his political machine my rhimes
Conceive an estimation of the times,
And as the wheels of state in measures move,
See how time passes in the world above,
While tott'ring on the slipp'ry age of doubt
Sir Fletcher sees his train-bands flying out,
Thinks the minority, acquiring state,
Will undergo a change, and soon be great.
North issues out his hundred to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew.
The etiquettes of wise sir Robert takes
The doubtful, stand resolv'd, and one forsakes.
He shackles ev'ry vote in golden chains,
And Johnson in his list of slaves maintains:
Rest, Johnson, hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret-glass with ink,
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
Kenrick disdains to p—s upon the dead;
Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name.
When sovereign judgment owns thy work divine,
And ev'ry writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy Kenrick vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister, nor will I dare
To pour out flatt'ry in his noble ear:
His virtues, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wondering crowds and murmurs of applause.
Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with North a priestish jest
By which a mere nonentity's exprest.
No—North is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As ev'ry pension'd Johnson testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues in another than in me.
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I
From thee or North, was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister; his vices known,
(As ev'ry lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine,
In forging follies foreign to his line)
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the Muse the lashing strain begin,
And mark repentance upon ev'ry sin.
Why this recoil? and will the dauntless Muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of Hell.
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And truth must abdicate her lawful strain.
O Prudence! if by friends or council sway'd
I had thy saving institutes obey'd,
And, lost to ev'ry love but love of self,
A wretch like H———s living but in pelf,
Then happy in a coach or turtle-feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought.
Let H———s wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for H———s is a mayor.
If C———'s flimsy system can't be prov'd,
Let it alone, C———'s much belov'd.
If B———ry bought a Bacon for a Strange,
The man has credit, and is great on Change.
If C———n ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to pass a joke.
If you from satire can withhold the line,
At ev'ry public hall perhaps you'll dine.
"I must confess," rejoins the prudent sage,
"You're really something clever for your age.
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A lash of satire stumbles from your pen.
But ah! that satire is a dangerous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting:
Your infant Muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen (for some indeed
For want of education, cannot read,
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Fowler, happy genius, titles verse,
To spin the strains, sonorous thro' the nose,
The reader cannot call it verse or prose)
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At my maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died.
Besides the town, the sober honest town[4],
Gives virtue her desert, and vice her frown.
Bids censure brand with infamy your name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too:
Oaths, sacred and tremendous, oaths you swear,
Oaths, that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke,
Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
(Remember pretty * *) is betray'd.

[4] Some of the subsequent lines will appear in the Extract from Kew Gardens.

Then your religion, ah! beware, beware,
Altho' a deist is no monster here,
Yet hide your tenets, priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose.
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong;
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear C——t bray and R——s squeak in pray'r.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when his worship eats his fill.
Regard thy int'rest, ever love thyself;
Rise into notice, as you rise in pelf;
The Muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name;
Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
And great in wealth, (to real greatness rise;)
Or, if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme:
Make North a Chatham, canonize his grace,
And get a pension, or procure a place."
Damn'd narrow notions! tending to disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
But know, my saving friends, I never will.
The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious trade:
When raving in the lunacy of ink
I catch the pen, and publish what I think.
North is a creature, and the king's misled;
Mansfield and Norton came as justice fled:
Few of our ministers are over wise:
Old Harpagon's a cheat, and Taylor lies.
When cooler judgment actuates my brain,
My cooler judgment still approves the strain;
And if a horrid picture greets your view,
There it continues still, if copied true.
Tho' in the double infamy of lawn
The future bishopric of Barton's drawn.
Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage
To serve ye in this catamitish age,
To exercise a passion banish'd hence,
And summon satire in to your defence.
Woman, of ev'ry happiness the best,
Is all my Heaven; religion is a jest.
Nor shall the Muse in any future book
With awe upon the chains of favour look:
North shall in all his vices be display d,
And Warburton in lively pride array'd;
Sandwich shall undergo the healing lash,
And read his character without a dash:
Mansfield, surrounded by his dogs of law,
Shall see his picture drawn in ev'ry flaw:
Luttrell, (if satire can descend so low)
Shall all his native little vices show:
And Grafton, tho' prudentially resign'd,
Shall view a striking copy of his mind.
Whilst iron Justice, lifting up her scales,
Shall weigh the princess dowager of Wales.

Finis. Book the first.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SENR.

A sincere Christian friend. He died 5th January, 1769, aged 76.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

Ye virgins of the sacred choir
Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
Begin the mournful strain;
To deck the much-lov'd Tandey's urn,
Let the poetic genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

Ye ghosts! that leave the silent tomb,
To wander in the midnight gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye:
Garlands of yew and cypress bring,
Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral sigh.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving offspring from the grave,
By God afflicted sore;
Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre infant's cry,
For Tandey is no more.

To you his charity he dealt,
His melting soul your mis'ries felt,
And made your woes his own:
A common friend to all mankind;
His face the index of his mind,
Where all the saint was shown.

In him the social virtues join'd,
His judgment sound, his sense refin'd,
His actions ever just—
Who can suppress the rising sigh,
To think such saint-like men must die,
And mix with common dust.

Had virtue pow'r from death to save,
The good man ne'er would see the grave,
But live immortal here:
Hawksworth and Tandey [1] are no more;
Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
And drop the unfeigned tear.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

Marriage, dear M——, is a serious thing;
'Tis proper every man should think it so:
'Twill either ev'ry human blessing bring,
Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,
Neither supremely blest nor deeply curst;
A stagnant pool of life; a dream of fate:
In my opinion, of all states the worst.

Observe the partner of thy future state:
If no strong vice is stamp'd upon her mind,
Take her; and let her ease thy am'rous pain:
A little errour, proves her human-kind.

What we call vices are not always such;
Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name:
Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
And to another stretch her rising flame.

[1] The above-mentioned gentleman was a man of unblemished character; and father-in-law to Mr. William Barrett, author of the History of Bristol; and lies interred in Redcliff church, in the same vault with Mr. Barrett's wife.——The Elegy would have been inserted in one of the Bristol journals, but was suppressed at the particular request of Mr. Tandy's eldest son.

Choose no religionist; whose every day
Is lost to thee and thine, to none a friend:
Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold:
A Smithfield marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.

Marry no letter'd damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine:
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed;
What the brains want, will often elsewhere shine.

A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife:
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

To Clayfield, long renown'd the Muses' friend,
Presuming on his goodness this I send:
Unknown to you, tranquillity and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much-lov'd Muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveil'd the east
Since horrour found me and all pleasure ceas'd;
Since ev'ry number tended to deplore;
Since Fame asserted, Phillips was no more.
Say, is he mansion'd in his native spheres,
Or is't a vapour that exhales in tears!
Swift as idea rid me of my pain,
And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.
It is too true: the awful lyre is strung,
His elegy the sister Muses sung.
O may he live, and useless be the strain!
Fly gen'rous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,
And who can bind necessity with laws:
I wait the admirer of your noble parts,
You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

FABLES FOR THE COURT,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MICHAEL CLAYFIELD, OF BRISTOL.

[Transcribed by Mr. Catcott, October 19, 1796, from Chatterton's MS.]

THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,
Are almost out of fashion now,
And if we credit Dodsley's word,
All applications are absurd.
What has the author to be vain in,
Who knows his fable wants explaining,
And substitutes a second scene,
To publish what the first should mean:
Besides, it saucily reflects
Upon the reader's intellects.
When arm'd in metaphors and dashes,
The bard some noble villain lashes,
'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
To think he cannot find it out.
The sing-song trifles of the stage,
The happy fav'rites of the age,
Without a meaning crawl along,
And, for a moral, give a song,
The tragic Muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turn'd a whore, debauch'd by taste:
Poor Juliet never claims the tear
'Till borne triumphant on the bier,
And Ammon's son is never great
'Till seated in his chair of state;
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains.
If what the Muse prepares to write
To entertain the public sight,
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.
When villany and vices shine,
You wo'nt find Sandwich in the line;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name;
Nor will the Muse digressive run,
To call the king his mother's son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay,
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the earl of Bute.
A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care;
His dogs were watchful, and he took
Upon himself the ruling crook:
His boys who wattled-in the fold
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip bed;
And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employ'd his wool to keep it warm;
But that comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly made a villain great.
The shepherd died——the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul.
The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping laureat's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men:
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme
In all varieties of chime,
Administering due consolation,
Well season'd with congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote.
All sung, tho' very few could read,
And none but mercers mourn'd indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoic'd, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address;

And Edinburgh was heard to sing
"Now Heaven be prais'd for such a king."
All join'd in joy and expectation,
And union echoed thro' the nation,
A council call'd———

EXTRACT FROM KEW GARDENS.

[From a manuscript of Chatterton in the possession of Dr. Halifax.]

How commendable this, to turn at once
To good account the vintner and the dunce;
And by a very hocus pocus hit
Dispose of damag'd claret and bad wit.
Search through the ragged tribe that drink small beer,
And sweetly echo in his worship's ear,
What are the wages of the tuneful Nine?
What are their pleasures when compared to mine?
Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,
Free from the servitude of rhyme and sense.
Tho' sing-song Whitehead ushers-in the year,
With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear;
And, in compliance with an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode:
Yet such the scurvy merit of his Muse,
He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty, be wise in time;
Regard the office more, Parnassus less;
Put your religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of Muses or romance.
Beside the town, a sober, honest town,
Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown,
Bids censure brand with infamy your name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place,
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too?
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths, you swear,
Oaths that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear:
Those very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke;
Whilst the too tender and believing maid
Remembers pretty * * is betray'd.
Then your religion, Ah! beware! beware!
Altho' a deist is no monster here,
Yet hide your tenets, priests are pow'rful foes,
And priesthood fetters Justice by the nose.
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong.
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear C——t bray, and R——s squeak in prayer.
R——, a reverend cully-mully puff,
Who thinks all sermons but his own are stuff;
When harping on the dull unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he's so sore perplext,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn;
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now we hear the jumping doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.
Regard thy interest, ever love thy-self;
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf:
The Muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name;
Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
And, great in wealth, to real greatness rise:
Or, if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme;
With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,
And wreath with ivy garlands, tavern butts:
Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look;
Genius in Collins; harmony in Rooke:
Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres;
And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
Praise Broughton for his eloquence profound,
His generosity, his sentiment,
His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent.
Make North or Chatham canonize his grace;
And beg a pension, or procure a place."
Damn'd narrow notions! notions which disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still:
I scorn her prudence, and I ever will.
Since all my vices magnified are here,
He cannot paint me worse than I appear,
When, raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen and publish what I think[1].

FRAGMENT.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.]

Int'rest, thou universal God of men,
Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen:
If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes,
Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,
And lose a number rather than a meal.
Nay, prithee, Honour, do not make us mad,
When I am hungry something must be had:
Can honest consciousness of doing right
Provide a dinner or a bed at night?
What tho' Astrea decks my soul in gold,
My mortal lumber trembles with the cold,
Then, curst tormentor of my peace, be gone!
Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.
In a low cottage shaking with the wind,
A door in front, a span of light behind,
Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
And Nature in the infant mark'd the man.

[1] The general sense of this extract seems to intimate that it consists of the supposed advice of some friend of Chatterton, who concludes his speech with apostrophes (");" when Chatterton represents himself as replying.

Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this poem, but without success. The last possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the Extract from Kew Gardens will appear in the Whore of Babylon, but differently arranged.

Six times the youth of morn, the golden Sun,
Thro' the twelve stages of his course had run,
Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
His soul was traffic, his elysium gain;
The ragged chapman found his word a law,
And lost in barter every fav'rite taw.
Thro' various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting friends:
Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the merchant. None can find
The shadow of a virtue in his mind.
Nor are his vices reason misapplied;
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At city dinner, or a turtle feast,
As expeditious as a hungry priest;
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.
Tervono would be flatter'd; shall I then
In stigmatizing satire shake the pen?
Muse, for his brow, the laurel wreath prepare,
Tho' soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
Come panegyric: adulation haste,
And sing this wonder of mercantile taste;
And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
The patron's happy, and the poet dines.
Some, philosophically cas'd in steel,
Can neither poverty or hunger feel;
But that is not my case: the Muses know
What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,
May none but brother poets meet the strain:
May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
Hung in terrorem to their brother's eyes,
When lost in trance by gospel or by law,
In to their inward room the senses draw,
There as they snoar in consultation deep,
Are by the vulgar reckon'd fast asleep.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.]

JOYLESS I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude,
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
In smoking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb,
Mistaken homage to an unknown God.
Fancy whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way,
Check the rising wild delight,
Ah! what avails this awful sight
MARIA is no more!
Why, curst remembrance, wilt thou haunt my mind,
The blessings past are mis'ry now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore,
Soft as the evening gale [vale,
When breathing perfumes thro' the rose-hedg'd
She was my joy, my happiness refin'd.
All hail, ye solemn horrours of this scene,
The blasted oak, the dusky green.

Ye dreary altars by whose side
The druid priest in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life.
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys [rung,
The bleeding body bends,
The glowing purple stream ascends,
Whilst the troubled spirit near
Hovers in the steamy air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing,
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
Soul of my dear Maria haste,
Whilst my languid spirits waste,
When from this my prison free,
Catch my soul, it flies to thee;
Death had doubly arm'd his dart,
In piercing thee it pierc'd my heart.

FRAGMENT.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.]

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,
Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my Muse;
Of conversation sing an ample theme,
And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
Hail, matchless linguist! prating Delia, hail!
When scandal's best materials hackney'd fail,
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lie.
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
Could show a line as venom'd as thy tongue.
In pity to thy sex I cease to write
Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
The conversation which in taverns ring
Descends below my satire's soaring sting:
Upon his elbow throne great Maro sits,
Revered at Forster's by the would-be-wits;
Delib'rately the studied jest he breaks,
And long and loud the polish'd table shakes,
Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,
Each dancing booby vends it as his own:
Upon the empty'd jelly-glass reclin'd,
The laughing Maro gathers up his wind;
The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
Ready to laugh before the tale begins:
To talk of freedom, politics, and Butes,
And knotty arguments in law confutes,
I leave to blockheads, for such things design'd,
Be it my task divine to ease the mind.
"To morrow" says a church-of-England priest,
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.
It nothing matters whether he or she,
But be all servants from their labour free."
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
And the dry jest is very witty found;
In every corner of the room are seen
Round altars covered with eternal green,
Piled high with offerings to the goddess Fame,
Which mortals, chronicles and journals name;
Where in strange jumble flesh and spirit lie,
And illustration sees a jest-book nigh:
Anti-venereal med'cine cheek-by-jowl
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul;
The patriot Wilkes's ever-fam'd Essay,
With Bute and justice in the self-same lay;
Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)
The conflagrations of a hangman's hell?
The clock strikes eight; the taper dully shines;
Farewell my Muse, nor think of further lines:
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
Shut up the book; it is enough by G—d.

28th Oct.

Sage Gloster's bishop sits supine between
His fiery floggers, and a cure for spleen;
The son of flame, enthusiastic law,
Displays his bigot blade, and thunders draw,
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways;
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
And, bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine;
These are the various offerings fame requires,
For ever rising to her shrines in spires;
Hence all Avaro's politics are drain'd,
And Evelina's general scandal's gain'd.
Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where th' insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight;
With four large columns, five large windows dight;
With four small portals, 'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through:
Here, Hare first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.
Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right;
The little god of love improves discourse,
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse;
About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away,
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
Their each idea's brighten'd and refin'd.
Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair;
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part;
Of wounding by each varied attitude,
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued.

* * * * * * *

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS[1].

Corrected from the old edition, by a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

Assist me, powers of Heaven! what do I hear?
Surprise and horrour check the burning tear.
Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more!
Gone like the sand divested from the shore!
And is he gone?—Can then the Nine refuse
To sing with gratitude a favour'd Muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise;
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-rack'd Muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
Say, meek-ey'd spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravag'd dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green;
Thou, lost in transport, at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending Muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn wreath'd in rip'ned corn,
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls,
The gurgling riv'let to the valleys hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from a-far;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride,
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congeal'd and dead
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue.

His train a motley'd sanguine sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting keen and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, tho' horridly deform'd;
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,
Is by thy genius fir'd, preserv'd and warm'd.

The rough October has his pleasures too;
But I 'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-lov'd friend
Cloth'd in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour and thy soul divine;
With thee did every god of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

[1] After the Elegy to Thomas Phillips had been printed (page 453) a more correct copy came into the possession of the editor (through the medium of T. Hill, esq.) in the hand-writing of Chatterton. As this latter Elegy contained seven or eight new stanzas, besides many verbal alterations, instead of cancelling the old, it was deemed proper to let it remain, and to print the corrected copy also, by which the reader will be pleased in tracing Chatterton's various emendations.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head with varied bays and flowrets drest,
Her eyes two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends;
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deckt in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;
The rosy veil of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade,
With raging madness, frantic loud and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill;
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! flies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this Heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrours of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill;
And by the glare of lambient vapours write.

[2] Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;
The rustic whistles thro' the echoing cave;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom;
Ah could I charm by necromantic spells,
The soul of Phillips, from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander thro' this darken'd vale;
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert the Muse.

But, horrour to reflection! now no more,
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See! see! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

[2] Note on this verse by Chatterton, "Expunged as too flowery for grief."

Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep,
A friend made dear by every sacred tie;
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,
Phillips is dead! 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace;
But melancholy robb'd him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the Muse be silent, Phillips gone!
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe in favour of an hobbling strain,
Neat as exported from the parent brain,
And each and every couplet I have penn'd,
'But little labour'd, and I never mend.

T. C.

SUNDAY,

A FRAGMENT.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.]

HERVENIS, harping on the hackney'd text[1],
By disquisitions is so sore perplex'd,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn,
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now again we hear the doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before;
I own at church I very seldom pray,
For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
Sermons, tho' flowing from the sacred lawn,
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn;
And to confess the truth, another cause
My every prayer and adoration draws;
In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
The ladies front me in celestial row;
(Tho' when black melancholy damps my joys,
I call them Nature's trifles, airy toys;
Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train;)
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
The gentle hazle, and the optic sly;
The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
The frankness which each latent charm disrobes;
The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
The easy amble, the majestic air;
The tap'ring waste, the silver-mantled arms,
All is one vast variety of charms.
Say, who but sages stretch'd beyond their span,
Italian singers, or an unman'd man,
Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,
And to a drousy curate's sermon bow.
If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,

[1] These lines occur in the Extract from Kew Gardens, p. 477.

Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
Here rueful-visag'd angels seem to tell
With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to Hell;
There a child's head supported by duck's wings,
With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings:
In fun'ral pile eternal marble burns,
And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
An honorable Welchman's pedigree;
A rock of porph'ry darkens half the place,
And virtues blubber with no awkward grace;
Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,
No quarter'd coats above the bel appear,
No batter'd arms, or golden corsets there.

* * * * * * *

THE REVENGE,

A BURLETTA; ACTED AT MARYBONE GARDENS, 1770. WITH ADDITIONAL SONGS.

[This drama, with the songs, was printed separately in the year 1795, from a MS. of Chatterton in the possession of Mr. Atterbury.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter,	Mr. Reinhold.
Bacchus,	Mr. Bannister.
Cupid,	Master Cheney.
Juno,	Mrs. Thompson.

Act I. Scene I.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I SWEAR by Styx, this usage is past bearing;
My lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!
Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

AIR.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,
Tho' storms rend the sky;
Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teasing,
Disgusting her form:
Her music as pleasing
As pigs in a storm.

I fly her embraces,
To wenches more fair;
And leave her wry faces,
Cold sighs and despair.

RECITATIVE.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;
Come evening, close the folding doors of day;
Night, spread thy sable petticoat around,
And sow thy poppies on the slumb'ring ground;
Then, raving into love, and drunk with charms,
I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Main's arms.

AIR.

Sighing,
Dying,
Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of desire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

When the busy heart is beating,
When the bosom's all on fire,
Oh! how welcome is the meeting!
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

RECITATIVE.

But see—my fury comes; by Styx I tremble:
I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

SCENE II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

See, see, my good man steals aside!
In spite of his thunder,
I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride.

AIR.

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass;
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him an ass.

How happy the spouse
In his dignify'd brows;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:
Both above and below,
Experience will show,
But take off the horns, and each husband's an ass.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE. [*aside.*

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;
And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:
Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And Earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord I'll heave hence,
Down to some brandy-shop, this noisy grievance.

AIR.

What means this horrid rattle?
And must that tongue of riot
Wage one eternal battle
With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What means your saucy question?
D'ye think I mind your bluster?

Your godship's always best in
Words, thunder, noise and fluster.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our regions,
And yell in concert with infernal legions:
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away hence,
Or on the lightning's wings you 'll find conveyance.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

I brave your vengeance——

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,
I've one way left—Remonstrance and petition
To all the gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

AIR.

I will never tamely bear
All my wrongs and slights, sir;
Heav'n and all the gods shall hear
How you spend your nights, sir:
Drinking, swearing,
Roaring, tearing,
Wenching, roving ev'ry where;
Whilst poor I
At home must lie,
Wishing, scheming,
Sighing, dreaming,
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o'th' matter.

AIR.

Fury, cease,
Give me peace,
Still your racket,
Or your jacket
I 'll be drubbing,
For your snubbing;
By the gods, you shall knock under.
Must you ever
Thus endeavour
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Rowling,
Growling,
To outsound the noisy thunder.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. [*aside.*

Ah! I 'm quite out here—plagnily mistaken—
The man 's in earnest—I must save my bacon:
Since scolding but provokes him,
A method I 'll pursue,
I 'll sooth him, tickle, coax him,
Then I shall have my due.

AIR.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,
And is it thus a love
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,
Is slighted, disrespected,
Unnotic'd and neglected,
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

AIR.

Did the foolish passion tease ye,
Would you have a husband please ye,
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;
Never rate him like a fury:
By experience I 'll assure ye,
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. [*aside.*

He 's in the right on 't—hits it to a tittle—
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

AIR.

I own my errour, I repent;
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
Let thy lovely arms enfold me;
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,
'Tis from the frying pan to meet the fire;
Zounds, I have no stomach to the marriage bed;
But something must be either sung or said.

AIR.

What is love? the wise despise it;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:
Gods and heroes should not prize it,
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? 'tis Nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest Heav'n of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.

JUPITER.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,
Only silly fools receive it:
'Tis a magazine of trouble;
'Tis but folly——thus I leave it.

[*Jupiter runs off.*

SCENE III.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Well; he is gone, and I may curse my fate,
That link'd my gentle love to such a mate;

He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly-folding arms: Oh! such a partner!

AIR.

When a woman's ty'd down
To a spiritless log;
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog.

Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam;
Abroad she may find,
What she can't find at home.

SCENE IV.

JUNO, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Ho! mistress Juno—here's a storm a brewing—
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—This evening, I protest,
Jove and miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! What! When! Where! Nay, prithee now unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.
His mighty godship in a fiery flurry,
Met me just now—Confusion to his hurry!
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vow'd revenge, and now by Styx I'll take it.
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the thund'rer, in his robes divine;
I undermin'd it all; see, here's the letter:
Could dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no better?
You know false-spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—Oh! I shall swoon with passion! [gle!
I'll tear her eyes out! Oh! I'll stab—I'll stran-
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle.

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient——

CUPID.

Tie Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;
When the god enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy's beyond expression!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

O happy thought! I fly to execute it.

[*Exit Juno.*

SCENE V.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

See how she flies, whilst warring passions shake her,
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

AIR.

How often in the marriage state,
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe:
Though, should we dive in Nature's laws,
To trace the first primeval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

AIR CHANGES.

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of humankind;
All the other passions move,
In subjection under love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

SCENE VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a bowl.*

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish heady,
Olympus turns about; (*staggers*) steady, boys, steady.

AIR.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,
I swear by this liquor his thundership lies;
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,
And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

AIR CHANGES.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,
All the joys of life are thine;
Search the drinking world around,
Bacchus ev'ry where sits crown'd:
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,
Unregarded thunders roll.

AIR CHANGES.

Since man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay,
Whose mystic moisture lost by age,
To dust it falls away.
'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,
That drought will only fret it:
To make the brittle stuff hold out,
Is thus to drink and wet it.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! master Cupid, 'slife I did not s'ye,
'Tis excellent Champagne, and so here's t'ye:
I brought it to these gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody strong, you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monster, hence! I scorn thy flowing bowl
It prostitutes the sense, degenerates the soul.

BACCHUS.

Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy moral!
He plays with ethics like a bell and coral.

AIR.

'Tis madness to think,
To judge ere you drink,
The bottom all wisdom contains:
Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray, keep your distance, beast, and cease your bawling,
Or with this dart, I'll send you catterwauling.

AIR.

The charms of wine cannot compare
With the soft raptures of the fair;
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move,
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,
And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind;
My mistress is here,
And faith I don't fear;
I always am happy, she always is kind.

AIR CHANGES.

A pox o' your lasses,
A shot of my glasses
Your arrow surpasses;
For nothing but asses
Will draw in your team:
Whilst thus I am drinking,
My misery sinking;
The cannikin clinking,
I'm lost to all thinking,
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

Provoking insolence!

BACCHUS.

What words it utters!
Alas! poor little creature, how it sputters!

CUPID.

Away, you drunken wild——

BACCHUS.

Away, you silly child——

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul,

BACCHUS.

Zounds! I'll drown thee in the bowl.

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor;

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher;
Aha!—bring me a stick here—
I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You moveable tun,
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay, then the work's done,
My arrow is shot.

[*Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's face, and runs off.*

SCENE VII.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Kind usage this—it sorely shall befall him—
Here's my best arrow, and by Heav'n I'll maul him.
Revenge! Revenge! Oh, how I long to wound him;
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him.

AIR.

No more in the bowl
His brutalized soul
Shall find a retreat from the lass:
I'll pay him,
And slay him,
His love shall be dry as his glass.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BACCHUS, *with his bowl on his head.*

AIR.

Alas! alas! how fast
I feel my spirits sinking;
The joys of life are past,
I've lost the power of drinking:
Egad, I find at last,
The heav'nly charm of tinking,
And in the sound I cast
The miseries of thinking.

RECITATIVE.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition—
What shall I do—I'll send for a physician:
But then the horrid fees—aye, there's the question—
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting;
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache.
Come then, ye fidlers, play up t'other bout,
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

AIR.

Scrape, ye fidlers, tinkle, tinkle,
Music makes my twinklers twinkle;
Humming,
Thrumming,
Groaning,
Toning,
Squeaking,
Shrieking,
Bawling,
Squalling,
O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

RECITATIVE.

But this is trifling with the hot disease,
Nor wine, nor brandy now can give me ease.

AIR.

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar bottle fails,
He 's in a most heavenly condition:
Unless he can drink,
To the grave he must sink,
And death be his only physician.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds, can't I guess the cause—hum—could I say a
Short prayer or two, with pretty mistress Maia.
Ah! there it is! why I was woundy stupid!
Faith, this is all the handy work of Cupid.

Since I 'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding:
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I 'll show the god that love and wine are well met.

AIR.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky,
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound:
O the rapturous delights!
When with women wine unites.

RECITATIVE.

O here, my satyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone, I 'm dying for a sup.

AIR.

I 'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,
In kisses and compliments lavish;
When heated by wine,
If she should not incline,
I 'll try all my courage, and ravish.

SCENE II.

A dark room.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Now, master Jupiter, I 'll catch you napping—
Gad, you 'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,
And take upon himself his own adorning,
No more would wives upon their trammels trample;
No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

AIR.

What wife but, like me,
Her husband would see,
A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover:
If mistaking her charms,
He should die in her arms,
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover

RECITATIVE.

Impatiently I wait———

AIR.

Hark! hark! the god approaches,
He longs to ease his pain;
Oh, how this love incroaches,
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.
Oh, how my passion's rising,
And thumping in my breast;
'Tis something most surprising,
I shall be doubly blest.

RECITATIVE.

He 's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking.
I 'll steal aside—I 'm in a piteous quaking.

SCENE III.

JUNO, BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Now, pretty mistress Maia, I 'm your humble—
But faith, I 'd better look before I tumble;
For should the little gipsey make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance;
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You 'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey—

AIR.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too;
What will not passion and invention do?
I 'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition wont withstand his love:
But should she squall, and cry a rape, and scream on 't, [on 't—
Presto, I 'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teasing,
Pray Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing.

AIR.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid;
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And show me where Maia is laid.

Envious vapours, fly away;
Come ye streaming lights, discover,
To an ardent, dying lover,
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. [*aside.*

I have you fast—by all my wrongs I 'll fit ye,
Wise as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye.

AIR.

Here thy longing Maia lies,
Passion flaming in her eyes;
Whilst her heart
Is thumping, beating,
All in a heat, in
Every part:
Like the ocean,
All commotion,
Through her veins the billows roll,
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE. [*aside.*

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:

UNIVERSITY

It seems some assignation was intended,
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy hour!
Cupid now exalts his power;
In my breast the passion raging,
All my trembling frame engaging,
Sets my every sense on fire:
Let us, Maia, now retire.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is your's, my wife shall never share it.

JUNO. [*aside.*

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

AIR.

Then let 's away,
And never delay,
'Tis folly to stay
From rapture and love;
I sicken, I die;
O come let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away,
I obey
Love and nature;

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,
Let us go,
Dearest creature!

SCENE IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I heard a voice within, or else I 'm tipsey—
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsey.

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, sir; who the devil are ye?
Sirrah, be gone; I 'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—Why truly
I 'm Jove the thund'rer—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!
Zounds, I 'll sneak off before they find the blunder.
[*aside.*

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below
Flow, ye gleams of morning, flow:
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray.
[*Sudden light, all astonished.*

BACCHUS.

Zounds, what can this mean!

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;
If I 've my mistresses, you have your fellows:
I 'm now a very husband without doubt,
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

AIR.

Was it for this, from morning to night
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;
Ever complaining of coldness and slight,
And the same peal was eternally rung?
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banish'd my breast,
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and deny'd to be blest?

RECITATIVE.

I swear by Styx, and that 's an horrid oath,
I 'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's.

JUPITER.

It cannot be———

AIR.

I 'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO.

I 'll not be slighted,
I 'll be righted,
And I 'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER. [*To Bacchus.*

You pitiful cully———

JUNO *and* BACCHUS. [*To Jupiter.*

You rakehelly bully,
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering,
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, sir:
Here you come horning,
And adorning———

JUNO.

You are a liar, sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, sir, you lie.

SCENE V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing;
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.
Oho, immortals, why this catterwauling?
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.

JUNO.

Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
Has set all in the wrong box.
Unravel quickly, for the thund'rer swears
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

AIR.

Attend! Attend! Attend!
God, demi-god, and fiend,
Mortals and immortals see,
Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,
See the rulers of the skies
Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Pox o' your brawling! haste, unriddle quickly,
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
Came here with Maia to be very happy;
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.
Struck by my power, which the slave dar'd despise,
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
And hither stealing to appease his love,
Thought Juno Maia; she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter:—are you all contented?

JUNO.

No! No! not I——

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER. [*Aside.*

A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife:
How sad! my interruption could not please her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Soften, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private. [*Aside.*

AIR.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now;
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign
My prerogative of scolding;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then, jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out,
If we have quarrelled, zounds we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without controul,
Are to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,
Are every where ador'd;
Their pleasures are inviting,
All Heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

AIR. [*To the audience.*

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
Permit me from myself to say;
The juicy grape for you shall rise,
In all the colours of the skies;
For you the vine's delicious fruit
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms
Make all my arrows useless arms;
For you shall Handel's lofty flight
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,
And the soft melting sinking lay
In gentle accents die away:
And not a whisper shall appear,
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
In valour and in conduct great,
For you the rushing clang of arms,
The yell of battle and alarms,
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be displayed to pleasure you;
On you we build a wish'd success,
'Tis yours, like deities to bless.
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies,
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glows in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

End of the Revenge.

SONGS.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SUNG BY MR. REINHOLD.

BACCHUS, ever smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!
Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreath the ivy round the lyre.

THE INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY MRS. BARTHELEMON AND MASTER CHENEY.

AWAY to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring
To dance to the honour of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
The shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.
Away to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring, &c.

Away to the woodlands, away!
And join with the amorous train:
'Tis treason to labour to day,
Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Thro' woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honour of May.
Away to the, &c.

A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine;
Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul:
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine;
Happiness is only thine!

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain,
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In every thing complete;
But Hobbinol can dance divine,
Gods! how his manly beauties shine,
When jigging with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?
Why must I be confin'd to one?
Why can't I have them all?

THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

LUCY, since the knot was ty'd,
Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tenderness in thee
Must be happiness to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above,
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain,
All my painful labours fly,
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should ev'ry pleasure show'r,
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

RESIGNATION.

[Copied from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.]

HAIL Resignation, hail ambiguous dame,
Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame!

When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene.
Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,
And tells us his integrity's the cause.
Sneaking to solitude he rails at state,
And rather would be virtuous than be great,
Laments the impotence of those who guide,
And wishes public clamours may subside.
But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.
Hail Resignation! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villanies of power and place,
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile.
When big with self importance[1] thus they shine,
Contented with their gleanings they resign.
When ministers, unable to preside,
The tott'ring vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his grace
From all his glorious dignities of place,
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign.
Lament not Grafton that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all,
Still by your emptiness of look appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer,
Still wear that insignificance of face
Which dignifies you more than power or place.
Whilst now the constitution tott'ring stands
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your grace stood foremost in the glorious cause
To shake the very basis of our laws,
But thanks to Camden, and a noble few,
They stemm'd oppression's tide and conquer'd you.
How can your prudence be completely prais'd
In flying from the storm yourself had rais'd,
When the black clouds of discord veil'd the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your grace to fly,
For had the thunders burst upon your head
Soon had you mingled with the headless dead.
Not Bute tho' here, the deputy of fate,
Could save so vile a minister of state.
Oft has the Carlton sybil prophesy'd
How long each minister of state should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
The secret fates of senators and peers,
What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
What future plans the junto have design'd,
What writers[2] are with Rockingham combin'd,
Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
Who's lord lieutenant of the Land of Nod,
What pension'd nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scor'd without his host,
What patriot big with popular applause
Should join the ministry and prop the cause,
With many secrets of a like import,
The daily tittle tattle of a court,
By common fame retail'd as office news
In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews.
Oft from her secret casket would she draw
A knotty plan to undermine the law,
But tho' the council sat upon the scheme,
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream.

[1] A pen drawn through these words.
[2] Query, wretches?

Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
And in her tablet mark'd his flying hour,
Rumour reports, a message from her cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
Well knew the subtle minister of state
Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,
And catching every pension he could find,
Obey'd the fatal summons and resign'd.
Far in the north amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murm'ring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows,
Or ought which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,
Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors,
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores.
Upon a bleak and solitary plain
Expos'd to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread,
The walls were osiers daub'd with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance open'd to the day;
Here liv'd a laird the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame thro' every northern mountain ran;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen,
Professor of all languages at once,
To him some reckoned *Chappellow* a dunce.
With happy fluency he learn'd to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.
Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,
To him appear'd unknown: with sapient look
He taught the Highland meaning of each crook.
But often when to pastimes he inclin'd,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside; forgot to read
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weezel from her bed,
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent roll just maintain'd his state,
But some in spite of poverty are great.
Tho' Famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace,
Descended from a catalogue of kings
Whose warlike arts Mac Pherson sweetly sings;
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.
Of all the warring passions in his breast
Ambition still presided o'er the rest,
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed,
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking glass and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.
Sawney, the nobler ruler of the clan,
Had number'd o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen.
Fir'd by ambition, he resolv'd to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth,
In vain the am'rous Highland lass complain'd,
The son of monarchs would not be restrain'd,
Clad in his native many-colour'd suit
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.

His spacious sword, to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad capacious shoulders hung:
As from the hills the Land of Promise rose
A secret transport in his bosom glows,
A joy prophetic until then unknown
Assur'd him all he view'd would be his own.
New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight,
Still in soliloquy he prais'd the view,
Nor more was pleas'd with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,
No more the praise of Highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green,
Where springing flowers diversify the scene,
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May
With double pleasure mark'd his gladsome way.
Having thro' varying rural prospects past,
He reach'd the great metropolis at last.
Here Fate beheld him as he trudg'd the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seem'd already minister of state.
The Carlton sybil saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being queen.

* * * * * *

She sigh'd, she wish'd, swift virtuous Chudleigh flew
To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew,
Then introduced him to her secret cell;
What further can the modest numbers tell?

* * * *

None rid the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleas'd her with such majesty of face,
Enraptur'd with her incubus she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought,
Resolved to make him greatest of the great
She led him to her hidden cave of state,
There spurs and coronets were placed around
And privy seals were scatter'd on the ground,
Here piles of honorary truncheons lay
And gleaming stars ——[3] artificial day,
With mystic rods whose magic power is such
They metamorphose parties with a touch.
Here hung the princely ——[4] of garter'd blue
With flags of all varieties of hue.
"These," said the sybil, "from this present hour
Are thine, with every dignity of power.
No statesman shall be titulary great,
None shall obtain an office in the state
But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the earl of Bute,
All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualify'd.
No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hasting on their naked feet
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
No southern patriot shall oppose my will,
If not my look, my treasurer can kill,
His pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise
With blood and death to entertain my eyes.
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I'll chuse the present hour to make thee great."
He bow'd submission, and with eager view
Gaz'd on the wither'd oracle of Kew.

[3] Illegible. [4] Illegible.

She seiz'd a pendant garter and began
To elevate the ruler of the clan,
Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shone
And gather'd double lustre from the throne,
With native dignity he fill'd the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace
The sybil, busy for the sweets of place,
Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The leader of the treasury he rose,
Whilst Fate mark'd down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition, his imperious hand
Scatter'd oppression thro' a groaning land,
Still taxes followed taxes, grants supplies,
With ev'ry ill resulting from excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke and sold the peace.
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind
On honourable terms the treaty's sign'd.
But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his titles with a villain's name.
Upon an estimation of the gains
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good economist, he serv'd the crown
And made his master's interest his own,
His starving friends and countrymen apply'd,
To share the ministry, assist to guide,
Nor ask'd in vain:—his charitable hand
Made plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,
Her wandering sons for poverty renown'd
Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
Far from the south was humble merit fled
And on the northern mountains rear'd her head,
And genius having rang'd beyond the Tweed
Sat brooding upon bards who could not read,
Whilst courage boasting of his Highland might
Mentions not Culloden's inglorious fight.
But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall
Ample provision satisfies them all.
The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears
To mutilate each murm'ring caitiff's ears,
The father of his country they adore,
And live in elegance unknown before.

* * * *

Around this mystic Sun of liquid gold
A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd,
Tho' some have since as ministers been known
They shone with borrow'd lustre, not their own.
In ev'ry revolution day and night
From Bute they caught each particle of light,
He destin'd out the circles they fulfil,
Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.
How shall I brand with infamy a name
Which bids defiance to all sense of shame?
How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
Who hears unmov'd a multitude complain?
A multitude made wretched by his hand,
The common curse and nuisance of the land.
Holland, of thee I sing: infernal wretch,
Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch?
Is there no other army to be sold,
No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold?
Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,
And starve the subject to enrich the crown?
That when the treasury can boast supplies
Thy pilfering genius may have exercise,
Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil,

Catching his influence from the best of kings,
Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings,
The vengeance of a nation is defy'd
And liberty and justice set aside.
Distinguish'd robber of the public, say,
What urg'd thy timid spirit's hasty way?
She —— in the protection of a king,
Did recollection paint the fate of Byng?
Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight?
Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land?
In vain the scene relinquish'd now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
Thy ruins on the isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villany and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state,
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not,
Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool.
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are sunk beneath the notice of the great,
Let brib'd exchequer tellers find 'em just,
While on the penalty of place they must,
Before you're seen your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.
When as a minister you had your day,
And gather'd light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seem'd to glimmer in yourself alone.
The lives of thousands barter'd for a bribe,
With villanies too shocking to describe,
Your system of oppression testify'd
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere
And ministers revolve around in air,
Your infamy with such a lasting ray
Glow'd thro' your orb in one continued day,
Still ablest politicians hold dispute,
Whether you gave, or borrow'd light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descry'd your little arts.
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear,
When drest in titles, the burlesque of place
A more illustrious rascal show'd his face,
Your destin'd sphere of ministry now run,
You dropt like others in the parent Sun,
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the sybil's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Tho' foreign to the system of the clan,
Slowly he roll'd around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force,
His scarce-collected light obliquely hurl'd
Was scatter'd ere it reach'd his frozen world.
Thro' all his under offices of place,
All had conspir'd to represent his grace,
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driv'n,
Slow as a courtier on his road to Heaven.
If expedition urg'd the dull machine
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift hurry and confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determin'd plan.
Errour, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid;
He wrote dispatches in his grace's name,
And ruin'd every project North could frame.
Yet as he blunder'd thro' the lengthen'd night
He seriously protested all was right.
Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance and act the boy;
'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,
And justice must confess that title's thine.
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great.
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his power descry'd
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit all together hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,
Received instructions for their future plan,
And after proper adoration paid
Were to their destin'd sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the minister's satellites,
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics and draw
A more severe attack upon the law,
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.
Alas! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presum'd too much.
Conscious of cunning and superior arts
They scorn'd the minister's too trifling parts,
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton sybil's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot oppress the realm,
And rogues below contempt disgrac'd the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the sybil's secret cell.
Enrag'd she wing'd a messenger to Bute,
Some minister more able to depute;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possest.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm;
Timid and dubious Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out.
But as no laws the sybil's power confin'd,
He drop'd his blushing honours and resign'd.
Step forward, North! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles reviv'd in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves
Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch more base
Should fill the highest infamy of place?
That North the vile domestic of a peer,
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,
Become a minister and take the reins,
And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy governor and friend?

This wond'rous metamorphose of an hour,
Sufficiently evinced the sybil's power,
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays,
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his grace resign.
Some superficial politicians tell
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell,
The sybil substituted North a blank,
A mustered faggot to complete the rank,
Without the distant thought that such a tool
Would change its being and aspire to rule:
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state
He caught by inspiration statesmanship,
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip;
Whilst Bedford wondering at his sudden skill
With reverence view'd the packhorse of his will.
His majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declar'd his fix'd intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every knave
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave;
In every cabinet and council cause
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws.
Whilst North should in his present office stand
As understrapper to direct his hand.
Now Expectation, now extend thy wing!
Happy the land whose minister's a king,
Happy the king who ruling each debate
Can peep through every roguery of state.
See Hope arrayed in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shows the crown'd director of the helm.
Return, fair goddess, till some future day;
The king has seen the errour of his way;
And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel
The wheel of state is not a Catharine wheel.
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
He leaves the ministry to venal tools,
And finds his happy talents better suit
The making buttons for his favouritè Bute,
In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues,
In glossing with authority a train
Whose names are infamy, and objects gain.
Hail, filial duty! great if rightly us'd,
How little, when mistaken and abus'd;
View'd from one point, how glorious art thou seen,
From others, how degenerate and mean.
A seraph or an idiot's head we see:
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
And bowing at his parent's knee is drest
In a long hood of many-colour'd vest.
The sceptred king who dignifies a throne,
Should be in private life himself alone,
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's ire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The Muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.
Continue North thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour,
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil.
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,
Repeat the proverb, "let those laugh that win:"
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state,
Then whilst thy summer lasts, prepare the hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.
I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last of known integrity of mind
Forsook a venal party and resign'd.
Come Satire! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accurst,
Come Truth, assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.
Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye?
Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of genius to impeach?
Or would thy insignificance and pride
Presume above thyself and seek to guide?
Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower,
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play,
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.
Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state,
Do titles echo grateful in your ear,
Or is it mockery to call you peer?
In ——— silver'd age to play the fool,
And ——— with rascals infamous a tool;
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguish'd long before.
Say, if reflection ever blest thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous and sincere,
Too good a senator for such a peer,
Him thou hast offer'd as a sacrifice
To lewdness, immorality and vice,
Your * *[5] scoundrel set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latudinary mind?
Tho' intimacy seem'd to stop the way,
You they employ'd to tempt him and betray
Full well you executed their commands,
Well you deserv'd the pension at their hands.
For you in hours of trifling he compiled
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded too, at your desire,
He called for demons to assist his lyre,
Relying on your friendship soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes array'd,
You seiz'd the wish'd-for poem and betray'd.
Hail mighty Twitcher! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine?
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reach'd
The conscience of the rascal who impeach'd.
My feeble numbers and untutor'd lay
On such an harden'd wretch is thrown away
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the harlots of the night,
Go hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.

[5] Patronizing, I believe.

There you may boast one sense in entertain'd,
Tho' age present your other senses pain'd,
Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel,
Regale at Harrington's religious cell,
——— ——— ——— [illegible.
Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
The jest and bubble of the harlot crew,
What entertain'd your youth, in age pursue.
When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God,
When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring law,
When Bute, the regulator of the state
Preferr'd the vicious, to transplant[6] the great,
When rank corruption thro' all orders ran
And infamy united Sawney's clan,
When every office was with rogues disgrac'd,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind?
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resign'd.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When time hath buryed the recording line,
And proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,
With more than titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gather'd rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
One nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains,
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with pity grievances increase.
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.
Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower,
Rais'd upon villany, aspire to power,
Big with importance they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise,
Whilst Barrington as secretary shows
How many pensions paid his blood and blows.
And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.
But North requires assistance from the great
To work another button in the state,
That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,
Full trimm'd by Twitcher and cut out by Bute.
So many worthy schemers must produce
A statesman's coat of universal use;
Some system of economy to save
Another million for another knave.
Some plan to make a duty, large before,
Additionally great, to grind the poor.
For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,
Just as the commons sink the rich arise.
If ministers and privy council knaves
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not with anxious infamy pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And once enslaved would fetter all mankind.
'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
What further ills our liberties shall know,
'Tis from this principle our feuds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan,
Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
By lust and not by merit rais'd to rule,
Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.

[6] Query, Supplant.

Gods! that these fly-blows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the sybil's ray,
Should shake the constitution, rights and laws,
And prosecute the man of freedom's cause!
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appeal'd
With loss of liberty that right he seal'd.
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persever'd,
Nor Sawney or his powerful sybil fear'd.
The hag replete with malice from above,
Shot poison on the screech owl of her love,
Unfortunately to his pen[7] it fell,
And flow'd in double rancour to her cell.
Madly she rav'd to ease her tortur'd mind,
The object of her hatred is confin'd:
But he, supported by his country's laws,
Bid her defiance, for 'twas freedom's cause.
Her treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Tho' each attain'd his favourite object, gain.
She sat as usual when a project fails,
Damn'd Chudleigh's phyz, and din'd upon her nails.
Unhappy land! whose govern'd monarch sees
Thro' glasses and perspective such as these,
When juggling to deceive his untry'd sight,
He views the ministry all trammell'd right,
Whilst to his eye the other glass apply'd,
His subjects' failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the petitions are receiv'd,
Nor one report of grievances believ'd;
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes;
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed placeman's private views[8].
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
Waving oppression's banners round the realm?
Shall Britons to the vile detested troop,
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop?
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine?
No: let us still be Britons: be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.
Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask.
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on liberty, and that alone.
Alas! America, thy ——— cause
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.
Unrepresented thou art tax'd, excis'd,
By creatures much too vile to be despis'd,
The outcast of an outed gang are sent,
To bless thy commerce, with —— government.
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We see thee in this worst of troubles great,
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause.
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste,
Is in his measures or his mistress plac'd;
In either 'tis originally rare,
One shows the midnight cully, one the peer.
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride,
Was this a statesman qualified to guide?
Was this the minister whose mighty hand
Has scatter'd civil discord thro' the land?
Since smallest trifles, when ordain'd by fate,
Rise into power and counteract the great,
What shall we call thee, Grafton? Fortune's whip?
Or rather the burlesque of statesmanship,
When daring in thy insolence of place,
Bold in an empty majesty of face,

[7] Doubtful. [8] Left out, but right, by rhyme.

We saw thee exercise thy magic rod
And form a titled villain with a nod,
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The members of the council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air* 9,
Commend the fancy of his solitaire.
These were thy actions worthy of record,
Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.
Since villany is meritorious grown,
Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive
Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.
Reversions, pensions, bribes and ——— [*Illegible.*
What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?
If Dunning's nice integrity of mind
Will not in pales of interest be confin'd;
Let his uncommon honesty resign,
And boast the empty pension of the Nine;
A Thurloe grasping every offer'd straw,
Shines his successor, and degrades the law.
How like the ministry who link'd his chains,
His measures tend incessantly to gains.
If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
At once with ——— ——— places lac'd,
Can such a summer insect of the state
Be otherwise than in externals great?
Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,
How wilt thou answer to the sybil's man?
Did thy own shallow politics direct,
To treat the mayor with purpos'd disrespect,
Or did it come in orders from above,
From her who sacrificed her soul to love?
Rigby whose conscience is a perfect dice,
A just epitome of every vice,
Replete with what accomplishments support
The empty admiration of a court,
Yet wants a barony to grace record,
And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.
His wish is granted, and the king prepares
A title of renown to brand his heirs.
When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare?
Whilst Chatham from his coroneted oak
Unheeded shook the senate with his croak;
The minister too powerful to be right,
Laugh'd at his prophecy and second sight,
Since mother Shipton's oracle of state
Forestall'd the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton in his juggling statesman's game
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.
Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,
Turn'd to all points of politics and doubt,
But tho' for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair
And exercise his new made power with air?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew
Can write long speeches and repeat them too,
A practis'd lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report;
Above the scandalous aspersion tool,
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby too great to join the heated cause,
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws,
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.
Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston and Brett
With resignation pay the crown a debt;
If in return for offices of trust,
The ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
What soul that values freedom could with ease
Stoop under obligations such as these.
If you a Briton, every virtue dead,
That would upon your dying freedom tread,
List in the gang and piously procure,
To make your calling and election sure;
Go flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
Assist in each long shuffle, hedge and slip,
Thus rising on the stilts of favour see
What Grafton was, and future dukes will be.
How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
To juggle into fame and play the man.
Amidst this general rage of turning out,
What officer will stand, remains a doubt,
If virtue's an objection at the board,
With what propriety the council's stor'd;
Where could the Caledonian minion find
Such striking copies of his venal mind?
Search thro' the winding labyrinths of place,
See all alike politically base.
If virtues, foreign to the office, shine,
How fast the prodigies of state resign!
Still as they drop, the rising race begin
To boast the infamy of being in.
And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
Look round thee, North! see what a glorious scene—
O let no thought of vengeance intervene:
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, power and pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfer'd store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
A provident reserve to hedge a race.
New to oppression and the servile chain,
Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain.
Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry;
Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
How wavering is the favour of a king;
Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall,
Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine,
Implore a noble pension and resign.

9 Omitted.

JOURNAL 6th, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1769.

[Copied from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.]

'Tis myst'ry all, in every sect
You find this palpable defect,
The axis of the dark machine
Is enigmatic and unseen.
Opinion is the only guide
By which our senses are supply'd,
Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
Can make our reason side with him.
But this discourse perhaps will be
As little lik'd by you as me;
I'll change the subject for a better,
And leave the doctor, and his letter.

A priest whose sanctimonious face
Became a sermon, or a grace,
Could take an orthodox repast,
And left the knighted loin the last;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a cat,
His organs being chok'd with fat;
In college quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy dean,
(Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
For one church dinner, nothing more,
The dean who sleeping on the book
Dreams he is swearing at his cook.)
This animated hill of oil
Was to another dean the foil.
They seem'd two beasts of different kind,
Contra in politics and mind,
The only sympathy they knew,
They both lov'd turtle a-la-stew.
The dean was empty, thin and long,
As Fowler's back or head or song.
He met the rector in the street,
Sinking a canal with his feet.
"Sir," quoth the dean, with solemn nod,
"You are a minister of God;
And, as I apprehend, should be
About such holy works as me.
But, cry your mercy, at a feast
You only show yourself a priest,
No sermon politic you preach,
No doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Myst'ry might sink and all be light.
From house to house your appetite
In daily sojourn paints ye right.
Nor lies true orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.
Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of ev'ry sin,
And grow, like me, upright and thin;
Be active, and assist your mother,
And then I'll own ye for a brother."
"Sir," quoth the rector in a huff,
"True, you're diminutive enough,
And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless too as lean;
This mountain strutting to my face
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, tho' you ne'er on turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace."
"You're wrong," the bursting dean reply'd,
"Your logic's on the rough cast side;
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls.
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shows very little's kept within;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess th' importance of the charge."
"Sir," quoth the rector, "I've a story
Quite apropos to lay before ye.
A sage philosopher to try
What pupil saw with reason's eye,
Prepar'd three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one.
The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,
Lov'd pelf above the charming fair;
So 'tis not difficult to say
Which box the dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desir'd the pebbled one, d'ye see.
The other, having scratch'd his head,
Consider'd tho' the third was lead,
'Twas metal still surpassing stone,
So claim'd the leaden box his own.
Now to unclose they all prepare,
And hope alternate laughs at fear.
The golden case does ashes hold,
The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
But in the outcast stone they see
A jewel,—such pray fancy me."
"Sir," quoth the dean, "I truly say
You tell a tale a pretty way;
But the conclusion to allow—
'Fore gad, I scarcely can tell how.
A jewel! Fancy must be strong
To think you keep your water long.
I preach, thank gracious Heaven! as clear
As any pulpit stander here,
But may the devil claw my face
If e'er I pray'd for puffing grace,
To be a mountain, and to carry
Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry!
Each day to sweat three gallons full
And span a furlong on my scull.
Lost to the melting joys of love—
Not to be borne—like justice move."
And here the dean was running on,
Thro' half a couplet having gone;
Quoth rector peevish, "I sha'nt stay
To throw my precious time away.
The gen'rous Burgum having sent
A ticket as a compliment,
I think myself in duty bound
Six pounds of turtle to confound."
"That man you mention," answers dean,
"Creates in priests of sense the spleen;
His soul's as open as his hand,
Virtue distrest may both command;
That ragged Virtue is a whore,
I always beat her from my door,
But Burgum gives, and giving shows
His honour leads him by the nose.
Ah! how unlike the church divine,
Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,
And being plac'd so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.
His luminaries shine around
Like stars in the cimmerian ground."
"Invidious slanderer!" quoth priest,
"O may I never scent a feast,
If thy curst conscience is as pure
As underlings in Whitefield's cure.
The church, as thy display has shown,
Is turn'd a bawd to lustful town;
But what against the church you've said
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum's virtue then a fault?
Ven'son and Heaven forbid the thought!
He gives, and never eyes return;
O may paste altars to him burn!
But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the dinner waits —— adieu."
This said, the rector trudg'd along
As heavy as Fowlerian song.
The hollow dean with fairy feet,
Stept lightly thro' the dirty street.

At last, arriv'd at destin'd place,
The bulky doctor squeaks the grace.
"Lord bless the many-flavour'd meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat!
May all and every mother's son
Be drunk before the dinner's done.
When we give thanks for dining well, oh!
May each grunt out in ritornello."
Amen! resounds to distant tide,
And weapons clang on every side,
The oily river burns around,
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
Now is the busy president
In his own fated element,
In every look and action great,
His presence doubly fills the plate.
Nobly invited to the feast,
They all contribute gold at least.
The duke and president collected,
Alike beloved, alike respected.

[This poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns. The line "Alike beloved, alike respected," ends one column, with a little scrawl at the end; the next begins thus.]

Say, Baker, if experience hoar
Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
What is this phantom of the mind,
This love, when sifted and refin'd?
When the poor lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted,
A frown shall throw him in despair;
A smile shall brighten up his air.
Jealous without a seeming cause
From flatt'ring smiles he misery draws;
Again without his reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the Devil's laid.
If this is love, my callous heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
Full of his flame, upon his tongue
The quivering declaration hung,
When, lost to courage, sense and reason,
He talk'd of weather and the season.
Such tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent and free,
Unmov'd by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway road to Heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind.
They laugh at silly silent swains
Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an effrontery, and tongue
On very oily hinges hung,
Must win the blooming melting fair
And show the joys of Heaven here.
A rake, I take it, is a creature
Who winds thro' all the folds of nature.
Who sees the passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell,
Who when he ravishes the joy,
Defies the torments of the boy.
Who with the soul the body gains,
And shares Love's pleasures, not his pains.
Who holds his charmer's reputation
Above a tavern veneration,
And when a love repast he makes,
Not even prying Fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostitute, he
Thinks love the only price of beauty,
And she that can be basely sold,
Is much beneath or love or gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the body is the heart:
Without it rapture cannot rise,
Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes,
The sacred joy of love is dead,
Witness the sleeping marriage bed.
This is the picture of a rake,
Show it the ladies—wont it take?
A buck's a beast of th' other side,
And real but in hoofs and hide.
To nature and the passions dead,
A brothel is his house and bed;
To fan the flame of warm desire
And after wanton in the fire,
He thinks a labour, and his parts
Were not design'd to conquer hearts.
Serene with bottle, pox, and whore,
He's happy, and requires no more.
The girls of virtue when he views,
Dead to all converse but the stews,
Silent as death, he's nought to say,
But sheepish steals himself away.
This is a buck to life display'd,
A character to charm each maid.
Now prithee, friend, a choice to make,
Wouldst choose the buck before the rake?
The buck as brutal as the name
Envenoms every charmer's fame.
And tho' he never touch'd her hand
Protests he had her at command,
The rake in gratitude for pleasure
Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

* * * * *

[After these asterisks, follows without title.]
But Hudibrastics may be found
To tire ye with repeated sound,
So changing for a Shandeyan style
I ask your favour and your smile.

ELEGY.

[This poem is taken from the Town and Country Magazine for February, 1770.]

Why blooms the radiance of the morning sky?
Why springs the beauties of the season round?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy die?
Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?

Whilst softly floating on the Zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise;
And all the heav'nly music of the spring,
Steal on the sense, and harmonize the skies.

When the rack'd soul is not attun'd to joy,
When sorrow an internal monarch reigns;
In vain the choristers their powers employ,
'Tis hateful music, and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd Sun shot the new ray,
Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawns, and hills, I took my way,
And listen'd to the echoes of the horn;

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
Trac'd the meanders of the bubbling stream;
From joy to joy, uninterrupted flew,
And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now thro' the gloomy cloister's length'ning way,
Thro' all the terrour superstition frames,
I lose the minutes of the ling'ring day,
And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mould'ring wall,
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:
O! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M***! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
O! must I unregarded seek the grave!
Must I from all my bosom holds, repair,
When one indulgent smile from thee, would save.

Let mercy plead my cause; and think! O! think!
A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate:
Remember, I am tott'ring on the brink,
Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

Shoreditch, May 20. C.

HOR. LIB. 1, OD. 19.

[The following two translations from Horace were made by Chatterton, from Watson's literal version; a book which his friend Mr. Edward Gardner lent him for the express purpose; and from which gentleman the editor received them.]

Yes! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without controul,
I pour th' empassioned sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love,
That beams from Stella's eye.

O how divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells;
And on those features all the while,
The softness of each frequent smile,
Her sweet good nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine, no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strains;
For ought but love the lyre's unstrung,
Love melts and trembles on my tongue
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise;
Let holy incense smoke.
And if we pour the sparkling wine
Sweet gentle peace may still be mine;
This dreadful chain be broke.

D. B.

HOR. LIB. 1, OD. 5.

What gentle youth, my lovely fair-one say,
With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour!

By Zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep,
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep,
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,
As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! two soon th' ecstatic vision flies,
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth, O shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank Heav'n, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrours of the stormy main.

D. B.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

[From the original, in the possession of Mr. Gardner.]

Go, gentle Muse! and to my fair-one say,
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay;
That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
And friendship warms me with her chaster fires.
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
Than the soft turtle's cooing in the grove;
More than the lark delights to mount the sky,
Then sinking on the green-sward soft to lie;
More than the bird of eve at close of day
To pour in solemn solitude her lay;
More than grave Camplin[1] with his deep-ton'd note,
To mouth the sacred service got by rote;
More than sage Catcott[2] does his storm of rain,
Sprung from th' abyss of his eccentric brain,
Or than his wild-antique, and sputt'ring brother
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother;

[1] John Camplin, M. A. preceptor of Bristol.
[2] The reverend Mr. Catcott wrote a book on the deluge.

More than soft Lewis[3], that sweet pretty thing,
Loves in the pulpit to display his ring;
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
And more than Bristol aldermen their dinner,
(When full four pounds of the well-fatten'd haunch
n twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch.)
If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love;
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy fav'rite swain.

D. B.

ELEGY,

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH[1].

[From the original in the British Museum.]

ASCEND my Muse on sorrow's sable plume,
Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh;
With laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
The bloodstain'd tomb where Smith and comfort lie.

I lov'd him with a brother's ardent love,
Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear;
Tho' savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
Thy ready services repaid with hate;
By brother, father, sisters, all distrest,
They push'd thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous breasted brutes in human form,
Have you not often boldly wish'd him dead?
He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
O may his crying blood be on your head[2]!

ELEANORA AND JUGA,

MODERNISED BY S. W. A. AGED SIXTEEN.

[From the Town and Country Magazine for June 1769.]

WHERE Rudborn's waves in clear meanders flow,
While skies reflected in its bosom glow;
Beneath a willow's solitary shade,
Two weeping virgins on its bank were laid;
And while the tears dropp'd fast from either eye,
The dimpled waters broke in circles by:
Well skill'd to aim the dart, or guide the car,
Their absent lovers join'd the civil war.
Where two proud houses[1] sought Britannia's throne,
Their int'rest different, but their views were one.
While frequent sighs the fault'ring accents broke,
To Juga thus young Eleanora spoke.

ELEANORA.

O Juga! this my sad complaint attend,
And join in sympathy your hapless friend;
Curst be the quarrel, curst the dread alarms,
That tears sir Robert from my constant arms,
To fight for York. O free from every stain!
May Ebor's[2] rose her ancient white retain;
But fancy ranging far without controul,
With horrours worse than death o'ercomes my soul.
Methinks I see him gasping on the ground,
The life-warm blood still rushing from the wound:
Cold, pale, and weak, upon the plain he lies,
Assist him, Heav'n! assist him, or he dies!

JUGA.

In sorrow's walks, and woe's deserted seats,
In pensive melancholy's dark retreats,
At morn, or eve, when chilling blasts descend,
Incessant mourners we our griefs will blend.
As wither'd oaks their frost-nip'd arms entwine,
I'll pour my tears, and thou shalt mingle thine:
Unfit for joy, like ruin'd tow'rs we'll lay,
Where erst the foot of joy was wont to stray.
Amidst whose desert walls and mould'ring cells,
Pale giant fear, with screaming horrour dwells;
Where oft the dismal gloom of night is broke,
By boding owls, and ravens' fun'ral croak.
The deep-mouth'd op'ning pack, the winding horn,
No more shall wake to joy the blushing morn:
In haunted groves I'll trace the loneliest way,
To hide my sorrows from the face of day;
Or thro' the church-way path forlorn I'll go,
With restless ghosts, companions of my woe.
When the pale Moon scarce sheds her wonted light,
But faintly glimmers thro' the murky night,
Fantastic fairies form the vain array
Of happiness that flies th' approach of day:
Then if the blood of life, congeal'd and froze,
No more within sir Robert's bosom glows,
Frantic I'll clasp his clay devoid of breath,
And racking thought shall torture worse than death.

ELEANORA.

O fairest stream! who with thy glassy wave
These flow'ry meads on either hand dost lave;
Perhaps with thee our champions' bodies glide,
And heroes' blood augments thy fatal tide:
Perhaps—but come, my gentle Juga, haste!
Nor anxious hours in vain surmises waste:
Let's seek our heroes o'er the bloody plain,
Perhaps to meet with doubled bliss again:

[3] Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher of note, then in Bristol. Chatterton calls him in one of his letters a "pulpit fop."

[1] Happily mistaken, having since heard, from good authority, it is Peter.

[2] Three other poems, ascribed by Dr. Glynn to Chatterton, are preserved in the British Museum; but they are so destitute of sense, and exhibit such flagrant violations of metre, that it is impossible they should have been the compositions of Chatterton. Notice is taken of these poems, that they might not in any shape hereafter be published as genuine. There is this further evidence against them, that they are not in Chatterton's hand-writing. Their titles are,

1. On Mercy.
2. Love and Beauty, a Dialogue.
3. To a Young Lady.

[1] York and Lancaster. [2] York.

If not, to them despairing let us go, [below.
And join their shades 'midst constant ghosts
This said, like two fair trees whose leafy store
The east has blighted, or the lightning tore;
Or as two clouds, o'ercharg'd with wintry show'rs,
When in the sky the howling tempest low'rs,
Slowly they mov'd.—But Death's remorseless dart
They found had pierc'd each darling hero's heart.

Distracted then, with hasty steps they go,
To where ere while they told the tale of woe:
There hand in hand they view'd the stream awhile,
Each gently sigh'd, and forc'd a parting smile:
Then plung'd beneath the stream, the parting wave
Receiv'd th' afflicted pair, and prov'd a friendly grave.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

Nec lusisse pudet; sed non incidere ludum.

HOR.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

Mr. Cooper was born in 1723. He descended, according to the account of his life in the Biographia Britannica, from an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, impoverished on account of its loyalty during the rebellion in Charles Ist's time. Thurgaton Priory, in that county, was granted to one of his ancestors by Henry VIII. and after some interruption became the residence of our poet's father, and still continues in the family. I know not, however, how to reconcile this pedigree[1] with a memorandum now before me, which states that the family name was Gilbert, and that in 1736 John Gilbert, esq. obtained leave to use the surname and arms of Cooper, pursuant to the will of John Cooper of Thurgaton, esq.

He was educated at Westminster-school under Dr. John Nichols, and in 1743 became a fellow-commoner of Trinity college, Cambridge, where he resided two or three years, without taking a degree, but not without a due attention to his studies. With some tincture of foppery, he was a young man of very lively parts, and attached to classical learning, which it is only to be regretted he did not pursue with judgment. He quitted the university on his marriage with Susanna[2], the grand-daughter of sir Nathan Wright, lord keeper, a man whom party raised to that situation, and whose inferiority of talents might have escaped observation, if he had not been preceded by Somers, and followed by Cowper.

In 1745, our author published The Power of Harmony, in two books, in which he endeavoured to recommend a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, as the means of harmonizing the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order. This imitation of the language of the Shaftesbury school was not affectation. He had studied the works of that nobleman with enthusiasm, and seems entirely to have regulated his conduct by the maxims of the ancient and modern academics. The poem brought him into notice with the public, but he appears not at this time to have courted the fame of authorship. When Dodsley began to publish his Museum, he invited the

[1] Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, p. 305. and new edit. by Throsby. *C.*

[2] She died Nov. 10, 1751, aged 27. *C.*

aid of Mr. Cooper among others who were friendly to him, and received a greater portion of assistance from our author's pen than from that of any other individual. His contributions, with only one or two exceptions, were prose essays on subjects of common life and manners, in which he discovers a very happy talent for chaste humour and sprightly observation. His papers were signed, not *Philalethes*, as mentioned in the Biographia Britannica, but *Philaretes*.

In 1749, he exhibited a curious specimen of *sentimental* grief in a long Latin epitaph on his first son, who died the day after his birth. It is now added to his works, with a translation which appeared some years ago in the Gentleman's Magazine, and is precisely such a translation as so ridiculous an original deserves. He afterwards, although it does not appear at what period, gave another instance of that romantic feeling which is apart from truth and nature, and which yet is far more frequent than is generally supposed among the sons of imagination, who seldom remember that

> Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
> Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of the late lord St. Helens, found Cooper one morning apparently in such violent agitation, on account of the indisposition of his second son, as to seem beyond the power of comfort. At length, however, he exclaimed, "I'll write an elegy." Mr. Fitzherbert, being satisfied by this of the sincerity of his emotions, slyly said, "Had you not better take a post-chaise, and go and see him[3]?"

In 1749, he published with his name The Life of Socrates, collected from all the ancient authorities; in this work he received many learned notes from the sturdy antagonist of Warburton, the reverend John Jackson of Leicester, a controversial divine of considerable fame in his day. These notes were principally levelled at Warburton, and in language not very respectful. Warburton, who knew Jackson, but probably little of Cooper, retorted by a note, in his edition of Pope's works, on the Essay on Criticism, in which he accused the author of the Life of Socrates of impudent abuse and slander, the offspring of ignorance joined with vanity. Cooper's vanity, it must be confessed, is amply displayed in this work, and it is impossible to justify his affected contempt for writers of established reputation. Warburton's rebuke, however, was very coarse, and appears to have alarmed him; for he was not naturally of an abusive turn, but on the contrary rather prided himself on a mind superior to personal animosities. In his defence, therefore, he published Remarks on Warburton's Edition of Pope, in which he professes that he had attacked him as an author and not as a man, and did not, as a fair antagonist, deserve to be called an impudent slanderer. He next examines a few of Warburton's notes on Pope, and endeavours to prove his incapacity as a commentator. He betrays, however, that the real cause of his introducing Warburton's name into the Life of Socrates was his want of veneration for Mr. Cooper's favourite philosophers, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, &c. The whole is written with much acrimony, but with a very considerable display of learning. In the former, at least, there is reason to think, he was assisted by Jackson: but the Life of Socrates brought very little reputation to its author; and after some years, Warburton's angry note was omitted from the editions of Pope.

In 1754, he appeared to more advantage as the author of Letters on Taste, a small volume, which soon passed through three or four editions. Taste had not at this time

[3] Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii. 164. C.

been treated in a philosophical manner; and as the author set out with liberal professions, his readers were induced to take for granted that he had thrown much new light on the subject. He is, however, original only in the manner in which he has contrived to throw a charm over a few acknowledged truths and common-place opinions. Instead of beginning by definition, and proceeding gradually to analyze the pleasure resulting from what are generally considered as the objects of true taste, he lets loose his imagination, invites his reader into fairy-land, and delights him by excursive remarks and allegorical details, but in a style which even Johnson, who had no great opinion of Cooper, allowed to be splendid and spirited.

In 1755, he published the Tomb of Shakspeare, a vision; and when the World was set up by Dodsley and Moore, he contributed two papers, which, with those he published in the Museum, afford a proof that in this species of writing he might have attained considerable fame, if he had avowed his productions. In 1756, he appears to have caught the alarm very general at that time among the enemies of administration, lest the Hessian troops, brought into the country to defend the kingdom from invasion, should be instrumental in subverting its liberties. Mr. Cooper was no politician, but he was a poet, and he determined to contribute his share of warning, in a poem entitled, The Genius of Britain, addressed to Mr. Pitt.

In 1758, he published Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement, and soon after The Call of Aristippus, addressed to Dr. Akenside, in a style of adulation pardonable only to the warmest feelings of friendship. Between him and Dr. Akenside all this might subsist: there was at least a perfect cordiality of sentiment in philosophy and politics. Both hated the ruling government as much as they admired the school of Shaftesbury. But their fate was different. Akenside had to make his way to practice through all the obstacles of party and prejudice. Cooper was a gentleman of easy fortune, enamoured of retirement, and who appears to have had no inducement to conceal what he thought, or retract what he had said.

Some other of his lesser pieces were published about this time; and in 1759, his translation of Gresset's Ver Vert, a mock heroic poem, in four cantos. In 1764, all these, with the exception of the Ver Vert and The Estimate of Life, which are now added, were published in one volume by Dodsley, whom he allowed to take that liberty, and who informs us, that they were originally written for the author's amusement, and afterwards published for the bookseller's profit.

If this has the appearance of vanity, it may at least be pardoned for its liberality. It does not appear that he ever sold any of his works, and during the publication of the Museum he was an indefatigable contributor. At this time, he had probably taken leave of the Muses, and was applying himself to the active and useful duties of a magistrate. He resided, however, occasionally in London, and was a constant attendant and frequent speaker at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Of this he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to become a vice-president, and felt his disappointment so keenly as to retire in disgust. He died at his house in May-Fair, after a long and excruciating illness, occasioned by the stone, April 14, 1769, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Kippis, who knew him personally, informs us that he was a gentleman of polite address and accomplishments; and, if the general tenour of his works may be credited, he possessed an amiable and affectionate heart. His chief foible was vanity; but this

is more discoverable in his writings than it probably was in his life. Vanity, however, in an author is a foible to which the world cannot be easily reconciled; and the slighting opinion that has been sometimes passed on his poems may, I think, be as much attributed to the disgust of the critic, as to the demerit of the author. There are few of the minor poets who have higher claims to originality. The Epistles to Aristippus, his Songs, and the Father's Advice to his Son, although of unequal merit, contain many passages that are truly poetical. His veneration for some of the French poets, particularly Gresset, induced him to attempt a mode of versification in the Epistles, to which the English ear cannot easily become familiar, and which is not to be justified from any defect in the manliness or copiousness of the English language. Yet this study of the French writers, of no use in other respects, has rendered his translation of the Ver Vert almost a perfect copy of the original, and far superior to the coarse version since published by the late Dr. Geddes. Of his other pieces, the Theagenes to Sylvia is a faint imitation, although servilely intended, of Pope's Eloisa; The Power of Harmony, designed as a philosophical illustration of the principles of Shaftesbury, will probably obtain few readers. The prevailing fault in all his pieces, and which he learned from adopting the careless versification borrowed from the French, is a licentious use of the elision, as in the words *om'nous, foll'wing*, and many others: his rhymes also are frequently defective. Why the Estimate of Life was omitted from Dodsley's edition of his works, I know not. It contains more true poetry than half the volume. It was originally published in the Museum, and afterwards in Dodsley's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following poems having been very favourably received by the public when they first appeared, at different times, in detached pieces, the author has been prevailed upon to permit me to collect them into this small volume.

When I requested him to give me a preface, he replied, "that to those whom such trifles afforded pleasure, a formal introduction would be unnecessary; that he wrote most of them, when he was very young, for his own amusement, and published them afterwards for my profit; and, as they had once answered both those ends, was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them for the future."

ROBERT DODSLEY.

POEMS

OF

JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

EPISTLES TO HIS FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.

The species of poetry, in which the following epistles are written, has been used, with great success, among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Gresset, Madame Deshouliéres, and others; but I do not remember to have seen it before in the English language. The unconfined return of the rhymes, and easiness of the diction, seem peculiarly adapted to epistolary compositions. The author professedly imitates the general manner of the above-mentioned writers, but he is more particularly obliged to Gresset, for two or three hints in his performance, which he has acknowledged in the marginal notes. The reader will not forget, that these four epistles were written originally under a fictitious character.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPISTLE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ********

Je vous livre me réveries
Que quelques verités hardies,
Viennent librement mélanger.

GRESSET.

SEIZ'D with the rage of being great
In courts, my lord, let others lead
(Exchanging happiness for state)
The crowd of tinsel'd slaves, who tread
The miry ministerial road
To modern Honour's dark abode,
Where dwell th' high vulgar of the town,
Which England's common courtesy,
To make bad fellowship go down,
Politely calls good company.
Remote from politics and strife,
From the dull sons of bus'ness free,
Unfetter'd by domestic life,
To letter'd ease a votary,
I spend alternately my hours
'Twixt Epicurus' myrtle bow'rs
And Academus' palmy grove,
Happy, from Seine's meandring shores,
Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,
The first to bring the Thespian maids,
To play to Science and to Love
On Cyprian pipes in British shades.
No levées here attend his grace,
My-lording ev'ry morn an ass,
Nor office-clerks with busy face,
To make fools wonder as they pass,
Whisper dull nothings in his ear,
'Bout some rogue borough-monger there.
The well-bred insipidity
Of town assemblies ne'er is heard,
And candidates for prelacy,
That sable, supple, bowing herd,
This silent territory fly;
For bishoprics are seldom found
In realms of scientific ground.
No doctor's medicinal wig,
No titled beggar's suppliant knee,
No alderman with knighthood big
And newly purchas'd pedigree,
No vultures of the human race
From Temple or from Lincoln's-Inn,
No pseudo-patriot out of place,

Nor venal senator that's in,
Disturb this amiable retreat:
Only a Muse, a Love, or Grace,
In this calm senate have a seat.
Such representatives are free.
No Muse has lately been at court,
Nor are the Graces better for't;
Nor have the Loves septennially,
A borough-int'rest to support,
Mortgag'd their healths or property.
Led by unerring Nature's voice,
I haunt retirement's silent shade,
Contentment's humble lot and choice,
Where on the mossy sopha laid,
I see, thro' contemplation's eye,
The white-wing'd cherub innocence,
Each blessing of her native sky
To sympathetic hearts dispense.
Here, undebauch'd by spurious art,
Great Nature reigns in ev'ry part,
Both when refulgent Titan's beam
In high meridian splendour glows,
And when pale Cynthia's maiden gleam
O'er night a silver mantle throws.
The natives of the neighb'ring grove
Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays;
Untaught by Ovid how to love,
True passion modulates their lays.
From no Propertius' polish'd strain,
The linnet forms her temp'rate note;
From no Tibullus learns to plain
The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.
Each feather'd libertine of air,
Gay as Catullus, loves and sings;
Free as the Teian sage from care,
The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,
And wooes his female to repair
To shady groves and crystal springs.
Here bless'd with freedom and content,
Untaught by devious thought to stray
Thro' fancy's visionary way,
These silvan bards of sentiment
Warble the dictates of the heart
Uninterrupted as they flow,
Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,
Now strongly high, now sweetly low.
Such scenes the good have ever lov'd,
The great have sought, the wise approv'd:
Here legislators plann'd of old
The pandects of immortal laws;
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,
Withdrawn from popular applause,
First having left their countries free
From savage and from human pests,
Gain'd a more glorious victory
O'er the fierce tyrants of their breasts.
Methinks, I hear some courtier say,
"Such charms ideal ill agree
With moderniz'd gentility;
For now the witty, great, and gay,
Think what so charms your *rural* sense,
Only a clown's fit residence.
In former days a country life,
For so time-honour'd poets sing,
Free from anxiety and strife,
Was blandish'd by perpetual spring.
There the sweet Graces kept their court,
The Nymphs, the Fauns, and Dryads play'd,
Thither the Muses would resort,
Apollo lov'd the sylvan shade,
The gods and heroes own'd a passion
For wives and daughters of the swains,
And heroines, whilst 'twas the fashion,
Ridotto'd on the rural plains.
The 'squires were then of heav'nly race,
The parsons fashionable too,
Young Hermes had at court a place,
Venus and Mars were folks one knew.
But long long since those times are o'er,
No goddess trips it o'er the lea,
The gods and heroes are no more,
Who danc'd to rural minstrelsy.
Detested are these sad abodes
By modern dames of mortal make,
And peers, who rank not with such gods,
Their solitary seats forsake.
For now 'tis quite another case,
The country wears a diff'rent face.
When sometimes, (oh! the cruel Lent!)
Thither her ladyship is sent,
As Sol thro' Taurus mounts the sky,
Or George prorogues his parliament,
Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,
Five months in rustic banishment.
Thither, alas! no viscounts rove,
Nor heart-bewitching col'nels come,
Dull is the music of the grove,
Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.
The verdant copse may take the birds,
The breath of morn and evening's dew
To bleating flocks and lowing herds
Be pleasant and be wholesome too;
But how can these ('tis out of nature)
Have charms for any human creature!"
Such are the sentiments, I own,
Of all that lazy loitering race,
From daily ushers to his grace,
Who never leave the guilty town;
But in the purlieus of the court,
By knaves are spaniel'd up and down,
To fetch and carry each report.
Far other images arise
To those who inward turn their eyes
To view th' inhabitants of mind;
Where solitude's calm vot'ries find
Of knowledge th' inexhausted prize;
And truth, immortal truth bestows,
Clad in etherial robes of light,
Pure as the flakes of falling snows,
Unenvied unreprov'd dêlight.
On me, my lord, on humble me
The intellectual train attends;
Science oft seeks my company,
And Fancy's children are my friends.
Here bless'd with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great,
For who, that with enjoyment sees
The Laughs and Graces at his gate,
And little Loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,
To wing his orders thro' the sky,
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed
Sweet flow'rs, which on Parnassus blow,
Would wish those thorny paths to tread,
Which slaves and courtiers only know.
Thanks to my ancestors and Heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far far better company,
Than those who on the court attend

In honourable drudgery.
Warriors and statesmen of old Rome
Duly observe my levée-day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come,
Occasional devoirs to pay.
With me great Plato often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And Attic Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lycéum flow'rs;
Cæsar and Tully often dine,
Anacreon rambles in my grove,
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine,
Catullus makes on haycocks love.
With these, and some a-kin to these,
The living few who grace our days,
I live in literary ease,
My chief delight their taste to please
With soft and unaffected lays.
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and state,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine.

THE TEMPER OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPISTLE II.

TO LADY *******

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.
HORAT.

I've oft, Melissa, heard you say,
"The world observes I never wear
An aspect gloomy or severe,
That, constitutionally gay,
Whether dark clouds obscure the sky,
Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
In pleasure's true philosophy
I pass the winged years away."
In most, 'tis true, the human sense
Is subjected to smiles, or tears,
To swelling pride, or trembling fears,
"By ev'ry skyey influence."
Cameleon-like their souls agree
With all they hear and all they see,
Or, as one instrument resounds
Another's unison of sounds,
Their mutable complexions carry
The looks of anger, hope, and joy;
Just as the scenes around 'em vary,
Pleasures delight, or pains annoy.
But I, by philosophic mood,
Let the wise call it happy folly,
Educe from ev'ry evil good,
And rapture e'en from melancholy.
When in the silent midnight grove,
Sweet Philomela swells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expressive of disast'rous love,
I with the pensive Pleasures dwell,
And in their calm sequester'd cell
Listen with rapturous delight
To the soft songster of the night.
Here Echo, in her mossy cave,
Symphonious to the love-lorn song,
Warbles the vocal rocks among,
Whilst gently-trickling waters lave
The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whose streams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the sad melodious tale
In murmurs querulously slow.
And, whilst immers'd in thought I lie,
From ages past and realms unseen,
There moves before the mental eye
The pleasing melancholy scene
Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,
Whose fame shall spread from shore to shore,
Preserv'd by bards from death and fate,
Till time itself shall be no more.
Thus, not by black misanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when, by chance or humour led,
My wand'ring feet those regions tread,
Taught by philosophy so sweet
To shun the fellowship of care,
Far from the world I go to meet
Such pleasures as inhabit there.
With rebel-will I ne'er oppose
The current of my destiny,
But, pliant as the torrent flows,
Receive my course implicitly.
As, from some shaded river's side
If chance a tender[1] osier's blown,
Subject to the controuling tide,
Th' obedient shrub is carried down.
Awhile it floats upon the streams,
By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
Then mounts again where Titan's beams
Upon the shining waters glow.
Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,
Cities, and solitudes by turns,
Or where a dreary desert burns
In sorrowful obscurity.
For many a league the wand'rer's borne,
By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundless main.
Thus Aristippus forms his plan;
To ev'ry change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliss he celebrates.
An osier on the stream of time,
This philosophic wanderer
Floating thro' ev'ry place and clime,
Finds some peculiar blessing there.
Where e'er the winding current strays
By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,
He 'll sport, till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's eternal main.
Let worldlings hunt for happiness
With pain, anxiety and strife,
Thro' ev'ry thorny path of life,
And ne'er th' ideal fair possess!
For who, alas! their passions send
The fleeting image to pursue,
Themselves their own designs undo,
And in the means destroy the end!
But I a surer clue have found,
To guide me o'er the mazy ground;
For knowing that this deity
Must ever rove at liberty

[1] See the Chartreuse of Gresset, from whence this passage is imitated; but the subsequent particular application to Aristippus is this author's.

Thro' Fancy's visionary road,
I never wisdom's schemes employ
To find her in one fix'd abode,
But where I meet her I enjoy;
And being free from strife and care,
Am sure to meet her ev'ry where.

THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPISTLE III.

TO ********* ES2.

D'autres font des vers par etude
J'en fais pour me desennuyer.

GRESSET.

SHOULD supercilious censors say
"His youth is waining, 'tis not time
For Aristippus now with rhime
To while the useless hours away,"
I might reply, I do no more
Than what my betters did before;
That what at first my fancy led
This idle business to pursue,
Still makes me prosecute the trade,
Because I've nothing else to do;
But to the candid, Tom, and you,
A better reason I could give,
To whom a better reason's due,
That in these measures I convey
My gentle precepts, how to live,
Clearer than any other way.
For in the pow'rs of poetry,
Wit, truth, and pleasure blended lie,
As, in Italia's fertile vales,
On the same tree, whilst blossoms blow,
The ripen'd fruits nectareous grow,
Fed by warm suns and fresh'ning gales.
Divinest art to mortals giv'n!
By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,
The fair, the learn'd, and witty, rise
From earth's dull sod, and people heav'n.
Nor be't to thee imputed blame,
That ever-barking calumny,
And filthy-mouth'd obscenity,
Have oft usurp'd thy injur'd name!
Alas! the drops which Morning sheds
With dewy fingers on the meads,
The pink's and vi'lets tubes to fill,
Alike the noxious juices feed
Of deadly hemlock's pois'nous weed,
And give 'em fatal pow'r to kill!
Imagination loves to trace
Reason's immortal lineaments
In Fiction's necromantic face,
When Probability assents.
The fairest features Fiction wears,
When most like Truth th' inchantress looks,
As sweet Narcissa's shade appears,
In silent lakes and crystal brooks,
So like the life, we scarcely know
Where last to fix our wav'ring love,
Whether upon the form below,
Or on the real nymph above.
In each we see an angel's face,
Tho' for the substance breathe our sighs,
Whilst we the shadowy image trace
In the clear wave with longing eyes.

But should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The least considerable Muse.
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud Epic sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By Vulcan forg'd, my lyre is strung
With softer chords, my Muse more free
Wanders thro' Pindus' humbler ways
In amiable simplicity:
Unstudy'd are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.
On Nature's lap, reclin'd at ease,
I listen to her heav'nly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please,
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddess makes my song
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilst young Desire,
Cull'd from th' elysian bloom of spring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And Fancy's sportive children bring,
From blossom'd grove and lilied mead,
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The most, tho' softest of the Nine,
Euterpe, muse of gaiety
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where Science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.
This pleasing territory lies
Unvisited by common eyes,
Far from the prude's affected spleen,
Or bigot's surly godliness,
Where no coquettes, no jilts are seen,
Nor folly-fetter'd fops of dress;
Far from the vulgar high and low,
The pension'd great man's littleness;
Or those, who, prone to slav'ry, grow
Fit tools of others tyranny,
And, with a blind devotion, bow
To wooden blocks of quality;
Far from the land of Argument,
Where deep within their murky cells,
Figures and bloated Tropes are pent,[1]
And three-legg'd Syllogism dwells;
Far from the bubble-blowing race,
The school-men subtle and refin'd,
Who fill the thick skull's brainless space,
With puffs of theologic wind;
And all the grave pedantic train,
Which fairy Genius longs to bind
Hard with a comment's iron chain.
But, whilst such drones are driv'n away,
In my belov'd retreat remain
The fair, the witty, and the gay.

[1] See Les Ombres of Gresset.

Here the soft patriarch of the Loves,
loney'd Anacreon, with the doves
f Venus flutt'ring o'er his head,
Whilst ivy-crowned Hours around
he laughter-loving Graces lead
sportive ringlets to the sound
f Paphian flutes) the Muse invites
o festive days and am'rous nights.
lere tender Moscus loves to rove
long the meadow's daisied side,
nder a cool and silent grove
Vhere brooks of dimpling waters glide.
apt in celestial ecstasy
ppho, whom all the Nine inspire,
aries her am'rous melody,
he chords of whose Idalian lyre,
s changeful passions ebb or flow,
truck with bold hand now vibrate high,
low, modulated to a sigh,
remble most languishingly low.
Horace, mild sage, refin'd with ease,
Vhose precepts whilst they counsel, please,
Vithout the jargon of the schools
nd fur-gown'd pedant's bookish rules,
lere keeps his lov'd academy;
lis art so nicely he conceals,
hat wisdom on the bosom steals,
nd men grow good insensibly.
rom cool Valclusa's lilied meads
oft Petrarch and his Laura come,
nd e'en great Tasso sometimes treads
hese flow'ry walks, and culls the bloom
f rural groves, where heretofore
ach Muse, each Grace, beneath the shade
f myrtle bow'rs, in secret play'd
Vith an Idalian paramour.
rom silver Seine's transparent streams,
Vith roses and with lilies crown'd,
reathing the same heart-easing themes,
nd tun'd in amicable sound,
weet bards, of kindred spirit, blow
oft Lydian notes on Gallic reeds,
Vhose songs instruct us how to know
ruth's flow'rs from affectation's weeds.
hapelle leads up the festive band;
a Farre and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
lose follow their poetic sire,
lot with the Teian grape and fire.
ut hark! as sweet as western wind
reathes from the vi'let's fragrant beds,
Vhen balmy dews Aurora sheds,
resset's clear pipe, distinct behind,
ymphoniously combines in one
ach former bard's mellifluent tone.
resset! in whose harmonius verse
he Indian bird shall never die,
ho' death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearse,
ame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
lis variable loquacity.
Nor wanting are there bards of Thames,
n rural reed young Surry plays,
nd Waller wooes the courtly dames
Vith gay and unaffected lays,
lis careless limbs supinely laid
eneath the plantane's leafy shade.
rior his easy pipe applies
o sooth his jealous Cloe's breast,
nd even Sacharissa's eyes
o brighter Cloe's yield the prize
f Venus' soul bewitching cest.

Than these much greater bards, I ween,
Whenever they will condescend
Th' inferior Muses to attend,
Immortalize this humble scene:
Shakespear's and Drayton's Fairy crews
In midnight revels gambol round,
And Pope's light Sylphids sprinkle dews
Refreshing on the magic ground.
Nor 'sdains the Dryad train of yore,
And green-hair'd Naiads of the flood,
To join with Fancy's younger brood,
Which brood the sweet enchantress bore
To British bards in after-times,
Whose fame shall bloom in deathless rhymes,
When Greece and Britain are no more.
Whilst such the feasts of fancy give,
Careless of what dull sages know,
Amidst their banquets I will live,
And pitying, look on pow'r below.
If still the cynic censor says,
That Aristippus' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,
This is my last apology:
" Whatever has the pow'r to bless,
By living having learnt to prize,
Since wisdom will afford me less
Than what from harmless follies rise,
I cannot spare from happiness
A single moment to be wise."

THE CALL OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPISTLE IV.

To MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

ΑΧΑΡΙϹ ΔΕ ΤΙϹ ΠΕΦΥΚΩϹ
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ———

ODE HENR. STEPHANI.

O THOU, for whom the British bays
Bloom in these unpoetic days,
Whose early genius glow'd to follow
The arts thro' Nature's ancient ways,
Twofold disciple of Apollo!
Shall Aristippus' easy lays,
Trifles of philosophic pleasure
Compos'd in literary leisure,
Aspire to gain thy deathless praise?
If thy nice ear attends the strains
This careless bard of Nature breathes
On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains,
By future poets myrtle wreaths
Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
In annual solemnity,
And marble Cupids, as they mourn,
Point where his kindred ashes lie.
Whilst thro' the tracks of endless day
Thy Muse shall, like the bird of Jove,
Wing to the source of light her way
And bring from cloudless realms above,
Where Truth's seraphic daughters glow,
Another Promothéan ray
To this benighted globe below,
Mine, like soft Cytherea's dove,
Contented with her native grove,
Shall fondly sooth th' attentive ears
Of life's way-wearied travellers,

And, from the paths of fancied woes,
Lead 'em to the serene abode
Where real bliss and real good
In sweet security repose;
Or, as the lark with matin notes,
To youth's new voyagers, in spring,
As over head in air she floats,
Attendant on unruffled wing,
Warbles inartificial joy,
My Muse in tender strains shall sing
The feats of Venus' winged boy,
Or how the nimble-footed Hours,
With the three Graces knit in dance,
Follow the goddess Elegance
To Hebe's court in Paphian bow'rs.
Nor let the supercilious wise
And gloomy sons of melancholy
These unaffected lays despise
As day-dreams of melodious folly.
Reason a lovelier aspect wears
The Smiles and Muses when between,
Than in the stoic's rigid mien
With beard philosophiz'd by years;
And Virtue moaps not in the cell
Where cloister'd Pride and Penance dwell,
But, in the chariot of the Loves,
She triumphs innocently gay,
Drawn by the yok'd Idalian doves,
Whilst young Affections lead the way
To the warm regions of the heart,
Whence selfish fiends of Vice depart,
Like spectres at th' approach of day.
Should any infidel demand,
Who sneers at our poetic Heav'n,
Whether from ordination given
By prelates of the Thespian land,
Or inspiration from above,
(As modern methodists derive
Their light from no divine alive)
I hold the great prerogative
T' interpret sage Anacreon's writ,
Or gloss upon Catullus' wit,
Prophets that heretofore were sent,
And finally require to see
Credentials of my embassy,
Before his faith could yield assent,
Convincing reasons I would give
From a short tale scarce credible,
But yet as true and plausible,
As some which catholics believe,
That I was call'd by Jove's behest
A Paphian and a Delphian priest.
Once when by Trent's pellucid streams,
In days of prattling infancy,
Led by young wond'ring Ecstasy,
To view the Sun's refulgent beams
As on the sportive waves they play'd
Too far I negligently stray'd,
The god of day his lamp withdrew,
Evening her dusky mantle spread,
And from her moisten'd tresses shed
Refreshing drops of pearly dew.
Close by the borders of a wood,
Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,
Far from a fondling mother's sight,
With toil of childish sport oppress'd
My tender limbs sunk down to rest
'Midst the dark horrours of the night.
As Horace erst by fabled doves
With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er
A wand'rer from his native groves,
A like regard the British Loves
To me their future poet bore,
Nor left me guardianless alone,
For tho' no Nymph or Faun appear'd,
Nor piping Satyr was there heard,
And here the Dryads are unknown;
Yet, natives true of English ground,
Sweet Elves and Fays in mantles green,
By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,
And dapper Fairies danc'd around.
The nightingale, her love-lorn lay
Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,
Strew'd with fresh flow'rs my turfy bed,
And, at the first approach of morn,
The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn
On roses wild to lay my head.
Thus, as the wond'ring rustics say,
In smiling sleep they found me laid
Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,
Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,
With honey fill'd my little lips
Blent with each sweet that Zephyr sips
From flow'ry cups in balmy May.
From that bless'd hour my bosom glow'd
Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,
With unaffected transports fir'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,
In childhood's inattentive days,
The lisping notes of artless lays.
Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,
For what in innocence began
Still with increasing years increas'd,
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,
E'en when in dust my body's laid,
Will o'er the tomb preserve its fame,
And glow within my future shade.
If thus, as poets have agreed,
The soul, when from the body freed,
In t' other world confines her bliss
To the same joys she lov'd in this,
Thine, when she's pass'd the Stygian flood,
Shall, 'midst the patriot chiefs of old,
The wise, the valiant, and the good,
(Great names in deathless archives roll'd!)
Strike with a master's mighty hand
Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,
And fascinate the kindred band
With magic of poetic words.
Ravish'd with thy mellifluent lay
Plato and Virgil shall entwine
Of olive and the Mantuan bay
A never-fading crown for thee,
And learn'd Lucretius shall resign,
Among the foll'wers of the Nine,
His philosophic dignity.
For tho' his faithful pencil drew
Nature's external symmetry,
Yet to the mind's capacious view,
That unconfin'd expatiates
O'er mighty Nature's wond'rous whole,
Thy nicer stroke delineates
The finer features of the soul.
And, whilst the Theban bard to thee
Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,
Horace shall hear attentively
Thy finger touch his softer wire
To more familiar harmony.
Mean while thy Aristippus' shade

Shall seek where sweet Anacreon plays,
Where Chapelle spends his festive days,
Where lies the vine-impurpled glade
By tuneful Chaulieu vocal made,
Or where our Shenstone's mossy cell,
Or where the fair Deshouliéres strays,
Or Hammond and Pavillon dwell,
And Gresset's gentle spirit roves
Surrounded by a group of Loves
With roses crown'd and asphodel.
Let the furr'd pedants of the schools,
In learning's formidable show,
Full of wise saws and bookish rules,
The meagre dupes of misery grow,
A lovelier doctrine I profess
Than their dull science can avow;
All that belongs to happiness
Their *heads* are welcome still to *know*,
My *heart's* contented to *possess*.
For in soft elegance and ease,
Secure of living whilst I live,
Each momentary bliss I seize,
Ere these warm faculties decay,
The fleeting moments to deceive
Of human life's allotted day.
And when th' invidious hand of Time
By stealth shall silver o'er my head,
Still Pleasure's rosy walks I 'll tread,
Still with the jocund Muses rhyme,
And haunt the green Idalian bow'rs,
Whilst wanton boys of Paphos' court
In myrtles hide my staff for sport,
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.
Thus to each happy habit true,
Preferring happiness to pow'r,
Will Aristippus e'en pursue
Life's comforts to the latest hour,
Till age (the only malady
Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
Yet what all covet to endure)
This innocent voluptu'ry
Shall, from the Laughs and Graces here,
With late and lenient change remove,
To regions of Elysian air,
Where shades of mortal pleasures rove,
Destin'd, without alloy, to share
Eternal joys of mutual love,
Which *transitory* were above.

A SONG.

Dear Chloe what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please?
Tho' forty, I'm free from all pain,
Save love, I am free from disease.

No Graces my mansion have fled,
No Muses have broken my lyre;
The Loves frolic still round my bed,
And Laughter is cheer'd at my fire.

To none have I ever been cold,
All beauties in vogue I 'm among;
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And spirit enough for the young.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,
Or else put my love to the test;
Some others have doubted like you,
Like them do you bless and be blest.

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE. 1775.

Croyez que si j' etois, Voltaire,
Particulier aujourdhui,
Me contentant du necessaire,
Je verrois envoler la Fortune legere,
Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.
Je connois l' ennui des grandeurs,
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flateurs,
Et tout l' amas des petitesses,
Et leurs genres et leurs especes,
Dont il faut s' occuper dans le sein des honneurs.
Je meprise la vaine glorie,
Quoique poëte et souverain,
Quand du ciseau fatal retranchant mon destin
Atropos m' aura vu plonge dans la nuit noire,
Que m' importe l' honneur incertain
De vivre après ma mort au temple de memoire:
Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'his-
Nos destins sont ils donc si beaux? [toire.
Le doux plaisir et la mollesse,
La vive et naïve allegresse [sceaux,
Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les fai-
Nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses
Preferent l' aimable paresse
Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.
Aussi la Fortune volage
N' a jamais causé mes ennuis,
Soit qu' elle m' agaçe, ou qu' elle m' outrage,
Je dormirai toutes les nuits
En lui refusant mon hommage.
Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
Il nous oblige, il nous engage
A mesurer notre courage,
Sur ce qu' exige notre emploi.
Voltaire dans son hermitage,
Dans un païs dont l' heritage
Est son antique bonne foi,
Peut 's addoner en paix à la vertu du sage
Dont Platon nous marque la loi;
Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l' orage,
Penser, vivre, et mourir en roi.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Voltaire, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm station plac'd,
Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indiff'rence would I view
Departing Fortune's winged haste,
And laugh at her caprice like you.
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
Imperial duty's real weight,
The faithless courtier's supple bow,
The fickle multitude's caress,
And the great vulgar's littleness,
By long experience well I know;
And, tho' a prince and poet born,
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
For when the ruthless shears of fate
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,

What will't avail that I was great,
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
One blissful moment whilst we live
Weighs more than ages of renown;
What then do potentates receive
Of good, peculiarly their own?
Sweet ease and unaffected joy,
Domestic peace, and sportive pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
To, what we monarchs buy so dear,
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, or fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all his peaceful mind,
Guided by Plato's deathless page,
In silent solitude resign'd
To the mild virtues of a sage;
But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
In thought, in life, in death, a king.

A HYMN TO HEALTH,

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
Come, fair Hygeia, goddess heav'nly born,
More lovely than the Sun's returning ray,
To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
Where Temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
Or Peace, contented with her humble lot,
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
Where e'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,
And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless Disease ascends, when thou art gone
From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
With Pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
Perfume the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale
That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath;
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast, [death.
And shield my youth from canker-worms of

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,
Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

A SONG.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon, [Moon.
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the

Her mind was unsullied as new-fallen snow,
Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,
As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each flow'r;
Which treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I,
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE. ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

Ἄτοπον γὰρ ἦν τὴν μὲν τῶν ἀπάντων σωτηρίαν τοῦ τοῦ ἐπιτρέπειν, ὑπὲρ οὗ δὲ ἀγωνιοῦνται μηδὲν αὐτοὺς ὑπάρκειν κατὰ τὴν χώραν σπουδῆς ἄξιον.

Diodor. Sicul. Histor. Lib. I.

Written in the year 1756.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

O THOU, ordain'd at length by pitying fate
To save from ruin a declining state;
Adorn'd with all the scientific store
Which bloom'd on Roman or Athenian shore;
At whose command our passions fall or rise,
Breathe anger's menaces, or pity's sighs,
Whose breast (O never let the flame expire!)
Glows ardent with the patriot's sacred fire;
Attend the bard, who scorns the venal lays,
Which servile flatt'ry spurious greatness pays;
Whose British spirit emulating thine,
Could ne'er burn incence at corruption's shrine;

Who far from courts maintains superior state,
And thinks that to be free is to be great;
Careless of pride's imperial smile or frown,
A friend to all mankind, but slave to none;
Above temptation, and unaw'd by pow'r,
Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,
Save that kind Heaven would one bless'd boon bestow,
Which monarchs cannot grant, or courtiers know,
From each low view of selfish faction free,
To think, to speak, to live, O Pitt, like thee.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

As late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
The Genius of the island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign hosts[1]
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the *new* disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the light'ning of his spear
Which blasted France on Cressy's field,
He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,
And on his shoulders spread the shield,
As when o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale Terrour stalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
For sore he felt th' indignity;
Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,
Now horrour's damp, now indignation's flame,

"Ah! what avails," he cry'd, "the blood
Shed by each patriot band of yore,
When Freedom's unpaid legions stood
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
When ancient wisdom deem'd each British sword
From hostile pow'r could guard its valiant lord.

"What tho' the Danish raven spread
Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
The bird of prey funereal fled
When Alfred call'd his peers around,
Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

"Alfred on natives could depend,
And scorn'd a foreign force t' employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy;
The realm's and monarch's int'rest deem'd but one,
And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

"What tho' weak John's divided reign
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
When Henry's barons join'd again,
Those feather'd warriors left the shore;
Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends;
The lion's safety on himself depends.

"Reflect on Edward's glorious name;
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;
Think on those peers of deathless fame
Who met their king on Thames's meads,
When sov'reign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
That Heav'n created man for liberty.

[1] Six thousand Hessians imported to protect this island!!!!

"Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,
When great Eliza rul'd this state,
On English hearts she plac'd her throne,
And in their happiness her fate,
While blacker than the tempests of the north,
The papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

"Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
At great Augusta's regal feet,
Bearing on each returning tide
From distant realms a golden fleet,
Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry zone,
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

"Shall on his silver waves be borne
Of armed slaves a venal crew?
Lo! the old god denotes his scorn,
And shudders at th' unusual view,
Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

"O! how can vassals born to bear
The galling weight of slav'ry's chain,
A patriot's noble ardour share,
Or freedom's sacred cause maintain?
Britons exert your own unconquer'd might,
A freeman best defends a freeman's right.

"Look back on every deathless deed
For which your sires recorded stand;
To battle let your nobles lead
The sons of toil, a hardy band;
The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
And war's green wreaths the shepherd's front adorn.

"But see, upon his utmost shores
America's sad genius lies,
Each wasted province he deplores,
And casts on me his languid eyes,
Bless'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,
To raise th' oppress'd, and humble tyranny."

This said, the vision westward fled,
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
And Justice drove his airy car;
Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

THEAGENES TO SYLVIA.

First printed in Dodsley's Museum.

ARGUMENT.

Theagenes, son of Hieron, the priest of Pan, having fallen in love, at an annual festival in the temple of that god, with Sylvia, a votress to Diana, finds means to seduce her. After some time, the nymph being struck with horrour at her guilt, in the utmost despair and contrition makes a vow that she would endeavour to expiate her offence by a life of religious solitude: upon which occasion Theagenes writes the following epistle.

N.B. Several hints in the following epistle were taken from the celebrated lord Gray's Love-letters.

Say, dearest object of my broken heart,
Must we for e'er, like soul and body, part?

Must I be doom'd whole ages to deplore,
And think of transports I must taste no more?
O dreadful thought! whose endless view contains
Grief foll'wing grief, and pains succeeding pains!
Each joy is blasted, and each comfort fled!
Ye dreary sisters, cut the fatal thread!
Ah! whither fly'st thou? to some dreary plain,
Where frozen Chastity and Horrour reign;
And Melancholy, daughter of Despair,
With pale Contrition, and with gloomy Care;
To spend thy youth in superstitious fears,
In needless penance, penitence, and tears!
Let those dwell there whose bosoms guilt reprove,
But thou hast none, if 'tis no sin to love.
For what is deem'd a half extorted vow
Too dull for lovers, and forgotten now?
Religious cheat! impos'd by fear on man,
And priests continue what the fool began.
O stay, for absence never can destroy,
No distance quell my visionary joy;
In vain you still endeavour to remove
The beauteous cause of my unhappy love:
Imagination foll'wing close behind,
Presents afresh past pleasures to my mind;
The rebel mind forbidden passion knows,
With welcome flames the guilty bosom glows,
Again th' ecstatic soul dissolves away,
In brightest visions of eternal day;
There sees thy fatal form, or seems to see,
For Heav'n it loses, when it loses thee.
Worn by my sorrows, see this wretched frame;
Innocent object of thy fatal flame!
See! round my lips a deadly paleness spread;
Where roses bloom'd, the canker grief has fed;
From my cold cheeks the with'ring lily flies,
And light extinguish'd leaves my weeping eyes.
O count again the pleasures we have prov'd,
Promoting mutual what the other lov'd;
Recall in thought each am'rous moment gone,
Think each soft circumstance, and still think on;
But chief that day destructive to my rest,
For ever fatal, yet for ever blest,
When I, assisting, at the sacred shrine,
My aged father in the rights divine,
Beheld thee first, celestial as thou art,
And felt thy image sink into my heart;
Ere I could think I found myself undone,
For but to see thee and to love are one..
No more the pomp ands olemn splendour pleas'd,
Devotion's flames within my bosom ceas'd;
Thy fairer form expell'd the Deity,
And all the mighty space was fill'd with thee.
I fear'd 'twas errour, and to Wisdom fled
To call her rigid doctrine to my aid:
But such the passion, Wisdom must approve,
She saw the object, and she bade me love.
The pleasing paths of Venus I retrod,
No more a mortal, but an am'rous god.
O pow'rful weakness of th' ecstatic mind!
Celestial gleams to human failings join'd!
Love wafts our thoughts, when fancy spreads her sails,
To lands of Paradise with gentle gales,
Love makes the sister soul for ever even;
Love can do all, for love itself is Heav'n.
The tedious bus'ness of the day was done;
Our off'rings ended with the parting Sun;
The night advanc'd, the shepherds homeward sped
To the sweet comforts of the nuptial bed;
But me, alas! far other cares employ,
To reap the harvest of unlawful joy;
Pensive I wander'd on the lonely shore,
Where breaking billows at a distance roar;
The sighs that issued from my lab'ring breast,
Woke Echo from her inmost cave of rest;
On thee I thought, on thee I call'd alone,
The soften'd rocks re-echo'd to my moan,
The sympathizing streams ran mournful by,
And tun'd their plaintive bubblings to my cry.
Thrice had the Moon her silver mantle spread,
As oft I wander'd from my sleepless bed;
As oft I travers'd o'er the neighb'ring plain,
As oft I sought thee, but I sought in vain;
At last arriv'd the long-expected hour,
I found thee musing in a lonely bow'r;
The time and place invited to impart
The faithful language of my love-sick heart;
With agonizing sighs I gain'd belief,
And each pathetic circumstance of grief;
A war unequal in thy breast ensu'd,
Stern duty fail'd, and gentle pity woo'd,
Pity admitted, all disdain remov'd,
And soon what mercy spar'd, the woman lov'd.
A crimson blush o'er all thy face was spread,
Then lilies pale, and all the roses fled;
Each look more faithful, to thy heart reveal'd
The fatal secret that thy tongue conceal'd.
The happy omen of success I view'd,
Embrac'd th' advantage, and th' attack pursu'd.
Honour's first guard of wakeful scruples o'er,
Love found a breach, and fears contend no more;
Each other's arms each other's body prest,
We spoke much pleasure, and we felt the rest;
The rest, which only can the faithful feel;
The rest, which none had ever pow'r to tell;
The rest, which feels unutterably sweet,
In the first intercourse when lovers meet;
The modest diffidence, and bold desires,
Soft thrilling cold, and quick-returning fires,
The glowing blushes, and the joyful tears,
The flatt'ring wishes, and th' alarming fears,
The gentle breathings, and the mutual sighs,
And all the silent eloquence of eyes.
Pleas'd with the first delight, my raptures row
To seize at once the last recess of love;
Till flying swiftly on from joy to joy,
I sunk at last in heav'nly ecstasy.
The secret progress thus we first began,
Then soon round pleasure's flow'ry circle ran;
How oft we met, dull reason frown'd in vain,
How oft we parted but to meet again!
O blessed moments, and divinest dreams!
Enchanting transports, and celestial gleams!
Fly quick, my fancy, bring 'em back to view,
In retrospection let me love anew;
And once in thought enjoy the bliss again,
Even cheaply purchas'd by an age of pain.
O sacred queen of silent night, advance,
And cast thy sable mantle o'er th' expanse,
Come, gentle Sleep, and close my wearied eyes,
Give to my arms what hateful day denies,
For vain, alas! those dulcet wishes roll,
When sov'reign reason awes the wakeful soul;
Sleep sets it free to all its native fires,
And gives a grateful loose to soft desires.
At that calm hour, when Peace her requium sings,
And pleasing slumbers spread their airy wings;
Thy beauteous image comes before my sight:
(My theme by day, my constant dream by night;)

Fancy not fairer paints those Heav'n-born maids,
In fair Elysium under myrtle shades,
Who ever blooming, ever young appear,
To drive from happy shades intruding fear.
My ravish'd thoughts on plumes angelic soar,
And feel within a Heav'n, or somewhat more.
Straight on thy oft repeated name I call,
Then wake, and sigh, and find it vanish'd all.
Thus erst when Orpheus from the Stygian shore
Had won his youthful bride by music's pow'r,
Impatient to behold her, ere he past
The pool Cocytus, and th' infernal waste,
Heedless he cast forbidden looks behind;
The fleeting shadow vanish'd like the wind,
And all his joys wing'd their eternal flight
With her, like frighted doves, to realms of night.
Again I close my sleep-deluded eyes,
Around my soul black swarms of demons rise,
Pale spectres grin, and angry furies howl,
Quick light'nings flash, and horrid thunders roll;
Again the frighted wand'rer hastes away
Back to the living horrours of the day,
There counts the visionary mis'ry o'er,
And realizes what was dreamt before.
Ye dreary pow'rs, that hover o'er the plains
Where sorrows reign, and everlasting pains,
Bear me to places suited to my woe,
Where noxious herbs and deadly poisons grow,
Whilst wintry winds howl fiercely round my head,
The flint my pillow, sharpen'd rocks my bed;
And ghosts of wretches once who dy'd for love,
Round their unburied bodies nightly rove,
Which hang half moulder'd on some blasted tree,
And by their sad example counsel me.
What now avail the joyous moments past,
Or what will all the wretched few that last?
In them I dying will our loves proclaim,
With fault'ring accents call upon thy name,
And whilst I bless thee with my parting breath,
Enjoy the raptures of my life in death.
Then spare thy curses, and forget th' offence
Of him who robb'd thee of thy innocence;
Or if not quite forget, forgive at least,
And sooth the dying penitent to rest.
Oh! may to thee the pitying gods bestow
Eternal peace, and happiness below;
Yet when thy mortal frame, as once it must,
Returns and mingles with its native dust;
May the same urn our mingled ashes have,
And find a lasting union in the grave!
If you ere long my bleeding corse should see
Beneath the covert of yon conscious tree,
This last request I make for all my fears,
For all my sleepless minutes spent in tears,
For all those struggles of my parting breath,
And all the agonies in one, my death;
Think on the raptures which we ravish'd there,
Then breathe a sigh, and drop th' indebted tear.
This empty tribute's to the mem'ry due,
Of one, who liv'd and dy'd in love of you.
My ghost, thus sooth'd, shall seek the Stygian shore,
Mix with the happy crowd, and grieve no more,
But eager wait till thou at last art giv'n,
To raise each blessing of th' Elysian Heav'n,
Where uncontrol'd in amorous sports we'll play,
And love a whole eternity away.

THE POWER OF HARMONY:

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

THE DESIGN.

It is observable, that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perception, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undistempered. From hence is deducible the most comfortable, as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to co-operate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

From hence our author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty: since the same faculties, which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is virtue, but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.*

From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life, by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world. So we know, that by a beautiful action, or consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community, or some part of it. And in like manner, when we read of a solemn grove, where horrour and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstances analogous to those dispositions, so termed, in human nature.

This then is the design of the poem, to show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonize the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

From what has been premised, it would be needless to explain the comprehensive meaning of the word harmony. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the imitative arts to moral philosophy, the reader is referred to the dialogues of Plato, and the other philosophers of the academic school; to lord Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, their great disciples among the moderns.

THE ARGUMENT
TO THE FIRST BOOK.

The subject proposed. Invocation to Venus alle-

gorically. Invocation to quit superstition, and adore the Creator of all things. Chaos originally reduced to harmony. A fictitious account of the music of the spheres. The notes of music taken from the number of planets. Its effect on the human mind in despair—in sorrow—in rage—on distempered bodies—on brutes and irrational beings. The seat of Art described, and her attendants: to what end are her labours: either to excite voluptuousness, or the contrary, just as made use of. Commendation of the use of art to raise in us sentiments of justice and temperance. The excellence of art as great in representing monstrous objects as the most regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a just resemblance gives us pleasure. Passions may be represented by outward forms, but moral beauty can never be full enough expressed by them: that province belongs to the Muse. The conclusion of the first book.

THE HARMONY OF MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE IMITATIVE ARTS.

Of Harmony, and her celestial pow'r
O'er the responsive soul, and whence arise
Those sweet sensations, whether from the lays
Of melting music, and impassion'd verse,
From mimic scenes of emulative art,
Or nature's beauteous objects, which affect
The moral pow'rs with sympathetic charms,
The Muse congenial sings.—Descend, ye Nine,
Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilst I unfold
The deep recesses of your tuneful haunts,
And from your inmost bow'rs select a bay
To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,
Thou, whom Lucretius to his great design
Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling son,
Who tun'd Anacreon's lyre, to guide my hand,
Advent'rous rais'd to sweep harmonious chords.
Come all ye sons of liberty, who wake
From dreams of superstition, where the soul
Thro' mists of forc'd belief, but dimly views
Its own great Maker; come, and I will guide,
Uninterrupted by the jargon shrill
Of peevish priests, your footsteps to the throne
Where pleasure reigns with reason, to behold
His majesty celestial, and adore
Him thro' each object of proportion fair,
The source of virtue, harmony, and bliss!
Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd
The great expanse of day, dark Chaos reign'd,
And elemental Discord; in the womb
Of ancient Night, the war of atoms rag'd
Incessant; Anarchy, Confusion wild,
Harsh Dissonance, and Uproar fill'd the whole;
Till that Eternal One, who from the first
Existed, sent his plastic word abroad
Throughout the vast abyss: created worlds
Felt the sweet impulse, and obedient fled
To stations ascertain'd; there to perform
Their various motions, corresponding all
To one harmonious plan, which fablers feign
The mystic music of the distant spheres.
All this the Samian sage[1] had seen at large,
From Ida's cloud-topt summit, or the cave
With Epimenides, where he survey'd,
Higher on wings of contemplation borne,
The mighty maze of nature; whence he learnt,
From that celestial number[2], how to form
The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal shell.
Thus all the pow'r of music from the spheres
Descends to wake the tardy soul of man
From dreams terrestrial; ever to its charms
Obsequious, ever by its dulcet strains
Smooth'd from the passions of tempestuous life,
And taught to pre-enjoy its native Heav'n.
Whilst thro' this vale of errour we pursue
Ideal joys, where Fancy leads us on
Thro' scenes of paradise in fairy forms
Of ease, of pleasure, or extensive pow'r;
And when we think full fairly we possess
The promis'd Heav'n, Disease, or wrinkled Care,
Fill with their loath'd embrace our eager grasp,
And leave us in a wilderness of woe
To weep at large; where shall we seek relief,
Where ease th' oppressive anguish of the mind,
When Retrospection glows with conscious shame
By grey Experience in the wholesome school
Of Sorrow tutor'd? Whither shall we fly?
To wilds and woods, and leave the busy world
For solitude? Ah! thither still pursue
Th' intruding fiends, attend our evening walk,
Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;
Where Peace, protected by the turtle wing
Of Innocence, expands the lovely bloom
Of gay Content, no more to be enjoy'd,
But lost for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,
Correcting with parental pity, sent
This friendly siren from the groves of Joy,
To temper with mellifluent strains the voice
Of mental Anguish, and attune the groans
Of young Impatience, to the softer sound
Of grateful Pæans to its Maker's praise.
Alike, if ills external, made our own,
Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop
Of sorrow; when the childless father sighs
From the remembrance of his dying son;
When Death has sever'd, with a long farewel,
The lover from the object of desire,
In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,
To sooth affliction in the well-known scenes
Of blameless rapture once; uncouth Advice
In vain intrudes with sacerdotal frown,
And Superstition's jargon, to expel
The sweet distress; the gen'rous soul disdains,
Deaf to such monkish precepts, all constraint,
And gives a loose to grief; but straight apply
The lenient force of numbers, they'll assuage
By calm degrees the sympathetic pain,
Till lull'd at length, the intellectual pow'rs

[1] It is very evident that Pythagoras, who is justly esteemed in one respect the inventor of music, had a clear notion of the present astronomical system, though the honour of the discovery was reserved for Copernicus so many ages after. Nor was this sentiment of his unknown to the rest of the philosophers: for the Stagyrite, in the 15th chapter of the 2d book περι Ουρανου, speaks of it in these terms. "Those philosophers, who are called Pythagoreans, affirm, that the Sun is in the middle; and that the Earth, like the rest of the planets, rolls round it upon its own axis, and so forms the day and night."

[2] The number of the planets.

Παντες δ' επταπονοιο λυρης φθογγοισι συνωδον
Αρμονιην· προσεχουσι διαστας αλλος απ' αλλου.
Alex. Ephes. apud Heracl. de Hom.

Sink to divine repose, and rage no more.
So when descended rains from Alpine rocks
Burst forth in diff'rent torrents, down they rush
Precipitate, and o'er the craggy steep
Hoarse roaring bear the parted soil away;
Anon, collected on the smoother plains,
Glide to the channel of some ancient flood,
And flow one silent stream. This oft I felt,
When, wand'ring thro' the unfrequented woods,
Mourning for poor Ardelia's hapless fate,
Thee, my belov'd Melodius, I have heard
In silent rapture all the live-long day.
Tho' black Despair sate brooding o'er my thoughts
Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay
Dispell'd th' unmanly sorrows, and again
Led forth my vagrant fancy thro' the plan
Of Nature, studious to explore with thee
Each beauteous scene of musical delight,
Which bears fraternal likeness to the soul.
Is there a passion[3], whose impetuous force
Disturbs the human breast, and breaking forth
With sad eruptions, deals destruction round,
Like flames convulsive from th' Etnean mole,
But by the magic strains of some soft air
Is harmoniz'd to peace? As tempests cease
Their elemental fury, when the queen
Of Heav'n, descending on a Zephyr's plume,
Smiles on th' enamel'd landscape of the spring.
Say, at that solemn hour, the noon of night,
When nought but plaintive Philomela wakes,
Say, whilst she warbles forth her tragic tale,
Whilst grief melodious charms the Sylvan pow'rs,
And Echo from her inmost cave of rest
Joins in her wailing, dost not thou partake
A melancholy pleasure? And tho' rage
Did lead thee forth beneath the silent gloom
To meditate on horrour and revenge,
Thy soften'd soul is gently sooth'd within,
And, humaniz'd again by Pity's voice,
Becomes as tender as the gall-less dove.
Nor is the tuneful blessing here confin'd
To cure distemper'd passions, and allay
By its persuasive notes convulsive throbs
Of soul alone; but (strange!) with subtle pow'r
Acts on the grosser matter of the frame
By riot shatter'd, or the casual lot
Of sickness wither'd. When th' harmonious plan
Of inward beauty ceases, oft the lute,
By soft vibrations on responsive nerves,
Has reconcil'd, by medicinal sounds,
Corporeal Chaos to its pristine form.
Such is the fabled charm Italians boast
To cure that insect's venom, which benumbs
By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls
The senses in oblivion: when the harp,
Sonorous, thro' the patient's bosom pours
Its antidotal notes, the flood of life,
Loos'd at its source by tepefying strains,
Flows like some frozen silver stream unthaw'd
At a warm zephyr of the genial spring.
Doubt you those charms of music o'er the soul
Of man? Behold! e'en brute creation feels[4]
Its pow'r divine! For when the liquid flute
Breathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-sick swain,
Mute is each hill and dale; the list'ning herds[5]
Express their joy irrational (as erst
When Fauns and Dryads follow'd ancient Pan
In festive dance.) Ask you, from whence arise
These grateful signs of pleasure in the gaze
Of list'ning flocks at music's dulcet lore?
From whence, but from responsive notes within
Of Harmony celestial, which inspires
Each animal, thro' all the spacious tracts
Of earth, and air, and water, from the large
Unwieldly elephant, to th' unseen mote,
That flutters in the Sun's meridian beam.
See! round that fragrant rose, whose sweets perfume
The tinctur'd pinions of the passing breeze,
How bees laborious gather! from each hive
The dusky myriads swarm, to taste the dew,
Just sprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,
Ambrosializ'd within its dulcet leaves,
And sweets distilling like Arabian gums
From medicinal groves——homeward they bear
The liquid spoil, exulting, all intent
T' enrich the waxen empire; till anon
Luxurious plenty sows the fatal seed
Of dire dissention; sudden rage ensues,
And fight domestic; to the fields of air
The winged hosts resort; the signals sound,
And civil slaughter strews the plains below
With many a little corpse. But e'en amidst
The thickest war, let but the tuneful rod
On brazen cymbal strike, the lenient strains,
Quick undulating thro' the silent air,
Recal harmonious love and gentle peace
Back to their ancient seats; the friendly swarms
Sudden in reunited clusters join,
Pendent on neighb'ring sallows; nought is heard
But notes reciprocal of bliss sincere,
Soft breathing thro' each amicable hive.
Now to the Muse sublimer objects turn;
For mind alone can feel th' effect divine
Of emulative art, where human skill
Steals with a Promethéan hand the fire
Of Heav'n, to imitate celestial pow'r.
Deep in the vale of Solitude, where Peace
Breathes o'er the soul diviner airs than those
By Grecian fablers sung, which from the banks
Of fam'd Elysium waft on happy shades
Their grateful influence, in sequester'd bow'rs
The pow'r of Art resides: Reflection firm,
And vagrant Fancy at her sov'reign nod
Attendant wait; behind th' ideal train
Of Memory, with retrospective eye
Supports her throne, whilst Contemplation guides
Her trophied car. Thro' Nature's various paths,
Alike, where glows the blossom'd pride of May,
Or where bleak Winter from the widow'd shrubs
Strips the gay verdure, and invests the boughs
With snowy horrour; where delicious streams
Thro' flow'ry meadows seek their wanton course;
Or where on Afric's unfrequented coasts
The dreary desert burns; where e'er the ray
Of beauty gilds the scene, or where the cloud
Of horrour casts its shade; she unrestrain'd
Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears
The sweet resemblance, to revive the soul,
When absence from the sight for ever tears

[3] Spirto ha' ben dissonante, anima sorde,
Che dal concerto universal discorda.
L'Adone del Marino, Cant. sett.

[4] See the surprising effects of music related by Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Polybius, and other ancient authors.

[5] For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, &c.
Shakesp. Merchant of Venice.

The source of rapture. Hence the tablet glows
With charms exotic; hence the sculptur'd bust,
As o'er the rock the plastic chissel moves,
Breathes by degrees, till straight returns afresh
The lov'd idea to the ravish'd eye,
And calls up every passion from its source.
Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dream'st thou of a bliss exceeding far
Elysian pleasures? Would'st thou taste again
The heart-enfeebling transports, when the soul,
Big with celestial triumph, thro' the vales
Of am'rous Fancy led the sportive Hours
To soft Idalian airs, whilst wanton Loves
Strew'd round thee roses of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?
See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
Which on the canvas casts its cooling shade,
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of Care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful smiles
Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous sighs,
Sweeter than aromatic winds which blow
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.
But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And would'st thou thro' the faithful colours view
Calm Chastity and Justice blend their charms
Like gleams of opening Heav'n? Yon radiant throne
Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi feign'd
The snowy-vested Mithres, from the east
Descending in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' etherial plains,
Where joy for ever dwells. Before him stands
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines
Its drooping head. But see! how he revives
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,
And joy's soft blush appears! So the bless'd wings
Of western zephyrs, o'er Arabian coasts
Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants
Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe
The renovating moisture, till anon
The pristine bloom thro' vegetative pores
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.
Such groups as these instruct th' unbiass'd mind
With real wisdom, when with Beauty's garb
Virtue invested, and ne'er fading charms,
Fills with desire the soul; here Art employs
To worthy ends her pencil as of old,
And calls the hero to receive the wreath
Of public honour, whilst his sacred bust
Is still preserv'd for nations yet unborn
To view with adoration; every breast
Feels emulative spirits burn within,
And longs to join the honour'd list of fame.
Yet still her influence is not less confess'd
In other forms, to raise abhorrence fierce,
To paint in hideous shapes the crew of Vice,
And all her train of sure-attending woes.
These objects have their diff'rent graces too,
And glow, if faithful, thro' the mimic scenes
With charms peculiar. For perfection sits[6],
As the known imitation shall succeed,
With equal lustre on a tyrant's frown,
As on the dimple of Pancaste's cheek,
Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear
Drops from th' afflicted parent's joyless eye,
Not less delightful to th' attentive gaze
Of fixt examination, than the smiles
Of infant Cupids sporting thro' the groves,
Where Venus sleeping lies. From nature form'd,
The just resemblance from consenting thought
Applause demands; and Fancy's ravish'd eye
Sports o'er the painted surge, whose billows roll
Tempestuous to the sky, with equal bliss,
As o'er the marble surface of the deep,
When mild Favonius from the western isles,
With youthful Spring flies gladsome o'er the main,
To seek his gentle May; while Proteus rests
Deep in his ouzy bed, and halcyons call,
Secure of peace, their new-fledg'd young abroad.
External matter thus by art is wrought,
Or with the pencil or the chissel's touch,
To give us back the image of the mind,
Which smiles to find its own conceptions there.
But can she draw the tenderness of thought?
Can she depict the beauty of the soul,
And all th' internal train of sweet distress,
When friendship o'er the recent grave declines
Its sick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,
And ev'ry circumstance of mutual love
Returns afresh; while from the streaming eyes
Bursts forth a flood of unavailing tears,
Of parting tears, ere yet they close the tomb?
Or, can she from the colours that adorn
The wat'ry bow; from all the splendid store
That Flora lavishes in vernal hours
On wanton Zephyr; from the blazing mine
Where Plutus reigns; can she select a bloom
To emulate the patriot's bosom, when the wealth
Of nations, all imperial pomp is scorn'd,
And tyrants frown in vain, yet to the last
He breathes the social sigh, and even in death
With blessing on his native country calls!——
That only to the Muse belongs, to show
How charms each moral beauty, how the scene
Of goodness pleases the responsive soul,
And sooths within the intellectual pow'rs
With sympathetic order. For at first,
This emanation of the source of life
Unsullied glows, till o'er th' etherial rays
Opinion casts a tincture, and infects
The mental optics with a jaundice hue;
Then, like the domes beneath a wizard's wand,
Each object, as the hellish artist wills,
A shape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,
Around the poet's song, whose sacred lays
Breathe no infectious vapours from the coasts,
Where Indolence supinely nods at ease,
And offers to the passing crowd her couch
Of down, whilst infant vices lull the mind
To fatal slumbers; other themes invite
My faithful hand to strike the votive lyre.
Lo! Virtue comes in more effulgent pomp,
Than what the great impostor promis'd oft
To cheated crowds of Mussulmen, beside
The winey rivers and refreshing shades
Of Paradise; and lo! the dastard train
Of pleasure disappears. So fleet the shades,

[6] See the reason in Aristotle assigned, why the mind is as much delighted with aptness of description to excite the image, as with the image in description. Arist. de Poet. cap. 4. So Plutarch de Aud. Poet. See his Symp. lib. 5.

That wander in the dreary gloom of night,
When from the eastern hills Aurora pours
Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.
Be she my great protectress, she my guide
Thro' lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,
Whilst I thro' unfrequented paths pursue
The steps of Grecian sages, and display
The just similitude of moral charms,
Of Harmony and Joy, with this fair frame
Of outward things, which thro' untainted sense
With a fraternal goodness fires the soul.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the moral train of harmony: external objects analogous to them. The seats of rural beauty. Every kind of beauty charms, exclusive of any secondary motive. The annual renovation of nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The great, the wonderful, the fair: the contrast to the same harmonious, when united to the universal plan of nature. Abstracted objects, how they work upon the mind: with gaiety: with horrour: with sorrow, admiration, &c. Moral beauty superior to natural, a view of the universe: the harmony of the whole: what to be deduced from it. Contemplation on beauty and proportion in external objects, harmonizes the soul to a sympathetic order. The conclusion.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

Come all ye moral Genii, who attend
The train of Rural Beauty, bring your gifts,
Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,
To crown your poet's brow; come all ye pow'rs,
Who haunt the sylvan shades, where Solitude
Nurses sweet Contemplation; come ye band
Of Graces, gentle Peace, Contentment fair,
Sweet Innocence, and snowy-winged Hope,
Who sport with young Simplicity beneath
Her mossy roof; around my faithful lays
Lead forth in festive pomp your paramours
Of nature[7], deck'd in Spring's Elysian bloom,
Or Autumn's purple robes; whilst I relate
In sounds congenial your untainted bliss,
And their unfading lustre. Nor be thou
Far from my lyre, O Liberty! sweet nymph,
Who roam'st at large thro' unfrequented groves,
Swift as the mountain hind; or eastern winds
O'er Asia's kingdoms.—To each nat'ral scene
A moral power belongs; as erst the woods,
Inspir'd by Dryads, wav'd their awful heads
With sacred horrour, and the crystal streams
Flow'd unpolluted by revering swains
From urns celestial, whilst the mystic sounds
Of sportive nymphs were heard in bubbling springs.
Ye fields and woods, and silver-winding streams,
Ye lilied valleys, and resounding rocks,
Where faithful Echo dwells; ye mansions blest
Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanse,
In majesty serene of opening Heav'n;
Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose,
The virgin vi'let, or the creeping moss,
Or winding round the mould'ring ruin's top,
With no unpleasing horrour sit array'd
In venerable ivy: hail, thrice hail,
Ye solitary seats, where Wisdom seeks
Beauty and Good, th' unseparable pair,
Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair
Of the celestial Cause, whose tuneful word
From discord and from chaos rais'd this globe,
And all the wide effulgence of the day.
From him begins this beam of gay delight,
When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive mind;
In him shall end; for he attun'd the frame
Of passive organs with internal sense,
To feel an instantaneous glow of joys,
When Beauty from her native seat of Heav'n,
Cloth'd in etherial mildness, on our plains
Descends, ere Reason with her tardy eye
Can view the form divine; and thro' the world
The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.
Why, when the genial Spring with chaplets crown'd
Of daisies, pinks, and vi'lets, wakes the morn
With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,
And call their consorts from the neighb'ring groves
With softer music? why exalts the lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why stand th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads,
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
Thro' all the brute creation: hence arise
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In silent praises. And shall man alone,
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth,
With soft insensibility compose
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
The renovated lustre of the world?
See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The blushing Morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r,
Where with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,
Her sister Beauty dwells. The glades expand
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,
With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst behind,
The Muse in never-dying hymns of praise
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs
Symphonious warble thro' the vocal groves,
Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale,
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.
First o'er yon complicated landscape cast
Th' enraptur'd eye, where, thro' the subject plains,
Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
Seeking along his serpentizing way,
And in the grateful intricacies feeds
With fruitful waves those ever-smiling shores,

[7] Natural objects, which produce in the mind such images.

[8] Whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleasure, exclusive of reflection: nor, as beauty is not vague and unsettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propensity the divine Author of all things implanted in us. See the Characteristics, and An Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.

Which in the floating mirror view their charms
With conscious glory; from the neigh'bring urns
Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp
With tributary off'rings. Some afar
Thro' silent osiers, and the sullen green
Of mournful willows, melancholy flow:
Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the Sun
Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine
Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crowns
Of kings barbaric: others headlong fall
From a high precipice, whose awful brow,
Fring'd with a sable wood, nods dreadful o'er
The deep below, which spreads its wat'ry lap
To catch the gushing homage, then proceeds
With richer waves than those Pactolus erst
Pour'd o'er his golden sands; or yellow Po,
Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.
Then at a distance, thro' the parted cliffs
In unconfin'd perspective send thy gaze,
Disdaining limit, o'er the green expanse
Of ocean, swelling his cerulean tide,
Whilst on th' unruffled bosom of the deep
A halcyon stillness reigns; the boist'rous winds,
Husht in Æolian caves, are lull'd to rest,
And leave the placid main without a wave.
E'en western Zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,
Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,
Nor move their silent plumes. At such a time
Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train
Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,
Whilst ev'ry Triton tun'd his vocal shell
To hymeneal sounds, from Nereus' court
Came to espouse the monarch of the main,
In nuptial pomp attir'd... Now change the scene,
Nor less admire those things, which view'd apart
Uncouth appear, or horrid; ridges black
Of shagged rocks, which hang tremendous o'er
Some barren heath; the congregated clouds
Which spread their sable skirts, and wait the wind
To burst th' embosom'd storm; a leafless wood,
A mould'ring ruin, lightning-blasted fields,
Nay, e'en the seat where Desolation reigns
In brownest horror, by familiar thought
Connected to this universal frame,
With equal beauty charms the tasteful soul,
As the gold landscapes of the happy isles
Crown'd with Hesperian fruit: for Nature form'd
One plan entire, and made each sep'rate scene
Co-op'rate with the gen'ral force of all
In that harmonious contrast. Hence the fair,
The wonderful, the great, from diff'rent forms
Owe their superior excellence. The light,
Not intermingled with opposing shades,
Had shone unworship'd by the Persian priest
With undistinguish'd rays.——Yet still the hue
Of separated objects tinge the sight
With their own likeness; the responsive soul,
Cameleon like, a just resemblance bears,
And faithful, as the silent mirror, shows
In its true bosom, whether from without
A blooming Paradise smiles round the land,
Or Stygian darkness blots the realms of day.
Say, when the smiling face of youthful May
Invites soft Zephyr to her fragrant lap,
And Phœbus wantons on the glitt'ring streams,
Glows not thy blood with unaccustom'd joy,
And love unfelt before? Methinks the train
Of fair Euphrosyné, heart-easing Smiles,
Hope, and her brother Love, and young Delight,
Come to invite me to ambrosial feasts,
Where Youth administers the sprightly bowl
Of care-beguiling Mirth; and hark! the sound
Of sportive Laughter, to the native home
Of silent Night, with all her meagre crew
Chaces abhorred Grief. Prepare the songs
Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp
In correspondent notes deceive the hours,
And Merriment with Love shall sport around.
But what perceive we in those dusky groves,
Where cypress with funereal horrour shades
Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemloc chills
Th' unfruitful glebe, and sweating yews distil
Immedicable poison? In those plains,
Black Melancholy dwells with silent Fear,
And Superstition fierce, the foulest fiend
That ever sullied light. Here frantic Woe[9]
Tears her dishevell'd hair; here pale Disease
Hangs down her sickly head; and Death, behind,
With sable curtains of eternal night,
Closes the ghastly prospect.——From the good
Far be this horrid group! the foot of Peace
And Innocence should tread the bless'd retreat
Of pleasant Tempe, or the flow'ry field
Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,
Responsive to the moral charms within.
Those horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,
Who rob the orphan, or the sacred trust
Of friendship break; the wretch who never felt
Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,
Which social Sorrow mixes with her tears;
Such suit *their* minds. There let the tyrant howl,
And Hierarchy, ministress abhorr'd
Of Pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains
She made for Liberty and Justice, gnash
Her foaming teeth, and bite the scourge in vain.
——— Or when the stillness of the grey-ey'd Eve,
Brok'n only by the beetle's drowsy hum,
Invites us forth to solitary vales,
Where awful ruins on their mossy roofs
Denote the flight of Time; the pausing eye
Slow round the gloomy regions casts its glance,
Whilst from within the intellectual pow'rs,
With melancholy pleasure on the brow
Of thoughtful admiration fix the sign
Of guiltless transport; not with frantic noise,
Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;
But with the smiles that Wisdom, temp'ring oft
With sweet Content, effuses. Here the mind,
Lull'd by the sacred silence of the place,
Dreams with enchanted rapture of the groves
Of Academus, and the solemn walks,
As erst frequented by the god-like band
Of Grecian sages; to the list'ning ear
Socratic sounds are heard, and Plato's self

9 The ancients, who had always this analogy between natural and moral objects in view, imagined every gloomy place like this to be inhabited by such personages. Creon, in the Œdipus of Seneca, after he has described—procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger, goes on to relate what he saw there by the power of necromancy.

——————— cæcus furor
Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ oreant
Celantque tenebræ; luctus evellens comam,
Ægreque lassum sustinens morbus caput,
Gravis senectus sibimet, & pendens metus.

And to objects of a different nature, we give the moral epithets of gay, lively, cheerful, &c. because the mind is so affected.

Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r
To gather round him all th' Athenian sons
Of Wisdom.—Hither throng, ye studious youth;
Here thro' the mental eye enamour'd view
The charms of Moral Beauty, to the soul
More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam
First dawns upon the new-recover'd sight
Of one long fated to the dreary gloom
Of darkness. How, to undistemper'd thought,
Does Virtue in mild majesty appear
Delightful, when the sympathetic heart
Feels for another's woes! Was any scene
So beauteous, in the wide-extended pomp
And golden splendour of the Persian camp,
When all the riches of the east were spread
Beneath the tyrant's feet; did aught appear
So lovely[10] and so great, as when the call
Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in Xerxes' breast,
And from the social eye Compassion pour'd
The tender flood of heart-ennobling tears?
Thus the chief scenes of Nature view'd apart,
Which with a just similitude affect
Th' attentive mind, now thro' the tuneful whole
Let the swift wing of Fancy bear us on
Beyond the ken of knowledge, where, unseen
To us inhabitants of this small spot,
Ten thousand worlds in regions unconfin'd,
Progressive and obedient to the source
Of light eternal, gild the vast expanse:
Or, should we stop th' aspiring flight to view,
Led by the hand of Science and of Truth,
Where in the midst the glorious Sun expands
His flame, and with perennial beams supplies
The distant planets as they roll around;
What Harmony divine for ever reigns!
How these in tuneful order[11] thro' the void
Their diff'rent stations keep, their pow'rs distinct
Observe, and in each other's friendly sphere
Their kindest influence blend, till all unite
To form the plan of the all-ruling Mind,
And, thro' the whole, celestial bliss diffuse!
Hence let the worse than atheist, the fond fool
Who falsely dotes in superstition's gloom,
And blindfold led by easy Faith, denies
The guide of Reason, obstinately bent
To seek the cause of universal good,
And source of beauty in the demon's cave,
And, shudd'ring, fancies he at distance hears
The howls of ghosts, created to endure
Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch
Look round this fair creation, where, impell'd
By that great Author, every atom tends
To Universal Harmony; where Joy,
As with a parent's fondness, to behold
Her own soft image in her child impress'd,
Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumes
Responsive signs of pleasure; like the beams
Of Titan sporting on the lucid waves
Whence Venus rose of old: let him then say,
If Nature meant this goodly frame to cheat
Deluded mortals? Did an idiot's scheme
Upraise this wond'rous fabric? Say, was man
Forth from the dark abyss of Chaos call'd
In vain to breathe celestial air, in vain
To view the bloom of Beauty, not to feel
Th' effect divine soft thrilling thro' his soul,
And wak'ning ev'ry pow'r which sleeps within
To gaze amazement? Did the Lord of all
Attune our finer organs to the charms
Of things external, only to ensnare
This image of himself? To the tuneful breast
Of virtuous Wisdom, such discordant thoughts
Are far excluded; other themes employ
The studious sage's hours; his kindred soul
Triumphs on Contemplation's eagle wings
Thro' yon ethereal plains, where distant worlds
Roll thro' the vast abyss; there unconfin'd
Pursues the fiery tract where comets glow;
Or in the sable bosom of the night,
Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight
Of exhalations, from ideal stars
Shot wildly down; nor 'sdains he to behold
In Nature's humbler walks the sweet recess,
Where Beauty on the splendid rose exults
As conscious of her form, or mildly veils
Her maiden blushes in the chaster pink,
Or on the margin of the crystal brook
In soft Narcissus blows. For him the choir
Of feather'd songsters breathe their vernal airs;
For him the stillness of th' autumnal grove
In pleasing sadness reigns; for him the sheaf
Of Ceres spreads its yellow pride; the horn
Of ripe Pomona pours its off'rings forth;
Winter presents his free domestic bowl
Of social joy; and Spring's Elysian bloom,
Whilst Flora wantons in her Zephyr's arms,
Invites the Graces forth to join the Hours
In festive dance. His tasteful mind enjoys
Alike the complicated charms, which glow
Thro' the wide landscape, where enamell'd meads,
Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glitt'ring streams,
The daisy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,
And hanging mountains, strike at once the sight
With varied pleasure; as th' abstracted ray,
Which soft effuses from Eudocia's eye
The opening dawn of love. He looks thro' all
The plan of Nature with congenial love,
Where the great social link of mutual aid
Through ev'ry being twines; where all conspire
To form one system of eternal good,
Of harmony and bliss, in forms distinct,
Of natures various, as th' effulgent Sun,
Which pours abroad the mighty flood of day,
To the pale glow-worm in the midnight shade.
From these sweet meditations on the charms
Of things external; on the genuine forms
Which blossom in creation; on the scene
Where mimic Art with emulative hue
Usurps the throne of Nature unreprov'd;
Or the just concord of mellifluent sounds;
The soul, and all the intellectual train
Of fond desires, gay hopes, or threat'ning fears,
Through this habitual intercourse of sense
Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair
And perfect; till each moral pow'r perceives
Its own resemblance, with fraternal joy,
In ev'ry form complete, and smiling feels
Beauty and Good the same[12]. Thus the first man

[10] The superiority of moral beauty to natural has been universally allowed by all authors both ancient and modern. And that sentence of Seneca's may be understood figuratively: Nullum ornamentum principis fastigio dignius pulchriusque est, quam illa corona ob cives servatos. Senec. de clem. lib. 1.

[11] Vide sir Isaac Newton, Book III. p. 345.

[12] See Plato's Dialogues, Xenophon's Memorabilia, &c. whom the ingenious author of the Traité

Fresh from creation rising, in the flood
A godlike image saw; with fixt amaze
He gaz'd; th' attentive figure from below
Gaz'd with responsive wonder: did he smile?
The shad'wy features dimpled in the waves
Not less delighted; till at length he found
From his own form th' external object flow'd,
And mov'd to his its correspondent charms.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON:

AN ELEGY. IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SONG TO WINIFREDA. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

——————— aspice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intus dependere curas.
Ovid Metam.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue.

"My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent attend,
Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name is, friend.

"Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants receive,
For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

"Since from an ancient race descended
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birth-right to be good.

"In love for ev'ry fellow creature,
Superior rise above the crowd,
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

"Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows
From others' joys a friendly glow,
And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

"This is the temper most endearing;
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
A heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

"Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow,
Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain
Look down upon the world below.

"The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

"Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

"Wish not for beauty's darling features
Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

"I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

"By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd,
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

"Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from wisdom's path astray;
What genius lives renown'd in story
To happiness who found the way?

"In yonder mead behold that vapour
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off it seems a friendly taper
To guide the traveller on his way;

"But should some hapless wretch pursuing
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

"In life such bubbles nought admiring
Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To peace in virtue's cot repair;

"There seek the never-wasted treasure,
Which mutual love and friendship give,
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And bless'd and blessing you will live.

"If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling
Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And dank dews from her tresses shedding
With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying
'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd reign'd,
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;

---

du Beau follows. Si la felicité des hommes est necessairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnoitre que la vertue est essentiellement belle, puis que le beau consiste dans le raport des choses avec nôtre destination.

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
Obediently he bow'd his soul,
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should control.

THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEAR.

A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd Hours
Led forth the train of Phœbus and the Spring,
And Zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The Morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven pinion'd Darkness flew,
The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew:

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

The god of sleep mysterious visions led
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought I took my flight,
Thro' ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd;
No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies fond round Shakespear's tomb,
The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat, (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod,)
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mould,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

"Ah! what avails," she cry'd, "a poet's name?
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To snatch from dumb oblivion others' fame?
My darling child here lies a prey to death!

"Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd Pity's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
Or Southern captivate th' impassion'd breast
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

"For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
Poetic transports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the soul to Heaven.

"The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's store,
Which on this world's extended surface lie;
And plastic thought that still created more."

"O grant," with eager rapture I reply'd,
"Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,
To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy son gave immortality."

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
When straight these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
And one by one succeeded at her nod,
As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form [1] (of azure hue
Whose mantle, bound with brede etherial, flow'd
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest thro' the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
And rais'd a roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like Heav'n's mild embassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
Another form [2] succeeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce con'd he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin [3] of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the watry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Thro' these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great Oberon her lord
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thistles, glittering in the air.

[1] Ariel in the Tempest.
[2] Caliban in the Tempest.
[3] Fairy-land from the Midsummer-night's Dream.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters[4] of the *weird* band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendent brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the bolst'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never show'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discov'ring all the terrours of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke.
Now a dire yell of spirits[5] underground
Thro' troubled earth's wide yawning surface broke;

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And horrour's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day
O'er Earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain
My wakeful eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of Thought.

"Sweet pow'r," said I, "for others gild the ray
Of wealth, or honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

"Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the *noble* mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

"If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Thro' errour's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

"Let not my reason impiously require
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within this little empire, man.

[4] The witches in Macbeth.
[5] Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

"Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

"Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly shake, nor wish to stop the glass.

"And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame."

VER-VERT; OR, THE NUNNERY PARROT.

A HEROIC POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO THE ABBESS OF D******.

Translated from the French of Monsieur Gresset.
First printed in 1759.

CANTO I.

O YOU, round whom, at Virtue's shrine,
The solitary Graces shine,
With native charms all hearts engage,
And reign without religious rage;
You, whose congenial soul by Heaven
A pleasing guide to Truth was given,
Uniting, with the family
Of rigid duties, harmless Mirth,
Daughter of social Liberty,
Twin-born with Humour at a birth,
And every other power to please,
Taste, Fancy, Elegance, and Ease;
O! since you bid your bard relate
A noble bird's disastrous fate
In notes of sympathetic woe,
Be you my Muse, my soul inspire,
And teach my numbers how to flow
Like those which trembled from your lyre
In soft and sorrow-soothing sound,
Whilst listening Cupids wept around,
When dear Sultana's[1] spirit fled,
In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,
To the dark mansions of the dead:
Then for my hero's hapless doom
Such tears might once again be shed.
One might, upon his virtues cross'd
By adverse Fortune's envious rage,
And wanderings over many a coast,
Swell out the soporific page,
And other Odysseys compose
To lull the reader to repose:
One might the gods and devils raise
Of superannuated lies,
Spin out the deeds of forty days
To volumes of dull histories,
And with a pompous tediousness
Sublimely heavy moralize
Upon a bird, in epic dress,
Who as Æneas' self was great,

[1] A lap-dog.

As famous too for godliness,
And each way more unfortunate;
But folios are, in verse, excess,
Which the sweet Muses most abhor,
For they are sportive bees of spring,
Who dwell not long on any bower,
But, lightly wandering on the wing,
Collect the bloom from flower to flower,
And, when one fragrant blossom 's dry,
To other sweets unrifled fly.
This truth my observation drew
From faultless Nature and from you;
And may these lines, I copy, prove
I'm govern'd by the laws I love!
Should I, too faithfully pourtraying
Some cloyster'd characters, reveal
The convent arts themselves, arraying
In pomp, with hieroglyphic skill,
Each weighty business of the great,
Each serious nothing's mystic face,
Each trifle swell'd with holy state;
Your native humour, whilst I trace
The comic semblance, will forbear
To blame the strokes you cannot fear;
You may despise, from folly free,
What dulness is oblig'd to wear,
The formal mask of gravity.
Illusion's meteors never shine
To lead astray such souls as thine.
All holy arts Heaven values less
Than amiable cheerfulness.
Should Virtue her own image show
To ravish'd mortals here below,
With features fierce she'd not appear
Nor Superstition's holy leer,
But, like the Graces, or like you,
She'd come to claim her altar's due.
In many an author of renown
I've read this curious observation,
That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation,
And lose the virtues of their own.
'Tis better, e'en where scanty fare is,
Our homely hearths and honours watching,
Under protection of our Lares,
A calm domestic life to wed,
Than run about infection catching
Wherever chance and errour tread:
The youth too soon who goes abroad
Will half a foreigner become,
And bring his wondering friends a load
Of strange exotic vices home.
This truth the hero of my tale
Exemplifies in tarnish'd glory;
Should sceptic wits the truth assail,
I call for witness to my story
Each cloister'd echo now that dwells
In Nevers' consecrated cells.
At Nevers, but few years ago,
Among the nuns o' th' Visitation,
There dwelt a parrot, though a beau,
For sense of wondrous reputation;
Whose virtues, and genteel address,
Whose figure, and whose noble soul,
Would have secur'd him from distress
Could wit and beauty fate controul.
Ver-Vert (for so the nuns agreed
To call this noble personage)
The hopes of an illustrious breed,
To India ow'd his parentage,
By an old missionary sent
To this said convent for his good,
He yet was young and innocent,
And nothing worldly understood.
Beauteous he was, and debonnair,
Light, spruce, inconstant, gay, and free,
And unreserv'd, as youngsters are,
Ere age brings on hypocrisy.
In short, a bird, from prattling merit,
Worthy a convent to inherit.
The tender cares I need not tell
Of all the sisterhood devout,
Nothing, 'tis said, each lov'd so well,
Leave but her ghostly father out,
Nay in some hearts, not void of grace,
One plain historian makes no doubt
The parrot of the priest took place.
He shar'd in this serene abode
Whate'er was lov'd by the profession;
On him such dainties were bestow'd
As nuns prepare against confession,
And for the sacred entrails hoard
Of holy fathers in the Lord.
Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,
Ver-Vert was bless'd without control,
Caressing and caress'd he rov'd
Of all the monastery the soul,
Except some antiquated dames,
Whose hearts to pleasure callous grown,
Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames
Of bosoms younger than their own.
At years of reason not arriv'd
A life of privilege he liv'd,
He said and did whate'er he wou'd,
And what he said or did was good.
He'd peck the nuns in wanton play
To wile their plain-work hours away;
No party ever was approv'd
Without his favourite company;
In him they found what females lov'd,
That life of bliss variety:
He'd strut a beau in sportive rings
Uttering pert sentences by rote,
Mimic the butterfly's light wings
Or nightingale's complaining note;
He'd laugh, sing, whistle, joke, and leer,
And frolic, but discreetly so,
With a prudential cautious fear,
As nuns probationary do.
Question'd at once by many a tongue
Incessantly inquisitive,
He could discordant sounds among,
To each a proper answer give;
This power from Cæsar's nothing varies,
Who did at once great plans conceive
And dictate to four secretaries.
If chronicles may be believ'd,
So lov'd the pampart gallant liv'd,
That with the nuns he always din'd
On rarities of every kind;
Then hoards, occasionally varied,
Of biscuits, sweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,
Each sister in her pocket carried,
Subordinately to recruit,
At leisure times, when not at table,
His stomach indefatigable.
The little Cares, with tender faces,
And fond Attentions, as they say,

Are natives of these holy places,
As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.
No human parrot of the court
Was fondled half so much as he;
In indolence genteel, and sport,
His hours roll'd on delightfully:
Each chamber that he fancied best
Was his the dormitory round,
And, where at eve he chose to rest,
Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,
And much the lucky nun was bless'd!
But nights he very seldom pass'd,
With those whom years and prudence bless'd,
The plain neat room was more his taste
Of some young damsel not profess'd;
This nicety at board and bed
Show'd he was nobly born and bred.
When the young female anchorite,
Whom all the rest with envy view'd,
Had fix'd him for the coming night,
Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,
Silent in undisturb'd repose
Till Venus' warning-star arose:
And when at morn the pious maid
Her toilette's mysteries display'd,
He freely saw whate'er was done;
I say the toilette, for I've read,
But speak it in a lower tone,
That virgins, in a cloyster bred,
Their looks and languishings review
In mirrors to their eyes as true
As those, that serve to show the faces
Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.
For, as in city or at court
Some certain taste or mode prevails,
There is among the godly sort
A taste in putting on their vails;
There is an art to fold with grace,
Round a young vestal's blooming face,
Plain crape or other simple stuff,
With happy negligence enough.
Often the sportive Loves in swarms,
Which to the monasteries repair,
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms
And tie them with a killing air;
In short, the nuns are never seen
In parlour or at grate below,
Ere at the looking-glass they've been,
To steal a decent glance or so.
This softly whisper'd, friends between,
Farther digression we adjourn,
And to our hero now return.
Safe in this unmolested scene
Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,
Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;
Her slighted sparrows took amiss
This change in sister Thecla's heart;
Four finches through mere rage expir'd
At his advancement mortified,
And two Grimalkins late admir'd,
With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.
In days like these of joy and love,
Who would have thought such tender cares
To form his youthful mind, should prove,
Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?
Or that an adverse time should come
When this same idol of their hearts
Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,
Of horrour's most envenom'd darts?
But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow
The tears arising from the sight
Of such an unexpected woe,
Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow
From the soft root of dear delight!

CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense
Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,
The gift of copious eloquence;
For, save his meals and hours of rest,
His tongue was always occupied:
And no good treatise could excel,
In phrases ready cut and dried,
His doctrines about living well.
He was not like those parrots rude
Whom dangling in a public cage
The common manners of the age
Have render'd conversably lewd;
Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,
With frail concupiscence endued,
Each human vanity describe.
Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,
A soul with innocency fraught,
Who never utter'd word profane,
Who never had immodest thought.
But in the room of ribbald wit
Each mystic colloquy he knew,
And many a text in holy writ
With prayers and collects not a few;
Could psalms and canticles repeat
And *benedicite* complete;
He could petition Heaven for grace
With sanctimonious voice and eyes,
And at a proper time and place
Religiously soliloquise.
Each help he had in this learn'd college
That could conduce to sacred knowledge.
For many virgins had retreated
Through grace to this religious fold,
Who, word for word, by rote repeated
Each Christmas carol, new and old.
From frequent lessons every day
The scholar grew as learn'd as they;
Their very tone of speaking too
In pious drawlings he express'd,
The same religious sighs he drew
Deep heaving from the godly breast,
And languid notes in which these doves
Mournfully chant their mystic loves.
In short, the bird perform'd his part
In all the psalmodising art.
Such merit could not be confin'd
Within a cloyster's narrow bound,
But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,
The neighbouring territories round;
Through Nevers' town from morn to night,
Scarce any other talk was heard,
But of discourses exquisite
Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:
And e'en from Moulins numbers came
To witness to the truth of Fame.
Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,
Whilst all that came were told his story,
Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,
Sister Melania's ivory hand,
Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body he possess'd,
His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,
And various colours on his breast,
When his engaging aspect won
Each visiter he look'd upon;
But beauty the most exquisite
Was, in our tender proselyte,
The least his qualities among,
For all forgot his feathery pride
And every outward charm beside
The moment that they heard his tongue.
With various righteous graces fill'd,
By the good sisterhood instill'd,
Th' illustrious bird his speech began,
At every turn allusions new,
Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,
In streams of honey'd language ran.
But what was singularly new,
In this uncommon gift of speech,
And scarce will be reputed true,
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The inward triumph of his mind.
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Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,
As saint, as master, or as sage,
Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more
Than of veil'd Hebes half a score,
As any cloyster'd monk as fat,
As reverend too in holy state,
Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,
And fair as youths by brides caress'd,
For lovely he was always lov'd,
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Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,
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But nights he very seldom pass'd,
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A taste in putting on their vails;
There is an art to fold with grace,
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Plain crape or other simple stuff,
With happy negligence enough.
Often the sportive Loves in swarms,
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Spread o'er the holy fillets charms
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The inward triumph of his mind.
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That, for a fortnight's space or so,
Their dear disciple straight should go;
For, prudence overweighing love,
Th' infatuated state decreed
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The cause of mutual hate, and breed
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Young Seraphina cry'd in haste,
" Ah! what a sacrifice they make!
And is it true consent they give?
Fate from us nothing more can take;
How, Ver-Vert leave us, and we live!"
Another, though reputed sage,
Grew pale at what she heard them say;
No council could her grief assuage,
She trembled, wept, and swoon'd away.
All mourn'd departing Ver-Vert's fate,
Presaging, from I know not what,
This tour would prove unfortunate.
In horrid dreams the night they spent,
The morn redoubled horrours sent.
Too vain regret! the mournful hour
Already 's come, within their view
The boat is waiting at the shore,
The Fates command to bid adieu,
And to his absence, for a while,
Their throbbing bosoms reconcile.
Already every sister pin'd
Like the soft turtle of the grove,
To grief before-hand self-resign'd
For the lone hours of widow'd love.
What tender kisses were bestow'd
On Ver-Vert leaving this abode!
What briny streams of sorrow flow'd!
The nearer his departure drew
They doted on him more and more,
And found each moment genius new
And beauties never seen before.
At length he leaves their wishful eyes,
Love with him from the convent flies.
" Ah! go, my child; my dearest, haste,
Where honour calls thee from my arms;
But, O! return, thy exile past,
For ever true, and full of charms!
May Zephyrs with their airy plumes
Waft thee securely on thy way!
Whilst I, amidst these dreary tombs,
In anguish waste the tardy day,
And sadly, solitary mourn
Uncomforted till thy return.
O Ver-Vert, dearest soul! adieu;
And, whilst thy journey happy proves,
May all, thy beauteous form who view,
Think thee the eldest of the Loves!"
Such were the words and parting scene
Of one young lately-veiled fair,
Who oft, to dissipate chagrin,
In bed made many a fervent prayer,
Learnt from the manuel of Racine;
And who with all her heart, no doubt,
Would, for sweet Ver-Vert's company,
Have left the holy monastery,
And follow'd him the world throughout.
But now the droll is put on board,
At present virtuous and sincere,
And modest too in deed and word:
O! may his bosom every where,
By prudence guarded, still retain
That worth, and bring it home again!
Be that however, as it may,
The boat's already on its way;
The noise of waves beneath the prow
Re-echoes in the air above;
The Zephyrs favourably blow,
And Nevers backward seems to move.

CANTO III.

In the same passage-boat, that bore
This bird of holiness from shore,
There happen'd the same time to sail
Two nymphs of constitution frail,
A nurse loquacious, two gascoons,
A vagrant monk, and three dragoons,
Which, for a youth of piety,
Was worshipful society!
Ver-Vert, unpractis'd in their ways,
As folks in foreign countries do,
Stood silently in fix'd amaze;
Their thoughts and language both were new,
The style he did not understand;
It was not, like the Scriptures, phras'd
In dialect of holy land,
With sacred eastern figures rais'd;
Nor that, in which the vestal band
Of nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd;
But full of, what the bird surpris'd,
Big words not over Christianis'd;
For the dragoons, a wordy race,
Not burthen'd with religious grace,
Spoke fluently the sutler's tongue,
Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,
To whom libations oft they pour'd
For pastime as they sail'd along;
The gascoons and the female three
Convers'd in idioms which belong
To Venus's great mystery;
On t' other hand the sailors swore,
Curs'd and blasphem'd each heavenly power,
Whose voices, not in flowers of speech,
But words sonorous, us'd to deal,
Roundly articulated each,
Nor lost the smallest, syllable.
In this variety of sound
And unintelligible prate,
Ver-Vert, surpris'd at all around,
Sad, silent, and embarrass'd sate;
He fear'd his ignorance to betray,
And knew not what to think or say.
The monk, to satisfy the crowd,
Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,
To talk the pensive stranger press'd;
The girls in words too debonnair,
Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,
The melancholy bird caress'd:
Here by the sex he lov'd address'd
The Parrot (whilst his look benign
With usual light religious glisters)
In sacred sighs and nunnery whine
Answers, " God save you, holy sisters!"
At this " God save you," we'll suppose,
An universal laugh arose:
In ridicule the words aloud
Were echo'd through the noisy crowd.
Thus mock'd, abash'd the novice stood,
And inly chew'd the mental cud.
He found what he had said was wrong,
And saw 'twas needful to endeavour
To speak the language of the throng,
If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour:
His heart, by nature, fond of praise,
Which had been nourish'd all his days,
Till then, with flattery's incense full,

Now could, alas! sustain no more
Of constancy the modest power
Against th' assaults of ridicule;
Here first, by sour impatience cross'd,
Ver-Vert his innocency lost.
From thence he pour'd ungrateful curses
Against the nuns his former nurses,
Who never had adorn'd his mind,
Careless of literary merit,
With language copious and refin'd,
Replete with elegance and spirit.
T' acquire this great accomplishment
Each earnest faculty he bent,
And though his prudent tongue lay still,
His soul of thinking had its fill.
But first the bird resolv'd, in pet,
All the old gew-gaws to forget
Which hitherto compos'd his creed,
That new ideas might succeed.
In two days by strict computation,
All former knowledge he expell'd;
So much the present conversation
The convent dialect excell'd.
This first step made, within a trice,
The truly docile animal
(Young minds too soon are skill'd in vice!)
In ribaldry was clerical,
And quickly learn'd to curse and swear,
As fast as an old devil would chatter,
Bound down by chains of mystic prayer,
Beneath a pot of holy water.
His practice contradicted plain
A maxim which old books maintain,
That none to heinous crimes can leap
At first, but progress step by step;
For he at once without degree
Was doctor in iniquity.
He learnt by heart the alphabet
Of watermen, the Loire along,
And when, in any stormy fit,
An oath escap'd a sailor's tongue;
Ver-Vert, emphatically plain,
Re-echo'd " Damn you" back again.
On this, applauded by the crew,
Proudly content with what had past,
Solicitous he daily grew,
The shameful honour to pursue
Of pleasing their corrupted taste;
And, soon degrading to their bent,
His generous organ of discourse,
Became profanely eloquent.
Ah! why should bad examples force
A youthful heart, born free from evils,
From Heaven's allegiance to the Devil's?
Ye nymphs of Nevers' convent chaste,
What did you in your cloister'd cells,
Where pensive Melancholy dwells,
Whilst these unlucky moments pass'd?
In that sad interval, no doubt,
Nine days you spent in prayers devout,
Petitioning kind Heaven to give
A happy journey home again
To the most thankless soul alive,
Who, quite regardless of your pain,
Abroad engag'd in pleasures new,
Spent not a single thought on you.
The yawning band of Tediousness
The convent round besieg'd each gate;
And Spleen, in fanciful distress,
Sate sullen at the gloomy grate;
Nay, what the sex shuns every where,
Silence herself came almost there.
Ah! cease your vows, for Ver-Vert's grown
Unworthy of your lavish loves;
Ver-Vert no longer will be known
By heart as spotless as the dove's,
By temper softer than the down,
By fervency of soul in prayer;
Oh! must the Muse the truth declare?
A very wretched profligate,
A scoffer of his ancient home,
Blasphemer of your holy state,
And loose apostate he's become;
What you such care and labour cost,
Among the winds and waves is lost.
Then, fair-ones, fondly boast no more
His science and his docile soul,
Genius is vain, and learning's store,
If virtue governs not the whole.
Forget him quite; the shameful wretch
His heart has tainted with pollution,
And given up all those powers of speech
And mighty parts to prostitution.
But now to Nants, the boat's last station,
Our hero and his friends draw nigh,
Where through impatient expectation
The holy sisters almost die:
For their desires the rising Sun
Begins his daily course too late;
Too slow his fiery coursers run,
To gain at eve the western gate.
The flatterer Hope, in this suspense,
For ever artful to deceive,
Promis'd a prodigy to give
Of genius, dignity, and sense;
A parrot highly-born and bred,
Possess'd of noble sentiments,
Persuasive tongue, discerning head;
In short with all accomplishments:
But O! I mention it with pain,
These expectations all were vain!
At length the vessel reaches land,
Where an old solemn sister sate,
Commission'd by the sacred band
Th' arrival of the bird to wait;
Who, on that errand daily sent,
Ere since the first epistle went,
At first approach of rising day
Her wandering eyes impatient cast,
Which seem'd, along the watery waste,
To waft our hero on his way.
The sly bird had no sooner seen
The nun, near whom he disembark'd,
But straight he knew her by the mien
And eyes with holy prudery mark'd,
By the white gloves and languid tone,
The veil, and linsey-woolsey vest,
And, what would have suffic'd alone,
The little cross upon her breast.
He shudder'd at th' approaching evil,
And, soldier-like, we may conclude,
Sincerely wish'd her at the devil;
Preferring much the brotherhood
Of the dragoons who spoke out plain,
Whose dialect he understood,
Than to return to learn again
Prayers stuff'd with many a holy notion,
And ceremonials of devotion:

But the vex'd droll, by force, was fated
To be conducted where he hated.
The careful carrier held her prize
In spite of all his rueful cries;
Though much he bit her, by the way,
Upon her arms, her neck, and face,
And in his anger, as they say,
Would not have scrupled any place.
At last howe'er, with much ado,
She brought him safe to sacred ground;
Ver-Vert's announc'd: the rumour flew
Swift as the wind the convent round.
The bell proclaims the welcome morn;
Straight from the choir each sister springs,
And to the common parlour's borne
On expectation's eager wings.
All crowd this wonder to behold
With longings truly female fir'd;
Nay, e'en the feeble and the old
With youth's warm thoughts are re-inspir'd;
Whilst each, regardless of her years,
For speed forgets the load she bears;
And mother Agnes, near fourscore,
Now runs, who never ran before.

CANTO IV.

At length expos'd to public view,
His figure was by all admir'd;
Charm'd with a sight so fair and new,
Their eager eyes were never tir'd;
Their taste beyond dispute was true;
For though the rogue had swerv'd from duty,
He had not lost one jot of beauty,
And the camp mien and rakish stare
Improv'd it with an easy air.
Why, Heaven, should charms attractive glow,
Brilliant around a son of sin?
Rather deformity should show
The badness of the heart within.
To praise his looks and lovely feather
Our sisters babbled so together,
Unheard, it would have been no wonder,
If Heaven had roll'd its loudest thunder:
Mean while unmov'd th' apostate bird
Deign'd not to speak one pious word,
But, like a lusty Carmelite,
Roll'd his lascivious eyes about.
This gave offence: so lewd a sight
Was shocking to the band devout.
Next, when the mother abbess came,
With an authoritative look,
The feather'd libertine to blame,
Contemptuously his tail he shook;
And, not maturely having weigh'd
The horrour of the words he said,
Reply'd, in military phrase,
"What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days!"
Our history notes, that on the way
These words he 'd heard the sailors say.
At this, with looks demure, another,
The holy sisterhood among,
(Willing to make him hold his tongue),
Cry'd, "Fie! for shame, my dearest brother!"
For thanks this dearest brother swore,
And us'd, sagaciously enough,
One syllable that rhimes to more,
'Gainst which few female ears are proof.
"Jesu! good mother," she exclaim'd,
"This is some wicked witch, 'tis clear;
And not the bird of Nevers fam'd,
To friends of our religion dear!"
Here, sutler-like, he cry'd aloud,
"The devil seize this noisy crowd!"
By turns each sister did essay
To curb the feather'd grenadier;
And each as fast was sent away
With something buzzing in her ear;
For, laughing at the younger tribe,
He mimick'd their loquacious rage;
And, still more freely to describe
The dull grimace of scolding age,
He ridicul'd the dying closes
Of precepts snuffled through their noses.
But, what was worse than all the rest,
By these dull sermons much oppress'd,
And with unvented choler swelling,
He thunder'd out each horrid word,
The very tars in noise excelling,
Which on the river he had heard;
Cursing and swearing all along,
Invoking every power of Hell,
Whilst b's redundant from his tongue,
And f's emphatically fell.
The sense of what they heard him speak
The younger sisters could not tell;
For they believ'd his language Greek:
Next he came out with "blood! and zounds!
Damnation,—brimstone,—fire,—and thunder!"
The grate, at these terrific sounds
Trembling, is almost split asunder;
And the good nuns in speechless fright,
Crossing their throbbing bosoms, fly
Each to her cell remote from light,
Thinking the day of judgment nigh.
Wide opening her sepulchral jaws,
One ancient sister whines, "What evil
Have we designed, good Heaven, that draws
Upon us this incarnate devil?
By what incentive is he mov'd
So like the damn'd below to swear?
Is this that Ver-Vert so approv'd?
Are these his faculties so rare?
But let us without farther pain
Send back the profligate again."
"Mother of God!" another cries,
"What horrours are before our eyes!
In Nevers' consecrated dome
Is this the language vestals speak?
Is all their youth taught thus at home?
Home with the hateful heretic!
For, if he enters, we shall dwell
In league with all the fiends of Hell."
In fine, his freedom Ver-Vert lost;
And 'twas resolv'd, without delay,
To send the wretch cag'd-up away.
This end our pilgrim wish'd the most:
Howe'er, in form, he 's cited first,
Arraign'd, detestable declar'd,
Convicted by the court, accurst,
And from each charity debarr'd,
For having wickedly assail'd
The virtue of the sister's veil'd.
All sign the sentence, yet bemoan
The object it's inflicted on;
For pity 'tis, ere full-age blooms,

To find depravity so foul;
Or that, beneath such beauteous plumes,
A debauchée's corrupted soul,
The pagan manners of a Turk,
And tongue of infidel, should lurk.
In short his old conductress bore
The banished culprit to the port;
But in returning, as before,
He never bit our sister for 't;
For joyfully he left the shore,
And in a tilt-boat home return'd,
Where Nevers' nuns his absence mourn'd.
Such was the Iliad of his woes!
But, ah! what unexpected mourning,
What clamour and despair arose,
When, to his former friends returning,
He shock'd them with a repetition
Of his late verbal acquisition!
What could th' afflicted sisters do?
With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,
Nine venerable nuns, for woe
Each in a veil funereal double,
Into the seat of judgment go,
Who, in their wrinkled fronts, resembled
Nine Ages in a court assembled.
There without hopes of happy ending,
Depriv'd of all to plead his cause
On whom there was the least depending,
Poor Ver-Vert sate, unskill'd in laws,
Chain'd to his cage, in open court,
And stripp'd of glory and support.
To condemnation they proceed:
Two Sibyls sentence him to bleed;
'Twas voted by two sisters more,
Not so religiously inhuman,
To send him to that Indian shore,
Unknown to any Christian woman,
That conscience might his bosom gore,
And yield him up a prey to death,
Where first, with Brachmen, he drew breath.
But the five others all according
In lesser punishments awarding,
For penance, two long months conclude
That he should pass in abstinence,
Three more in dismal solitude,
And four in speechless penitence;
During which season they preclude
Biscuits and fruits, the toilette's treasures,
Alcoves and walks, those convent-pleasures.
Nor was this all; for, to complete
His miserable situation,
They gave him, in his sad retreat,
For gaoler, guard, and conversation,
A stale lay-sister, or much rather
An old veil'd ape, all skin and bone,
Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather,
A walking female skeleton,
An object proper to fall'n glory,
To cry aloud, *memento mori*.
Spite of this dragon's watchful soul,
The younger nuns would often go,
With looks of pity to condole;
Which e'en in exile soften'd woe.
Nay some, from morning prayers returning,
With nuts and candied almonds came;
But to a wretch in prison mourning
Weeds and ambrosia were the same.
Taught by misfortune's sound tuition,
Cloth'd with disgrace, and stung with pain,
Or sick of that old scare-crow vision,
The bird became in pure contrition
Acquainted with himself again:
Forgetting his belov'd dragoons,
And quite according with the nuns
In one continued unison
Of air, of manners, and of tone;
No sleek prebendal priest could be
More thoroughly devout than he.
When this conversion was related,
The grey divan at once awarded
His banishment should be abated,
And farther vengeance quite discarded.
There the blest day of his recall
Is annually a festival,
Whose silken moments, white and even,
Spun by the hands of smiling Love,
Whilst all th' attendant Fates approve,
To soft delights are ever given.
How short 's the date of human pleasure!
How false of happiness the measure!
The dormitory, strew'd with flowers,
Short prayer, rejoicing, song, and feast,
Sweet tumult, freedom, thoughtless hours,
Their amiable zeal express'd,
And not a single sign of sorrow
The woes predicted of to morrow.
But, O! what favours misapplied
Our holy sisterhood bestow'd!
From abstinence's shallow tide
Into a stream that overflow'd
With sweets, so long debarr'd from tasting,
Poor Ver-Vert too abruptly hasting
(His skin with sugar being wadded,
With liquid fires his entrails burn'd,)
Beheld at once his roses faded,
And to funereal cypress turn'd.
The nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,
His fleeting spirit to detain;
But sweet excess had hasten'd fate;
And, whilst around the fair-ones cry'd,
Of love a victim fortunate
In pleasure's downy breast he died.
His dying words their bosoms fir'd,
And will for ever be admir'd.
Venus herself his eye-lids clos'd,
And in Elysium plac'd his shade,
Where hero parrots safe repos'd
In almond-groves that never fade,
Near him, whose fate and fluent tongue,
Corinna's lover wept and sung.
What tongue sufficiently can tell
How much bemoan'd our hero fell!
The nun, whose office 'twas, invited
The bearers to the illustrious dead;
And letters circular indited,
In which this mournful tale I read.
But, to transmit his image down
To generations yet unknown,
A painter, who each beauty knew,
His portraiture from nature drew;
And many a hand, guided by Love,
O'er the stretch'd sampler's canvass plain,
In broidery's various colours strove
To raise his form to life again;
Whilst Grief, t' assist each artist, came
And painted tears around the frame.
All rites funereal they bestow'd,
Which erst to birds of high renown
The band of Helicon allow'd,
When from the body life was flown.

Beneath a verdant myrtle's shade,
Which o'er the mausoleum spread,
A small sarcophagus was laid,
To keep the ashes of the dead.
On porphyry grav'd in characters
Of gold, with sculptur'd garlands grac'd,
These lines, exciting Pity's tears,
Our convent Artemisias plac'd.

"Ye novice nuns, who to this grove repair,
To chat by stealth, unaw'd by Age's frown;
Your tongues one moment, if you can, forbear,
Till the sad tale of our affliction's known.
If' tis too much that organ to restrain,
Use it to speak what anguish death imparts:
One line this cause for sorrow will explain;
Here Ver-Vert lies; and here lie all our hearts."

'Tis said however (to pursue
My story but a word or two)
The soul of Ver-Vert is not pent
Within th' aforesaid monument,
But, by permission of the Fates,
Some holy sister animates;
And wll, in transmigration, run
From time to time, from nun to nun,
Transmitting to all ages hence
In them his deathless eloquence.

THE ESTIMATE OF LIFE,

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

MELPOMENE; OR, THE MELANCHOLY.

——Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would weep.
Shaksp. Meas. for Meas.

Offspring of folly and of noise,
Fantastic train of airy joys,
Cease, cease your vain delusive lore,
And tempt my serious thoughts no more,
Ye horrid forms, ye gloomy throng,
Who hear the bird of midnight's song,
Thou too, Despair, pale spectre, come,
From the self-murd'rer's haunted tomb,
While sad Melpomene relates,
How we're afflicted by the fates.
What 's all this wish'd-for empire, life?
A scene of mis'ry, care, and strife;
And make the most, that 's all we have
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.
The being is not worth the charge:
Behold the estimate at large,
Our youth is silly, idle, vain;
Our age is full of care and pain;
From wealth accrues anxiety;
Contempt and want from poverty;
What trouble business has in store!
How idleness fatigues us more;
To reason, th' ignorant are blind;
The learned's eyes are too refin'd;
Each wit deems every wit his foe,
Each fool is naturally so;
And every rank and every station
Meet justly with disapprobation.
Say, man, is this the boasted state,
Where all is pleasant, all is great?
Alas! another face you'll see,
Take off the veil of vanity.
Is aught in pleasure, aught in pow'r,
Has wisdom any gift in store,
To make thee stay a single hour?
Tell me, ye youthful, who approve
Th' intoxicating sweets of love,
What endless nameless throbs arise,
What heart-felt anguish and what sighs,
When jealousy has gnaw'd the root,
Whence love's united branches shoot?
Or grant that Hymen lights his torch,
To lead you to the nuptial porch,
Behold! the long'd-for rapture o'er!
Desire begins to lose its pow'r,
Then cold indifference takes place,
Fruition alters quite the case;
And what before was ecstasy,
Is scarcely now civility.
Your children bring a second care;
If childless then you want an heir;
So that in both alike you find
The same perplexity of mind.
Do pow'r or wealth more comfort own?
Behold yon pageant on a throne,
Where silken swarms of flattery
Obsequious wait his asking eye.
But view within his tortur'd breast,
No more the downy seat of rest,
Suspicion casts her poison'd dart,
And guilt, that scorpion, stings his heart.
Will knowledge give us happiness?
In that, alas! we know there's less,
For every pang of mental woe
Springs from the faculty to know.
Hark! at the death-betok'ning knell
Of yonder doleful passing-bell,
Perhaps a friend, a father's dead,
Or the lov'd partner of thy bed!
Perhaps thy only son lies there,
Breathless upon the sable bier!
Say, what can ease the present grief,
Can former joys afford relief?
Those former joys remember'd still,
The more augment the recent ill,
And where you seek for comfort, gain
Additional increase of pain.
What woes from mortal ills accrue!
And what from natural ensue!
Disease and casualty attend
Our footsteps to the journey's end;
The cold catarrh, the gout and stone,
The dropsy, jaundice, join'd in one,
The raging fever's inward heat,
The pale consumption's fatal sweat,
And thousand more distempers roam,
To drag us to th' eternal home.
And when solution sets us free
From prison of mortality,
The soul dilated joins in air,
To go, alas! we know not where.
And the poor body will become
A clod within a lonely tomb.
Reflection sad! such bodies must
Return, and mingle with the dust!
But neither sense nor beauty have
Defensive charms against the grave,

Nor virtue's shield, nor wisdom's lore,
Nor true religion's sacred pow'r;
For as that charnel's earth you see,
E'en, my Eudocia, you will be.

PART II.

CALLIOPE; OR, THE CHEERFUL.

Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.

Hor. lib. i. ep. 18.

GRIM Superstition, hence away
To native night, and leave the day,
Nor let thy hellish brood appear,
Begot on Ignorance and Fear.
Come, gentle Mirth, and Gaiety,
Sweet daughter of Society;
Whilst fair Calliope pursues
Flights worthy of the cheerful Muse.
O life, thou great essential good,
Where every blessing's understood!
Where Plenty, Freedom, Pleasure meet,
To make each fleeting moment sweet;
Where moral Love and Innocence,
The balm of sweet Content dispense;
Where Peace expands her turtle wings,
And Hope a constant requiem sings;
With easy thought my breast inspire,
To thee I tune the sprightly lyre.
From Heav'n this emanation flows,
To Heav'n again the wand'rer goes:
And whilst employ'd beneath on Earth,
Its boon attendants, Ease and Mirth,
Join'd with the social Virtues three,
And their calm parent Charity,
Conduct it to the sacred plains
Where happiness terrestrial reigns.
'Tis Discontent alone destroys
The harvest of our ripening joys;
Resolve to be exempt from woe,
Your resolution keeps you so.
Whate'er is needful man receives,
Nay more superfluous Nature gives,
Indulgent parent, source of bliss,
Profuse of goodness to excess!
For thee 'tis, man, the Zephyr blows,
For thee the purple vintage flows,
Each flow'r its various hue displays,
The lark exalts her vernal lays,
To view yon azure vault is thine,
And my Eudocia's form divine.
Hark! how the renovating Spring
Invites the feather'd choir to sing,
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow
On every shrub, and every bough;
Their little airs a lesson give,
They teach us mortals how to live,
And well advise us, whilst we can,
To spend in joy the vital span.
Ye gay and youthful, all advance
Together knit in festive dance,
See blooming Hebe leads the way,
For youth is Nature's holiday.
If dire Misfortune should employ
Her dart to wound the timely joy,
Solicit Bacchus with your pray'r,
No earthly goblin dares come near,
Care puts an easier aspect on,
Pale Anger smooths her threat'ning frown,
Mirth comes in Melancholy's stead,
And Discontent conceals her head.
The thoughts on vagrant pinions fly,
And mount exulting to the sky;
Thence with enraptur'd views look down
On golden empires all their own.
Or let, when Fancy spreads her sails,
Love waft you on with easier gales,
Where in the soul-bewitching groves,
Euphrosyne, sweet goddess, roves;
'Tis rapture all, 'tis ecstacy!
An earthly immortality!
This all the ancient bards employ'd,
'Twas all the ancient gods enjoy'd,
Who often from the realms above
Came down on Earth t' indulge in love.
Still there's one greater bliss in store,
'Tis virtuous Friendship's social hour,
When goodness from the heart sincere,
Pours forth Compassion's balmy tear,
For from those tears such transports flow,
As none but friends and angels know.
Bless'd state! where every thing conspires
To fill the breast with heav'nly fires!
Where for a while the soul must roam,
To preconceive the state to come,
And when through life the journey's past,
Without repining or distaste,
Again the spirit will repair,
To breathe a more celestial air,
And reap, where blessed beings glow,
Completion of the joys below.

PART III.

TERPSICHORE; OR, THE MODERATE.

——δίδω δ' αγαθον τε κακον τε.

Hom. od. θ.

Hæc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert;
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

Hor. lib. i. ep. 18.

DESCEND, Astræa, from above,
Where Jove's celestial daughters rove,
And deign once more to bring with thee
Thy earth-deserting family,
Calm Temperance, and Patience mild,
Sweet Contemplation's heavenly child,
Reflection firm, and Fancy free,
Religion pure, and Probity,
Whilst all the Heliconian throng
Shall join Terpsichore in song.
Ere man, great Reason's lord, was made,
Or the world's first foundations laid,
As high in their divine abodes,
Consulting sat the mighty gods,
Jove on the chaos looking down,
Spoke thus from his imperial throne:
"Ye deities and potentates,
Aerial pow'rs, and heav'nly states,
Lo, in that gloomy place below,
Where darkness reigns and discord now,
There a new world shall grace the skies,
And a new creature form'd arise,

Who shall partake of our perfections,
And live and act by our directions,
(For the chief bliss of any station
Is nought without communication)
Let therefore every godhead give
What this new being should receive;
But care important must be had,
To mingle well of good and bad,
That, by th' allaying mixture, he
May not approach to deity."
The sovereign spake, the gods agree,
And each began in his degree:
Behind the throne of Jove there stood
Two vessels of celestial wood,
Containing just two equal measures;
One fill'd with pain, and one with pleasures;
The gods drew out from both of these,
And mix'd 'em with their essences,
(Which essences are heav'nly still,
When undisturb'd by nat'ral ill,
And man to moral good is prone,
Let but the moral pow'rs alone,
And not pervert 'em by tuition,
Or conjure 'em by superstition)
Hence man partakes an equal share
Of pleasing thoughts and gloomy care,
And Pain and Pleasure e'er shall be,
As Plato [1] says, in company.
Receive the one, and soon the other
Will follow to rejoin his brother.
Those who with pious pain pursue
Calm Virtue by her sacred clue,
Will surely find the mental treasure
Of Virtue, only real pleasure:
Follow the pleasurable road,
That fatal Siren reckons good,
'Twill lead thee to the gloomy cell,
Where Pain and Melancholy dwell.
Health is the child of Abstinence,
Disease, of a luxurious sense;
Despair, that hellish fiend, proceeds
From loosen'd thoughts, and impious deeds;
And the sweet offspring of Content,
Flows from the mind's calm government.
Thus, man, thy state is free from woe,
If thou would'st choose to make it so.
Murmur not then at Heaven's decree,
The gods have given thee liberty,
And plac'd within thy conscious breast,
Reason, as an unerring test,
And shouldst thou fix on misery,
The fault is not in them, but thee.

[1] See the Phædo of Plato.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, LEICESTER.

Hic jacet
Quod mori potuit
HENRICI GILBERTI COOPER
Infantis desideratissimi
Filii natu maximi
JOHANNIS GILBERTI COOPER
De Thurgaton, in agro Nottinghamiensi,
EX SUSANNÆ, uxoris ejus:
Natus 25 Julii, denatus 26, 1749.
Atavis esset editus antiquis:
Nulla alia in re claruit,
Nec potuit:
Flosculus enim in ipsa quoque dulcis ætatula,
Prima gemma pullulaturus,
Parcarum heu parcere nesciarum
Fatali afflatu contactus
Exaruit.
Mæstus itaque et mærens pater
Charissimi infantuli sui memoriæ
Hoc etsi inane munus
Amoris monumentum
Collocavit.

TRANSLATION.

Beneath doth lie
OF HENRY GILBERT COOPER
All that could die:
The prettiest, sweetest, dearest babe
That ever dropt into a grave.
This lovely boy,
His dad's first joy,
Was son of 'Squire JOHN,
And SUE his wife, who led their life,
At town call'd Thurgaton.
Descended from an ancient line,
This charming child began to shine
The 25th of July:
And that was all that he could boast:
For suddenly his life was lost
The 26th, good truly!
This floweret pretty, though young yet witty,
Just opening from the bud,
A blighting blast from angry Fate,
Who knows not how to spare the great,
Nipp'd up his vital blood:
The sorrowing father cry'd, and said,
"Alas! my only child is dead!
His memory I'll adore:
Though vain, a monument I'll raise,
To show my love, and sound his praise,
Till time shall be no more."

THE

POEMS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

THE

LIFE OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE grandfather of our poet was sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a member of the Scotch parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the treaty of union. He married Jane, daughter of sir Aulay Macauley, bart. of Ardincaple, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. The fourth son, Archibald, married, without asking his father's consent, Barbara Cunningham, daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. His father, however, allowed him an income of about £300 a year. He unfortunately died, after the birth of two sons and a daughter, who with their mother were left dependent on the grandfather, and we do not find that he neglected them. Tobias, the subject of this memoir, and the youngest of these children, was born in the house of Dalquhurn, near Renton, in the parish of Cardross, in 1721, and christened Tobias George: but this latter name he does not appear to have used.

The scenery amidst which he passed his early years, and cultivated the Muses, he has described, in Humphrey Clinker, with picturesque enthusiasm. He was first instructed in classical learning at the school of Dumbarton, by Mr. John Love, one of the ablest schoolmasters of that country, and to whom Mr. Chalmers has done ample justice in his life of Ruddiman.

While at this school, Smollett exhibited symptoms of what more or less predominated through life, a disposition to prove his superiority of understanding at the expense of those whose weaknesses and failings he thought he could turn into ridicule with impunity. The verses which he wrote at this early age were principally satires on such of his schoolfellows as happened to displease him. He wrote also a poem to the memory of the celebrated Wallace, whose praises he found in the story-books and ballads of every cottage. From Dumbarton he was removed to Glasgow, where, after some hesitation, he determined in favour of the study of medicine, and, according to the usual practice, was bound apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, then a surgeon and afterwards a physician of considerable eminence, whom he was unjustly accused of ridiculing under the name of Potion, in his novel of Roderick Random.

From his medical studies, which he cultivated with assiduity, he was occasionally seduced by a general love of polite literature, and seemed inconsciously to store his mind with that fund of extensive, though perhaps not profound knowledge, which enabled him afterwards to execute so many works in various branches. His satirical disposition also followed him to Glasgow, by which he made a few admirers, and many enemies. Dr. Moore has related, with suitable gravity, that he once threw a snowball with such dexterity that it gave both a blow and a repartee. But such frolics were probably not frequent, and his time was in general more profitably or at least more seriously employed. Before he had reached his eighteenth year, he began to feel the ambition of a dramatic poet, and wrote the tragedy of the Regicide, which is now reprinted among his poems. It was considered as an extraordinary production for a person of his years, but we do not read it as originally composed, nor was it made public until nearly ten years after.

On the death of his grandfather, who had hitherto supported him in his studies, but left no permanent provision for the completion of them, he removed to London, in quest of employment in the army or navy, and strengthened his hopes by carrying his tragedy with him. The latter, however, was in all respects an unfortunate speculation. After being amused and cajoled by all the common and uncommon tricks of the theatrical managers, for nearly ten years, he was under the necessity of sending it to the press in vindication of his own importunities, and the opinions of his friends. His preface may yet be read with advantage by the candidates for stage favour, although modern managers are said to be less fastidious than their predecessors, and from the liberality of their admissions leave it somewhat doubtful whether they have not lost the privilege of rejection. In this preface, Smollett was not sparing of his indignation, but he reserved more substantial revenge for a more favourable opportunity.

In the mean time, in the year 1741, he procured the situation of surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line, and sailed on the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, which he described in his Roderick Random, and afterwards more historically in a Compendium of Voyages published in seven volumes, 12mo, in 1756. The issue of that expedition could not be more humiliating to Smollett than his own situation, so averse to the disposition of a young man of his taste and vivacity. He accordingly quitted the service, while his ship was in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica, but in what capacity or how supported, his biographers have not informed us. Here, however, he first became acquainted with the lady whom he afterwards married.

In 1746, he returned to London, and having heard many exaggerated accounts of the severities practised in suppressing the rebellion in Scotland, he gave vent to his feelings and love for his country, in a beautiful and spirited poem, entitled the Tears of Scotland. The subject was doubtless attractive as a poet, but as he had been bred a Whig, he was rather inconsistent in his principles, and certainly very unfortunate in his predictions. His friends wished him to suppress this piece as having a tendency to offend the Whigs on whose patronage he had some reliance, and although his enthusiasm was at present rather too warm for advice, and he had from this time declared war against the Whig-ministers under George II. yet it does not appear that it was published with his name for many years after.

In 1746 he first presented himself to the public as the author of Advice, a satire, in which he endeavoured to excite indignation against certain public characters, by accusations which a man of delicacy would disdain to bring forward under any circumstances, and which are generally brought forward under the very worst. What this production

contributed to his fame, we are not told. His friends, however, were alarmed and disgusted, and his enemies probably increased.

About this time he wrote (for Covent-Garden theatre) an opera called Alceste, which was never acted or printed, owing, it is said, to a dispute between the author and the manager. Sir John Hawkins, who, in all his writings trusts too much to his memory, informs us, that Handel set this opera to music, and, that his labour might not be lost, afterwards adapted the airs to Dryden's second Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. But Handel composed that ode in 1739, according to Dr. Burney's more accurate and scientific history of music. In 1747 our author published Reproof, a satire, as a second part to Advice, and consisting of the same materials, with the addition of some severe lines on Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, with whom he had just quarrelled.

In the same year, he married miss Ann Lascelles, the lady whom he had courted in Jamaica, and with whom he had the promise of three thousand pounds. Of this sum, however, he obtained but a small part, and that after a very expensive law-suit. As he had, upon his marriage, hired a genteel house, and lived in a more hospitable style than the possession of the whole of his wife's fortune could have supported, he was again obliged to have recourse to his pen, and produced, in 1748, The Adventures of Roderick Random, in two volumes, 12mo. This was the most successful of all his writings, and perhaps the most popular novel of the age. This it owed, partly to the notion that it was in many respects a history of his own life, and partly to its intrinsic merit, as a delineation of real life, manners and characters, given with a force of humour to which the public had not been accustomed. If, indeed, we consider its moral tendency, there are few productions more unfit for perusal; yet such were his opinions of public decency that he seriously fancied he was writing to humour the taste, and correct the morals of the age. That it contains a history of his own life was probably a surmise artfully circulated to excite curiosity, but that real characters are depicted was much more obvious. Independent of those whom he introduced out of revenge, as Lacy and Garrick for rejecting his tragedy, there are traits of many other persons more or less disguised, in the introduction of which he was incited merely by the recollection of foibles which deserved to be exposed. Every man who draws characters, whether to complete the fable of a novel, or to illustrate an essay, will be insensibly attracted by what he has seen in real life, and real life was Smollett's object in all his novels. His only monster is Count Fathom, but he deals in none of those perfect beings who are the heroes of the more modern novels.

In 1749, his tragedy, The Regicide, as already noticed, was published, very much to his emolument, but certainly without any injury to the judgment of the managers who had rejected it. Extraordinary as it might have appeared, if published as he wrote it at the age of eighteen, it seemed no prodigy in one of more advanced years, who had adopted every improvement which his critical friends could suggest. The preface has been mentioned as containing his complaints of delay and evasion, and he had now more effectually vented his rage on lord Lyttleton and Mr. Garrick in Roderick Random. With Garrick, however, he lived to be reconciled in a manner which did credit to their respective feelings.

In 1750, he took a trip to Paris, where he renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Moore, one of his biographers, who informs us that he indulged the common English prejudices against the French nation, and never attained the language so perfectly as to be able to mix familiarly with the inhabitants. His stay here was not long, for in 1751 he pub-

lished his second most popular novel, Peregrine Pickle, in four volumes, 12mo. which was received with great avidity. In the second edition, which was called for within a few months, he speaks, with more craft than truth, of certain booksellers and others who misrepresented the work and calumniated the author. He could not, however, conceal, and his biographers have told the shameless tale for him, that, "he received a handsome reward" for inserting the profligate memoirs of lady Vane. It is only wonderful that after this he could "flatter himself that he had expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed, by the most delicate readers, into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." In this work, as in Roderick Random, he indulged his unhappy propensity to personal satire and revenge by introducing living characters. He again endeavoured to degrade those of Garrick and Quin, who, it is said, had expressed a more unfavourable opinion of the Regicide than even Garrick; and was yet more unpardonable in holding up Dr. Akenside to ridicule.

Smollett had hitherto derived his chief support from his pen, but after the publication of Peregrine Pickle, he appears to have had a design of resuming his medical profession, and announced himself as having obtained the degree of doctor, but from what university has not been discovered. In this character, however, he endeavoured to begin practice at Bath, and published a tract on The External Use of Water. In this, his object was to prove that pure water, both for warm and cold bathing, may be preferred to waters impregnated with minerals, except in certain cases where the vapour bath is requisite. He enters also into a vindication of the plan of Mr. Cleland, a surgeon at Bath, for remedying the inconveniencies relating to the baths at that place. Whatever was thought of this pamphlet, he failed in his principal object: he had, indeed, obtained considerable fame, as his own complaints, and the contemporary journals plainly evince; but it was not of that kind which usually leads to medical practice.

Disappointed in this design, he determined to devote himself entirely to literary undertakings, for many of which he was undoubtedly better qualified by learning and genius than most of the authors by profession in his day. He now fixed his residence at Chelsea, on an establishment of which he has given the public a very just picture in his novel of Humphrey Clinker. If the picture be at the same time rather flattering, it must be recollected that it was Smollett's peculiar misfortune to make enemies in every step of his progress, and to be obliged to say those handsome things of himself which no other man would say for him. Dr. Moore, however, assures us that his mode of living at Chelsea was genteel and hospitable, without being extravagant, and that what he says of his liberality is not over-charged.

His first publication, in this retirement, if it may be so called, was the Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom, in 1753. This novel, in the popular opinion, has been reckoned greatly inferior to his former productions, but merely, as I conceive, because it is unlike them. There is such a perpetual flow of sentiment and expression in this production, as must give a very high idea of the fertility of his mind; but in the delineation of characters he departs too much from real life, and many of his incidents are highly improbable. Mr. Cumberland, in the Memoirs of his own Life, lately published, takes credit to himself for the character of Abraham Adams, and of Sheva in his comedy of the Jew, which are, however, correct transcripts of Smollett's Jew. It would not have greatly lessened the merit of his benevolent views towards that depressed nation, had Mr. Cumberland frankly made this acknowledgement.

In 1755, Smollett published by subscription, a translation of Don Quixote, in two

elegant quarto volumes. It is unnecessary to say much on a translation which has so long superseded every other. But since the appearance of lord Woodhouselee's admirable Essay on the Principles of Translation, a new edition of that by Jarvis has been published, and will serve to prove what his lordship has advanced, that Smollett's was merely an improved edition of that forgotten work. Let not this, however, detract greatly from Smollett's merit. Writing as he did for bread, dispatch was not only his primary object, as lord Woodhouselee has observed, but dispatch was probably required of him. He has excelled Jarvis while he availed himself of his labours, and such was his strong sense of ridicule, and ample fund of humour, that could he have fixed upon a proper subject, and found the requisite leisure, it is not too much to suppose that he might have been the rival of Cervantes himself.

After the publication of this translation, he visited his relations in Scotland, and on his return to England, was engaged to undertake the management of the Critical Review, which was begun in 1756, in dependence, as has been asserted, upon the patronage of the Tories and the high church party. It does not appear, however, that any extraordinary aid came from those quarters, and the mode in which it was long conducted proves, that the success of the Monthly Review was the only object; or, if that could not be rivalled, the hope that the public might support two publications of the kind.

To this task, Smollett brought many necessary qualifications: a considerable portion of general knowledge, a just taste in works of criticism, and a style flowing, easy, and popular. He had also much acquaintance with the literary history of his times, and could translate with readiness from some of the modern languages. But on the other hand, it was his misfortune here, as in every stage of his life, that the fair display of his talents, and perhaps the genuine sentiments of his heart, were perverted by the prejudices of friendship, or by the more inexcusable impulses of jealousy, revenge, and all that enters into the composition of an irritable temper. He had already suffered by provoking unnecessary animosity, and was now in a situation where it would have been impossible to escape invidious imputation, had he practised the utmost candour and moderation. How much more dangerous such a situation to one who was always too regardless of past experience, and who seems to have gladly embraced the opportunity, which secrecy afforded, of dealing his blows around without discrimination and without mercy. It is painful to read in the early volumes of this Review, the continual personal abuse he levelled at his rival, Mr. Griffiths, who very rarely took any notice of it: and the many vulgar and coarse sarcasms he directed against every author who presumed to doubt the infallibility of his opinion. It is no less painful to contemplate the self-sufficiency displayed on every occasion where he can introduce his own character and works.

Among others whom he provoked to retaliate were the noted political quack, Dr. Shebbeare, Churchill the poet, and Grainger[1]. But the contest in which he was involved with admiral Knowles terminated in a more honourable manner. That officer thought proper to prosecute the printer of the Critical Review (the late Mr. Hamilton) for a paragraph in the Review reflecting on his character, declaring at the same time that his only object was to discover the author, and if he proved to be a *gentleman*, to obtain the satisfaction of a gentleman from him. Smollett, by applying to persons acquainted with Knowles, endeavoured to avert the prosecution; but finding that im-

[1] See the Lives of Churchill and Grainger in Vol. XIV. of this collection. *C.*

possible, the moment sentence was about to be pronounced against the printer, he stept forth in open court, and avowed himself the author. After this spirited action, which yet, in Knowles' opinion, did not constitute him a *gentleman*, he was prosecuted, and sentenced to pay £100, and be imprisoned for three months.

Soon after the commencement of the Review, he published, but without his name, the Compendium of Voyages, already noticed, in seven volumes, 12mo. a work not eminently successful, and which has not since been reprinted. This was a species of compilation, however, for which he was well qualified. He knew how to retrench superfluities, and to bring forward the most pleasing parts of the narrative in an elegant style, and in drawing characters, when they fell in his way, he discovered much judgment and precision.

In 1757 he attempted the stage a second time, by a comedy, or rather farce, entitled The Reprisal, or The Tars of Old England, which Garrick, notwithstanding their former animosity, accepted, and produced upon the stage, where it had a temporary success. Davies, in his life of Garrick, gives an account of the manager's behaviour on this occasion, which reflects much honour on him, and so touched Smollett's feelings, that he embraced every opportunity of doing justice to the merits of that eminent actor, and of convincing him "that his gratitude was as warm as any other of his passions."

Notwithstanding his numerous engagements, he produced a work in 1758, which is an extraordinary instance of literary industry. This was his Complete History of England, from the earliest Times to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, published in four quarto volumes[2]. This he is said to have composed and finished for the press in the short space of fourteen months. It was immediately after reprinted in octavo, in weekly numbers, of which an impression of ten thousand was bought up with avidity.

It would be superfluous to dwell long on the merits of a work so well known, and undoubtedly entitled to high praise as a compilation, but beyond this his warmest admirers cannot judiciously extend their encomiums. Although it may be allowed to excel the histories of Carte or Guthrie, and on account of its brevity, to be preferable to Rapin, and far more to his continuator Tindal, yet it is impossible to place it on a level with the histories of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, or Henry. In the Critical Review it was highly praised, as might be expected, but with an affectation of candour and moderation which Smollett could not long preserve. In the Review for September 1758, we have a piece of querulous declamation, which is far more fully characteristic of the man and of the author. It is here extracted as a general specimen of the indignation which he felt against any serious attack, and it may serve to explain the relative position in which he stood with his contemporaries. The cause of the following effusion was a pamphlet published by the rev. T. Comber, in which he censures the characters Smollett had given of king William and queen Mary, &c.

Smollett's answer begins thus—

"Tell me your company, and I'll describe your manners, is a proverbial apothegm among our neighbours; and the maxim will generally hold good; but we apprehend the adage might be more justly turned to this purpose, Name your enemies, and I'll guess your character. If the Complete History of England were to be judged in this manner, we imagine the author would gladly submit to the determination of the

[2] Three only were published at this time, and the fourth was afterwards given gratis to the purchasers of the former. C.

public. Let us then see who are the professed enemies of that production: the sage, the patriot, the sedate Dr. Shebbeare: the serene Griffiths and his spouse, proprietors and directors of the Monthly Review: the profound, the candid, the modest Dr. Hill: the wise, the learned, and the temperate Thomas Comber, A. B. whose performance we are at present to consider. This is indeed a formidable group of adversaries, enough to daunt the heart of any young adventurer in the world of letters; but the author of the Complete History of England has been long familiar with such seas of trouble. The assault, however, which he has sustained from some of those heroes, was not altogether unprovoked. Shebbeare had been chastised in the Critical Review, for his insolent and seditious appeals to the public. He took it for granted, that the lash was exercised by the author of the Complete History of England: therefore he attacked that performance tooth and nail. He declared that there was neither grammar, meaning, composition, or reflection, either in the plan or the execution of the work itself. Griffiths was enraged against the same gentleman, because he was supposed to have set up the Critical Review, in opposition to the Monthly, of which he (Griffiths) was proprietor; accordingly he employed an obscure grub, who wrote in his garret, to bespatter the History of England. Hill, for these ten years, has, by turns, praised and abused Dr. Smollett, whom he did not know, without being able to vanquish that silent contempt, in which this gentleman ever held him and all his productions: piqued at this indifference and disdain, the said Hill has, in a weekly paper, thrown out some dirty insinuations against the author of the Complete History of England. We cannot rank the proprietors of R——n[3], and other histories, among the personal enemies of Dr. Smollett; because they were actuated by the dictates of self-interest, to decry his performance. This, however, they have pursued in the most sordid, illiberal, and ridiculous manner: they have caballed: they have slandered: they have vilified: they have prejudiced, misrepresented, and used undue influence among their correspondents in different parts of the kingdom: they have spared neither calumny nor expense, to prejudice the author and his work: they have had the effrontery to insinuate in a public advertisement that he was no better than an inaccurate plagiary from Rapin: and they have had the folly to declare, that Rapin's book was the most valuable performance, just immediately after they had taxed Dr. Smollett with having, by a specious plan, anticipated the judgment of the public. Finally, finding all their endeavours had proved abortive, we have reason to believe they hired the pen of the rev. Thomas Comber, of York, A. B. to stigmatize and blacken the character of the work which has been to them such a source of damage and vexation. Accordingly, this their champion has earned his wages with surprising eagerness and resolution: he has dashed through thick and thin, without fear of repulse; without dread of reputation. Indeed he writes with a degree of acrimony that seems to be personal; perhaps, if the truth was known, he would be found one of those obscure authors, who have occasionally received correction in some number of the Critical Review, and looks upon Dr. Smollett as the administrator of that correction; but this we only mention as a conjecture."—The concluding paragraph of this review of Comber's pamphlet, is not less characteristic of Smollett's temper, and style, when he wished to be thought above all petty resentments.

—Comber "very modestly says, he hopes he has kept within the bounds of good breeding, and employed none of that virulence which the Critical Reviewers have exer-

[3] Most of the names in this passage are printed only with the initial and final letters, except that of Rapin, which follows. This R—n may mean Robertson, whose first history was then in the press. C.

cised against the *most respectable characters*. One can hardly refrain from laughing when he reads this declaration. Mr. Comber may always be assured, that it is not in his power to excite the indignation of the Critical Reviewers: there are some objects too contemptible to excite resentment. We should be glad, however, to know what those *most respectable characters* are, that we have treated with indecency. Those *most respectable* personages are Drs. Shebbeare and Hill, Griffiths and his spouse; a group, to which the rev. Mr. Comber will make a very proper addition. We think we see this formidable band, forgetting the distinctions of party, sitting in close divan, animated with double pots, encouraged with double pay, by the right worshipful the proprietors of R——n, to renew their attacks against the Complete History of England. We shall prophecy, however, that the author of that work will never deign to take any public notice of what may be advanced against him by writers of their class. He considers them as little inconsiderable curs barking at the Moon. Nevertheless, in order to whet their spleen, we will inform the rev. Mr. Comber, that notwithstanding the uncommon arts, and great expense, with which his honest employers have puffed[4] and advertised his pamphlet, the Complete History of England continues to rise in the estimation of the public; and that above ten thousand numbers of the work are weekly purchased by the subjects of Great Britain, besides those that are sold in Ireland and the plantations."—

During his confinement in the King's Bench for the libel on admiral Knowles, he amused himself in writing the Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, a sort of English Quixote. This he gave in detached parts in the British Magazine, one of those periodical works in which he was induced to engage by the consideration of a regular supply. This novel was afterwards published in two volumes, 12mo. but had not the popularity of his former works of that kind, and as a composition, whether in point of fable, character, or humour, is indeed far inferior to any of them.

The success of his History encouraged him to write a continuation of it, from 1748 to 1764. The volume for 1765, his biographer seems not to have known, was written by Guthrie during Smollett's absence on the continent. By the History and Continuation he is said to have cleared £2000. He is also supposed to have written the accounts of France, Italy, and Germany for the Universal History, when published in octavo volumes. A writer of the Gentleman's Magazine states, that he received fifteen hundred guineas for preparing a new edition of the same History, but this must be a mistake, as he was dead some years before that edition was undertaken.

When lord Bute was promoted to the office of first minister, Smollett's pen was engaged to support him against the popular clamour excited by Wilkes and his partizans. With this view our author commenced a weekly paper, called The Briton, which was answered by Wilkes in his more celebrated North Britain. Had this been a contest of argument, wit, or even mere personal and political recrimination, Smollett would have had little to fear from the talents of Wilkes; but the public mind, inflamed by every species of misrepresentation, was on the side of Wilkes, and the Briton was discontinued, when lord Bute, its supposed patron, could no longer keep his seat. Before this short contest, Smollett had lived on terms of intimacy with Wilkes, who, having no animosities that were not absolutely necessary to serve a temporary interest, probably did not think the worse of Smollett for giving him an opportunity to triumph over the author of the Complete History of England. Smollett, however, was not disposed to view the matter

[4] Comber's pamphlet was reviewed in the Monthly in September, and Smollett could not have seen it when he wrote this. *C.*

with this complacency. He expected a reward for his services, and was disappointed, and his chagrin on this occasion he soon took an opportunity to express.

About the years 1763 and 1764 we find his name to a translation of Voltaire's works, and to a compilation entitled The Present State of all Nations, in eight volumes, 8vo. What he contributed, besides his name, to either of these undertakings cannot now be ascertained. The translation of Voltaire is in all respects beneath his talents.

In the month of June 1763, he went abroad, partly on account of his health, and partly to relieve his and Mrs. Smollett's grief for the loss of their only child, an amiable young lady who died in her fifteenth year. He pursued his journey through France and Italy about two years, and soon after his return in 1766, gave the public the result of his observations, in two volumes, 8vo. entitled, Travels through France and Italy. This work, although it attained no high degree of popularity, was read with sympathetic interest, as exhibiting a melancholy picture of the author's mind, "traduced" as he informs us, "by malice, persecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the sense of domestic calamity." On this account, the natural and artificial objects which make travelling delightful, had no other effect on him than to excite his spleen, which he has often indulged in representations and opinions unworthy of his taste. These, however, are not unmixed with observations of another kind, acute, just, and useful. It is remarkable that in a subsequent publication (Humphrey Clinker) he makes his principal character, Matthew Bramble, describe what he saw in England in the same unvaried language of spleen and ill-humour.

Soon after his arrival from the continent, his health still decaying, he undertook a journey to Scotland, and renewed his attachment to his relations and friends. During this journey, Dr. Moore informs us, that "he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains, and afflicted besides with an ulcer on his arm which had been neglected on its first appearance. These disorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his conversation from being highly entertaining, when the misery of which they were productive, permitted him to associate with his friends." From Scotland he went to Bath, and about the beginning of 1767 had recovered his health and spirits in a very considerable degree.

His next production, which appeared in 1769, proved that he had not forgotten the neglect with which he was treated by that ministry, in whose favour he wrote the Briton. This was entitled the Adventures of an Atom. Under fictitious names, of Japanese structure, he reviews the conduct of the eminent politicians who had conducted or opposed the measures of government from the year 1754, and retracts the opinion he had given of some of these statesmen in his history, particularly of the earl of Chatham and lord Bute. His biographer allows that many of the characters are grossly misrepresented, for which no other reason can be assigned than his own disappointment. The whole proves, what has often been seen since his time, that the measures which are right and proper when a reward is in view, are wrong and abominable when that reward is withheld.

The publication of this work, while it proclaimed that his sincerity as a political writer was not much to be depended on, afforded another instance of that imprudence which his biographer has ingeniously carried over to the account of independence. His health again requiring the genial influences of a milder climate, the expense of which he was unable to bear, his friends solicited the very persons whom he had just satyrized, to obtain for him the office of consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. Dr. Moore informs us,

with more acrimony than truth, "that these applications were fruitless. Dr. Smollett had never *spanielled* ministers; he could not endure the insolence of office, or stoop to cultivate the favour of any person merely on account of his power: and besides he was a man of genius."

He set out, however, for Italy early in 1770, with a debilitated body, and a mind probably irritated by his recent disappointment, but not without much of the ease which argues firmness, since during this journey he could so pleasantly divert his sorrows by writing The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker. This novel, if it may be so called, for it has no regular fable, in point of genuine humour, knowledge of life and manners, and delineation of character, is inferior only to his Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle. It has already been noticed that Matthew Bramble, the principal character, displays the cynical temper and humane feelings of the author on his tour on the continent; and it may now be added that he has given another sketch of himself in the character of Serle in the first volume. This account of the ingratitude of Paunceford to Smollett is strictly true; and as his biographers seem unacquainted with the circumstances, the following may not be uninteresting, which was related to me by the late intimate friend of Smollett, Mr. Hamilton, the printer and proprietor of the Critical Review.

"Paunceford was a John C——l, who was fed by Smollett when he had not bread to eat, nor clothes to cover him. He was taken out to India as private secretary to a celebrated governor-general, and as essayist; and after only three years absence, returned with forty thousand pounds. From India he sent several letters to Smollett, professing that he was coming over to lay his fortune at the feet of his benefactor. But on his arrival, he treated Smollett, Hamilton, and others, who had befriended him, with the most ungrateful contempt. The person who taught him the art of essaying became reduced in circumstances, and is now (1792) or lately was collector of the toll on carts at Holborn Bars. C——l never paid him, or any person to whom he was indebted. He died in two or three years after at his house near Hounslow, universally despised. At the request of Smollett, Mr. Hamilton employed him to write in the Critical Review, which, with Smollett's charity, was all his support, previously to his departure for India."

Such kindness and such ingratitude ought not to be concealed, but it is less necessary to point out the very flattering account he has given of his hospitality and patronage of inferior authors, while he resided at Chelsea. While full credit, however, is given for these virtues, it cannot be a disrespectful wish that he had found another panegyrist than himself. There is no instance of any man of Dr. Smollett's rank in the literary world taking so many opportunities to sound his own praises, and that without any of the disguises which are employed by men who wish to acquire a factitious character. At this time, perhaps, he was desirous of recovering the reputation which envy and malice had suppressed or darkened, and might not be without hopes that as he was now approaching the close of life, his enemies would relent, and admit his evidence.

In the neighbourhood of Leghorn, he lingered through the summer of 1771, in the full possession of his faculties, and died on the 21st of October, in the 51st year of his age. Dr. Armstrong, who visited him at Leghorn, honoured his remains with a Latin inscription, elegantly noticing his genius and virtues, and severely reflecting on the "times, in which hardly any literary merit but such as was in the most false or

fatile taste, received any encouragement from the mock Maecenases of Britain." In the year 1774, a column was erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born. The inscription on this was the joint production of lord Kames, professor George Stuart, and John Ramsay, esq. and was revised by Dr. Johnson. It is elegant, affecting and modest.

Dr. Moore's opinion of his personal character is thus given:

"The person of Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune.

"He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind, that hospitality which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain but plentiful table the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection.

"As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception: to this however he imagined he had sometimes been exposed on his application in favour of others: for himself he never made an application to any great man in his life.

"Free from *vanity*, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility: his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused: he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.

"Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his character were ill-suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice.

"He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not, what is called, successful in life!"

How far this character agrees with the facts detailed in this narrative, and which are principally taken from Dr. Moore, may be now safely left to the determination of the reader.

As an author, Dr. Smollett is universally allowed the praise of original genius displayed with an ease and variety which are rarely found. Yet this character belongs chiefly to his novels. In correct delineation of life and manners, and in drawing characters of the humorous class, he has few equals. But when this praise is bestowed, every critic who values what is more important than genius itself, the interest of morals

and decency, must surely stop. It can be of no use to analyze each individual scene, incident, or character in works which, after all, must be pronounced unfit to be read.

But if the morals of the reader were in no danger, his taste can hardly escape being insulted or perverted. Smollett's humour is of so low a cast, and his practical jokes so frequently end in what is vulgar, mean, and filthy, that it would be impossible to acquire a relish for them, without injury done to the chaster feelings, and to the just respect due to genuine wit. No novel writer seems to take more delight in assembling images and incidents that are gross and disgusting: nor has he scrupled to introduce, with more than slight notice, those vices which are not fit even to be named. If this be a just representation of his most favourite novels, it is in vain to oppose it by pointing out passages which do credit to his genius, and more vain to attempt to prove that virtue and taste are not directly injured by such productions.

As a historian, Smollett's reputation has certainly not been preserved. When he published his History, something of the kind was wanted, and it was executed in a manner not unworthy of his talents. But the writings of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon have introduced a taste for a higher species of historical composition: and, if I am not mistaken, there has been no complete edition of Smollett's History, but that which he published. Had he been allowed the proper time for revision and reflection, it cannot be doubted that he might have produced a work deserving of more lasting fame. His History, even as we have it, when we advert to the short time he took for its completion, is a very extraordinary effort, and instead of blaming him for occasionally following his authorities too servilely, the wonder ought to be that he found leisure to depart from them so frequently, and to assign reasons, which are not those of a superficial thinker. It is impossible, however, to quit this subject without adverting to the mode of publication which dispersed the work among a class of persons, the purchasers of sixpenny numbers, whom Smollett too easily took for the learned and discerning part of the public. This fallacious encouragement afforded fuel to his irritable temper, by inciting him, not only to the arts of puffing, by which the literary character is degraded, but to those vulgar and splenetic recriminations of which a specimen has been given, and which must have lowered him yet more in the opinion of the eminent characters of his day.

Smollett was not successful in his dramatic attempts. Those who judged from the ease and vivacity of his pictures of life and manners in his novels, no doubt thought themselves justified in encouraging him in this species of composition. But all experience shows that the talents necessary for the prose epic, and those for the regular drama, are essentially different, and have rarely met in one man. Fielding, a novelist greatly superior, and who after the trials of more than half a century, may be pronounced inimitable, was yet foiled in his dramatic attempts, although he returned to the charge with fresh courage and skill.

As a poet, in which character only Smollett is here introduced, although his pieces are few, they must be allowed to confer a very high rank. It is, indeed, greatly to be lamented that he did not cultivate his poetical talents more frequently and more extensively. The Tears of Scotland and the Ode to Independence, particularly the latter, are equal to the highest efforts in the pathetic and sublime. In the Ode to Independence there is evidently the inspiration of real genius, free from all artificial aid, or meretricious ornament. It may be questioned whether there are many compositions

in our language which more forcibly charm by all the enchantments of taste, expression, and sentiment. Some observations on this ode, and usually printed with it, are the production of professor Richardson. It may be necessary to add that this ode was left in manuscript by Smollett, and published at Glasgow and London in 1773.

Advice and Reproof have already been noticed, and are more remarkable for their satirical aim, than for poetical beauties. His songs and other small pieces were introduced principally in his novels and in the Reprisal. To our regret we may add some degree of surprise, that one who could write so well should write so little in a department which generally confers a much higher degree of fame than he could expect from most of his other productions.

The original works of Smollett were published by the London proprietors in 1797, in eight volumes, 8vo. To this edition Dr. Moore was engaged to furnish a life. Another life about the same time was published at Edinburgh by Dr. Anderson. I have availed myself of both, as far as regards matters of fact. If I have not been able to join in their opinion of Dr. Smollett, it is some excuse that I have been indebted to them for the principal reasons which have induced me to differ.

POEMS

OF

DR. SMOLLETT,

THE REGICIDE; OR, JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.

A TRAGEDY.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the public with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered, in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me, to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair representation of the usage I have met with will be as a beacon, to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers, to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself entitled to some share of indulgence for the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees; and in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone: but, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage.—But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer

resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms.—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming, that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only; but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf.—Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight: but four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it was retrieved by pure accident (I believe) from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in the most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the mean time, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on.—In the interim, my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious manager next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a player, the fate of which every body knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune, that attended my unhappy issue, which, in the succeeding spring, had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence, I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here too I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed, so urgently in its behalf, with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed, before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman, who interested himself in my concerns, to go and expostulate with the vaticide: and indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand; and in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardiness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was first put into his hands; he answered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion—for, the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words———

"Sir, I have received Mr. L——'s answer; who says, he thinks your play has indubitable merit, but has prior promises to Mr. T——n, that as an honest man, cannot be evaded."——And concluding thus, "As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you'll be advised by me, rest it with me."

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was, a message to my patroness, importing, (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer, make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction.—I would have taken him at his word, without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship.—The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus have I in the most impartial manner, (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I

have had any concern, relating to my tragedy: and whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first prescuted my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured was an accumulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct, a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity: for, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either, at once, forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to sooth the pride, and humour the petulance of a mere Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an occasion to practise this vile condescension to advantage: for, after he has gained admission to a patentee (who is often more difficult of access than a sovereign prince) and even made shift to remove all other objections, an insurmountable obstacle may be raised by the manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expense on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disobliging his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts—

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, "If I must entertain the town with variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the productions of my friends, or of those who have any friends worth obliging, to the works of obscure strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all likelihood, will never rise in judgment against me."

That such have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connection with the stage, some people have commenced dramatic authors, who otherwise would have employed their faculties in exercises better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been said, any thing by way of application would be an insult on the understanding of the public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible obligation for former favours as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following play.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

King of Scotland.
Angus.
Dunbar.
Ramsay.
Athol.
Stuart.
Grime.
Cattan.

WOMEN.

Queen.
Eleonora.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in Perth.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office.—Now, when Justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.——
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

ANGUS.

Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is Valour limited: she sits serene
In the delib'rate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone,—
—What frenzy were it
To risk our fortune on th' unsure event
Of one occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeseen disaster, when the terms
We proffer may retard th' impending blow?
—Better to conques by delay: the rage
Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope
Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,
And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.

DUNBAR.

Well hast thou taught me, how the piercing eye
Of calm sagacity, excels the dint
Of headstrong resolution.——Yet, my soul
Pants for a fair occasion to revenge
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves
Within my veins, the traitor shall not find
His perfidy forgot—But what of this?
What are my private injuries compar'd

To those he meditates against the state!
Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
His faithless heart: not ev'n the sacred bond
Of friendship unreserv'd!—For well thou know'st,
The king securely listen'd to his voice,
As to an oracle.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guilt
With boundless confidence; and little thought
That very confidence supply'd his foe
With means to shake his throne!—While Athol led
His royal kinsman thro' the dang'rous path
Of sudden reformation, and observ'd
What murmurs issu'd from the giddy crowd.
Each popular commotion he improv'd
By secret ministers; and disavow'd
Those very measures he himself devised!
Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,
Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length
His scheme mature, and all our loyal thanes
At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
The flame burst out.—Now from his native hills,
With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
Impet'ous Stuart, like a sounding storm
He rushes down with five revolting clans;
Displays a spurious title to the crown,
Arraigns the justice of this monarch's sway,
And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
To sweep him from the throne.

DUNBAR.

Aspiring villain!
A fit associate has he chose: a wretch
Of soul more savage breathes not vital air,
Than Grime:—but Stuart 'till of late, maintain'd
A fairer fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd hope expires
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
Remained unshaken, by th' enchanting lure
Which vain ambition spread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour, and external grace:—
For thou, sole rival of his fame, wast train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

DUNBAR.

O thane!
Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold, damp night,
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile
Of her, who bless'd that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own
The tender throbbings of my captive heart!
The melting passion which has long inspir'd
My breast for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's sanction to support my claim?

ANGUS.

Were she more fair and gentle than she is,
And to my partial eye nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair, I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar smiles.

DUNBAR.

Then will I strive,
With unremitted ardour, to subdue
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breast!—But see! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of moment, by a fresh dispatch
Imparted to the king, requires in haste
The presence of my sire.

ANGUS.

Forbear a while
Thy parley with the foe; and here attend
Our consultation's issue.——

[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it suits
A soldier's tongue to plead the cause of love,
In phrase adapted to the tender theme:
But trust me, beauteous wonder! when I swear
Not the keen impulse and impatient hope
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,
With more awaken'd transport, fill'd my soul
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel
At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averse
With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,
And scorn'd my proffer'd vows!——

ELEONORA.

O youth, beware!
Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
That faithless passion to the view presents,
Ensnare thee into woe!—Thou little know'st
What mischief lurks in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on love.—

DUNBAR.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unapprov'd:
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!

ELEONORA.

Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind
That, o'er its present fate repining, courts
The vain resource of fancy's airy dreams.—
War is thy province.—War be thy pursuit.—

DUNBAR.

O! thou wouldst tell me, I am savage all—
Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,
To warm thy breast?——Yes, war has been my [school—
War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes
Of peaceful commerce.—Soften'd not the less
To pious truth, humanity, and love.

ELEONORA.

Yes:—I were envious to refuse applause,
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Distinguish'd by thy choice; and tho' my heart
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
Th' esteem of Eleonora.

DUNBAR.

O! thy words
Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul
With ecstasies of pride!—How then shall I,
Elate with every vainer hope that warms
Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain
With moderation?——Cruelly benign!
Thou hast adorn'd the victim; but, alas!
Thou likewise giv'st the blow!—
— Tho' Nature's hand
With so much art has blended ev'ry grace
In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
With transport views thee, and conveys unseen
The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,
Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,
That vindicates thy sway!—

ELEONORA.

O gilded curse!
More fair than rosy Morn, when first she smiles
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
Than syrens, tempests, and devouring flame!
May I ne'er sicken, languish, and despair
Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!
And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—
—If e'er my breast——— [*kneeling.*

DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine
In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!
But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace
Perhaps in one rash moment.———

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

HERALD.

———From the tower
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host
Is now descry'd: and from the southern gate
A cloud of dust is seen to roll, the gleam
Of burnish'd arms oft thro' the dusky sphere
Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
With valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,
That hastens to our aid.—The first, suppos'd
The rebel train of Athol.—By command
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand
An audience of the foe.

DUNBAR.

I follow straight.
[*Exit Herald.*
Whate'er is amiably fair—whate'er
Inspires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,
My soul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain complainings vex
Thy gentle nature.—My unblemish'd love
Shall plead in my behalf. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

Adieu, brave youth!
Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?
And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch
That must inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
I yielded up my fond, believing heart
To him who basely left it, for the charms
Of treacherous ambition! hapless Stuart!
How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel fate,
Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin!

SCENE VI.

Enter STUART *disguised like a priest.*

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

The mighty schemes of empire soar too high
For your distinction, daughter.—Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most.
[*Discovering himself.*

ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic youth!
What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps
To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of Heav'n?

STUART.

No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud
The fervour of my love—My love mis-plac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
With anger and disdain.—

ELEONORA.

Have I not cause
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chas'd
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
A prince! who cherish'd thee with parent's zeal,
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?

STUART.

Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress
Th' emerging dictates of my native right,
To efface the glowing images within,
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
The sceptre he usurps!

ELEONORA.

Insidious charge!
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day,
In course direct———

STUART.

In idle argument
Let us not now consume the precious hour;
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore
Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder Sun
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
Will shake before them—E'er the tempest roars,
I come to snatch thee from th' impending storm—

ELEONORA.

O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!
Shall I for pompous infamy forego
Th' internal peace that virtue calls her own?

STUART.

Or say, thy love, inconstant as the wave,
Another object claims.—False—perjur'd maid!
I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose
Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!
I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce
Thy passion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous, and humane;
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win
The coyest virgin's heart,——

STUART.

Perdition whelm
The prostrate sycophant!—may Heav'n exhaust
Its thunder on my head—may Hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitiff, 'till his blood
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—Perfidious slave!
To steal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!
O lovely curse! restore me to myself!—

ELEONORA.

Rage on fierce youth, more savage than the storm
That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid
Too credulously fond! who gave away
Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
The woes that from her indiscretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

Ha! weep'st thou?—witness all ye sacred pow'rs!
Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath
Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,
Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?

ELEONORA.

Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recall
Those flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
To wreck my peace?—recal thy fervent vows
Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!
Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—
Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!
Ev'n whilst thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish
Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast
Unutterable fondness pants again!—
—Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd
By Tay's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd
Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear scenes, adieu!—ye fragrant paths
So courted once!—ye spreading boughs, that wave
Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!
Where the bewitching music of thy tongue,
First charm'd my captive soul!—when gentle love
Inspir'd the soothing tale!—Love—sacred Love,
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal round, shall we not hail
Another season equally serene?——
—To day, in snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming Earth
Unlocks her stores, and Spring adorns the year:
And shall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?

ELEONORA.

—Would'st thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—

ANGUS *within.*

Guard ev'ry gate,
That none may 'scape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?
Discover'd and beset!

STUART.

Let Angus come—
His short-liv'd pow'r I scorn—
[*Throws away his disguise.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS *with guards*, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark resolve,
By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led
Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence,—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no answer—— [*Exit Eleonora.*
—Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,
And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate
Defrauds my courage.—Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel
In secret lifted, wreaks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens, at the head
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

ANGUS.

The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder.—Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.—

STUART.

That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora cancell'd or unknown——
Vows by thyself indulg'd, e'er envy yet,
Or folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
The fortunes of our foe.—Thy foul reproach
My soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
Revenge will have its turn!—

ANGUS.

Ha! must I bear
A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitless war of words with thee, [just,
Vain glorious stripling.—While thine aims were
I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
But now, begrim'd with treason, as thou art,

By Heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe
My approbation!—but the king himself
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, *who kneels.*

——— O! let me thus
Implore compassion, at a parent's knees,
Who ne'er refus'd—

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—
[*Stuart is led off.*
—Arise—
Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn.—Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece
That clothes our northern hills!—her youthful charms,
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heiress— [*Exit Angus.*

SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere
To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;
And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms
(Which Heav'n avert!) to treason add success,
My father's death will join his sov'reign's fall!
And if the cause of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—
From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,
To pining anguish doom'd, and fell dismay!

ACT II. *Scene continues.*

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

By Heav'n it glads me, that my sword shall find
An ample field to day.—The king arous'd,
Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

ANGUS.

I mark'd his indignation, as it rose
At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,
And overboiling wrath.—But say, my friend,
How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd
By military skill?—Or come they on
In undistinguish'd crowds?—

DUNBAR.

In concourse rude
They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
With sword and target.—On their first assault
(Fearless indeed and headlong!) all their hopes
Of conquest must depend.—If we, unbroke,
Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,
To wheel, to rally and renew the charge,
Confusion, havock and dismay will seize
Th' astonish'd rout.

ANGUS.

What numbers bring they on?

DUNBAR.

Ten thousand, as I guess.—

ANGUS.

Ours scarce amount
To half the number: yet, with those, we mean
To hazard an encounter.—Thou, mean while,
Shalt visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls.—Here I attend
The king—and lo! he comes.— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

—The commonweal
Has been consulted.—Tenderness and zeal
Became the parent.—Those have nought avail'd,—
Now, let correction speak the king incens'd!

ANGUS.

Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath.—What reign shall 'scape
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?

KING.

Let Heaven decide
Between me and my foes.—That I would spare
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconcilement—opposite perhaps
To my own dignity.—But I will rise
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds
That have bedim'd my state.

ANGUS.

The odds are great
Between the numbers: but our cause is just:
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breast among us, entertains
A doubt of victory.

KING.

O valiant thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompence
My love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,
Regardless of the danger that surrounds
The fortunes of my prince!

KING.

I know thee well.—
Mean time our care must be, to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers.—In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad targe and expeditious sword:
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand
With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd;
The spears extended form the second line,
And our light archers hover to and fro;
To gall their flanks.—Whatever accident
In battle shall befal, thy vigilance
Will remedy.—Myself will here remain

To guard the town, and with a small reserve,
(If need requires) thine exigence supply.

ANGUS.

With joy, the glorious task I undertake! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow pass
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill;
With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host
On the small plain that skirts the town.—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well.—
Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve
Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure
An easy conquest, and retard their flight.—
To Angus hie thee straight with this advice.—
My task perform'd, I wait the king's command
In this appointed place.— [*Exit Ramsay.*

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I sought thee, youth.—
Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide
The public fate, let us to private woe
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
One moment snatch to hear me, and condole
The anguish of my soul?—

DUNBAR.

O Eleonora!
Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul
The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes
Thy spotless bosom?—happy! far above
The pride of conquerors, were I to ease
Thy sorrow's pangs!—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous heart alone
Can brook the enterprize—

DUNBAR.

O! task my love;
That I more swift than gales that sweep the plain,
May fly to thy relief!

ELEONORA.

Then summon up
Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul
To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon
My misery demands, will grave them all!—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the menaces of death
In shape however horrid, so my faith
And love remain inviolate, my heart
Beats with unusual ardor; and demands
The test, impatient!—

ELEONORA.

Friendless and forlorn
In fetters Stuart lies!—

DUNBAR.

Ha!

ELEONORA.

From the snares
Of gloomy fate release him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel maid!—
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite
Of adoration.—Could thy mind suggest
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute
A deed so fatal to its own repose!

ELEONORA.

I sought not—witness ye celestial powers!
To aggravate thy pain.—My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload
Her burthen to another.—Thou alone,
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims
Th' engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

Yet, with reserve
Was that impawn'd: my loyalty and love
Were sacred ev'n from that: nor can I loose
His chains, without an injury to both!—

ELEONORA.

Cold—unaspiring is the love that dwells
With tim'rous caution; and the breast untouch'd
By glory's godlike fervour, that retains
The scruples of discretion.—Let the winds
That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy vows!—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' rash enthusiasm, wed
Eternal anguish?—Shall I burst asunder
The bonds of awful justice, to preserve
The serpent that has poison'd all my peace!—
No, Eleonora!—blasted be——

ELEONORA.

Take heed!
Nor by an oath precipitate, involve
Thy fate beyond resource:, For know, Dunbar,
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,
This morn, my solemn vow to Heav'n appeal'd,
Hath sever'd us for ever.

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still!
Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid storm!—
Let the young traitor perish, and his name
In dark oblivion rot.—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas!
Supinely savage, from my ears exclude
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe intail'd
By me too!—If my heart denies him love,
My pity, sure, may flow!—Has he not griefs
That wake ev'n thy compassion?—Say, Dunbar,
Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy youth
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
And pow'r magnificent!) stretch'd on the ground
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair
With not one friend his sorrows to divide,
And cheer his lone distress?

DUNBAR.

Can I resist
So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue!
When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,
Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—
No!—let me rather hail the social pang;
And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,
Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—
—Away with each emotion that suggests
A rival favour'd and a traitor freed!
My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,
This hour he shall be free.— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

O wond'rous power
Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!
What recompense (thus bankrupt as I am!)
Shall speak my grateful soul!—A poor return
Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope
Of fond desire! and my invidious fate
Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
With avarice of grief, my private woe;
When pale with fear, and harass'd with alarm,
My royal mistress, still benign to me,
The zealous tender of my duty claims. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Discovers Stuart *in chains.*

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong passion!—I have earn'd
The wages of my folly!—Is it thus
My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha! com'st thou to insult my chains?—'Twas well
My unpropitious demon gave me up
To your resentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.—
'Tis what Dunbar disdains.—Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.—

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low!—
Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie
These slavish manacles, that I may scourge
This wretched arrogant!—

DUNBAR.

True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words:
And to the valiant, actions speak alone:
Then let my deeds approve me.—I am come
To give thee instant freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'st thou death?
I shall be free then.—An apt minister
Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.—

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belie
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st, my sword
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely styl'd
Usurper, ever sully'd with a stain
Of cruelty or guile.—My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city-confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol.—

STUART.

Fawning coward!
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the battle joins,
Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

When the battle joins!—
—Away, dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
My valour on the plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou,
That I should dread thy threats?—By Heav'n's high throne!
I'll meet thee in a desert, to thy teeth
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword
Explore thy faithless heart!—Meanwhile, my steps
Shall guide thee to the field.
[*Stuart is unchained, and presented with a sword.*

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!
Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave
My free-born will.—Here, captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy
My friendship!—No! nor stifle my revenge

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other motives urg'd—
The gift is Eleonora's.—

STUART.

Sacred powers!
Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
My soul's full fury!—In the blood that warms
Thine heart, perfidious, I will slake mine ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my conduct, insolent of heart!
What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
That thy foul tongue its licence thus avows?
To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
Wild tumult oft my reason overwhelms!—
Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath
Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
Thy pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed place
Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,
'Till the rust gnaw my carcase to the bone,
If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
Ev'n here, where thou art, lord!—Ha! dost thou shake?
By Heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
Confess pale terrour and amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—
Away, lewd railer!—not thy slanderous throat,
So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe
In thy captivity:—But soon as war [out—
Shall close the encountering hosts, I'll find thee
Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,
And tell thee, what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!
My fell revenge consumes me!—But no more—
Thou shalt not 'scape me—Goaded by my wrongs,
I'll hunt thee thro' the various scenes of death!—
Thou shalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that hope.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes.*

KING, QUEEN, *attended.*

KING.

Courageous Angus shall not be o'erpower'd—
Myself will bring him aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my prince!

KING.

What means the gentle partner of my heart?
Dismiss thy fears.—This day will dissipate
The cause of thy dismay.—Ev'n now, I go
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
Fresh laurels in thy lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in
A train of harpy sorrows to my breast!—
—Ah! why in your own precious life, expose
Your kingdom's safety, and your consort's peace!
—Let me restrain you from the field to day.—
There is no fame—no glory to be won
From a revolter's brow.—

KING.

The public weal
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,
When I reject the call!—

QUEEN.

Ill-omen'd call!
That like the raven's croak invades my quiet!
O! would to Heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace!
Remote from royalty, and all the cares
That brood around the throne!—

KING.

No, let us scorn
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
When public misery implores our aid.—
What dignity of transport feels the prince,
Who, from the pangs of fierce oppressive power,
A people rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful host
Of dangers 'circle him!

KING.

Disease confers
The stamp of value upon health; and glory
Is the fair child of peril.—Thou thyself
My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind
Its native calm regains, and reason sways
Unchec'k'd by fear———Secure 'till my return
Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge
Foreboding my success.—

QUEEN.

Adieu—Adieu!
Heav'n crown your valour with a wreath.
[*Exit Queen.*

KING, *to an attendant.*

Swift, hie thee to Dunbar, and bid him lead
The chosen citizens———

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING *attended,* RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal chance!
The traitor Grime, with a selected band,
(While Angus, press'd on every side, sustains
Th' unequal fight) a secret path pursu'd
Around the hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpris'd the eastern gate;—the citizens,
With consternation smote, before his arms
In rout disorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the wheel
Of fate full circle rolls to crush me down!
Nor leaves one pause for conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My fortunes like a king—haste and collect
The scattered parties—Let us not submit
'Ere yet subdu'd—to arms! [*Drawing.*

RAMSAY.

Alas my prince!
The convent is beset—Hark! while we speak
The gates are burst—Behold—

KING.

We must prevent
The pangs of ling'ring misery, and fall
With honour, as we liv'd—

SCENE X.

KING *attended,* RAMSAY. GRIME *with followers bursting in.*

KING.

What bold contempt

Of majesty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private scenes?

GRIME.

The hour is fled,
That saw thy wanton tyranny impose
The galling yoke—Yes, I am come to wrest
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I serve.

KING.

Outrageous wretch!
Grown old in treachery! whose soul untam'd,
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain!
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

GRIME.

That I yet breathe
This ambient air, and tread this Earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.—
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions reft
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsome dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;
Thou durst not shed my blood!—the purple stream
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud oppressor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverse to truth!—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,
Thy conscious malice knows—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The justice of my reign.

GRIME.

Vain were th' attempt
With artifice of words to sooth my rage,
More deaf to mercy, than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge
Thy blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then:
Or sink beneath mine arm.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see
A deed so abject vilify my name—
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
Still streams within my veins; my courage soars
Superior to a ruffian's threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,
And hew them piece-meal.

[*King, Ramsay, and attendants drive off Grime and his followers; but are afterwards overpowered and disarmed.*

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
Thy subjects, guards and thunder of thy throne,
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives.

[*Exeunt King, Ramsay, &c. guarded.*

SCENE XI.

Enter a Soldier to Grime.

SOLDIER.

A troop of horsemen have possessed the gate
By which we gain'd the city.—

GRIME.

Blast them, Hell!
We must retreat another way, and leave
Our aim unfinish'd!—Our victorious swords
At least shall guard the treasure they have won.
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain,
His whelps forlorn, an easy prey remain.

ACT III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN,

QUEEN.

WHAT from the battlements hast thou descry'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing distinct, my queen—Involv'd in clouds
Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continued doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
And clatt'ring armour; 'till at length, the noise
In distant murmurs dy'd—O'er all the plain,
Now a dread stillness reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is lost!
Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke!—
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
And feed productive woe?—Where shall the groans
Of innocence deserted find redress!
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n
Its pity and protection has withdrawn!
Earth yield me refuge then!—give me to lie
Within thy cheerless bosom!—there, put off
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
The load of my distress!

ELEONORA.

Alas! my queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring!
How shall I from my own despair collect
Assuasive balm?—Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my sire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief
Can scarce afford a tear!

QUEEN.

O luxury
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells
Too big for utterance, the silent streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail;
O my lost lord!—O save him—save him, powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle remedy to sooth

The soul's disorder; lull the jarring thoughts,
And with fair images amuse the mind?
—Come, smiling Hope—divine illusion! come
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs
Of misery and pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed,
Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam
Of wand'ring hope, how vain soe'er or false,
Our invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will death deliver me? —Shall I not rest
Within the peaceful tomb, where may I sleep
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks
Of stormy life!—No sounds disturb the grave
Of murder'd husbands!—Or the dismal scream
Of infants perishing.—Ha! whither leads
Imagination!—Must ye perish then,
Ye tender blossoms?—Must the lofty oak
That gave you life, and shelter'd you from harm,
Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony
Of fond distraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!—behold where comes
The warlike son of March!—What, if he brings
The news of victory!

QUEEN.

My soul alarm'd
With cageerness and terrour waits her doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, youth, how fares the king!

DUNBAR.

Fair princess, hail!
To you my duty and my speed were bent—
Your royal consort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!
Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal snares
Which had enclos'd him!

DUNBAR.

To their hills repell'd,
The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm—
He bade me fly before him to the queen;
With the glad tidings cheer her drooping soul;
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine
Himself will soon adore.

QUEEN.

Will he then come
And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek!—
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my queen's distress.—
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,
That it might fall more grievous.—By the faith
Of my allegiance, hither speeds the king,
By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome messenger!—How sweetly sounds
Thy prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the morn,
To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,
Brings balmy slumber, ease and hope and health!
O wondrous destiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus on my queen
May fortune ever smile.—May bliss to bliss
Succeed, a tranquil scene!—Say, noble youth,
Returns my sire in safety from the field?—

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form.—
In war's variety, mine eyes have seen
Variety of valour and of skill:
But such united excellence of both—
Such art to baffle and amuse the foe;—
Such intrepidity to execute
Repeated efforts,—never, save in him,
My observation trac'd!—Our monarch's acts
My feeble praise would sully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy words, like genial showers to the parch'd [earth,
Refresh my languid soul!—

QUEEN.

The trumpet swells!
My conqueror approaches!—Let me fly
With ecstacy of love into his arms!—
He comes!—the victor comes!

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

KING, *embracing the queen.*

My better part!
My soul's chief residence!—My love! my queen!
Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
Ev'n too profusely!

QUEEN.

Celebrate this hour
Ye songs of angels! and ye sons of Earth,
Keep festival!—My monarch is return'd!
I fold him in these arms!—I hear his voice—
His love soft-chiding!—

KING.

O ye powers benign!
What words can speak the rapture of my soul!
Come to my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,
Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth
And twines around my heart!

QUEEN.

Mysterious fate!
My wishes are complete!—Yet, I must ask
A thousand things impertinently fond! [king,
How did you 'scape?—What angel's hand, my
Preserv'd you from destruction?

KING.

Heav'n, indeed,
Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief
The son of March, who, with a chosen few,
Deliver'd me from Grime:—Thence to the field
We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword
Of Angus had well nigh achiev'd before.

QUEEN *to* DUNBAR.

How shall acknowledgment enough reward
Thy worth unparallel'd?

KING.

Now, by my throne!
Not my own issue shall engross me more

Than thou, heroic youth!—Th' insulting foe,
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.—
An audience have I promis'd.—Ere the hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
Refresh my weary'd limbs.—
[*Exeunt King, Queen, attendants.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown to day
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head.

DUNBAR.

What boots it, that my fortune decks me thus
With unsubstantial plumes; when my heart groans
Beneath the gay caparison, and love
With unrequited passion wounds my soul!

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
To me for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurse
The slow-consuming fire.—

DUNBAR.

Heav'n's!—what are all
The boasted charms, that with such wond'rous [power
Attach thee to my rival?—Far from me
Be the vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn,
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart,
Thy preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! Dunbar,
My judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
My love and my esteem:—But trust me, youth,
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach:
Immers'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
By thy superior merit and success:
Yet ev'n this Stuart,—for I would not wrong
Thine expectation,—still retains a part
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love! [kings,
Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of
Disgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize
Of a divided heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witness Heav'n
I love not on such terms!—Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling maid! for ever, to deplore
Thy unabating rigour!—The rude flint
Yields to th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,
Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains—
Unmov'd by my complaint!

ELEONORA.

My father comes!
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power
That screen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Rise, my child,
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!
Such innocence endearing gently stole
Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd
Love's tender languishment, when to my view
Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!
[*Turning to Dunbar.*
Come to my arms, Dunbar!—To shield from death
A parent, is the venerable act
Of the most pious duty.—Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my son!—The rebel chiefs
Secure in my safe conduct, wait without
The promis'd audience.—To the king repair,
And signify their presence.— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,
Behold the undaunted youth, who stept between
The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
And by the foe surrounded, I had sunk
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
Had not that instant to my rescue sprung.—
Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm
Releas'd, I know not, headlong rush'd against me,
My vigilant deliverer oppos'd
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
Soon prostrate fell.—

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?
O! speak, my father.—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this alarm!
Let me not find thy bosom entertain
A sentiment unworthy of thy name!—
The gen'rous victor gave him back his life;
And cry'd aloud, "This sacrifice I make
For Eleonora's love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless youth!
His virtues conquer'd my esteem, before:
But now, my grateful sentiment inflames
Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid power
I would not bridle thy reluctant thought:
Yet, let me, with parental care, commend
The passion of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer garb
His title could not wear:—But when I think
What rocks in secret lie—what tempests rise
On love's deceitful voyage; my timid soul
Recoils affrighted, and with horrour shuns
Th' inviting calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my child, and weigh
The diff'rent claims.—Here, glory, love, and truth

Implore thy smiles:—there, vice with brutal rage
Would force thee to his wishes—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I must attend
My sov'reign in his interview with Athol.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to another apartment.*

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to fortune ow'd, our arms have paid:
But let us now the changeling pow'r renounce.—
Unhappy those, who hazard their designs
On her without reserve!

GRIME.

Our plan pursu'd
A purpose more assur'd:—With conquest crown'd,
Our aim indeed, a fairer wreath had worn:
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue
Our swords shall force success!—

ATHOL.

Th' approaching scene
Demands our utmost arts! not with tame sighs
To bend before his throne, and supplicate
His clemency, like slaves; nor to provoke
With pride of speech his anger half appeas'd:
But with submission mingle (as we speak)
A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd
For all events.—

GRIME.

Without the city-walls,
The southern troops encamp'd, already fill
The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—

ATHOL.

By Heav'n! their flush'd intemperance will yield
Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie, [lurk
With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that
Behind th' adjacent hills, shall, in the dark,
Approach the gate when our associate Cattan
Commands the guard; then, introduc'd by him,
We take, with ease, possession of the town,
And hither move unmark'd.—

GRIME.

Here, if we fail,
May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath
My well-try'd dagger; nor my hungry hate
Enjoy the savoury steam of hostile gore!

ATHOL.

How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy!
I see me seated in the regal chair,
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—
But this important enterprise demands
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
Will much avail: but his unpractis'd youth
To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last resolve.—

GRIME.

It shall be mine,
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand curses load
Th' ambitious stripling!

Enter DUNBAR.

By the king's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.— *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING *seated.* ANGUS, *attendants.*

Enter ATHOL, GRIME, *introduced by* DUNBAR.

KING.

It is not well—it is not well we meet
On terms like these!—I should have found in Athol
A trusty counsellor and steady friend:
And better would it suit thy rev'rend age,
Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,
To hush ill-judging clamour, and cement
Divided factions to my throne again,
Than thus embroil the state.—

ATHOL.

My present aim
Is to repair, not widen more, the breach
That discord made between us: this, my liege,
Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke
Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
On terms which equally become us both,
Our int'rests re-unite.

KING.

Hah!—reunite!
By Heav'n, thy proud demeanor more befits
A sov'reign than a subject!—Reunite!—
How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord!
And with an helmet load that hoary head
To wage rebellious war!

ATHOL.

The sword of Athol
Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs
His country suffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'st thou to my face
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus thy guilt
My clemency implores?

ATHOL.

Not yet so low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footstool:—In our camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.—

KING, *rising hastily.*

Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back!—
Away.—Now, by the mighty soul of Bruce!
Thou shalt be met.—And if thy savage clans
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into dust.—Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their camp.—

ATHOL.

Forgive, my prince,
If on my own integrity of heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,
But with your measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd:
Your sacred person, family, and throne
My purpose still rever'd.—

KING.

O wretched plea!
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy discontent.—Ye live not in a reign
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her state.—I charge thee, say
What lawless measures has my pow'r pursu'd?

ATHOL.

I come, to mitigate your royal wrath
With sorrow and submission; not to sum
The motives which compell'd me to the field.—

KING.

I found your miserable state reduc'd
To ruin and despair:—your cities drench'd
In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:
All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:—
No industry, save what with hands impure
Distress'd the commonwealth:—no laws in force,
To screen the poor and check the guilty great;
While squalid Famine join'd her sister fiend,
Devouring Pestilence, to curse the scene!—
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole:
And lo! my recompense!—But I relapse.—
What is your suit?—

ATHOL.

We sue, my liege, for peace.—

KING.

Say, that my lenity shall grant your prayer,
How, for the future, shall I rest assur'd
Of your allegiance?

ATHOL.

Stuart shall be left
The pledge of our behaviour.—

KING.

And your arms,
Ere noon to morrow, shall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This, too, shall be perform'd.—

KING.

Then mark me, thane,—
Because the loins, from whence my father sprung,
On thee too life bestow'd; enjoy the gift.—
I pardon what is past.—In peace consume
The winter of thy days.—But, if ye light
Th' extinguish'd brand again, and brave my throne
With new commotions—by th' eternal power!
No future guile, submission, or regard
Shall check my indignation!—I will pour
My vengeance in full volley; and the earth
Shall dread to yield you succour or resource!
Of this, no more.—Thy kinsman shall remain
With us, an hostage of thy promis'd faith.—
So shall our mercy with our prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

This solitude but more foments despair!
Recals—compares—and to th' incessant pangs
Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!—
O! what a miserable slave am I!—
Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' abyss [thought.
Of mutt'ring Horrour, curs'd from thought to
—Hah, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!
Her hissing snakes arouse—her torch inflames
My madd'ning soul!—Yes,—if he thus permits
My feet to range at will; my 'vengeful hand
Will soon requite him.— [*Enter Grime.*

SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?
Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,
Observes a sudden cloud o'erhang thy brow.—
Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,
A mute aversion to his love, secludes
Thy lonely steps—

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
The cause accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—
And freed by whom!—there's poison in the thought!
—Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?

GRIME.

Thou dwell'st on that too much.—Few live exempt
From disappointment and disgrace, who run
Ambition's rapid course.—Inur'd to pain,
The harden'd soul, at last, forgets to feel
The scourge of fate; and fearless rushes on
To deeds advent'rous.—

STUART.

Who shall frame th' attempt
That Stuart dreads t' achieve?—Not pestilence,
Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound
My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,
For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,
Since, not the voice of Heav'n itself can lure
My honour back again—what pow'r of Hell
Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?—

GRIME.

Ha! didst thou say revenge?—Hail, sable pow'r,
To me more dear than riches or renown!
What gloomy joy, to drench the dagger deep
In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!
My fortune thwarted; or essay'd by fraud
To poison my delights!—

STUART.

Ha! thou hast rous'd
The scorpion-thought that stings me!—
—Mark me, Grime,—
Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus:
If conquest for the foe declar'd to day,
Our arms again the vagrant might compel,
And chain her to our side.—But know, my love
Has been defrauded!—Eleonora's heart
That wretch invades.—That ravisher, who cropp'd
My budding fame and sunk me to reproach!
He, whom my jealousy, in all its rage,
Hath singled for destruction!—

GRIME.

He shall die!—

STUART.

Yes, he shall die!—He shall be flea'd—impal'd!
And his torn bowels thrown to beasts of prey;—
My savage hate shall on his tortures feed!
I will have vengeance!

GRIME.

Would'st thou have it full,
Include his patrons.—

STUART.

Ha!—What shall my arm
Unsheath the secret steel!

GRIME.

Yes.—Strike at once,
For liberty, ambition, and revenge.—
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;
And all his offspring swell the sanguine stream.
Let Angus perish too.—

STUART.

O wond'rous plan
Of unrestrain'd barbarity!—It suits
The horrours of my bosom!—All!—What all?
In slaughter'd heaps!—The progeny and sire!—
To sluice them in th' unguarded hour of rest!—
Infernal sacrifice!—dire—ev'n too dire
For my despair!—To me what have they done
To merit such returns?—No, my revenge
Demands the blood of one, and he shall fall.—

GRIME.

It shall suffice—Dunbar shall bleed alone.—
But let us seize him on the verge of bliss;
When the fond maid's enkindling looks confess
The flames of bashful love: when eager joy,
And modest fear, by turns exalt the blush
To a more fervid glow.—When Eleonora
Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd view,
And smiles him to her arms.—

STUART.

Hah!—Light'ning sooth
Thy tongue, blasphemer!—Sooner may this globe
Be hurl'd to the profound abyss of Hell!—
But vain are words.—This is no place—remember,
He shall not triumph thus!—Thou hast bely'd him—
He means it not.—Nor will the syren smile—
No, Grime,—she dares not smile him to her arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, she yields
Her plighted faith, this hour.—But see!—the maid
Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Haste, leave me, Grime!
My soul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
Love, jealousy, implacable despair
In tempests wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou shalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic rage may rashly overturn
Our whole design!—

STUART.

Let me not urge again
Thy swift departure!—hence—I come anon.—
[*Exit Grime.*

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
Our mutual jealousies; and breath'd anew
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
One adverse thought to constancy and me?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame?—
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?
And shall my love be to the breast confin'd
Where treason in her darkest hue presides!—
No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
From my abhorrent thoughts!—

STUART.

Not all this pride
Of mimic virtue—not all th' assembled host
Of female wiles, how exquisite soe'er,
Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw
Thy tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue
Seduce me to thy faithless arms, again?

ELEONORA.

Is this the testimony of thy love?
This thy asserted honour! to revile
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
My duty—to forget thee—Dost thou ask
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
There needed none.—The measure of thy guilt
Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd
Offences to excess: in battle fought
Against thy king; and sought, with lifted arm,
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the honour of my name forbids
Our fates to join! and it shall ne'er be said,
That Eleonora, lost to glory, took
A traitor to her bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious witch!
Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging minister of broken faith!
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
Or—mark me—punish, with thy guilty blood,
Thy perjury and fraud!

ELEONORA.

Wilt thou attempt
To gain, by menaces, what the soft sigh
Of plaintive anguish would implore in vain?
Here strike—and let thy ruthless poniard drink
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
In virtue's cause; and ev'ry soil enrich'd,
From wintry Scania to the sacred vale
Where Lebanon exalts his lofty brow.—

STUART.

Egregious sorc'ress!—give me back my peace—
Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth
Adorn'd in all its splendour, and elate
With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!—
Ere yet thy spells had discomposed my brain,
Unstrung my arm, and laid me in the dust,
Beneath a rival's feet!

ELEONORA.

Hear all ye powers!
He claims of me, what his own conscious guilt
Hath robb'd him of.—And dost thou look for peace

In my afflicted bosom?—There, indeed,
Thine image dwells with solitude and care,
Amid the devastation thou hast made! [*Weeps.*

STUART.

O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drops
Which fall, but to ensnare!—Thy specious words
Shall sooner lull the sounding surge, than check
The fury that impels me!—Yet—by Heav'n,
Thou art divinely fair! and thy distress
With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—
Wert thou not false as Hell, not Paradise
Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn
My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;
And from my sense exclude the soothing sound
Of thy enchanting tongue.—Yet—yet renounce
Thine infidelity—To thine embrace
Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
Speak peace to his distracted soul; and ease
The tortures of his bosom!—

ELEONORA.

Hapless youth!
My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—
O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!
Here would I kneel, a suppliant to Heav'n,
In thy behalf; and offer to the grave
The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear
Our days of pleasure are for ever past!

STUART.

O thou hast joy and horrour in thy gift!
And sway'st my soul at will!—bless'd in thy love,
The memory of sorrow and disgrace,
That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake
My raptur'd thought, and Hell should plot in vain,
To sever us again!—O! let me clasp thee,
Thou charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

Forbear, fond youth,
Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd
Eternal bars between us;

STUART.

Ha!—what bars?

ELEONORA.

A sacrifice demanded by my sire—
A vow—

STUART.

Perdition!—Say what vow, rash maid!

ELEONORA.

A fatal vow! that blasts our mutual love—

STUART.

Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—
A vow that to my rival gives thee up!—
Shall he then trample on my soul at last!—
Mock my revenge, and laugh at my despair!
Ha! shall he rifle all thy sweets, at will,
And riot in the transports due to me?
Th' accursed image whirls around my brain!—
He pants with rapture!—Horrour to my soul!
He surfeits on delight!—

ELEONORA.

O gentle Heav'n!
Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend
In dews of peace!—Why roll with fiery gleam
Thy starting eye-balls?—Why on thy pale cheek
Trembles fell rage!—and why sustains thy frame
This universal shock?—Is it, alas!
That I have sworn, I never will be thine?—
True, this I swore—

STUART.

Hah!—never to be mine!
Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage!— [means
Be witness, Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell! she
To glad the bosom of my foe!—Come then
Infernal vengeance! aid me to perform
A deed that fiends themselves will weep to see!
[*Draws.*
Thus, let me blast his full-bloom'd———

Enter DUNBAR, *who interposes.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold
Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury, 'scap'd from Hell,
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood
Of such excelling goodness?—

STUART.

Infamy
Like mine deface the glories of thy name!
What busy demon sent thee hither, now,
My vengeance to defeat?—The hour is come—
The hour is come at last, that must decide
For ever our pretentions!

DUNBAR.

Whatsoe'er
Thy hate could meditate against my life,
My nature might forgive: but this attempt
Divests my soul of mercy—

STUART.

Guide my point
Ye pow'rs of darkness, to my rival's heart,
Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*

ELEONORA.

Restrain—restrain
Your mutual frenzy!—Horrour!—help—behold—
Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge
Your poniards here! and in its fatal source
Your enmity assuage!—

STUART, *falling.*

It will not be—
Thy fortune hath eclips'd me: and the shades
Of death environ me.—Yet, what is death
When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal
Of glory, never—never to be broke!—
O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour!
My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd
With thy approaching nuptials! and my soul
Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands
In woeful attitude?—ah! wherefore lift
Thy streaming eyes to Heav'n; while the deep
Dilates thy lab'ring breast? [groan

ELEONORA.

This is too much—
This is too much to bear!—thou hast destroy'd
My last remains of peace!

DUNBAR.

And, was thy peace
Deposited in him?—In him who rais'd
His impious hand to kill thee!—Is it well
To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow
That rescu'd thee from death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,
No, Heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—
Yet thy protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd
Such terrible success—How pale appear
These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour [glow'd!
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!—
Did he not call me with his latest breath!—
He would have said—but cruel fate control'd
His fault'ring tongue!——He would have said,
"For thee,
For thee, false maid, I perish undeplor'd!"
O! hadst thou known how obstinately true
My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,
My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd
To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My persecuted truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine eyes
From the sad object!—Turn thy melting thoughts
From the disast'rous theme, and look on me—
On me who would with ecstacy resign
This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall,
Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

ELEONORA.

Thy death such lamentation would not move,
More envy'd than bemoan'd; thy memory
Would still be cherish'd; and thy name survive
To latest ages in immortal bloom—
Ah, 'tis not so with him!—He leaves behind
No dear remembrance of unsully'd fame!
No monument of glory, to defy [shame!
The storms of time!—Nought but reproach and
Nought, but perpetual slander, brooding o'er
His reputation lost!—O fearful scene
Of dire existence, that must never close!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS *entering*, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, *attendants*.

ANGUS.

What sound of female woe—Ha! Stuart slain!
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cause!—
[*To Eleonora.*

ELEONORA.

Too well my father has divin'd the cause
Of their unhappy strife!—Wherefore, ye powers!
Am I to misery deliver'd up!
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick
On my poor head!

ANGUS *to Dunbar.*

How durst your lawless rage
Profane this sacred place with private brawl?

DUNBAR.

By Heav'n! no place, how much soe'er rever'd,
Shall screen th' assassin who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast!

ANGUS.

Ha! were his aims so merciless?—Too just
The vengeance that o'ertook him!—But the event
With this unstable juncture ill accords!—
Remove the body.—Thou meanwhile retire,
Thy presence may awake, or aggravate
The rage of Athol. [*The body is removed.*

DUNBAR.

Therefore I obey.—
And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'st
Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,
When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom
With vernal freshness, and again unfold
Thy beauties to the Sun! [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Let us, my child,
Lament with steadiness those ills that flow
From our mishap: yet therefore not ascribe
To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,
The guilt of accident.—Thou hast enough
Denoted thy concern—Let me not think
Thy sorrow hath espoused a traitor's cause.

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me the hard-won palm
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest
Internal anguish?—Will it yield me peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiscreet affliction shall not plead
Against thee, with me, now.—Remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour still
A guilty flame; to thy assistance call
That noble pride and dignity of scorn,
Which warms, exalts, and purifies the soul—
But I will trust thee to thyself.—Withdraw;
For Athol comes, and on his visage low'rs
A storm of wrath. [*Exit Eleonora.*

SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are these the fair effects
Of our submission!—These the promis'd fruits
Of amity restor'd!—To violate
The laws of hospitality—To guide
The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,
And sacrifice your guests!

ANGUS.

That Athol mourns
This unforeseen severity of fate,
I marvel not.—My own paternal sense
Is wak'd by sympathy; and I condole
His interesting loss.——But thus to tax
Our blameless faith with traitorous design,
Not with our pure integrity conforms,
Nor with thy duty, thane.

ATHOL.

Ha! who art thou,
That I should bear thy censure and reproof?—
Not protestation, nor th' affected air
Of sympathy and candour, shall amuse
My strong conception, nor elude the cry
Of justice and revenge!

ANGUS.

Had justice crav'd
With rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
How hadst thou far'd?—Say, what has plac'd thy deeds
Above my censure?—Let this day's event
Proclaim how far I merit thy disdain.—
That my humanity is misconceived
Not much alarms my wonder: conscious fraud
Still harbours with suspicion.—Let me tell thee—
The fate of Stuart was supremely just.
Th' untimely stroke his savage heart prepar'd
Against the guiltless breast of Eleonora,
Avenging Heav'n retorted on himself.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy probity would end,
Disguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,
Should this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure
In thy protection, or th' unjust extent
Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread
The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
And blood shall answer blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the king!—

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud thanes, why are you found oppos'd
In loud revilings?—You, that should promote
By fair example, unity and peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not cause to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge
Of love fraternal, sooth'd my bending age:
Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
From my parental arms; and left, alas!
This sapless trunk, to stretch its wither'd boughs
To you for justice!—Justice then I crave.

KING.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
How great soe'er the offender, or the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile:
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king!
Say, freely, thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And were he dear as her who shares our throne,
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge
The son of March with perfidy and murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve
Your royal confidence.—Dunbar has slain
The kinsman of this thane; yet fell he not
By murder, cowardice, or foul design.
The sword of Stuart was already drawn
To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
By Heav'n dir cted hither, interpos'd,
Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
His rival's fury on his hapless head.

ATHOL.

Must I refer me to the partial voice
Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
The tainted evidence, and rather claim
The combat proof.—Enfeebled are my limbs
With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung,
Yet shall the justice of my cause recall
My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,
Swell ev'ry sinew, strengthen ev'ry limb,
And crown me with success—Behold my gage,
I wait for justice.

KING.

Justice shalt thou have—
Nor shall an equitable claim depend
On such precarious issue.—Who shall guard
The weak from violence, if brutal force
May vindicate oppression.—Truth alone
Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbiass'd sway
Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar
Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge.
[*To Angus. Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curse on the smooth dissembler!——Welcome,
My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage [Grime.
Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd
Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds
I give the phantom.—May this carcase rot,
A loathsome banquet to the fowls of Heav'n,
If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound
The progress of my hate!

GRIME.

What means my prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy youth is slain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—
He was a peevish stripling, prone to change.
[*Aside.*
—Vain is condolence.—Let our swords be swift
To sate his hov'ring shade.—I have confer'd
With trusty Cattan, our design explain'd,
And his full aid secur'd.—To night he rules
The middle watch.—The clans already move
In silence o'er the plain.

ATHOL.

Come then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lopp'd,
But they will sprout again: my vig'rous trunk
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again, project an awful shade.

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! THIS was more than the ill-sorted train

Of undetermin'd fancy!—This convey'd
No loose imperfect images: but all
Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand
Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those signs—
Your guardian angel dictates.—O, my prince!
Let not your blind security disgrace
The merit of your prudence.

KING.

No, my queen,
Let us avoid the opposite extremes
Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.—
Already hath our vigilance perform'd
What caution justifies: and for thy dream;
As such consider it—the vain effect
Of an imagination long disturb'd.—
Life with substantial ills enough is curs'd:
Why should we then, with frantic zeal, pursue
Unreal care; and, with th' illusive form
Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
Our reason from her throne?

QUEEN.

In all your course
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
When my fond soul suffer'd the successive pangs
Of fond impatience and repressive fear;
When ev'ry reeking messenger from France,
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,
And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale
That spoke your praise; say, did my weak despair
Recal you from the race?—Did not my heart
Espouse your fame, and patiently await
The end of your career?—O! by the joys
I felt at your return, when smiling love
Secure, with rapture reign'd.—O! by these tears,
Which seldom plead; indulge my boding soul!
Arouse your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard
The convent with a chosen band.—The soul
Of treason is abroad!

KING.

Ye ruling powers!
Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,
When my degen'rate breast becomes the haunt
Of haggard fear.—O! what a wretch is he,
Whose fev'rous life, devoted to the gloom
Of superstition, feels the incessant throb
Of ghastly panic!—In whose startled ear
The knell still deepens, and the raven croaks!

QUEEN.

Vain be my terrours—my presages vain—
Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
And my repose restore!—Not for myself—
Not to prolong the season of my life,
Am I thus suppliant! Ah no! for you—
For you whose being gladdens and protects
A grateful people.—You, whose parent boughs
Defend your tender offspring from the blasts
That soon would tear them up!—For you the source
Of all our happiness and peace I fear! [*Kneels.*

KING.

Arise, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd
Of melting pity and of tender love!
Thou shalt be satisfy'd.—Is ev'ry guard
By Angus visited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my liege,
With Ramsay and his troop, he scours the plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his charge—the lib'ral hand
Of bounty will have nothing to bestow,
Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
Who rules the nightly watch?

DUNBAR.

To Cattan's care
The city guard is subject.

KING.

I have mark'd
Much valour in him.—Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him with a chosen few surround
The cloisters of the convent; and remain
'Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.
[*Exit Dunbar.*
Thus shall repose, with glad assurance, waft
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems inclin'd
To recompense us for the day's disgrace.—
Our band, conceal'd within the cloisters, wait
With eagerness and joy the auspicious hour,
To perpetrate the deed. It now remains,
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His share of this great enterprise assign.—
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
The usurper and his progeny to death:
His power and principles will still supply
Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts
Can ne'er surmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our swords prevent
All further opposition, and at once
Dismiss him to the shades.

GRIME.

Thine be the task—
I know with what just indignation burns
Thy gen'rous hate, against the partial thane,
Who, to thine age and services, preferr'd
A raw unpractis'd stripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—no more.
The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid blow,
To his apartment thou shalt move alone;
Nor will pretence be wanting: say, thou bring'st
Intelligence important, that demands
His instant ear:—Then shalt thou find thy foe
Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my tongue
Instruct thee further?

CATTAN.

No, let my revenge
Suggest what follows—By the pow'rs of Hell!
I will be drunk with vengeance!

GRIME.

To thy guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns

With Ramsay from the plain.—But see! they come,
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An apartment.*

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By Heav'ns it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town:
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

ANGUS.

But that I consult
My king's tranquillity, and would not wake
The affrighted citizens with alarm,
An hundred trumpets should this instant raise
Their brazen throats together, and arouse
Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
And with thy uninfected troops attend
To ev'ry motion of th' incertain night.
[*Exit Ramsay.*

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now, the loud tempest of the toilful day
Subsides into a calm.—And yet my soul
Still labours thro' the storm!—By day or night,
In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy: for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble lord,
Within the portal as I kept my watch,
Swift gliding shadows by the glimm'ring Moon
I could perceive, in forms of armed men,
Possess the space that borders on the porch—
I question'd thrice; they yielded no reply:
And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,
Wait your command.

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the place—
Foul treason is at work!—

CATTAN.

It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd,—Courageous thane,
Receive this dagger,—
[*Attempts to stab Angus, who wrests the dagger from him and kills him.*]

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious slave!
What means this base attempt?—Thou shalt not 'scape.

CATTAN.

Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike
The poniard to thy heart!—How like a dog
I tamely fall despis'd!

ANGUS.

Fell ruffian! say,
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!—

CATTAN.

Just are thy terrours.—By the infernal gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the abyss with joy, could the success
Of Athol feast my sense!
[*A noise of clashing swords and shrieks.*
—Hah!—now the sword
Of slaughter smoaks!—Th' exulting thane surveys
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime
With purple honour deck'd—

ANGUS.

Tremendous powers!

CATTAN.

O'er the fall'n tyrant strides.— [*Dies.*

ANGUS.

Heav'n shield us all!
Amazing horrour chills me!—Ha, Dunbar!
Then treason triumphs!—O my soul! my son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR *wounded.*

DUNBAR.

I sought thee, noble thane, while yet my limbs
Obey their lord.—I sought thee, to unfold
My zealous soul, ere yet she takes her flight—
Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king
Transfix'd a lifeless corse! and saw this arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—

ANGUS.

Weep Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is slain—
Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
If yet thy strength permits, how this befel.

DUNBAR.

A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
By Athol, lurk'd behind the adjacent hills:
These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
Admitted to the city, join'd their power
With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.
To the sad scene, ere I could force my way,
Our monarch was no more! Around him lay
A heap of traitors, whom his single arm
Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,
Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious victims!—O disast'rous fate!
Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
To wanton thus in royal blood!

DUNBAR.

O thane!
How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
How will thy fond parental heart be rent
With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates
The fate of Eleonora!

ANGUS.

Ha!—my fears
Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,
How fares my child!

DUNBAR.

The shades of endless night
Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,
And with her snowy arms supply'd a bolt
To bar their entrance:—But the barb'rous crew
Broke in impetuous, crush'd her slender limb,
When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
"Behold the sorc'ress whose accursed charms
Betray'd the youth; and whose invet'rate sire
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
This for revenge!"—then plung'd it in her breast!—

ANGUS.

Infernal homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own
He vanquish'd me indeed!—What though I rush'd
Thro' many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart
Imbru'd my faithful steel.—But see, where comes,
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA *wounded and supported.*

ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind concern.—
Ah! who with parent tenderness will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains!
[*Swoons.*

ANGUS.

O misery!—look up—thy father calls—
[*Embracing her.*

ELEONORA.

What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father!—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—Yes, he survives
The havoc of this night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t' avenge his murder'd prince,
To save his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory farther still!

ANGUS.

And is it thus,
The melting parent clasps his darling child!
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs
Of complicated woe!

DUNBAR.

The public craves
Immediate aid from thee—But I wax weak.—
Our infant king, surrounded in the fort,
Demands thy present help.—

ANGUS.

Yes, loyal youth!
Thy glorious wounds instruct me what I owe
To my young sov'reign, and my country's peace!
But how shall I sustain the rav'nous tribe
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal master falls, my country groans,
And cruel fate has ravish'd from my side
My dearest daughter and my best-lov'd friend!

DUNBAR.

Thy praise shall be thy daughter; and thy friend
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest breast.

ANGUS.

Must we then part for ever!—What a plan
Of peaceful happiness my hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,
How fast thy sweets consume!—come to my arms,
That I may taste them ere they fleet away!
[*Embracing her.*
O exquisite distress!

ELEONORA.

For me, my father,
For me let not the bootless tear distil.—
Soon shall I be with those, who rest secure
From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear
Thy cheering voice again!—a long farewell!
[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our shorten'd race of life be run.—
Our day already hastens to its close;
And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
The tossing wave from which I shall be free,
No rest will greet me on the silent shore,
If Eleonora sends me hence unbless'd.

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd passion, when we parted last,
Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
With horrour was beheld: but reason now
With genial mildness beams upon my soul,
And represents thee justly, as thou art—
The tend'rest lover and the gentlest friend.

DUNBAR.

O transport, to my breast unknown before!
Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings
Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart
Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
To my exhausted spirits!—but, alas!
Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace
Its precious channels!—on thy polish'd cheek
The blowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes
Death sheds a misty languor!

ELEONORA.

Let me lean

Upon thy friendly arm—Yet, O retire!
That guilty arm—Say, did it ne'er rebel
Against my peace?—But let me not revolve
Those sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raise
That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! so low!
And from the verge of death my life recall,
What joy could visit my forlorn estate,
Self-doom'd to hopeless woe!

DUNBAR.

Must I then wander,
A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,
And groan for ever under thy reproach!

ELEONORA.

Ah no, thou faithful youth! shall I repay
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
May no repose embrace me in the tomb,
If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall
With sister-woe!—thy passion has not reap'd
The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale minister of Fate,
Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd ear
Let the last music of this dying swan
Steal in soft blanishment, divinely sweet!
Then strike th' unerring blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus our hopes,
Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the sun of joy
Matured them into fruit, repine not, youth.—
Life hath its various seasons, as the year;
And after clust'ring autumn—but I faint—
Support me nearer—in rich harvest's rear
Bleak winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
The leaden hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
Thine image swims before my straining eye.—
—And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word!
—Not one farewel!—Alas! that dismal groan
Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers,
Protect my father, show'r upon his ——— Oh!
[*Dies.*

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
In mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come—
Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
And held attention captive!—Let me kiss
This pale deserted temple of my joy!
This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—
Thro' all my veins he shivers like the north—
O Eleonora! as my flowing blood
Is mix'd with thine—so may our mingling souls
To bliss supernal wing our happy——Oh!
[*Dies.*

SCENE the last.

ANGUS, RAMSAY. ATHOL, &c. *prisoners.*

ANGUS.

Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm achiev'd,
Courageous Ramsay; and thy name shall live
For ever in the annals of renown.—
—But, see, where silent as the noon of night
These lovers lie!—rest—rest, ill-fated pair!
Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell
Within the breast of Angus; and his love
Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd!

ANGUS, *to Athol.*

O bloody author of this night's mishap!
Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood
Of majesty distain'd!—Contemplate here
The havoc of thy crimes! and then bethink thee
What vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With insolence of speech
How dares thy tongue licentious, thus insult
Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal
Espous'd a sinking cause.—But thou may'st still
Deserve my future favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou stain
Of fair nobility!—thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who hast crept
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views?

ATHOL.

Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful prince.—Yes, talking lord,
The day will soon appear, when I shall rise
In majesty and terrour, to assert
My country's freedom; and at last, avenge
My own peculiar wrongs.—When thou and all
Those grov'ling sycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,
Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing slaves!
Unchain your king; and teach your humble mouths
To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet.—
[*To the guard.*

ANGUS.

The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
Return, before thy carcase be cast forth,
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beasts of prey—
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air,
The monument of treason.—

ATHOL.

Empty threat!
Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou shalt be
An iron crown intensely hot shall gird [crown'd—
Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd
Acclaims thee king of traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of fire!—
Ha! said'st thou, lord!—a glowing iron crown
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
Myself awake to misery and shame!
Ye sceptres, diadems, and rolling trains [dreams
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those

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Of idle superstition, that ensnare
Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!
Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated hopes! and may despair
Descend in pestilence on all mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy curse just Heav'n retorts upon thyself!
To separate dungeons lead the regicides.—
[*Exit guard with the prisoners.*
From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire!
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire:
From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul!
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage control;
'Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!

PROLOGUE TO THE REPRISAL,

SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

An ancient sage, when Death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
With vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the devil:
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.
Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.
Here Justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.
So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dullness is—prepense.
He means to please—he owns no other view,
And now presents you with—a sea ragout.
A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours.
A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar.
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the dessert shall be a bloodless battle.
What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.
Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners farin'd the Gallic shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still shall that god-like flame your bosoms fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the sire;
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.

SONG

FROM THE REPRISAL.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone my dear jewel;
Why was you so cruel
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
In the dark she was groping,
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
If you're dead do but own it;
Then you'll hear me bemoan it;
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
O! the month of November,
She'll have cause to remember,
As a black letter day all the days of her life.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
But, without a dismission,
I'd lose my commission,
And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a bean,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon o'erblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

BEHOLD! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses:
Buss and part with your frolicksome lasses;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to morrow while sure of to day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other music than catches;
Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

EPILOGUE TO THE REPRISAL.

SPOKEN BY MISS MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe—maigre;
To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr:
But Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar.
Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
Shall he come safe to port or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore,—
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder:
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,
[*To the gal.*
Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below,
[*To the pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause,
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the house.*
And hollow groans portend the approaching storm:
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
[*To the gal.*
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
[*To the pit.*
He'll lanch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

ADVICE AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

First published in the year 1746 and 1747.

——— Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.——
O Proceres! censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
JUVENAL.

——— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Ibid.

ADVICE: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorc'd, all Hell shall not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H —— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly swifter [1], lashing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind,

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; Nature, ever kind,
Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
Why sleeps the Muse? is there no room for praise,
When such bright names in constellation blaze?
When sage Newcastle [2], abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state;

[1] A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

[2] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

And Grafton[3], tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville and Bath[4] illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame;
Or Pitt, th' unshaken Abdiel[5], yet unsung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse th' ingag'd attention of the great,
Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum[6],
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum[7];
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of Hell.
Ev'n Atticus (so wills the voice of fate)
Inshrines in clouded majesty, his state;
Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While foo'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
Not one among the millions whom ye cheat,
Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow?
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed:
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.

FRIEND.

Heav'ns, how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
If Lockman's fate[8] attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave:
Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail:
Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,
The slave, perhaps, of some insatiate dame;
But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite;
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star:
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:
Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d[9]:
And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace[10].

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
Pollio! the pride of science and its shame,
The Muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:

[3] This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, lord chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colly Cibber, esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

[4] Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

[5] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd—

[6] This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

[7] This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

[8] To be little read, and less approved.

[9] This child of dirt, (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

[10] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head[11],
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;
"Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs[12],
Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons;
While Dullness screens[13] the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch:
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lacquies fatten at his board:
To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
If, nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
Th' indignant Muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if, arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd [past,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole?
These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive:
And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft, by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast?
No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
What new resource?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair:
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace th' excelling patroness;
Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
And heard with joy, by defamation praise:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace;
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;
And the loud laugh, thro' all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive sallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate[14],
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompense for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste?
To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks,
And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.
Lo, Russel[15] falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:

[11] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

[12] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

[13] This is a decent and parental office, in which Dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

[14] These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them: we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

[15] A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And sees their favour like a vision fade!
Is this, ye faithless Syrens!—this the joy
To which, your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hears! your minion he!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
Rather in garret pent[16], secure from harm,
My Muse with murders shall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Gutherie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect, in a beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file[17]:
What tho' success will not attend on all!
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of Fortune spread;
Each weakness, vice and folly yields thee bread;
Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:
Turn usurer o'er cent per cent to brood,
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal——

POET.

Why not a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,
'Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is conscience, but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peevish dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, what e'er betide;
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul;
My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve[18],
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

[16] These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

[17] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

[18] This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie.

POET.

No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely [stood[19],
And him who sought the bosom of the wood[20]?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall braid,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' unhospitable shore.

REPROOF: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heav'n! what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your purse relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private counsel to the town.

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
That the mild town (to give the devil his due)
Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

[19] and [20] This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortify'd than I;
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamson[1].

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight[2] has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse;
I'll own my errour and expunge the verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of sable shall the goddess wear:
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves, fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without control th' unguarded flocks:
The suff'rers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
To shield their lambs from danger and alarms;
A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm association, stood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest:
Their pray'r was heard, and by consent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arraug'd the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood;
Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd, in threescore miles, to look behind;
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short)
With all his speed could not out-run report;
And to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All senior members of the horned race[3].—
The wether, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—
"If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
Th' important issue of this grand debate
May furnish precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you say, his excellence sir Ape
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave.
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain."
Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.—

POET.

Hail sacred themes! the Muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song[4].
Nor would th' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth[5] the tributary lay;
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue:
And bring fair virtue's triumphs to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot[6].

[1] Governor of the Tower.

[2] Sir John Cope.

[3] It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

[4] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—Crassum ungentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.

[5] The earl of Chesterfield.

[6] Daniel Mackercher, esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the Scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Anneslely, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg d with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck[7],
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper[8] glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle[9], caress'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball;
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies[10] I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,
Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bred
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontrol'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand:
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feast upon the terrours of his soul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;
Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
Which daily persecute his wretched life;
With all the horrours of prophetic dread,
That rack his bosom while the Mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
While the young lordling struts in native pride,
His party-coloured tutor by his side[11],
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.

[7] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

[8] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamens' tickets.

[9] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

[10] Peter Waters, esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

[11] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd[12];
I see with joy, the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord
Employ the social chair[13], and venal board[14];
Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
The gig'ling minx half chok'd behind her cards:
These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame:
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawly's face,
Gives Hawley[15] praise and Ingoldsby disgrace,
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of swine.

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;
Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty[16],
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:
While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:

[12] Monsters of absurdity.

He look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Dunciad.

[13] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

[14] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

[15] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

[16] A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank,
Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums and shakes his empty head;
Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd.
These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Written in the Year 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES

ON A YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON A HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph, possest with these,
Thy softer, chaster, pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of art'less truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd a hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

SONG.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,

My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, strong and clear,
Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe,
The social ardour void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, sense and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And ev'ry faculty oppress,
Almighty love invades my breast!

SONG.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain;
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
It's joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Tho' hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

ODES.

BURLESQUE ODE[1].

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms essay'd too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.

Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee thro' the worst of ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
Thy steps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beset with rowers dank;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs:

Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou shouldst doze and dream,
When Death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turky with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find;
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad funereal lay,
Ah! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

[1] Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrours of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The Morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower,
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of Morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer;
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.

TO SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serene'y gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par[1].
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

[1] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
Nor love's light god inhabit Earth;
Nor beauty give the passion birth;
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood[1].

[1] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotric king of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horrour fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopt: he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;
And straight compress'd her in his vig'rous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
On desert isles[2] it was he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave,
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain[3];
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rusties, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan[4];
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd[5],
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast[6]!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold[7].
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastis'd to truth,
Ne'er pay'd that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
Where Insolence his wrinkl'd front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There Study shall with Solitude recline;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender chord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:

[2] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

[3] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

[4] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

[5] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrours of the desert.

[6] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

[7] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

OBSERVATIONS

ON DR. SMOLLETT'S ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

LYRIC poetry imitates violent and ardent passions. It is therefore bold, various, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech often unusual, but commonly nervous and expressive. The composition and arrangement of parts may often appear disordered, and the transitions sudden and obscure; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated passion. The foregoing ode will illustrate these observations.

The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

" Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly, and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The " lion-heart and eagle-eye" suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of Independence: and the poet following with " bosom bare" denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the votary. The last circumstance is peculiarly happy.

" Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

It marks the scene: it is unexpected, and excites surprise: it is great and awful, and excites astonishment. Combined with the preceding circumstance, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning; and signifies that a mind truly independent is superior to adversity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may observe too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of sound and motion communicated by the words " howl" and " along," contribute, in a peculiar manner, to the sublimity of the description.

" Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

These lines are written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, rising gradually to the impetuosity of passion, they assail the imagination by an abrupt and sudden impulse; they vibrate through the soul, and fire us instantaneously with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet. Many of the odes of Horace are composed in the same spirit, and produce similar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fulness of passion and imagination, he breaks out in bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum? Quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova?———
Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem———

The poet, full of enthusiasm and admiration, continues his prosopopeia; and, in a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

" A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
time."

According to the acceptation of our author, liberty means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force: independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be the mother of Independence, and Disdain his father—Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following direct description.

" Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast."

Men may enjoy liberty without independence: they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition, they are moved with indignation against their oppressors, they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom, they applaud themselves for their exertions, become magnanimous and independent. There is therefore no less propriety in deducing the origin of Independence from Disdain and Liberty, than in fixing the era of his birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The education of Independence, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

" The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind."

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification numerous.

Independence thus descended, and thus divinely instructed and endowed, distinguishes himself accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

" Accomplish'd thus, he winged his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul."

The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet sets out with a brief address to Independence, imploring his protection. He sees, in idea, the high object of his adoration, and transported by an ardent and irresistible impulse, he rehearses his birth, education, and qualities. He proceeds, in the second place, to celebrate his office and most renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requested, and the power of Independence in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those "minions of Fortune" who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

"In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppprest:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay;
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string:
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread, shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust."

These lines, embellish'd by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

In the last antistrophe the poet descends from his enthusiasm; he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle and composed,

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HAMILTON,

OF BANGOUR.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

Of this poet so little is upon record that an apology would be necessary to the reader, if the blame did not rest with those who, with every opportunity to collect information, neglected his personal history while it was within reach. Part of his life appears to have been spent in gaiety, and part in the dangers of civil war; and as he became an exile for an unpopular cause, and passed his latter days in a foreign country which he visited in quest of health, and where he died about half a century ago, little remains among the descendants of his admirers, if we except the information lord Woodhouslee has given, but an indistinct remembrance of a man of a polished mind, of social virtues, and elegant manners.

His father was a man of fortune and family in Airshire, where he was born in 1704. He received a liberal education, to which he joined the accomplishments of the man of the world; and amidst the higher dissipations of society cultivated a taste for poetry, of which he exhibited frequent specimens for the amusement of his friends. In 1745 he joined the unfortunate cause of the Pretender, and conceived great hopes from the temporary success of the rebels at Preston-pans: but after the battle of Culloden, which terminated the struggle, he was obliged to provide for his safety in flight; and after many narrow escapes, reached the continent, where he remained until he received a pardon, and was enabled to visit his native land. To recruit his health, however, he was obliged to return to the more genial climate of France, where he died in 1754.

Among the revivers of his fame, professor Richardson and lord Woodhouslee are entitled to the highest respect. The latter in his elaborate Life of Lord Kames furnishes what, it is hoped, will atone in some measure for the present scanty article.

"With the elegant and accomplished William Hamilton of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr. Home (lord Kames) lived in the closest habits of friendship. The writer of these memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days: and he has to regret, that many an anecdote to which he listened with pleasure was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste: and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and sus-

ceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his contemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex, by name. There are few minds insensible to the soothing flattery of a poet's record. I question whether his friend Home was ever more highly gratified by the applause he gained for his talents on the success of a legal argument, than by the elegant lines addressed by Hamilton, To H. H. in the Assembly.

"Hamilton's letters are, like his verses, the transcript of his feelings. Mr. Home had sent him a few remarks on Horace; of the same tenour, as it would seem, with those observations which, many years afterwards, he gave to the world in his Elements of Criticism. In a letter dated Sept. 1738, to Mr. Home, then passing the autumn vacation at Kames, Hamilton thus writes—'I am entirely of your opinion with respect to your observations on Horace. He certainly wanders from his text—but still they are the wanderings of Horace. Why we are never contented with our lot, but still envy the condition of others, was a noble subject, and it were to be wished he had adorned it, as well he could, from his own experience: satisfied, as he seems to have been, with his own pursuits, and the fame they had acquired him. Let me put Horace's question to myself, Why don't I acquiesce in the determination of Heaven, to which I have myself so much contributed? Why don't I rest contented with that, small perhaps indeed, but sincere portion of happiness furnished by my poetry, and a few kind friends? Why concern myself to please Jeanie Stewart, or vex myself about that happier man to whom the lottery of life may have assigned her? *Qui fit, Mecenas, qui fit?* Whence comes it? Alas, whence indeed?

'Too long by love, a wandering fire, misled,
My better days in vain delusion fled:
Day after day, year after year withdrew,
And beauty blest the minutes as they flew.
Those hours consum'd in joy, but lost to fame,
With blushes I review, but dare not blame:
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Did lovers judge, or could the wise forgive!
But now to Wisdom's healing springs I fly,
And drink oblivion of each charmful eye;
To love revolted, quit each pleasing care,
Whate'er was witty, or whate'er was fair.

Yours, &c.'

"To seek the aid of *wisdom* for the cure of *love*, is no doubt a prudent resolution; but here the question may be put (as of Glendower's spirits), will Wisdom come when the lover calls for her? His friend Home, who had a deeper knowledge of human nature, saw a better cure for a frivolous and idle passion. The lady mentioned in the letter above quoted had complained to Mr. Home, that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him: 'You are his friend,' said she, 'tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance.' 'No, madam,' said Mr. Home, 'you shall accomplish his cure yourself; and by the simplest method. Dance with him at to-night's assembly, and show him every mark of your kindness, as if you

believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word for it, you'll hear no more of him.' The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

"It appears from Hamilton's letters, that he communicated his poems to his friends for their critical remarks, and was easily induced to alter or amend them by their advice. He had sent the piece entitled Contemplation, one of the most laboured of his productions, to Mr. Home, who suggested some alterations. In a letter from Hamilton, in July, 1739, he says, 'I have made the corrections on the moral part of Contemplation, and in a post will send it to Will. Crawford, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject.' It is pleasing to remark, that the Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of Tweedside, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood.

"Hamilton may be reckoned among the earliest of the Scotch poets who wrote English verse with propriety and taste, and with any considerable portion of the poetic spirit. Thomson, Mallet, and he were contemporaries[1]."

"The poems of Hamilton," says professor Richardson, "display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem entitled Contemplation, or the Triumph of Love, affords sufficient illustration.

"The design of this poem is regular. The poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture of a mind striving with an obstinate and habituated passion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its rise, progress, and termination. The poet represents himself as wishing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior subjects, and fix them on such as he holds better suited to a rational, and still more to a philosophical spirit. He must be aided in this high exercise by Contemplation, and the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the poem opens with a fine address to the 'Voice divine,' the power of poetry:

Go forth, invok'd, O Voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine;
Go, search each solitude around
Where Contemplation may be found, &c.

But Contemplation must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited;

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this Earth to distant skies, &c.
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores, &c.——
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,

[1] Lord Woodhouslee's Life of Kames, vol. 1. p. 64, &c. C.

Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade;
Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
Of blameless mother, blameless child.

"In like manner, such passions as are adverse to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superstition, Zeal, Hypocrisy, Malice, and all inhuman affections. The poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive. Yet, in the confidence of his present mood, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary not only with defiance, but with contempt.

But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy;
'Tis not for thee, capricious power,
Weak tyrant of a fev'rish hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of reason beams,
And sober Contemplation's ear
Disdains thy syren tongue to hear.
Speed thee on changeful wings away
To where thy willing slaves obey;
Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,
The false, th' inconstant, and the vain:
Thou hast no subject here; begone;
Contemplation comes anon.

"The action proceeds. The poet attends to solemn objects: engages in important inquiries; considers the diversified condition of human life; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness; dwells on the happiness of social affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

Ah me! what, hapless, have I said, &c.

"He makes another effort, but with equal success; he makes another and another: he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object: on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such is the progress of the poem; and in the conclusion we have an interesting view of the poet, yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned:

Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more, &c.

"The justness of the poet's sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Farther, he illustrates, that, though the attention be engaged with objects of the most opposite kind to that of the reigning passion, yet still it returns. He shows too, that this happens notwithstanding the most determined resolutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the

conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shows the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas; that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that, how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own object to the fore ground, and into perfect view. Thus our poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness that connection bestows; he wishes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures such a person,

> On whose soft and gentle breast
> My weary soul may take her rest:

and then, by easy transition, invests this friend with a female form, with the form of Monimia:

> Grant, Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,
> Monimia such, and long may be.

"In like manner, having recourse to devotion, in a spirit of rational piety, he solicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He personifies Virtue; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a suitable train; one of her attendants, a female distinguished by high preeminence, must also be distinguished by superior beauty, must resemble the fairest of human beings, must resemble Monimia:

> While chief in beauty, as in place,
> She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
> Monimia's still, here once again!
> O! fatal name; O dubious strain, &c.
> Far off the glorious rapture flown,
> Monimia rages here alone.
> In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
> From the commanding power to fly, &c.
> Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
> Thus drag me back to earth and pain?
> Well hop'd I, Love, thou wouldst retire
> Before the bless'd Jessean lyre,
> Devotion's harp would charm to rest
> The evil spirit in my breast;
> But the deaf adder fell, disdains
> Unlistening to the chanter's strains.

The whole poem illustrates the difficulty and necessity of governing our thoughts, no less than our passions.

"In enumerating the most remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, besides

regularity of design, and justness of thought or sentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

"Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of, poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing; but invention alone creates the poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his Contemplation. This appears evident from some passages already quoted. But, though our poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory some passions and affections of the human mind.

"Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent, images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage:

Now see! the spreading gates unfold, &c.

"It was also said, that our poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstacies of passion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the Braes of Yarrow, one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But even with this exception, I should think our poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this, his epitaph, beginning with 'Could this fair marble,' affords illustration.

"In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good-humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems, addressed to lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good-humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance, a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterised with judgment, and distinguished with acute discernment. Thus, in the following indirect description, we have the dignity of female excellence:

——Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,
Love's universal kingdom's thine:
Anointed queen! all unconfin'd,
Thine is the homage of mankind.

"In another passage we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien;

To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts, &c.

"Elsewhere we have a melodious beauty:

"Artless divine to her belong,
The heavenly lay and magic song, &c.

"The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following.

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire, &c.——
But who is she, the general gaze
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the blushing morn,
On mountains of the east new born, &c.—
Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

"I have dwelt so long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myself room for illustrations of our poet's language and versification. I observed, in general, that these were elegant and melodious; and so every reader of genuine taste will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable; and if in another letter I should give farther illustration of our author's poetical character, I shall hold myself bound, not only to mention some excellencies, but also some blemishes in his verse and diction[2]."

Some of Hamilton's poems were first published at Glasgow in 1748, and afterwards reprinted, not only without the author's name, but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. He corrected, however, many errours of that copy, and enlarged some of the poems, though he did not live to make a new and complete publication. The improvements he made were carefully inserted in the edition published at Edinburgh in 1760, with the addition of many pieces taken from his original manuscripts. Since that time there has been no demand for a new edition. It would be of importance, but it is seldom easy, to account for the various fates of poets. Hamilton, if not of the first class, and in whom we find only those secondary qualities which professor Richardson has so ably pointed out, surely excels some whose works are better known and more current. The neglect which he has experienced may be partly attributed to his political principles, and partly to the local interest which his effusions excited and to which they were long confined. Verses of compliment and personal addresses must have extraordinary merit if they attract the notice of distant strangers. Prejudice, however, is now at an end, and the friends of Scottish genius who have lately called the attention of the public to this writer have proved that he deserves a higher rank than has yet been assigned to him. He is perhaps very unequal, and the blemishes in his verse and diction, to which professor Richardson has alluded, are frequent; yet it is no inconsiderable merit to have been one of the first of his countrymen who cultivated the purity and harmony of the English language, and exhibited a variety of composition and fertility of sentiment that are rarely to be found in the writings of those whose poetical genius is of the second degree.

[2] The Lounger, No. 42. C.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

MISCELLANIES.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH 'THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.' 1726.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays, [praise,
Thine be the friend's, and thine the poet's
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.
Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing [fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires,
Delighted read of ardours, sighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair is bounteous to relent,
And, blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.
With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase admir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.
Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that Heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.
But now the rural state these joys has lost,
Ev'n swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts;
Then grudging Hate, and sinful Pride succeed,
Cruel Revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless Beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of Love.
Bounteous no more and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant Falshood puts on Truth's disguise.
The peaceful houshold fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.
O Happiness! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?

Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where with thy sire Content thou lov'st to dwell:
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd
Still musing silent at the morning hour? [pow'r,
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In S——'s[1] wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!
In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell;
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!
Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,
And backward Merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by Heav'n, Heaven's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart!
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of future days.
Meanwhile peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
The garb our Muses wore in former years.
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling Goodness look'd in days of old:
Nor blush to read where Beauty's praise is shown,
And virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own;

[1] Campbell's wisdom, &c. edit. 1758:

'In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.'

Copy prefixed to edition of the Gentle Shepherd in 1758.

While midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
To enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful love,
View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,
When Care in every shape has leave to reign,
And keener sharpens every sense of pain:
No charm the cruel spoiler can controul,
He blasts the beauteous features of the soul;
With various conflict rends the destin'd breast,
And lays th' internal fair creation waste:
The dreadful demon raging unconfin'd,
To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,
Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender fears;
Hope after hope goes out in endless night,
And all is anguish, torture, and affright.
O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine;
Still may thy star with mildest influence shine;
May Heav'n surround thee with peculiar care,
And make thee happy as it made thee fair;
That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease,
The pleasing look that ne'er was taught to please;
True genuine charms, where falshood claims no part,
Which not alone entice, but fix the heart:
And far beyond all these, supreme in place,
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove
Of tender friendship and complacent love;
May Love approach thee, in the mildest dress,
And court thee to domestic happiness;
And bring along the power that only knows
To heighten human joys and soften woes:
For woes will be in life; these still return;
The good, the beauteous, and the wise must mourn;
Doubled the joy that Friendship does divide,
Lessen'd the pain when arm'd the social side:—
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,
When strong affliction finds the weak alone!
Then may a friend still guard thy shelter'd days,
And guide thee safe through Fortune's mystic ways:
The happy youth, whom most thy soul approves,
Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves,
Whose holy flame Heaven's altar does inspire,
That burns through life one clear unsullied fire,
A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast,
Who loving is belov'd, and blessing blest.
Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear,
The charms of kindred and relations dear,
The smiling offspring, love's far better part,
And all the social meltings of the heart:
Then harlot Pleasure with her wanton train
Seduces from the perfect state in vain;
In vain to the lock'd ear the syren sings,
When angels shadow with their guardian wings.
Such, fair Monimia, be thy sacred lot,
When every memory of him forgot,
Whose faithful Muse inspir'd the pious pray'r,
And weary'd Heaven to keep thee in its care;
That pleas'd it would its choicest influence show'r,
Or on thy serious or thy mirthful hour;
Conspicuous known in every scene of life,
The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wife;

That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,
And each new day rise brighter than the past:
Till late, late be the hour thou yield'st thy breath,
And midst applauding friends retir'st to death;
Then wake renew'd to endless happiness,
When Heav'n shall see that all was good, and bless.

CONTEMPLATION;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

———rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor.———— Virg. Æn. iv.

O VOICE divine, whose heavenly strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumultuous Rage,
Can strike the dagger from Despair,
And shut the watchful eye of Care.
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
Expell'd by thee and dispossest,
Envy forsakes the human breast.
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to Earth, to Heav'n aspires;
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Through the long deepening solemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To Silence trust some plantive tale,
Of Nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose;
Or where some holy aged oak
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,
From the high rock's aërial crown
In twisting arches bending down
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream;
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all-prevailing good.
Go forth, invok'd, O Voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine;
Go, search each solitude around,
Where contemplation may be found,
Where'er apart the goddess stands
With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hand,
If rear'd on Speculation's hill
Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill
Of far transporting Nature's scene,
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;
Or if with measur'd step she go
Where Meditation spreads below
In hollow vale her ample store,
Till weary Fancy can no more;
Or inward if she turn her gaze,
And all th' internal world surveys;
With joy complacent sees succeed,
In fair array, each comely deed.
She hears alone thy lofty strain,
All other music charms in vain;
In vain the sprightly notes resound,
That from the fretted roofs rebound,
When the deft minstrelsy advance
To form the quaint and orbed dance;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens only to thy lore.
Then bring the lonely nymph along,
Obsequious to thy magic song;
Bid her to bless the secret bow'r
And heighten Wisdom's solemn hour.
Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this Earth to distant skies;
Bland Hope that makes each sorrow less,
Still smiling calm amidst distress;
And bring the meek-ey'd Charity,
Not least, though youngest of the three:
Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light,
Darts quick across the mental night,
And add warm Friendship to the train,
Social, yielding, and humane;
With Silence, sober-suited maid,
Seldom on this Earth survey'd:
Bid in this sacred band appear,
That aged venerable seer,
With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,
Of pleasing yet dejected air,
Him, heavenly Melancholy hight,
Who flies the sons of false delight,
Now looks serene through human life,
Sees end in peace the mortal strife,
Now to the dazzling prospect blind,
Trembles for Heaven and for his kind,
And doubting much, still hoping best,
Late with submission finds his rest:
And by his side advance the dame
All glowing with celestial flame,
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores,
Dares fix on Heav'n a mortal's gaze,
And triumph 'midst the seraph's blaze;
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,
Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade:
Resign'd, contented, meek and mild,
Of blameless mother, blameless child.
But from these woods, O thou retire!
Hood-wink'd Superstition dire:
Zeal, that clanks her iron bands,
And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;
Far hence, Hypocrisy, away,
With pious semblance to betray,
Whose angel outside fair, contains
A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;
Ambition mad, that stems alone
The boist'rous surge, with bladders blown;
Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;
And Malice pale of famish'd face;
Loud-tongu'd Clamour, get thee far
Hence to wrangle at the bar;
With opening mouths vain Rumour hung;
And Falshood with her serpent-tongue;
Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,
And hissing Envy's snaky tire;
With Jealousy, the fiend most fell
Who bears about his inmate hell;
Now far apart with haggard mien
To lone Suspicion list'ning seen,
Now in a gloomy band appears
Of sallow Doubts, and pale-ey'd Fears,
Whom dire Remorse of giant kind
Pursues with scorpion-lash behind;
And thou, Self-love, who tak'st from earth,
With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,
Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,
The social smile, the tear humane,
Thy self thy sole intemperate guest,
Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,

As if Heaven's universal heir
'Twas thine to seize and not to share:
With these away, base wretch accurst,
By Pride begot, by Madness nurst,
Impiety! of harden'd mind,
Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,
Unmov'd amidst this mighty all,
Deaf to the universal call:
In vain above the systems glow,
In vain Earth spreads her charms below,
Confiding in himself to rise,
He hurls defiance to the skies,
And, steel'd in dire and impious deeds,
Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.
But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy;
'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r;
Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of reason beams,
And sober Contemplation's ear
Disdains thy syren song to hear.
Speed thee on changeful wings away,
To where thy willing slaves obey,
Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,
The false, th' inconstant, lewd and vain;
Thou hast no subject here; begone;
Contemplation comes anon.
Above, below, and all around,
Now nought but awful Quiet's found,
The feeling air forgets to move,
No zephyr stirs the leafy grove;
The gentlest murmur of the rill,
Struck by the potent charm, is still;
Each passion in this troubled breast,
So toiling once, lies hush'd to rest,
Whate'er man's bustling race employs,
His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,
Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame,
Each nothing of important name;
Ye tyrants of this restless ball
This grove annihilates you all.
Oh power unseen, yet felt, appear!
Sure something more than Nature's here.
Now on the flowering turf I lie,
My soul conversing with the sky:
Far lost in the bewildering dream
I wander o'er each lofty theme;
Tow'r on Inquiry's wings on high,
And soar the heights of Deity:
Fain would I search the perfect laws
That constant bind th' unerring cause:
Why all its children, born to share
Alike a father's equal care,
Some weep, by partial Fate undone,
The ravish'd portion of a son;
Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,
Heeds not his suffering brother's woes;
The good, their virtues all forgot,
Mourn need severe, their destin'd lot;
While Vice, invited by the great,
Feasts under canopies of state.
Ah! when we see the bad preferr'd,
Was it Eternal Justice err'd?
Or when the good could not prevail,
How could Almighty Prowess fail?
When underneath th' oppressor's blow
Afflicted Innocence lies low,
Has not th' All-seeing Eye beheld?
Or has a stronger arm repell'd?
When death dissolves this brittle frame,
Lies ever quench'd the soul's bright flame?
Or shall th' ethereal breath of day.
Relume once more this living ray?
From life escape we all in vain?
Heaven finds its creature out again,
Again its captive to controul,
And drive him to another goal.
When Time shall let his curtain fall,
Must dreary nothing swallow all?
Must we th' unfinish'd piece deplore,
Ere half the pompous piece be o'er?
In his all-comprehensive mind,
Shall not th' Almighty Poet find
Some reconciling turn of fate
To make his wondrous work complete,
To finish fair his mingled plan,
And justify his ways to man?
But who shall draw these veils that lie
Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye?—
Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,
Thine to submit and to adore
Learn then: into thyself descend,
To know thy being's use and end,
For thee what Nature's kind intent,
Or on what fatal journey bent.
Is mean self-love the only guide?
Must all be sacrific'd to pride?
What sacred fountains then supply
The feeling heart and melting eye?
Why does the pleading look disarm
The hand of Rage with slaughter warm?
Or in the battle's generous strife,
Does Britain quell the lust of life?
Next the bold inquiry tries
To trace our various passions' rise;
This moment Hope exalts the breast,
The next it sinks by Fear deprest;
Now fierce the storms of Wrath begin,
Now all is holy calm within.
What strikes Ambition's stubborn springs,
What moves Compassion's softer strings;
How we in constant friendships join,
How in constant hates combine;
How Nature, for her favourite man,
Unfolds the wonders of her plan;
How, fond to treat her chosen guest,
Provides for every sense a feast;
Gives to the wide excursive eye
The radiant glories of the sky:
Or bids each odorous bloom exhale
His soul t' enrich the balmy gale;
Or pour upon th' enchanted ear
The music of the opening year;
Or bids the limpid fountain burst,
Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;
What arts the beauteous dame employs
To lead us on to genial joys,
When in her spacious work we join
To propagate her fair design,
The virgin-face divine appears
In bloom of youth and prime of years,
And ere the destin'd heart's aware
Fixes Monimia's image there.
Ah me! what, hapless, have I said?
Unhappy by myself betray'd!
I deem'd, but ah I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain;
For when I fixt my musing thought,
Far on solemn views remote;

When wandering in the uncertain round
Of mazy doubt, no end I found;
O my unblest and erring feet!
What most I sought to shun, ye meet.
Come then my serious Maid again:
Come and try another strain;
Come and Nature's dome explore,
Where dwells retir'd the matron hoar;
There her wondrous works survey,
And drive th' intruder Love away.
'Tis done:—ascending Heaven's height,
Contemplation take thy flight:
Behold the Sun, through Heaven's wide space,
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the Moon exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry strain,
Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain:
See where the snows their treasures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
Where the collected rains abide
Till Heav'n set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of show'r:
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth,
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where Thunder springs his mine;
Where the paths of lightning shine:
Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,
From Heav'n descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flow'rs exalt the head,
Mark how Nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green;
Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,
Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.
Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there?
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.
I thought, O Love! thou would'st disdain
To mix with Wisdom's black-stay'd train;
But when my curious searching look
A nice survey of Nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on Earth below.
Then fruitless Knowledge turn aside;
What other art remains untried
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of Love?
To Friendship's sacred force apply,
That source of tenderness and joy,
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie that binds
In equal chains two sister minds:
Not such as servile interests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd,
And years of faithfulness have tried,
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care,
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys,
With whom in raptures I may stray,
Through Study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To th' excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of Flattery, Mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind,
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.
Here, here again! how just my fear;
Love ever finds admittance here;
The cruel sprite intent on harm,
Has quite dissolv'd the feeble charm;
Assuming Friendship's saintly guise,
Has past the cheated sentry's eyes,
And, once attain'd his hellish end,
Displays the undissembled fiend.
O say! my faithful fair ally,
How didst thou let the traitor by?
I from the desert bade thee come[1],
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home,
More to sublime my solemn hour,
And curse this demon's fatal pow'r;
Lo! by superior force oppress,
Thou these three several times hast blest.
Shall we the magic rites pursue,
When Love is mightier far than thou?—
Yes come, in bless'd enchantment skill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er Devotion lies reclin'd;
Thou her fair friend, by Heaven's decree
Art one with her, and she with thee.
Devotion, come, with sober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapt in the vision of the sky,
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my Heav'n-aspiring Muse;
Teach me to scorn, by thee refin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure thine to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.
O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treacherous felon out.
Now, see! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the solemn house of prayer:
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part:
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure on holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of Heav'n;—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye angels swell a mortal's praise,

[1] Numbers, ch. 23.

To charm with your own harmony
The ear of Him who sits on high.
Grant me, propitious heav'nly Pow'r,
Whose love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on Earth to share,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r,
Lest I forget, exalted proud,
The hand supreme that gave the good;
Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,
And I put forth my hand and steal;
But if thy sovereign will shall grant
The wealth I neither ask nor want,
May I the widow's need supply,
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye;
May the weary wanderer's feet
From me a blest reception meet!
But if contempt and low estate
Be the assignment of my fate,
O! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of Vice.
And bounteous, O! vouchsafe to clear
The errours of a mind sincere.
Illumine thou my searching mind,
Groping after truth, and blind.
With stores of science be it fraught
That bards have dream'd, or sages taught;
And chief the heav'n-born strain impart,
A Muse according to thy heart;
That rapt in sacred ecstasy,
I may sing and sing of thee;
Mankind instructing in thy laws,
Blest poet in fair Virtue's cause,
Her former merit to restore,
And make mankind again adore,
As when conversant with the great,
She fixt in palaces her seat.
Before her all-revealing ray,
Each sordid passion should decay:
Ambition shuns the dreaded dame,
And pales[2] his ineffectual flame;
Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his sums of gold;
She in her chariot seen to ride[3],
A noble train attend her side:
A cherub first, in prime of years,
The champion Fortitude appears;
Next Temperance, sober mistress, seen
With look compos'd and cheerful mien;
Calm Patience, still victorious found,
With never-fading glories crown'd;
Firm Justice last the balance rears,
The good man's praise, the bad man's fears;
While chief in beauty as in place
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia still! here once again!
O! fatal name; O dubious strain!
Say, heav'n-born Virtue, pow'r divine,
Are all these various movements thine?
Was it thy triumphs sole inspir'd
My soul, to holy transports fir'd?
Or say, do springs less sacred move?
Ah! much I fear, it's human love.
Alas! the noble strife is o'er,
The blissful visions charm no more;
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.

[2] See Hamlet.
[3] See Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 252.

In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding pow'r to fly,
Though Grace was dawning on my soul,
Possest by Heav'n sincere and whole,
Yet still in Fancy's painted cells
The soul-inflaming image dwells.
Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back, to earth and pain?
Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire
Before the blest Jessean lyre.
Devotion's harp would charm to rest
The evil spirit in my breast;
But the deaf adder fell disdains,
Unlistening to the chanter's strains.
Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpless and weary must thou yield
To Love supreme in every field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Reverend hoary-mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away:
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.
Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sybil! lead
Through the dominions of the dead:
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious Want, no more
Shivering begs at Grandeur's door;
Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mouldering purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound:
And see a tomb, it's gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants, that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say, for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?
And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
"Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay."
O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good Heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour!—
Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love, dost thou tempt again? Depart;
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bow'r and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair;
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of human kind?
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:

Hop'd I for these thou wouldst remove?
How near akin is Grief to Love!
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains: O Heav'n! thy will be done.
The best physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to Love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The tyrant Love's commands unblest;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye
The form belov'd shall ever fly.
The tyranny of Love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER SINGING.

Such, skill'd the tender verse to frame,
And softly strike the golden lyre;
A stranger to the softening flame,
And new to every mild desire;

Sweets that crown the budding year,
Pour'd from the zephyr's tepid wing,
Saw Sappho in the grove appear,
The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart-subduing strains,
Anon the vernal scenes impel
O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains
Soft warbled from th' Eolian shell.

Or such as in the bright abodes,
The youngest Muse with glories crown'd,
To whom the sire of men and gods
Gave all th' enchanting pow'r of sound.

As at the banquet of the sky,
Freed from the giant's impious arms,
She drew each heavenly ear and eye,
With beauty mingling music's charms.

Had such a voice sure to prevail,
Soft warbled from the syren strand,
What wonder, if each amorous sail
Spontaneous sought the tuneful land?

Ev'n thou who cautious wing'st thy way,
Had given thy tedious wanderings o'er;
By Julia's all-persuading lay
Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.

A face so sweet had sure prevail'd
With Wisdom's self to hear the voice,
Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,
Here Wisdom might have fix'd his choice.

ON SEEING LADY MARY MONTGOMERY SIT TO HER PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

When Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid!
And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,
Pleas'd I sat by, and joyfully survey'd
The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er
Careful retouch'd with strict observant view;
Eftsoons I saw how charms unseen before
Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,
The red now triumphs to a brighter rose;
Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise,
And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush, that pure of female wile
I whilom knew, when so my stars decreed
My pipe she deign'd to land in pleasing smile,
All undeserving I such worthy meed.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah! felice Art, thought I,
Ah! felice youth that doen it possess;
Couth to depeint the fair so verily,
True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she cannot emulate her skill,
Ne envy will the Muse her sister's praise,
Then for the deed, O let her place the will,
And to the glowing colours join her layes.

Yet algates would the Nine, that high on hill
Parnasse, sweet imps of Jove, with Jove reside,
Give me to rein the fiery steed at will,
And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide:

Then, certes, mought we fate misprise, of praise
Secure, if the dear maid in beauty's bloom
Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,
Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Say, thou with endless beauty crown'd,
Of all the youth that sigh around
Thy worshippers, and anxious wait
From thy bright eyes their future fate;
Say, whom do most these eyes approve?
Whom does Montgomery choose to love?
Not him, who strives to build a name
From ruins of another's fame:
Who proud in self-conceit throws down
His neighbour's wit, to raise his own.
Should the vain man expect success,
The fool of compliment and dress?
Thy eyes undazzled can behold
The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.
Thy wise discernment soon descries
Where folly lurks in wit's disguise;
Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis seen,
Through the grave look, the solemn mien;
The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,
The fopling's dress, the coxcomb's talk.
A large estate, and little sense,
To charms like thine have no pretence.

Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?
Heav'n never meant its goods for sale:
Beauty, the pearl of price, is giv'n,
Not bought, 'tis the free grace of Heav'n.
The happy youth with arts refin'd,
Simple of heart, of steadfast mind:
Whom thirst of gain could never draw
To trespass friendship's sacred law:
Whose soul the charms of sense inspire;
Who loves, where reason bids admire:
Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,
The proud, the airy, and the vain:
Him whom these virtues shall adorn,
Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn:
Of all the gifts of Heav'n possest,
To him thou yield'st thy willing breast;
For him the blush, with modest grace,
Glows rosy, o'er thy blooming face:
For him thy panting bosom swells,
And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.
Crown'd with success, the happy boy
Shall revel in excess of joy:
While in thy presence, Heav'n appears
In sweets laid up for many years.
The beau and witling then shall fly,
The fop in secret corner sigh;
Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,
"Ah! why so wise who was so fair?"
Did thy example, beauteous maid,
The rest of womankind persuade;
Nor injur'd merit would complain,
That it may love, and love in vain:
Nor flattery false, and impudence,
Usurp the room of bashful sense;
No more at midnight ball appear,
To gain on beauty's list'ning ear.
Beauty would hear the vows of truth;
Nor love would speak with folly's mouth.
Yet some there are, the better few,
Wise thy example to pursue;
Who rich in store of native charms,
Employ no artificial arms.
Such heav'nly Charlotte [1], form divine!
Love's universal kingdom's thine,
Anointed queen! all unconfin'd,
Thine is the homage of mankind:
Thy subjects, willing to obey,
Bless thy mild rule and gentle sway;
With loyal mind each zealous pays
His tribute duteous to thy praise.
Yet nought to greatness dost thou owe;
Thy merit from thyself does flow;
Alike our wonder and our theme,
In beauty as in place supreme.
Such thy fair sister, fram'd to please,
Of aspect gay, and graceful ease.
Pure flows her wit and unrestrain'd;
By envy and by hate unstain'd;
Not as the rushing torrent pours,
Increas'd by snows, and wintry show'rs;
Involving in its furious sway
The labouring hinds, a helpless prey;
Now wide o'erspreads the wat'ry scene,
And now decreas'd, no more is seen:
But as a constant river leads
Its winding stream through purple meads;
That through the blushing landscape roll'd,
Reflects the bordering flowers in gold;
And, borne along with gentle force,
Distributes wealth through all its course;
Nor does the faithful spring deny
The alimental just supply.
Thou Douglas [2] too, in whom combine
A spirit and a noble line;
Engaging looks, that mild inspire
Fond delight and young desire;
All-winning sweetness, void of pride,
Thou hast no faults for art to hide.
Maria such, whose opening bloom
Foreshows the pregnant fruits to come.
O blest! for whom the Seasons' flight
Ripens that harvest of delight;
To whom the Autumn shall resign,
To press the rich luxuriant vine.
Unwounded who can thee espy,
Maid of the black and piercing eye?
Too rashly bold, we take the field
Against thy shafts with Wisdom's shield;
Pierc'd helpless in our guarded side,
We fall the victims of our pride.
Nor Erskine less the song demands,
Not least in beauty's blooming bands.
Erskine, peculiar care of Heav'n,
To whom the pow'r of sound is giv'n;
Artist divine! to her belong
The heav'nly lay, and magic song:
How do we gaze with vast delight
Her fingers' swift harmonious flight,
When o'er th' obedient keys they fly,
To waken sleeping harmony?
Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
Soft the silver accents fall:
Whene'er she looks, in still amaze
The eyes of all enamour'd gaze:
Each word steals gently on the ear;
'Tis Heav'n to see, 'tis Heav'n to hear.
In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien:
To her the pow'r of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts
That best the lovers' fires provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile;
Her soul, awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.
Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond! glows;
Pure is the snow's unsullied white
That clothes thy bosom's swelling height.
Majestic looks her soul express,
That awe us from desir'd access;
Till sweetness soon rebukes the fear,
And bids the trembling youth draw near.
See, how sublime she does advance,
And seems already in the dance;
Exalted how she moves along,
Ten thousand thousand graces strong!
Such Marchmont's daughter, unreprov'd,
The maid by men of sense belov'd;
Who knows with modesty to scorn
The titles that may fools adorn:
She claims no merit from her blood,
Her greatest honour to be good:

[1] Lady Charlotte Hamilton.

[2] Lady Jane Douglas.

Heedless of pomp, with open heart
Well has she chose the better part.
Such Hamilta's looks divine,
Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine!
Her soul all tenderness and love,
Gentle as the harmless dove:
Who artless, charms without design,
She! of the modest look benign.
Eliza young in beauty bright,
Though new to every soft delight,
Yet soon her conquests shall extend,
Soon shall the sprightly maid ascend
The rival of each kindred name,
And triumph to her mother's fame.
Full in the pleasing list appears
Robertoun, in prime of years;
With skill she does her smiles bestow,
For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow:
Wisely she shuns to entertain
The designing, and the vain;
To these 'tis all forbidden ground,
Prudence, a cherub, guards her round,
With flaming sword fools to expel;
In paradise fools must not dwell.
Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire.
O lovely Hume! repeat again,
My lyre, the ever-pleasing strain.
Dear to the Muse, the Muse approves
Each charm, the Muse the virgin loves:
The Muse preserves in lasting lays
The records of soft beauty's praise;
In vain would triumph beauty's eye,
Unsung, these triumphs soon would die;
Fate overcomes the fair and strong,
But has no pow'r o'er sacred song;
Verse the dying name can save,
And make it live beyond the grave.
Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage,
Her smile shall warm another age;
Her race of mortal glory past,
Th' immortal fame shall ever last;
Last shall the look that won my heart,
The pleasing look sincere of art.
O! pow'rful of persuasive face,
Adorn'd and perfected in grace;
What joys await, joys in excess,
The youth whom thou decree'st to bless;
Ordain'd thy yielding breast to move,
Thy breast yet innocent of love!
But who is she, the general gaze
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the blushing morn
On mountains of the east new born?
Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she,
The youngest grace of graces three.
The eldest fell to death a prey,
Ah! snatch'd in early flower away:
The second, manifold of charms,
Blesses a happy husband's arms;
The third a blooming form remains;
O'er all the blameless victor reigns:
Where'er she gracious deigns to move,
The public praise, the public love.
Superior these shall still remain,
The lover's wish, the poet's strain;
Their beauties shall all hearts engage,
Victorious over spite and age:
Like thee, Montgomery, shall they shine,
And charm the world with arts like thine.

TO A LADY,

ON HER TAKING SOMETHING ILL THE AUTHOR SAID.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous Heav'n, ere-while serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
Or what this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
Thy form so fair and faultless stands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty could make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n;
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender, and th' offence,
But ev'n itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN A LADY'S BREAST.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair Heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart!
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wandering shade?

And thou, blest shade! that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless air,
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

TO H. H[1].

IN THE ASSEMBLY.

WHILE crown'd with radiant charms divine,
Unnumber'd beauties round thee shine;
When Erskine leads her happy man,
And Johnstone shakes the fluttering fan;
When beauteous Pringle shines confest,
And gently heaves her swelling breast,
Her raptur'd partner still at gaze,
Pursuing through each winding maze;
Say, youth, and canst thou keep secure
Thy heart from conquering beauty's pow'r?
Or, hast thou not, how soon! betray'd
The too-believing country maid?
Whose young and unexperienc'd years
From thee no evil purpose fears;
And yielding to love's gentle sway,
Knows not that lovers can betray.
How shall she curse deceiving men!
How shall she e'er believe again?
For me, my happier lot decrees
The joys of love that constant please;
A warm, benign, and gentle flame,
That clearly burns, and still the same;
Unlike those fires that fools betray,
That fiercely burn, but swift decay;
Which warring passions hourly raise,
A short and momentary blaze.
My Hume, my beauteous Hume! constrains
My heart in voluntary chains:
Well-pleas'd, for her my voice I raise;
For daily joys claim daily praise.
Can I forsake the fair, complete
In all that's soft, and all that's sweet;
When Heav'n has in her form combin'd
The scatter'd graces of her kind?
Has she not all the charms that lie
In Gordon's blush, and Lockhart's eye;
The down of lovely Haya's hair,
Killochia's shape, or Cockburn's air?
Can time to love a period bring
Of charms, for ever in their spring?
'Tis death alone the lover frees,
Who loves so long as she can please.

INDIFFERENCE.

BY various youths admir'd, by all approv'd,
By many sought, by one sincerely lov'd,
Chief of Edina's fair I flourish'd long,
First in the dance, the visit, and the song;
Beauty, good-nature, in my form combin'd,
My body one adorn'd, and one my mind.
When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,
Impel young hearts to Hymen's chaste delights,
I view'd th' admiring train with equal eye,
True to each hope, and faithful to each sigh:
The happy hours of admiration past,
The hand of nuptial love was given at last;
Not to the faithful youth my charms inspir'd,
Nor those who sought my charms, nor who admir'd;
He not prefer'd for merit, wit, or sense,
Not chose, but suffer'd with indifference,
Who neither knew to love, or be belov'd,
Approv'd me not, and just not disapprov'd,
Nor warmth pretended, nor affection show'd;
Ask'd, not implor'd; I yielded, not bestow'd:
Without or hopes or fears I join'd his side,
His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.
No joys at home, abroad was only show;
I neither gain'd a friend, nor lost a foe:
For, lost alike to pleasure, love, and fame,
My person he enjoys, and I his name.
Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,
Pleas'd that I'm call'd my formal husband's wife.

THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A LOVE-ELEGY.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO HAD JUST FINISHED HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere———— Virg. Æneid. 6.

As beauty's queen in her aërial hall
Sublimely seated on a golden throne,
Before her high tribunal summon'd all
Who or on earth, sea, air, her empire own;

First came her son, her pow'r, her darling boy,
Whose gentlest breath can raise the fiercest flame,
Oft working mischief, though his end be joy,
And though devoid of sight, yet sure of aim.

With him, his youthful consort, sad no more,
Psyche, infranchis'd from all mortal pain,
Who, every trial of obedience o'er,
Enjoys the blessings of the heavenly reign.

Next, as it well beseem'd, the tuneful Nine,
Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,
Who, as they list, the hearts of men incline
To wit, to music, poetry, or love.

She who with milder breath inspiring fills,
Than ever Zephyr knew, the heart-born sigh,
Or else from Nature's pregnant source distils
The tender drops that swell the love-sick eye.

Or she who from her copious store affords,
When love decrees, the faithful youth to bless,
The sacred energy of melting words,
In the dear hour and season of success.

Last in the train two sisters fair appear'd,
Sorrowing they seem'd, yet seem'd their sorrow sweet;
Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd,
Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on snowy feet.

The Cyprian goddess cast her eyes around,
And gaz'd o'er all, with ever new delight;
So bright an host was no where to be found:
Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.

[1] Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames. See Life of Hamilton. C.

But when without their lov'd companion dear
Two solitary Graces hand in hand
Approach'd, the goddess inly 'gan to fear
What might befal the youngest of the band:

"Ah! whither is retir'd my darling joy,
My youngest Grace, the pride of all my reign,
First in my care, and ever in my eye,
Why is she now the lag of all my train?

"Ah me! some danger threats my Cyprian state,
Which, goddess as I am, I can't foresee;
Some dire disaster labours, (ah, my fate!)
To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me."

She wept: not more she wept, when first her eyes
Saw low in dust her Ilion's towery pride;
Nor from her breast more frequent burst the sighs,
When her lov'd youth, her dear Adonis died.

"Yet, yet," she cry'd, "I will a monarch reign!
In my last deed my greatness shall be seen:
Ye Loves, ye Smiles, ye Graces, all my train,
Attend your mother, and obey your queen.

"Wisdom's vain goddess weaves some treacherous wile,
Or haughty Juno, Heaven's relentless dame:
Haste! bend each bow; haste! brighten every smile,
And lanch from every eye the lightning's flame."

Then had fell Discord broke the golden chain
That does the harmony of all uphold,
And where these orbs in beauteous order reign,
Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old:

When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd store,
When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,
Mortals, immortals, all had fled before
The Loves, the Graces, and the Smiles in ire:

In vain, t' avert the horrors of that hour,
Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky,
The sire of gods and men had try'd his pow'r,
And hung his golden balances on high:

Had not the eldest Grace, serene and mild,
Who wish'd this elemental war might cease,
Sprung forward with persuasive look, and smil'd
The furious mother of desires to peace.

"Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear!"
With accent mild thus spoke the heav'nly maid,
"What words, O sovereign of hearts! severe
Have pass'd the roses of thy lips unweigh'd?

"Think not mankind forsake thy mystic law:
Thy son, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns;
Heard with respect, and seen with tender awe;
Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains.

"Remember'st not how in the blest abodes
Of high Olympus an ethereal guest,
Mix'd with the synod of th' assembled gods,
Thou shar'd'st the honours of th' ambrosial feast?

"Celestial pleasures reigning all around,
Such as the pow'rs who live at ease enjoy,
The smiling bowl with life immortal crown'd,
By rosy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy:

Hermes, sly god, resolv'd thy spleen to hit,
Thy spleen, but, of itself, too apt to move;
Prone to offend with oft-mistaking wit,
That foe perverse to nature and to love.

"Much gloz'd he spiteful, how rebellious youth,
Lost to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,
False to the interest of the heart, and truth,
On foreign altars kindles impious flame.

"Much gloz'd he tauntful, how to nobler aims
The youth awakening from each female wile,
No longer met in love's opprobrious flames,
Slaves to an eye, or vassals to a smile.

"Now fifteen years the still-returning spring
With flow'rs the bosom of the earth has sow'd,
As oft the groves heard Philomela sing,
And trees have paid the fragrant gifts they ow'd,

"Since our dear sister left the heavenly bow'rs:
So will'd the Fates, and such their high commands,
She should be born in high Edina's tow'rs,
To thee far dearer than all other lands.

"There, clad in mortal form, she lies conceal'd,
A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knew;
So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard reveal'd,
Nor sweeter e'er the shadowing pencil drew.

"Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,
She scatters wide perdition all around:
Blest with celestial form, and crown'd with loves,
No single breast is refractory found.

"Vain Pallas now th' unequal conflict shuns;
Vain are the terrours of her gorgon shield:
Wit bends; but chief Apollo's yielding sons:
To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield.

"No rival pow'rs thy envied empire share;
Revolted mortals crowd again thy shrine;
Duteous to love, and every pleasing care,
All hearts are hers, and all her heart is thine.

"So mild a sway the willing nations own;
By her thou triumph'st o'er this subject ball;
Whilst men (the secret of the skies unknown)
The beauteous apparition Laura call."

LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR.

'Tis past! the pangs of love are past,
I love, I love no more;
Yet who would think I am at last
More wretched than before?

How bless'd, when first my heart was freed
From love's tormenting care,
If cold indifference did succeed,
Instead of fierce despair?

But ah! how ill is he releas'd,
Though love a tyrant reigns,
When the successor in his breast
Redoubles all his pains:

In vain attempts the woeful wight,
That would despair remove:
Its little finger has more weight
Than all the loins of love:

Thus the poor wretch that left his dome
With spirit foul accurst,
Found seven, returning late, at home
More dreadful than the first.

Well hop'd I once that constancy
Might soften rigour's frown,
Would from the chains of hate set free,
And pay my ransom down:

But, ah! the judge is too severe,
I sink beneath his ire;
The sentence is gone forth, to bear
Despair's eternal fire.

The hopes of sinners, in the day
Of grace, their fears abate;
But every hope flies far away,
When mercy shuts her gate:

The smallest alms could oft suffice
Love's hunger to assuage;
Despair, the worm that never dies,
Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

DOVES.

A FRAGMENT.

Or doves, sweet gentle birds, the heaven-born Muse
Prepares to sing, their manners, and what law
The blameless race obey, their cares and loves.
O sacred virgin, that, to me unseen
Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear
Love-dited song or tale of martial knight,
As best becomes the time, and aidful grants
Celestial grace implor'd: O! bounteous, say
What favourite maid in her first bloom of youth
Wilt choose to honour? Seem I not to see
The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine
Sound in mine ear: "With Erskine best agrees
The song of doves; herself a dove, well-pleas'd
List gracious to the tale benign, and hear
How the chaste bird with words of fondling love,
Soft billing, wooes his maid; their spousal loves,
Pure and unstain'd with jealous fear of change;
How studious they to build their little nests,
Nature's artificers! and tender, breed
Their unfledg'd children, till they wing their flight,
Each parent's care." Come, as the Muse ordains,
O! thou of every grace, whose looks of love,
Erskine, attractive, draw all wondering eyes,
Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech
Drops as the honeycomb, and grace is pour'd
Into thy lips: for ever thee attends
Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes
As with the morning's robe invested round:
O come, again invok'd, and smiling lend
Thy pleas'd attention, whilst in figur'd silk
Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower
As in its native bed: so may'st thou find
Delight perpetual and th' inclining ear
Of Heav'n propitious to thy maiden vow,
When thou shalt seek from love a youth adorn'd
With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,
To bless thy night of joy and social care.
O happy he, for whom the vow is made!

* * * * * *

THE FLOWERS.

A FRAGMENT.

The care of gardens, and the garden's pride
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the Muse;
A grateful task! To thee, O Hume, she sings,
Well-pleas'd amid the verdant walks to stray
With thee, her chief delight, when summer smiles.
Come now, my love, nor fear the winter's rage;
For see, the winter's past, the rains are gone:
Behold, the singing of the birds is now,
Season benign: the joyous race prepare
Their native melody, and warbling airs
Are heard in every grove: the flowers appear,
Earth's smiling offspring, and the beauteous meads
Are cloth'd in pleasant green: now fruitful trees
Put forth their tender buds that soon shall swell
With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand
To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake awhile
The noise of cities, and with me retire
To rural solitude. Lo! for thy head
I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,
Violet, and hyacinth, and blushing rose
Of every rich perfume; here in this calm
And undisturb'd retreat content to dwell
Secluded from mankind, with thee and love
Sweet'ner of human cares. But thou perhaps
Delight'st to hear the voice that bids thee come
To festival and dance, thou long'st to meet
The raptur'd youth, that at assembly hour
Awaits thy coming: haste, adorn'd in all
Thy native softness, fresh as breathing flowers
Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire
His soul, ill able to resist such charms,
Won with attractive smiles; while I far off
Bemoan thy absence, and thy image form
In every thicket and each secret grove,
To soothe my longing mind by fancy's aid,
Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself,
O fairest among women, deign to grace
The bower that love prepares, from me to learn
The care and culture of the flowery kind.

* * * * * *

THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

FLOWERS, BOOK I.

Nor to the garden sole where fair resides
As in her court the scarlet queen, amid
Her train of flowery nymphs, does Nature boon
Indulge her gifts; but to each nameless field,
When the warm Sun rejoicing in the year
Stirs up the latent juice, she scatters wide
Her rosy children: then, innumerous births
As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume
Their cradles with ambrosial sweets around.
Far as the eye can reach all Nature smiles,
Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream
Leads through the level-down his silver maze,
Gliding with even pace, direct, as one
On journey bent, and now meandering fair,
Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd,
His pastime, underneath the azure green
The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,
Sole or in consort, the aërial kind
Resound in air with song: the wild thyme here
Breathes fragrance, and a thousand glittering
flowers

Art never sow'd. Ev'n here the rising weed
The landscape paints; the lion's yellow tooth,
The enamell'd daisy, with its rose adorn'd
The prickly briar, and the Thistle rude,
An armed warrior, with his host of spears.
Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride,
Emblem of modest valour, unprovok'd
That harmeth not; provok'd, that will not bear
Wrong unreveng'd. What though the humble root
Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field
Arose unheeded through the stubborn soil
Jejune! though softer flowers, disdainful, fly
Thy fellowship, nor in the nosegay join,
Ill-match'd compeers; not less the dews of Heav'n
Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike mail,
Gift of indulgent skies! Though lily pure
And rose of fragrant leaf, best represent
Maria's snowy breast and ruddy cheek
Blushing with bloom; though Ormond's laurel
Sublimer branch, indulging loftier shade [rear
To heaven-instructed bard, that strings beneath,
Melodious, his sounding wire, to tales
Of beauty's praise, or from victorious camps
Heroes returning fierce: unenvied may
The snowy lily flourish round the brow
Of Gallia's king; the thistle happier far
Exalted into noble fame, shall rise
Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards
Subject of lasting song, their monarch's choice;
Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refus'd
Each other plant, and bade the Thistle wave,
Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd
Among the mural breach. How oft, beneath
Its martial influence, have Scotia's sons
Through every age with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! while o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems, emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!
But wouldst thou know how first th' illustrious
Rose to renown? hear the recording Muse! [plant
While back through ages that have roll'd she leads
Th' inquiring eye, and wakens into life
Heroes and mighty kings whose god-like deeds
Are now no more; yet still the fame survives,
Victor o'er time, the triumph of the Muse!
As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,
For hoary sires with gifts of wisdom grac'd,
Unrival'd maids in beauty's bloom, desire
Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs
For courage fam'd and blest with sacred song,
Flourish'd, sublime, the Pictish throne; and shar'd,
Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.
Equals in sway, while both alike aspir'd
To single rule, disdaining to obey:
Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge
For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain,
Wide wasting others' realms with inroads fierce
Until the Second Kenneth, great in arms,
Brandish'd th' avenging sword, that low in dust
Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war
Weary and havock dire, in mutual blood
Embru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace
Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears,
By jealous love of empire bred, again,
With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,
Rekindling fierce. Thus, when Achaius reign'd,
By the disposing will of gracious Heav'n
Ordain'd the prince of peace, fair Ethelind,
Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth
Of beauty's bloom, in his young heart inspir'd
Spousal-desires; soft love, and dove-ey'd peace,
Her dowry. Then his hymeneal torch
Concord high brandish'd; and in bonds of love
Link'd the contending race. But, ah! how vain
Hopes mortal man, his joys on Earth to last
Perpetual and sincere: for Athelstane,
Fierce from the conquest of great Alured,
Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore
Full twenty thousand brazen spears he fixt,
Shining a deathful view; dismay'd the brave
Erst undismay'd: ev'n he their warlike chief,
Hungus, in arms a great and mighty name,
Felt his fierce heart suspended, if to meet
Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks
Of battle disarray'd. Suppliant of help,
He sues the Scotish race, by friendly ties
Adjur'd, and nuptial rites and equal fears.
Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train
Forsake their native walls. The glad acclaim
Of shouting crowds, and the soft virgins' wish
Pursue the parting chiefs to battle sent,
With omens not averse. Darkness arose,
O'er Heav'n and Earth, as now but narrow space
Sunder'd each hostile force: sole in his tent
The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay
Slumbering secure, when in the hour of sleep
A venerable form, Saint Andrew, seen
Majestic, solemn, grand, before his sight
In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye
Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd
To doubtful counsels; from his temples flow'd
His hair, white as the snowy fleece that clothes
The Alpine ridge, across his shoulders hung
A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought
Th' events of years to come; prophetic drawn,
Seasons and times: in his right hand he held
A cross, far beaming through the night; his left
A pointed thistle rear'd. "Fear not," he cry'd,
"Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee
Commission'd I, from Heav'n's eternal king,
Ethereal messenger of tidings glad,
Propitious now am sent:—then, be thou bold,
To morrow shall deliver to thy hand
The troops of Athelstane. But oh! attend,
Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate,
Conditional assign'd; for if misled
By sacred lust of arbitrary sway,
Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage
Injurious war, unrighteous to invade
His neighbour's realms; who dares the guilty deed,
Him Heaven shall desert in needful hour
Of sad distress, deliver'd o'er a prey
To all the nations round. This plant I bear,
Expressive emblem of thy equal deed:
This, inoffensive in its native field,
Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows;
Yet who with hostile hands its bristly spears
Unpunish'd may provoke? and such be thou
Unprompt t' invade, and active to defend;
Wise fortitude! but when the morning flames,
Secure in Heav'n, against yon fated host
Go up, and overcome. When home return'd
With triumph crown'd, grateful to me shalt rear
A rising temple on the destin'd space,
With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd;
A house where God shall dwell." The vision spoke,

And mix'd with night, when starting from his couch
The youth from slumber wak'd. The mingled cries
Of horse, and horsemen furious for the day,
Assail his ears. And now both armies clos'd
Tempestuous fight. Aloud the welkin roars,
Resounding wide, and groans of death are heard
Superior o'er the din. The rival chiefs
Each adverse battle gor'd. Here Athelstane,
Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony shield
With Saxon trophies charg'd and deeds of blood,
Horrid achievement! nor less furious there
Hungus, inflam'd with desperate rage and keen
Desire of victory; and near him join'd,
With social valour, by the vision fir'd,
The hopes of Caledon, the Scotish oak
Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood
Return'd not back unstain'd. Thus, when the seeds
Of fire and nitrous spume and grain adust,
Sulphureous, distend Earth's hollow womb,
Sicilian Etna labours to disgorge
Dreadful eruption; from the smoking top
Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore,
A threefold current to the wasted plain,
Each ravaging a separate way: so fought
Desperate the chiefs; nine hours in equal scale
The battle hung, the tenth the angel rear'd
The tutelary cross, then disarray
Fell on the Saxon host. Thus when of old
Th' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim,
Against the chosen race of Judah, set
The battle in array, and various chance
Alternate rul'd, when as the Sun went down,
Aaron and Hur upstaid the failing hands
Of Moses, to sustain the potent rod,
Till Israel overthrew: thus sore that day
The battle went against the numerous hosts
Of Athelstane, impure; the daring chief,
Far from the slaughter borne, a swelling stream
By sudden rains high surging o'er its banks,
Impervious to his flight, for ever sunk,
Number'd amongst the dead. Then rout on rout,
Confusion on confusion, wild dismay,
And slaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands
Brewhile so proud array'd. Amaz'd they fled
Before the Scotish sword; for from the sword,
From the drawn sword, they fled, the bended bow,
The victor's shout, and honour of the war.
The royal youth, thus victor of his vows,
Leads to his native land with conquest crown'd,
His warring powers; nor of the heavenly dream
Unmindful, bade the promis'd towers aspire
With solemn rites made sacred to the name
Of him in vision seen. Then to inspire
Love of heroic worth, and kindle seeds
Of virtuous emulation in the soul
Ripening to deed, he crown'd his manly breast
With a refulgent star, and in the star
Amidst the rubies' blaze, distinguish'd shines
The sainted cross, around whose golden verge
Th' embroider'd thistle, blest enclosure! winds
A warlike foliage of ported spears
Defenceful: last, partakers of his fame,
He adds a chosen train of gallant youths,
Illustrious fellowship! above their peers
Exalted eminent: the shining band,
Devote to fame, along the crowded streets
Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane
With holy festival and ritual pomp
Install'd, of solemn prayer, and offer'd vows
Inviolate, and sacred, to preserve
The ordinance of Heav'n, and great decree,
Voice of the silent night: O ill foreseen[1],
O judgments ill forewarn'd and sure denounc'd
Of future woes and covenants broke in blood,
That children's children wept: how didst thou
O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd [grieve,
The cheek of hoary age, when, as the Fates,
Transgress'd the high command, severely will'd,
The hapless youth, as the fierce lion's whelp,
Fell in the fatal snare? that sacred head
Where late the Graces dwelt, and wisdom mild
Subdued attention, ghastly, pale, deform'd,
Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands
Fixt on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds,
Mean triumph, borne: then first the radiant cross
Submitted in the dust, dishonour foul,
Her holy splendours; first, the thistle's spears
Broke by a hostile hand, the silver-star
Felt dim eclipse, and mourn'd in dark sojourn,
A tedious length of years, till he, the fifth
Triumphant James, of Stuart's ancient line,
Restor'd the former grace, and bade it shine,
With added gifts adorn'd. To chosen twelve,
Invested with the ornaments of fame,
Their sovereign's love, he bounteous, gave to wear,
Across their shoulders flung, the radiant brede
Of evening blue, of simple faith unstain'd
Mysterious sign and loyalty sincere.
Approven chiefs! how many sons, enroll'd
In the fair deathless list, has Scotia seen,
Or terrible in war for bold exploit?
Blest champions! or in the mild arts of peace
Lawgivers wise, and of endanger'd rights
Firm guardians in evil times, to death
Asserting Virtue's cause, and Virtue's train?
Blest patronage! nor these, with envy, view
Th' embroider'd garter to surround the knee
Of military chiefs of Brutus' blood;
With equal honours grac'd, while monarchs bear
The consecrated cross, and happy plant
Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more
Th' anointing oil of Heav'n! In Britain's shield
The northern star mingles with George's beams,
Consorted light, and near Hibernia's harp,
Breathing the spirit of peace and social love,
Harmonious power, the Scotish thistle fills
Distinguish'd place, and guards the English rose.

TO A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

WELL sung of old, in everlasting strains,
Horace, sweet lyrist; while the Roman harp
He strung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm
Tuscan Mæcenas, thy well-judging ear;
How in life's journey, various wishes lead
Through different roads, to different ends, the race
Diverse of human kind. The hero runs
Careless of rest, of sultry Libyan heat
Patient, and Russian cold, to win renown;
Mighty in arms, and warlike enterprise;
Vain efforts! the coquettish nymph still flies
His swift pursuit, and jilts Ambition's hope.
At home, this man with ease and plenty bless'd

[1] This refers to the story of King Alpin slain by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, book 5.

The towering dome delights; and gardens fair,
And fruitful fields, with silvan honours crown'd,
Stretch'd out in wide extent; the gay machine
Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,
With liveried servants in retinue long,
Adorn'd with splendent robes, the pompous train
Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits
Immur'd at home, a miser dire! nor dares
To touch his store, through dread of fancied want:
Industrious of gain, he treasures up
Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrift heir
That wastes in riot, luxury, and mis-rule,
The purchase of his want; nought shall he reck
His father's pine, when lavish he ordains
The feast in pillar'd hall, or sunny bow'r,
With lust-inflaming wine, and wicked mirth
Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.
Others again, the woods of Astery
Love to inhabit, or where down the mount
Sky-climbing Parnass', her sweet-sounding wave
Castalia pours, with potent virtues bless'd;
Powerful to charm the ear of furious wrath,
To close the eye of anguish, or to strike
The lifted dagger from despairing breast.
Such Addison; and such, with laurel crown'd,
Immortal Congreve; such the Muses' grace,
Mæonian Pope: nor do the Nine refuse
To rank with these, Fergusian nightingale,
Untaught with wood-notes wild, sweet Allan hight;
Whether on the flow'r-blushing bank of Tweed,
Or Clyde, or Tay's smooth-winding stream, his Muse
Choose to reside; or o'er the snowy hills
Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,
Clad in tartana, varied garb, she roves,
To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:
Or, if delighted on the knee she lies
Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog grac'd;
Intent to soothe the Scotish damsel's ear,
Cochrane or Hamilton; with pleasing song
Of him who sad beneath the wither'd branch
Sat of Traquair, complaining of his lass;
Or the fond maid, that o'er the wat'ry brink
Wept sleepless night and day; still wafting o'er
Her flying love, from Aberdour's fair coast.
Others again, by party rage inflam'd,
Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,
Offspring of ignorance, and cloister-born,
With undistinguish'd violence, assault
Both good and bad.———
There is, who studious of his shape and mien
On dress alone employs his care to please,
Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain
Of flaxen hair perfum'd, and Indian cane,
Embroider'd vest, and stockings silver-clock'd,
Walks through th' admiring train of ladies bright;
Sole on himself intent; best liken'd to
The painted insect, that in summer's heat
Flutters the gardens round, with glossy wing,
Distinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miss,
Escap'd from sampler and the boarding-school,
Pursues with weary foot, from flow'r to flow'r,
Tulip, or lily bright, or ruby'd rose;
And often in the hollow of her hand
Retains him captive, sweet imprisonment!
But, ah! how vain the joys the beau can boast;
Awhile he shines in tavern, visit, dance,
Unrival'd, clad in rich refulgent garb
Lac'd or brocaded; till the merchant bold,
With messenger conspiring, mortal dire!
Of merciless heart, throw him in dungeon deep
Recluse from ladies; what avails him then
The love of women? or the many balls
He made to please the fair? There must he lie
Remediless, if not by pity won
Fair Cytherea, sea-begotten dame,
By spousal gifts from sooty Vulcan earn
Fallacious key; as erst, by love o'ercome,
He forg'd celestial arms, to grace her son
Anchises-born; and in the borrow'd form
Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt,
(While sly Cyllenius, with opiate charm
Of Ceres, the still-watching Argus' eyes
Of keeper drench in sleep profound), release
The captive knight from the enchanted dome.
Thus others choose: their choice affects not me;
For each his own delight, with secret force
Magnetic, as with links of love, constrains.
Behoves me then to say what bias rules
My inclinations, since desire of fame
Provokes me not to win renown in arms,
Nor at Pieria's silver spring to slake
Th' insatiate thirst; to write on the coy nymph
Love-labour'd sonnet; nor in well-dress'd beau
To please the lovely sex. For me at Keith's
Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;
There will I drown them all, no daring thought
Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit
Surrounded with my friends; and envy not
The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent.
Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,
Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil
Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combin'd
With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,
Barbade, or Sumatra, or Goan-born;
The luscious spirit of the cane, that in
Fermenting cups with native element
Of water mixt, pure limpid stream! unite
Their social sweets. For us, her ruddy soul
The Latian grape shall bleed; nor will thy hills,
Far-flowing Rhine, withhold their clustering vines.
Haste then! to friendship sacred let us pour
Th' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands
In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts
Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ
Renowns to future times, great Jonathan,
And Jesse's son: now this delights my soul.
There was a time we would not have refus'd
Macdougal's lowly roof, the land of ale;
Flowing with ale, as erst in Canaan said
To flow with honey: there we often met,
And quaff'd away our spleen, while fits of mirth
Frequent were heard: nor wanted amorous song,
Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town,
Where the tir'd writer pens the livelong day,
Summons and horning, or the spousal band
Of Strephon, and of Chloe, lovely lass!
Spent with his toil when thirsty twilight falls,
He hies him gladsome to the well-known place,
Bull-cellar, or O Johnston's thine! where fond
Of drink, and knowledge, erst philosophers
Have met; or Couts's dark Cimmerian cell,
Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears
The social clamour through the dome resound;
He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.
So we delighted once: the bowl meanwhile
Walk'd ceaseless still the round, to some fair name
Devoted; thine, Maria, toasted chief,
Duty obsequious! and thy looks benign
Miss'd not their due regard: Dundassea fair
Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass,

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Constance, uncelebrated or unsung.
Hail, sacred three! hail, sister minds! may Heav'n
Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads.
Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream
Flow inoffensive; friendship grac'd our days,
And dream of loving mistress bless'd our night.
Now, from these joys convey'd, (so fate ordains)
Thou wander'st into foreign realms, from this
Far, far sejoin'd; no more with us to drain
The ample bowl; or, when in Heav'n sublime
The monthly Virgin from full gather'd globe
Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide
The ether flame, with choral symphony
Of voice, attemper'd to sweet hautboy's breath,
Mixt with the violin's silver sound, below
The window of some maid belov'd, shall ply
The nightly serenade.—To other joys
Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore
Of mild Hesperia, thou behold'st amaz'd
The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,
Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare
In freedom's cause, have died, or glorious liv'd;
Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;
Coriolanus, famous in exile;
Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the scourge
Of Punic race; or liberty's last hope,
Self-murder'd Cato; consecrate to fame
They live for ever in the hearts of men,
Far better monument, than costly tomb
Of Egypt's kings. Time, with destructive hand,
Shall moulder into dust the pil'd-up stone,
With all its praises; ah! how vain is fame!
With virtue then immortalize thy life.
But these, so potent Nature's will decrees,
Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;
Not studious at midnight lamp to pore
The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreathes
The sacred head of kings, or beauty bright
Of kings sweet paramour, the letter'd sage
Or prudent senator, by eating time
Defac'd injurious; the faithless trust
Of human greatness! Nor do I incline
To pass the Frith that parts from Gallia's reign
My native coast, solicitous to know
What other lands impart: all my delights
Are with my friends in merry hour, at Steel's
Assembled, while unrespited the glass
Swift circles round the board, charg'd with fair [name,
Erskine, or, Pringle, thine; until the Sun
That, setting, warn'd us to the friendly cups,
Awake, and view our revels uncomplete.
But if the Heavens, disposer of our fate,
Force me, unwilling, shift my native land;
O! in whatever soil my weary feet
Are doom'd to stray, O might I meet my friend!
Or if the rising Sun shall gild my steps
On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's shore,
Spice-bearing Tidor's isle, or where at eve,
Near western Califurn, beneath the main
He sinks in gold; or on vine-fostering hills
Of nearer Latium, nurse of kings and gods.
O! might I view thee on the flowery verge
Of Tyber, stream renown'd in poets' song;
Or in the Roman streets, with curious eye
Studying the polish'd stone, or trophied arch
Trajan, or Antonine; not long content
With toil unprofitable. Thee I'd lead
Well pleas'd to Horace' tomb, dear laughing bard!
Where the Falernian vintage should inspire
Sweet thoughts of past delight; the goblet rough
With sculptur'd gold rosy from Chios' isle,
Should warm our hearts sacred to Pringle's cheek
Still glowing, and to sweet Humeia's lip,
To Drummond's eye, Maria's snowy breast
Soft-heaving, or to lovely Erskine's smile;
While on the wounded glass the diamond's path
Faithful, shall show each favourite virgin's name;
Not without verse and various emblem grac'd.
The Latian youth at merry revels met,
In fancy shall admire the Scotish maid
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman-born;
Nor with their native dames refuse to join
Impartial, their health belov'd: and would
The Nine inspire me equal to my choice,
In lays such as the Roman swan might sing,
Fair as Horatian Lydia should my Hume
For ever flourish, or Nœra bright,
Of soft Tibullus' Muse the lovely theme.
Nor should alone in melancholy strains,
Of cruel nymph, and constant vows refus'd,
Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,
Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuse,
Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan,
Despairing of his loves: Maria's scorn,
Cloth'd in the style of Mantua, should shine
As thine, Lycoris! theme of future song
Surviving as itself. Maria's scorn
For ever I endure: ah! hard return
To warmth like mine: nathless the mourning Muse
Must praise the maid still beauteous in her eye,
Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in [bloom;
Though, sullen to my suit, her ear be shut
Against my vows, ungracious to my love.
But this as time directs; thy health demands
The present care, and joys within our pow'r;
Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love,
Met in our festivals of mirth: but when
Thou to thy native Albion shalt return,
From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear,
Inclement sky! or Italy the blest
Indulgent land, the Muses' best belov'd;
Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch
We'll plight our hands anew, at Don's, or Steel's—
Who bears the double keys, of plenty sign;
Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamson,
Who rears alone (what needs she more?) the vine,
Emblem of potent joys; herself, with looks
Suasive to drink, fills up the brimming glass,
Well-pleas'd to see the sprightly healths go round.
Hail, and farewell! may Heav'n defend thee safe;
And to thy natal shore and longing friends
Restore thee, when thy destin'd toils are o'er,
Polish'd with manners, and enrich'd with arts.

THE RHONE AND THE ARAR.

Two rivers in fam'd Gallia's bounds are known,
The gentle Arar and the rapid Rhone; [dream,
Through pleasing banks, where love-sick shepherds
Mild Arar softly steals her lingering stream:
Her wave so still, th' exploring eye deceives,
That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves:
With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,
Reflects each flower, and smiles on every shore;
Each youth with joy th' enchanting scene surveys,
And thinks for him the amorous stream delays;
While the sly nymph above unseen to flow,
To her own purpose true, steals calm below.

More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,
All raging unwithheld, and unwithstood;
In vain or fertile fields invite its stay,
In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;
It bounds o'er all, and, insolent of force,
Still hurries headlong on a downward course.
Sometimes, 'tis true, we snatch, with painful sight,
Across the working foam a moment's light;
The momentary vision snatch'd again,
The troubled river boils and froths amain.
To which of these, alas! shall I confide?
Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,
And by the various eddies roll'd about,
Just as the whirlpools guide, suck'd in, cast out!
Till, through a thousand giddy circles tost,
In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost?
Or, tell me, friends—less venturous, shall I lave
My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?
In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rise,
The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies:
With thoughtless rapture every charm explore,
Heav'd by no breeze, or wafted to no shore:
Till trusting credulous to the false serene,
I sink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

THE PARODY:

BY MR. W******.

Two toasts at every public place are seen,
God-like Elizabeth, and gentle Jean:
Mild Jeany smiles at every word you say,
Seems pleas'd herself, and sends you pleas'd away.
Her face so wondrous fair, so soft her hands,
We're tempted oft to think—she understands:
Each fop with joy the kind endeavour sees,
And thinks for him the anxious care to please:
But the sly nymph has motives of her own,
Her lips are open'd, and—her teeth are shown.
Bess blunders out with every thing aloud,
And rattles unwithheld and unwithstood:
In vain the sighing swain implores a truce,
Nor can his wit one moment's pause produce;
She bounds o'er all, and conscious of her force,
Still pours along the torrent of discourse.
Sometimes, 'tis true, just as her breath she draws,
With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause:
But when that instantaneous moment's o'er,
She rattles on incessant as before.
To which of these two wonders of the town,
Say, shall I trust to spend an afternoon?
If Betty's drawing-room should be my choice,
Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise,
Pleas'd, and displeas'd, I quit the Bedlam scene,
And joyful hail my peace of mind again:
But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,
Regal'd on syllabub, and fed on air,
With studied rapture yawning I commend,
Mov'd by no cause, directed to no end,
Till half asleep, though flatter'd, not content,
I come away as joyless as I went.

EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

Calm and serene th' imperial lion lay
Mildly indulging in the solar ray,
On vulgar mortals with indifference gaz'd,
All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amaz'd:
But when the Caledonian lad appear'd,
Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd,
Prepar'd in fierce encounter to engage
The only object worthy of his rage.

MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY,

A FABLE.

IN THE MANNER OF THE LATE MR. GAY.

A tender Miss, whom mother's care
Bred up in wholesome country air,
Far from the follies of the town,
Alike untaught to smile or frown;
Her ear unus'd to flattery's praise,
Unknown in woman's wicked ways:
Her tongue from modish tattle free,
Undipp'd in scandal and bohea;
Her genuine form and native grace
Were strangers to a looking-glass:
Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,
And valued not quadrille or man;
But simple liv'd, just as you know
Miss Chloe did—some weeks ago.
As now the pretty innocent
Walk'd forth to taste the early scent,
She tripp'd about the murmuring stream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.
The morning sweet, the air serene,
A thousand flowers adorn'd the scene;
The birds rejoicing round appear
To choose their consorts for the year;
Her heart was light, and full of play,
And, like herself, all nature gay.
On such a day, as sages sing,
A Butterfly was on the wing;
From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,
He stretch'd the gold-bespangled plume:
Now skims along, and now alights,
As smell allures, or grace invites;
Now the violet's freshness sips;
Now kiss'd the rose's scarlet lips;
Becomes anon the daisy's guest;
Then press'd the lily's snowy breast;
Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,
But just salutes, and flies away.
The virgin saw, with rapture fir'd;
She saw, and what she saw desir'd,
The shining wings, and starry eyes,
And burns to seize the living prize:
Her beating breast and glowing face
Betray her native love of dress,
And all the woman full exprest
First flutters in her little breast:
Ensnar'd by empty outward show,
She swift pursues the insect-beau;
O'er gay parterres she runs in haste,
Nor heeds the garden's flowery waste.
Long as the Sun, with genial pow'r
Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,
The nymph o'er every border flew,
And kept the shining game in view:
But when, soft breathing through the trees,
With coolness came the evening-breeze;
As hovering o'er the tulip's pride
He hung with wing diversified,

Caught in the hollow of her hand,
She held the captive at command.
Fluttering in vain to be releas'd,
He thus the gentle nymph address'd:—
"Loose, generous virgin, loose my chain;
From me what glory canst thou gain?
A vain, unquiet, glittering thing,
My only boast a gorgeous wing;
From flower to flower I idly stray,
The trifler of a summer's day:
Then let me not in vain implore,
But leave me free again to soar."
His words the little charmer mov'd;
She the poor trembler's suit approv'd.
His gaudy wings he then extends,
And flutters on her fingers' ends;
From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,
In strains well worth a woman's ear:—
"When now thy young and tender age
Is pure, and heedless to engage:
When in thy free and open mien
No self-important air is seen;
Unknowing all, to all unknown,
Thou liv'st, or prais'd or blam'd by none.
But when, unfolding by degrees
The woman's fond desire to please,
Studious to heave the artful sigh,
Mistress of the tongue and eye,
Thou sett'st thy little charms to show,
And sport'st familiar with the beau;
Forsaking then the simple plain,
To mingle with the courtly train,
Thou in the midnight ball shalt see
Things apparell'd just like me;
Who round and round, without design,
Tinsell'd in empty lustre shine:
As dancing through the spacious dome,
From fair to fair the friskers roam,
If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
The victim of a gay outside,
From place to place, as me just now,
The glittering gewgaw you pursue,
What mighty prize shall crown thy pains?
A butterfly is all thy gains!"

ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN GARDEN.

WHILST round my head the zephyrs gently play,
To calm reflection I resign the day;
From all the servitudes of life releast,
I bid mild Friendship to the sober feast,
Nor Beauty banish from the hallow'd ground,
She enters here to solace, not to wound;
All else excluded from the sacred spot,
One half detested, and one half forgot:
All the mad human tumult, what to me?
Here, chaste Calliope, I live with thee.

ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd:
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
The flying shadow shall return no more.

ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

VIEW all around, the works of Power Divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign;
This is the whole of human kind below,
'Tis only giv'n beyond the grave *to know*.

ON A DOG.

CALM though not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;
Pleas'd at the lot that Nature has assign'd,
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind;
As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,
Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise:
True from the first, and faithful to the end,
I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenour keep,
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:
Thus stealing along life I live *incog*,
A very plain and downright honest dog.

MITHRIDATES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the manner of the French dramatic rhyme of Racine.

XIPHARES. ARBATES.

Xip. 'TIS true, Arbates, what all tongues relate,
Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate:
He whose wide empire stretch'd from shore to shore,
The mighty Mithridates, is no more.
Pompey, wide-scattering terrour and affright,
Surpriz'd his prudence in the shades of night;
Through all his camp a sudden ruin spread,
And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead:
On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies——
His diadem is fall'n the victor's prize.
Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld
Still rising nobler from each well-fought field,
Who bold aveng'd, high-rais'd on valour's wings,
The common cause of empire and of kings,
Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune crost,
Two sons, alas! in mutual discords lost.
Arb. How, prince! So soon does fell ambition move
To break the union of fraternal love?
Xip. Far, far such guilt be from Xiphares' breast,
Far such ambition, which the good detest;
Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,
Nor rate I empire at a price so high;
True to the kindred honours of my name,
I recognize a brother's juster claim;
Nor further does my highest wish aspire,
Than those fair kingdoms left me by my sire;
The rest without regret I see become
His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.
Arb. The gift of Rome, say'st? Can Pharnaces owe?——
Can Mithridates' son?——
Xip. Arbates, know,
In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,
Long since become all Roman at the heart;
Lost to his father's glories, and his own,
He longs to mount a tributary throne:

Whilst I, more desperate from my father's fate,
Nourish within my breast immortal hate.
But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,
Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,
Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,
Not these divide our wretched bosoms most.
Arb. What nearer care Xiphares' fear alarms?
Xip. Then hear astonish'd, friend; Monimia's charms,
Whom late our father honour'd with his vows,
And now Pharnaces with bold zeal pursues.
Arb. Monimia!
Xip. I love, nor longer will conceal
A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:
Nor duty further binds my tongue, since here
I now no rival, but a brother fear:
Nor is this flame the passion of a day,
A sudden blaze that hastens to decay;
Long in my breast I pent the rising groan,
Told it in secret to my heart alone:
O could I, faithful to its rage, express
Its first uneasiness, my last distress!
But lose not now the moments to disclose
The long, long story of my amorous woes.——
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my sire
Beheld this beauteous object of desire,
I saw and felt the charmer in my heart,
And holy passion dignified the dart.
My father saw her too; nor sought to move
With vows that she and virtue could approve;
Haughty of sovereign rule, he hop'd to find
An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind:
But when he found, in honour resolute,
She scorn'd indignant his imperious suit,
'Twas then he sent in Hymen's sacred name
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.
Judge then, my friend, what agonizing smart
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard,
The fair Monimia to his throne preferr'd;
And that Arbates with his beauteous prey
Shap'd for Nymphea's walls the destin'd way.
'Twas then, the more to aggravate my doom,
My mother listen'd to the arts of Rome:
Whether by her great zeal for me misled,
Or stung with rage for her deserted bed,
Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind)
The fort and treasures to her charge consign'd.
How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear!
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear,
No more I saw my rival in my sire,
My duty triumph'd o'er my fond desire;
Alone in the unhappy man survey'd
The father injur'd, and the king betray'd:
My mother saw me, prodigal of breath,
In every field encounter every death;
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,
Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame.
Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's sway,
I made the raging Hellespont obey;
His happy vessels flew without control,
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.
My filial duty had attempted more,
Ev'n hop'd his rescue on Euphrates' shore;
Sudden I heard, amid the martial strife,
A hostile arm had cut his thread of life.
'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,
Monimia dear to my remembrance rose:
I fear'd the furious king, the dire excess
Of amorous rage, and jealous tenderness:
Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent,
With all the speed presaging passion lent:
Nor less my fears sinister omens drew,
When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view,
Pharnaces! still impetuous, haughty, bold,
Rash in design, in action uncontrol'd,
Solicits the fair queen, again renews
His interrupted hopes, and former vows,
Confirms his father's death, and longs to move
Her gentle bosom to more equal love.
I own indeed, whilst Mithridates reign'd,
My love was by parental law restrain'd,
Rever'd submissive his superior pow'r,
Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour;
Enfranchis'd by his death, it scorns to yield
To any other's hopes so dear a field.
Either Monimia adverse to my claim,
Rejects, ah, Heav'n forbid! my tender claim;
Or—but whatever danger's to be run,
'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.
'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to save,
Thy royal master's son, or Pompey's slave.
Proud of the Romans who espouse his cause,
Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;
But let him know, that here, that very hour,
My father died, I knew no rival pow'r.
The realms of Pontus own his sovereign sway,
Him Colchus and its provinces obey,
And Colchus' princes ever did maintain
The Bosphorus a part of their domain. [claim,
Arb. My lord, what pow'r I boast you justly
My duty and affection are the same;
Arbates has but one plain point in view,
To honour and his royal master true:
Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art
Had e'er seduc'd this faithful loyal heart;
Now by his death releas'd, my duteous care,
His royal will declar'd, awaits his heir:
The self-same zeal I to your succour bring,
With which I serv'd your father, and my king.
Had Heav'n Pharnaces' impious purpose sped,
I the first victim of his rage had bled;
Those walls, so long his entrance which withstood,
Ere this had redden'd with my odious blood.
Go, to the blooming queen your suit approve,
And mould her gentle bosom to your love:
Affianc'd in my faith, dismiss your fear;
Either Arbates has no credit here,
Or else Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome,
Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome.

SPEECH OF RANDOLPH.

A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, BOOK II.

"DEMAND'ST thou, mighty Bruce, to know from
My lineage I derive; then hear a tale [whence
Well known through fair Stirlina's fruitful bounds,
My native land; of ancient Scotish kings,
Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce! am I
Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boast,
From the same fount my blood united flows,
Allied to thine. As yet Cameldoun's walls
By Forth, delightful stream! encircled stood
The seat of Edenuther, Pictish king;
To whose destruction, eager to revenge
The breach of faith and hospitable laws
Insulted, his embattled host
Fierce Corbred led; for from Dunstaffnage towers,

Pretending love, and hymeneal rite,
The treacherous Pict with meditated force,
Bore Ethelind, her country's justest pride,
Peerless and fair; a thousand heroes fought
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls
Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince
Had dearly paid the price of faith forsworn,
But, studious of new frauds, within his walls
He invites the Scotish train, friendly to meet
In amicable talk; fair Ethelind
To be the pledge of future peace, and join
The warring nations, in eternal league
Of love connubial: the unweeting king
Enter'd the hostile gates; with feast and song
The towers resound, till the dark midnight hour
Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell
With all his peers, in early life, and left
His vow'd revenge, and sister unredeem'd.
"Now was the royal virgin left expos'd
To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid,
Her brother slain, and fierce and mighty chiefs
That warr'd in her defence: how could, alas!
Unsheltered helpless Innocence resist
Th' infernal ravisher? With stedfast mind
She scorn'd his proffer'd love; by virtue's aid
Triumphant o'er his lust. In vain with tears
And rough complaint that spoke a savage heart,
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:
In vain, enrag'd and ruthless in his love,
He threaten'd. Death disdain'd, force was the last,
But that her arm oppos'd, resolv'd to strike
The poniard in her breast, her virtue's guard.
All arts thus tried in vain, at last, incens'd,
Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light
Far, far remov'd, the wretched maid he threw
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear
To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights,
Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike those hours
That in her father's palace wont to pass
In festival and dance! Her piteous shrieks
Mov'd her stern keeper's heart, secret he frees
Th' imprison'd maid; and to the king relates
Her death, dissembling. Then with fell despite
And rage, inflam'd for unenjoyed love,
The monarch storm'd, he loath'd his food, and fled
All human converse, frustrate of his will. [walls
"Meanwhile the nymph forsakes the hostile
Flying by night; through pathless wilds unknown
Guideless she wanders, in her frighted ears
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views
His form terrific, and his dreaded front
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd
With every fear, and oft desires to die.
Now day return'd, and cheerful light began
T' adorn the Heav'ns; lost in the hills, she knew
No certain path; around the dreary waste
Sending her weeping eye, in vain requir'd
Her native fields, Dunstaffnage' well-known tow'rs,
And high Edesta's walls, her father's reign.
"Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat
Intensely fervent, and three lonesome nights
Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak
Supplied her food, and at the running stream,
Patient, she slak'd her thirst. But when the fourth
Arose; descending from the Ochell height,
The flowery fields beneath, she wander'd long
Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn.
Ierne's stream she pass'd, a rising hill
Stood on the bank oppos'd, adorn'd with trees,
A silvan scene! Thither she bent her flight,
O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down
In the embowering shade: the dew of sleep
Fell on her weary eyes; then pleasing dreams
Began to lay the tempest in her mind,
Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp
She seems restor'd, her brother's fate reveng'd,
The tyrant slain: she dream'd till morn arose,
The fifth that rose, since from Cameldoun's walls
She bent her flight; the cheerful day invites,
From fair Dundalgan's ever-sunny towers,
Mildred t' arise, who oft in fields of death
Victorious, led the Picts embattled race,
Illustrious chief! He to the hilly height,
His morning walk, pleas'd with the season fair,
Betakes him musing: there it was he saw
Fair Ethelind, surpris'd as Hengist's son
Elfred asleep beheld, when as she fled
From Saxony, to shun a step-dame's rage
That sought her life, he with prevailing words
Woo'd the consenting maid: nor less amaz'd
The Pictish leader saw the beauteous form.
Fixt in surprise, and ardent gaze, he stood
Wondering! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.
He led her blushing from the sacred grove
In bashful modesty, and doubting joy
Chastis'd with fear, alternate in her breast,
Poor lovely mourner! to his parents shew'd
The beauteous stranger; they, in age rever'd,
Lift up their trembling hands, and blest the maid,
Best workmanship of Heav'n! The youthful chief
Transported every day his guest beheld,
And every day beheld, with new delight,
Her winning graces mild, and form divine,
That drew with soft attraction. Kindling love
Inflam'd his soul: still new delays he frames
To gain a longer stay, ere he restore
The beauteous exile to her native land,
His promis'd faith. The story of her woes,
He o'er and o'er demands; she pleas'd relates
Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept
Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth
Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more
Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed
He sought the virgin's love; by prayers and vows
Won to consent. The nuptial day arose,
Awak'd by music's sound; the pow'rs invok'd
To bless the hallow'd rite, and happy night
That to his arms bestow'd the much-lov'd maid,
The gift of Heav'n: then gladness fill'd his heart
Unspeakable, as when the sapient king,
The son of David, on the happy day
Of his espousals, when his mother bound
His brow in regal gold, delighted saw
His fair Egyptian bride adorn'd with all
Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.
"While thus the royal exile liv'd remote,
In Hymen's softest joys, the Scotish chiefs
Prepare for battle, studious to redeem
Their captive queen, unknowing of her fate;
With just success unbless'd, discomfited
They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men,
Unworthy bondage! helpless exiles sold
To foreign lands. The Pictish king enrag'd
Collects an host, embattled as the sands
Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds
Of his wide empire: Brica's rising towers,
And Jeda's ancient walls, once seat of kings,
With Eden rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun,
Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war, [then,
Pour'd through their lofty gates. What anguish

O royal virgin! vex'd thy tender heart,
When thou, thy husband midst your country's foes
Enroll'dst their leader? Much didst thou adjure
By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,
To spare thy country in the waste of war;
He too, the youthful chief, long doubting stood
'Twixt love and duty, unresolv'd of choice,
Hard conflict! To Dunstaffnage' walls he flies,
And left the weeping fair, intent to drown
The voice of love, soft pleading in his heart,
In sounds of battle: but in vain! his wife,
A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts
In supplicating tears; he grieves to see
The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find
Amidst the slain, his kindred new allied.

"But now the Pictish king, with mighty chiefs
Selected from his peers, pursues his way
To raze the Scotish walls. Dundalgan's towers
Receive their monarch, proud to entertain
The mighty guest: exults the haughty king
With savage joy, when first his eyes beheld
The maid so lately lost, again restor'd
Sad victim to his lust: what could she do,
Hopeless of aid? or how, alas! avert
The dire event that from the monarch's lust
Her fears presag'd? 'Twas Heav'n her thoughts inspir'd,
In hour of sad extreme: she flies the dome
With two, alone of all her menial train,
Companions of her flight. The king meanwhile,
Fierce with desire and violent to enjoy,
Him nor the bowl delights, nor sprightly mirth,
Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time
Recited: the unfinish'd feast he leaves
With wine inflam'd and ill-persuading lust,
Worst counsellors!—A secret way he found
That to the queen's apartment led unseen;
Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,
Where heroes oft have met in wise consult,
Elate in thought; but Heav'ns! what fell despite,
What raging pain tore his distracted mind,
When first he knew the royal fair was fled?
Desperate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,
Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp
He sought the general's tent, begirt around
With noble Picts: there weeping Ethelind,
In soften'd anguish, on the hero's breast
He found reclining, sad: he would have seiz'd
The trembling fair-one from her lover's arms,
Her surest refuge, miserably torn,
Victim to lust obscene, had not the youth
Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway.
Haughty the monarch rag'd, and call'd his chiefs
To aid; his chiefs refuse th' unjust command:
Then, impotent of mind, he storm'd, he rav'd,
Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar,
Tumult, and martial din, sounds o'er the camp,
While these assist the king, and these the youth,
By fearless friendship led: the clash of swords,
Through the still night, heard on the Scotish walls,
Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met:
The boldest of their warrior-train they choose
For secret ambush, sheath'd in jointed mail;
Th' intrepid band beneath a bending hill,
Await the rising dawn; Mildred they seiz'd,
The royal exile, and their social train,
Flying the monarch's rage: the beauteous queen
Rejoices to behold her native walls,
Exil'd so long: her peers with lifted hands
Extoll'd the bounteous pow'rs, their queen return'd,
The wondrous work of Fate; now she relates
Her direful tale; the audience melt in tears.

"Meanwhile the monarch raging in the camp,
Forsook of all his peers, for fierce assault
Prepar'd, attended with a desperate crew
Of men, that shar'd in partnership of crimes,
March'd forward to his fate; the ambush'd train
Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd foe.
Himself, as furious in the front he warr'd,
Bled by a well-aim'd spear; to punish'd ghosts
Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty soul.

"The monarch slain, the Pictish chiefs, that late
Forsook the noisy camp, convene within
The Scotish walls, the princes joyful plight
In leagues of mutual peace; in every fane
Each grateful altar blaz'd; to Heaven they paid
Their vows, their queen restor'd, and with her peace,
The purchase of her love: through all the town
Public rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth
Was heard in every street, that blazing shone
Illuminated bright. The diadem
Instar'd with diamond gems and flaming gold,
Magnificent! by Scotia's monarchs worn
From eldest times, upon her beauteous brow
Plac'd by a mitred priest, in rich array,
Encircling, shines; her native peers around,
Mix'd with the Pictish chiefs, admiring stand,
Pleas'd with her heavenly smiles, her gentle look,
The type of softer rule: then next they gave
The sceptre to her hands; the precious stones
Blaz'd on the beaming point; 'Hail! queen of Scots;'
Joyful they cry, 'hail! to thy own return'd,
Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes,
Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd.' Thus past the night
In celebrated rites; when morn arose
Th' assembled senate partner of her throne
Elect the noble youth, in times of peace
To aid by counsel, and in war to lead
Her marshall'd chiefs:—thus ended all her woes.

"Bless'd in her husband's, and her subjects' love,
Peace flourish'd in her reign: three sons she bore,
All men of valour known; well could they bend
The bow in time of need. Her eldest, grac'd
With all the train of beauties that adorn
A prince, succeeded to the Scotish rule
His mother's kingdom; in his happy days
The Scotish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane
In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore
Repuls'd with ignominious rout, disgrac'd.
Her second hope, born to unluckier fate,
Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,
The terrour of his foes, his country's hope,
In ruthless battle by ignoble hands
Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept,
For ever honour'd. Athingart, the last,
For prudence far renown'd, Elgidra's charms
The hero fir'd, as in her father's court
A peaceful legate by his brother sent
To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth
Graceful, in warlike tournament above
His equals shone, and won the princely maid
Courted by rival kings: from that embrace
Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heir'd
The virtues of their sire: witness the fields
Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran
With stains of Danish blood: the brazen spears
And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils

Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof;
Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,
From son to son preserv'd with jealous care.
My father in his country's quarrel met
A glorious fate, when godlike Wallace fought;
He, firm adherer to the nobler cause,
Shar'd all his toils, and bled in all his fights,
Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,
Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,
Wallace alone surpast. With martial thoughts
He fir'd my youthful mind, and taught betimes
To build my glory on my country's love,
His great example! To thy native reign
If thee, thy fate propitious to the good,
Restor'd, he enjoin'd me to unite my force,
From foreign victors to retrieve again
Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave
In dangers ever faithful to his arm,
Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe
Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son
Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain
A father's gift. In me, O Bruce! behold
A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream
I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,
In fight distinguish'd by superior deed."
He said and ceas'd; the arm'd assembly stood
Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat
Great Bruce arose—"O noble youth!" he cry'd,
"Descended from a line of noble sires,
Accept thy monarch's thanks—Welcome thyself,
Welcome thy sequent chiefs, thy country sore
Oppress'd by dire usurpers, now demands
Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed reign
In conflict stern; do thou approve thy might
Above thy fellows, by transcendant acts
To Fame endear'd; she, on thy praise well-pleas'd
Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high
The loftiest branch, t' adorn thy ancient stem."
He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,
Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;
The chiefs around embrace and glad receive
The youthful champion, worthy of his race.

* * * * *

KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR.

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MISERIES.

"Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings; come, unbutton here." SHAKSPEARE.

See where the solitary creature stands,
Such as he issued out of Nature's hands;
No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,
Nor pleasure's poison, nor ambition's snares;
But shares, from self-forg'd chains of life releast,
The forest-kingdom with his fellow beast.
Yes, all we see of thee is nature's part;
Thou art the creature's self;—the rest is art.
For thee, the skilful worm, of specious hue,
No shining threads of ductile radiance drew;
For thee no sun the ripening gem refin'd;
No bleating innocence the fleece resign'd:
The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour
O'er thy faint limbs the oil's refreshing show'r
His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,
The running brook, and berries of the wood.
What have we added to this plain account?
What passions? what desires? a huge amount!
Cloth'd, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's toil,
We live upon the wide creation's spoil.
Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride;
Lay all thy foreign ornaments aside:
Bid art no more its spurious gifts supply;
Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET.

My anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,
And hangs suspended betwixt death and life;
Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;
Whether superior to the shocks of fate,
To bear its fiercest ills with stedfast mind,
To Nature's order piously resign'd,
Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain,
Return her back th' injurious gift again.
O! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,
Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more;
From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,
In night eternal that shall know no dawn;
This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,
Lost in still nothing, whence it first began:
Yes, if the grave such quiet could supply,
Devotion's self might even dare to diè,
Lest hapless victors in the mortal strife,
Through death we struggle but to second life.
But, fearful here, though curious to explore,
Thought pauses, trembling on the hither shore:
What scenes may rise, awake the human fear;
Being again resum'd, and God more near;
If awful thunders the new guest appal,
Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.
This teaches life with all its ills to please,
Afflicting poverty, severe disease;
To lowest infamy gives power to charm,
And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.
Then, Hamlet, cease; thy rash resolves forego;
God, Nature, reason, all will have it so:
Learn by this sacred horrour, well suppress'd,
Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.
This damps revenge with salutary fear,
And stops ambition in its wild career,
Till virtue for itself begin to move,
And servile fear exalt to filial love.
Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,
Pleas'd with thy lot on Earth, absolve the skies;
The ills of life see Friendship can divide;
See angels warring on the good man's side.
Alone to Virtue happiness is given,
On Earth self-satisfied, and crown'd in Heaven.

A SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1746.

Mysterious inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's best exprest,
For what thou art I am:

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of Heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the pow'r
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains, or death.

Can aught that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore,
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease;
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might,
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning, shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all-powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And, from the horrours of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature, gracious Heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but, for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

THROUGH life's strange mystic paths how mankind
A contradiction still in all their ways; [strays!
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour,
As Heav'n all mercy was, they live secure;
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,
And in the awful judge forget the Sire.
Fair virtue then with faithful steps pursue,
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;
That at the general doom thou may'st appear
With filial hope to soothe thy conscious fear;
Then to perpetual bliss expect to live,
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.

THE WISH.

IF join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,
Each sacred study, each diviner page
That once inspir'd my youth, shall soothe my age.
Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call;
Honour my titles, and enough my all;
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great,
Some calm and undisturb'd retreat I'll choose
Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the Muse
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms em-
If not a future fame, a present joy, [ploy,
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire;
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire,
A steadfast peace of mind, rais'd far above
The guilt of hate and weaknesses of love;
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care,
To others candid, to my self severe:
Filial, submissive to the Sovereign Will,
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill;
I'll work in narrow sphere what Heaven approves,
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves,
My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own,
Alike to envy and to fame unknown:
Such in some blest asylum let me lie,
Take of my fill of life, and wait, not wish to die.

PSALM LXV.

IMITATED.

THRICE happy he! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where blessings spring, and endless pleasures flow:
Awful in majesty thy glories shine,
Thy mercy speaks its author all divine.
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,
Where-e'er old Ocean walks his wavy round;
Those that explore the terrours of the main,
Embroil'd with storms, in search of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,
Derive their safety from thy boundless pow'r:
Within their stated mounds thy nod contains
The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns;
At thy despotic call the rebels cease,
Sink to a smiling calm,—and all is peace.
Those that inhabit Earth's remotest bound,
Trembling survey thy terrours all around,
When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair;
At thy command fair blushes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,
Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,
And spreads her sable horrours at his nod,
Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thy bounty streams in soft descending showers,
And wakens into bloom the drooping flowers;
Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,
And pour their genial treasures from above;
Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms,
Her flowery infants ope their blushing arms,
And kindling life each vernal blossom warms.
Thus the glad year, with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.
Whene'er thou smil'st, fresh beauties paint the [Earth,
And flowers awaken'd vegetate to birth.

The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never spring adorn'd the sterile ground,
At thy command a pompous dress assume,
Fair roses glow, and opening lilies bloom:
Here verdant hills arise on every side,
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,
And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil:
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,
And sweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praise.
Here loaded valleys smile with waving corn,
And golden prospects every field adorn;
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,
With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious King!

ODES.

ODE I.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid!
In thy night-drawn car convey'd
O'er the green earth and wide-spread main,
A thousand shadows in thy train,
A varied air-embodied host,
To don what shapes thou pleasest most;
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings
Around the destin'd couch of kings;
Nor in Rebellion's ghastly size
A dire gigantic spectre rise:
Cease, for a while, in rooms of state
To damp the slumbers of the great;
In Merit's lean-look'd form t' appear,
And holla "traitor" in their ear:
Or Freedom's holier garb belie,
While Justice grinds her axe fast by:
Nor o'er the miser's eye-lids pour
The unrefreshing golden show'r;
Whilst, keen th' unreal bliss to feel,
His breast bedews the ruffian steel.
With these, (when next thou tak'st thy round)
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound:
These swell the horrours and affright
Of Conscience' keen condemning night.
For this (nor, gracious pow'r! repine)
A gentler ministry be thine:
Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,
Or lover's hope-enliven'd dream.
Monimia's mildest form assume;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;
Unfold her eyes' unblemish'd rays,
That melt to virtue as we gaze;
That Envy's guiltiest wish disarm,
And view benign a kindred charm:
Call all the Graces from thy store,
Till thy creative pow'r be o'er;
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,
And robe in her own innocence.
My wish is giv'n: the spells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of still repose
Pregnant with some new wonder grows:
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise;
Slow in Monimia's form, along
Glides to the harmony of song.
But who is he the virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch precedes,
In a gown of stainless lawn,
O'er each manly shoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,
The boy that bears her flowing train?
Behind his back a quiver hung,
A bended bow across is flung;
His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold:—
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires:
And thou, of love deceitful child!
With tiger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,
Fantastic by thyself, and vain,
But seemly seen in Hymen's train;
If Fate be to my wishes kind,
O! may I find you ever join'd;
But if the Fates my wish deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.
The spell works on: yet stop the day
While in the house of sleep I stay.
About me swells the sudden grove,
The woven arbourette of love;
Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than Nature plants around.
Fancy, prolong the kind repose;
Still, still th' enchanting vision glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now sink transported in her arms.
Oh sacred energy divine!
All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.
Hail! copious source of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing Truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-ey'd Peace are friends:
Closer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the rose-empurpled show'r:
The mystic joy impatient flies
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
Unenvied let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,
Indulging here, in bliss supreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
For see! she glides, she glides away.
Oh Fancy! why didst thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of joy,
Then to forsake me all alone,
To mourn the fond delusion gone?
O! back again, benign, restore
The pictur'd vision as before.
Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my visionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantastic, wing your flight,
T' adorn the dream of false delight?
But now, seen in Monimia's air,
Can you assume a form less fair,
Some idle beauty's wish supply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this live-long night,
Let charms detain the rising light;
For this one night my liveries wear,
And I absolve you for the year.
What time your poppy-crowned god
Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad,

Ere yet the cock to matins rings,
And the lark, with mounting wings,
The simple village-swain has warn'd
To shake off sleep, by labour earn'd;
Or on the rose's silken hem,
Aurora weeps her earliest gem;
Or, beneath the opening dawn,
Smiles the fair-extended lawn.
When in the soft encircled shade
Ye find reclin'd the gentle maid,
Each busy motion laid to rest,
And all compos'd her peaceful breast:
Swift paint the fair internal scene,
The phantom labours of your reign;
The living imagery adorn
With all the limnings of the morn,
With all the treasures Nature keeps
Conceal'd below the forming deeps;
Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,
That covers the green mountain's side,
Or blooms beneath the amorous gale
In the wide-embosom'd vale.
Let powerful Music too essay
The magic of her hidden lay:
While each harsh thought away shall fly
Down the full stream of harmony,
Compassion mild shall fill their place,
Each gentle minister of grace,
Pity that often melts to love,
Let weeping Pity kind improve
The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take
Whate'er impressions Love shall make.
Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,
When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r;
When sighing Love, mild simple boy,
Courtship sweet, and tender joy,
Alone possess the fair-one's heart;
Let me then, Fancy, bear my part,
Oh goddess! how I long t' appear;
The hour of dear success draws near:
See where the crowding Shadows wait;
Haste and unfold the ivory gate:
Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
Come in my anxious look array'd,
Come Love, come Hymen, at my pray'r
Led by blithe Hope, ye decent pair
By mutual confidence combin'd,
As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.
Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears,
Fill my breast with heart-born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half suppress'd,
Part look'd and only wish'd the rest;
Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,
Suffering much, how much I love;
Make the Muses' lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled strain;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Powerful of a lover's woe,
Till by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear should gain her heart.
Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er;
I feel my sorrows vex no more:
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return.

ODE II.

Begone, pursuits so vain and light;
Knowlege, fruitless of delight;
Lean Study, sire of sallow Doubt,
I put thy musing taper out:
Fantastic all, a long adieu;
For what has love to do with you?
For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,
To satisfy my soul's desires;
For, lo, I seek the sacred walls
Where Love, and gentle Beauty, calls:
For me she has adorn'd the room,
For me has shed a rich perfume:
Has she not prepar'd the tea?
The kettle boils—she waits for me.
I come, nor single, but along
Youthful Sports a jolly throng!
Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles;
Harmless wit, and virgin smiles;
Tender words, and kind intent;
Languish fond, and blandishment;
Yielding curtsy, whisper low;
Silken blush, with cheeks that glow;
Chaste desires, and wishes meet;
Thin clad Hope, a foot-man fleet;
Modesty, that turns aside,
And backward strives her form to hide;
Healthful Mirth, still gay and young,
And Meekness with a maiden's tongue;
Satire, by good humour drese'd
In a many-colour'd vest:
And enter leaning at the door,
Who send'st thy flaunting page before,
The roguish boy of kind delight,
Attendant on the lover's night,
Fair his ivory shuttle flies
Through the bright threads of mingling dyes,
As swift his rosy fingers move
To knit the silken cords of love;
And stop who softly-stealing goes
Occasion high on her tiptoes,
Whom youth with watchful look espies,
To seize the forelock ere she flies,
Ere he her bald pate shall survey,
And well-plied heels to run away.
But, anxious Care, be far from hence;
Vain surmise, and alter'd sense;
Misshapen doubts, the woes they bring;
And Jealousy, of fiercest sting;
Despair, that solitary stands,
And wrings a halter in his hands;
Flattery, false and hollow found,
And Dread, with eye still looking round;
Avarice, bending under pelf:
Conceit, still gazing on herself:
O Love! exclude high-crested Pride,
Nymph of Amazonian stride:
Nor in these walls, like waiting-maid,
Be Curiosity survey'd,
That to the key-hole lays her ear,
Listening at the door to hear;
Nor father Time, unless he's found
In triumph led by Beauty bound,
Forc'd to yield to Vigour's stroke,
His blunted scythe and hour-glass broke.
But come, all ye who know to please;
Inviting glance, and downy ease;
The heart-born joy, the gentle care;
Soft-breathed wish, and pow'r of prayer;
The simple vow, that means no ill;
Believing Quiet, submissive Will;
Constancy of meekest mind,
That suffers long, and still is kind;

All ye who put our woes to flight;
All ye who minister delight;
Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;
Meaning winks, and roguish trips;
Fond deceits, and kind surprises;
Sudden sinks, and sudden rises;
Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights;
Jolly dance, and girds, and flights:
Then, to make me wholly blest,
Let me be there a welcome guest.

ODE III.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus.——
HOR.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground;
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in Love's eternal band,
With dancing step at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride,
While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows:
Above the feather'd songster wooes.
Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
Her various gifts to every field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow;
Sweet smells, from beds of lilies borne,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The sunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my fair invite;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool she enjoys the evening shade;
The sweets of Summer feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon will the Summer fly.
Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by the moral show:
Now young and blooming thou art seen,
Fresh on the stalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
Full blown to sight the blushing rose:
Yet, once the sunny season past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last;
Let not the flatterer Hope persuade:
Ah! must I say that this will fade?
For see the Summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now Winter, from the frozen north,
Drives his iron chariot forth:
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains:
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confess'd on many a withering green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath clothe every tree,
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fly'st, displeas'd, the barren shore.
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
"Shall I, ah horrid!" wilt thou say,
"Be like to this another day?"
Yet, when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant Sun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose but change our joy;
Happy abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ancient bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly we know not where:
The fair whom Fates unkind disarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart?
"Unhappy Love!" might lovers say,
"Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;
Though Ecstacy with Beauty flies,
Esteem is born when Beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of Heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty shall his youth engage;
Thy virtues shall delight his age."

ODE IV.

ON THE NEW YEAR. 1732.

Janus, who, with sliding pace,
Run'st a never-ending race,
And driv'st about, in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year,
Kindly indulge a little stay,
I beg but one swift hour's delay.
O! while th' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends
To me, my country, kind and friends.
Then may'st thou wing thy flight, and go,
To scatter blindly joys and woe;
Spread dire disease, or purest health,
And, as thou list'st, grant place or wealth.
This hour, withheld by potent charms,
Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'r's mad arms;
Kings feel their inward torments less,
And for a moment wish to bless.
Life now presents another scene,
The same strange farce to act again;
Again the weary human play'rs
Advance, and take their several shares:
Clodius riots, Cæsar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.
To Time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary unfrequented seats;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours and days;
Then flies, the Seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,
The vast designs of human-kind;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to sordid interest given,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in Heaven;
What Avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan, and the poor;
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on th' unthankful feast.
Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful court appear:
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie;
She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
As Conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.
This casket shows, ye wretched train,
How often Merit sued in vain.
See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears;
See, there, unsooth'd the orphan's fears:
Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,
The vile profusion of the year.
Could'st thou not, impious Greatness, give
The smallest alms, that Want might live?
And yet, how many a large repast
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
One table's vain intemperate load,
With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,
Had blest the cottage' peaceful shade,
And given its children health and bread:
The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,
With each dear pledge of honest vows,
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The song of thanks to Heaven and thee;
A music that the great ne'er hear,
Yet sweeter to th' internal ear
Than any soft seducing note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.
Let's still search on——This bundle's large.
What's here? 'Tis Science' plaintive charge.
Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh,
(Neglected all her treasures lie)
That none her secret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before;
Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts
To Flattery's more thriving arts;
Refine their better sense away
And join Corruption's flag, for pay.
See his reward the gamester share,
Who painted moral Virtue fair;
Inspir'd the minds of generous youth
To love the simple mistress Truth;
The patriot path distinctly show'd,
That Rome and Greece to glory trode;
That self-applause is noblest fame,
And kings may greatness link to shame,
While honesty is no disgrace,
And Peace can smile without a place.
Hear too Astronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine;
Who travels boundless ether through,
And brings the distant orbs to view.
Can she her broken glass repair,
Though Av'rice has her all to spare?
What mighty secrets had been found,
Was Virtue mistress of five pound?
Yet see where, given to Wealth and Pride,
A bulky pension lies beside.
Avaunt then, Riches; no delay;
I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.
What though your charms can purchase all
The giddy honours of this ball;
Make Nature's germans all divide,
And haughty peers renounce their pride;
Can buy proud Flavia's sordid smile,
Or ripe for fate, this destin'd isle.
Though Greatness condescends to pray,
Will Time indulge one hour's delay,
Or give the wretch intent on pelf,
One moment's credit with himself?
Virtue, that true from false discerns,
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
Superior far to Fortune's frown,
Bestows alone the stable crown,
The wreath from honour's root that springs,
That fades upon the brows of kings.

ODE V.

ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR. 1745.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew;
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view:
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now reassum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
She glow'd through many a martial age;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counsel sage:
For, o'er the mingling glories of her face,
A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the power celestial rais'd;
Whilst her victorious sons around
In silent joy and wonder gazed:
The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey:

"'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!
Victorious over tyrant power;
How quick the race of fame was run!
The work of ages in one hour:
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns;
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

"But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each insulting foe;
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in solitude my woe;
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;
Once more I wield on high the imperial sword:

"What arm has this deliverance wrought?
'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;
O warm in fields, and cool in thought!
Beyond the slow advance of years!
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,
Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.

"Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;
I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wisdom's stores:
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heav'n forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

"Nor could the soft seducing charms
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil
E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,
Of generous deeds and honest toil;
Fix'd with the warmth a country love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

"With him I plough'd the stormy main;
My breath inspir'd th' auspicious gale;
Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail: [pose
Where, form'd with inborn worth, he durst op-
His single valour to an host of foes.

"He came! he spoke! and all around,
As swift as Heav'n's quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame;
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

"Rouse, England! rouse, Fame's noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine;
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine:
I bring a prince, for such is Heav'n's decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

"So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While Plenty crowns the smiling plain;
And Industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign;
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love."

SONGS.

Ye shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay plain, [strain;
Approach from your sports, and attend to my
Amongst all your number a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air, [sighs;
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleep in peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

Ah the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of Heaven.

Adieu, ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewel, each song that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of Delia and of Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
On him to show his inclination.

Just as the fair-one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-story,
Damon must his Delia leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual greeting;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song, [ing.
These charming sounds were chang'd to weep-

A. Dear idol of my soul, adieu!
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

B. Alas! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

A. If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor-notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er,
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store;
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears
This rising calm destroy,
Now every prospect smiles around
All opening into joy.

The Sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower;
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry,
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by;
All nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,
She spoke and bless'd my ear.

"Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine,
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast
Love renders wholly thine;"
The woods struck up, to the soft gale
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,
And wonder filled the grove.

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by;
Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song,
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
All nature joy'd along.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain,
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward show amiss
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

You ask me, charming fair,
Why thus I pensive go,
From whence proceeds my care,
What nourishes my woe?

Why seek'st the cause to find
Of ills that I endure?
Ah! why so vainly kind,
Unless resolv'd to cure?

It needs no magic art
To know whence my alarms;
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire
Along the vale advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance:

Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.

Whilst on my love you put
No value;—or the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves;
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the heart's betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have borne,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn:

But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driven to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

WOULD'ST thou know her sacred charms
Who this destin'd heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the Heavens decree
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
For peace and me can pomp resign;
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with generous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings she bestows,
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
A simple train, from falsehood free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire,
Whom glittering fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss;
And should she change, but can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

BY A YOUNG LADY,

ON READING THE FOREGOING.

IF you would know, my dearest friend,
The man whose merit may pretend
To gain my heart, that yet is free,
Him that's made for love and me:

His mind should be his chiefest care,
All his improvements centre there,
From each unmanly passion free;
That is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms,
Whom sacred virtue ever charms,
Who to no vice a slave will be;
This is the man who's made for me.

Whose tongue can easily impart
The dictates of his honest heart,
In plain good sense; from flattery free;
Such he must be who's made for me.

He alone can love inspire,
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;
Humane and generous, kind and free;
That is the man who's made for me.

If such an one, my friend, e'er tries
To make me his by strictest ties,
The study of my life shall be,
To please the man so dear to me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,
Who only your dear selves admire;
Though deck'd in richest lace you be,
No tinsel'd fop has charms for me.

Glasgow.

REPLY BY MR. HAMILTON.

—Sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris. VIRG.

O GENTLE maid! whoe'er thou art,
That seek'st to bless a friendly heart;
Whose Muse and mind seem fram'd to prove
The tenderness of mutual love.

The heart that flutters in his breast,
That longs and pants to be at rest,
Roam'd all round thy sex, to find
A gentle mate; and hop'd her kind.

I saw a face—and found it fair;
I search'd a mind—saw goodness there:
Goodness and beauty both combin'd;
But Heav'n forbad her to be kind.

To thee for refuge dare I fly,
The victim of another eye?
Poor gift! a lost, rejected heart,
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.

From this inevitable chain,
Alas! I hope to 'scape in vain.
Is there a pow'r can set me free,
A pow'r on Earth—or is it thee?

Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there,
Such as she bless'd Adonis' arms;
Thou could'st but equal Laura's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combin'd,
Thou could'st but equal Laura's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found
Of equal force to soothe this wound,
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays
That warble forth another's praise,
Indulgent to the vow unknown,
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear
That swell to touch another's ear?
Canst thou with soft compassion see
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;
All these resign, and prove to me
What Laura wou'd not deign to be?

When at thy feet I trembling fall,
My life, my soul, my Laura call;
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhaps Time's gently stealing pace
May Laura's fatal form efface,
Thou to my heart alone be dear,
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel! to my aid!
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid:
If thou canst work this cure divine,
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

Edinburgh.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

YOUR Laura's charms I cannot boast;
For beauty I ne'er was a toast;
I'm not remarkable for sense;
To wit I've not the least pretence.

If gold and silver have the power
To charm, no thousands swell my dower;
No shining treasures I possess,
To make the world my work confess.

An honest plain good-natur'd lass,
(The character by which I pass,)
I doubt will scarcely have the art
To drive your Laura from your heart.

But, sir, your having been in love,
Will not your title to me prove:
Far nobler qualities must be
In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true you can with ease impart
The dictates of your honest heart,
In plain good sense, from flattery free:
But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care;
Try if you find your picture there:
For by that test you'll quickly see,
If you're the man who's made for me.

Glasgow

TO A LADY

WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S LOVES.

A FEMALE friend advis'd a swain
Whose heart she wish'd at ease,
"Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,
Nor let it deeply seize.

"Beauty, where vanities abound,
No serious passion claims:
Then, till a phenix can be found,
Do not admit the flames."

But griev'd, she finds all his replies
(Since prepossess'd when young)
Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,
None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miss,
Who would unbend thy bow;
And each slight nymph a phenix is,
If thou would'st have it so.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

TO LADY JANE HOME,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTISH MANNER.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy Braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
As green its grass, its gowan yellow, [Tweed,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In floury bands thou him did'st fetter,
Though he was fair and weil beluiv'd again,
Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing;
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slue my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to muve me,
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in th' expected husband-lover.

But who th' expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds naught of thy sighs,
He lies a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go, Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest,
To lie on beauteous Mary's breast;
Go, Yarrow flower, so sweetly smelling,
Is there on Earth so soft a dwelling?

Go, lovely flower, thou prettiest flower
That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower,
Go, daughter of the dewy morning,
With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go, lovely rose, what do'st thou here?
Lingering away thy short-liv'd year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to pull, no eye to view;
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Go, Yarrow flower, to Yarrow maid,
And on her panting bosom laid,
There all thy native form confessing,
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field,
What pleasure can the desert yield?
Come to my breast, O all excelling!
Is there on Earth so kind a dwelling?

Come, my dear maid, thou prettiest maid
That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade,
Come, sister of the dewy morning,
With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come, lovely maid, love calls thee here,
Linger no more thy fleeting year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to press, no eye to view;
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,
Thy maiden graces all disclose;
Come, blest by all, to all a blessing;
The charm of beauty is possessing.

IMITATIONS.

TO A SWALLOW.

FROM ANACREON.

Malicious bird! what punishment,
Due to thy crimes, can love invent?

Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,
And spoil thy flight, and future song:
That thus, unseasonable guest,
Thou dar'st disturb a lover's rest,
And tear the maid, profuse of charms,
My fair Maria, from my arms.

TO A DOVE.

FROM ANACREON.

SAY, beauteous dove, where dost thou fly?
To what new quarter of the sky
Dost thou with silken plumes repair,
To scent with sweets the ambient air?
Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse
To bear along a lover's vows.
O tell the maid, for me belov'd,
O tell how constant I have prov'd;
How she to me all nymphs excell'd,
The first my eyes with joy beheld;
And since she treats me with disdain,
The first my eyes beheld with pain.
Yet whether, to my wishes kind,
She hear my pray'r with gracious mind,
Or, unrelenting of her will,
Her hot displeasure kindle still,
I, in her beauty's chains bound fast,
Shall view her with indiff'rence last.
Fly swift, my dove, and swift return
With answer back to those that mourn:
O! in thy bill, bring soft and calm
A branch of silver-flow'ring palm.
But why should I thy flight delay?
Go fleet, my herald, speed away.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE V.

WHAT happy youth, Maria, now
Breathes in thy willing ear his vow?
With whom spend'st thou thy evening hours
Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers?
For whom retired to secret shade,
Soft on thy panting bosom laid,
Set'st thou thy looks with nicest care,
And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair?
O neatly plain! How oft shall he
Bewail thy false inconstancy?
Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,
How often weep thy alter'd love?
Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,
As now still golden and still kind;
And heedless now of Fortune's power
Sets far away the evil hour:
How oft shalt thou, ill-star'd, bewail
Thou trusted to the faithless gale?
When unaccustom'd to survey
The rising winds and swelling sea;
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,
That shone adorn'd in every grace;
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
Was wont t' appear to thee in smiles.
Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untry'd
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
For me, once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O HAPPY youth, who now, possest
Of my Maria's smiles, art blest;
Think not thy joys will constant prove;
How many changes are in love!
I once was happy too like thee,
That Sun of beauty shone on me:
In darkness ever to deplore,
The Sun is set to shine no more;
Doom'd ne'er to view the rising light,
But weep out love's eternal night.
When first I spread the lover's sail,
Love blew from shore a friendly gale;
Sweet appear'd th' enchanting scene,
All calm below, above serene:
Joyous I made before the wind,
Heedless of what I left behind;
Nor rocks nor quicksands did I dread,
No adverse winds to check my speed;
No savage pirate did I fear,
To ravish all my soul held dear,
Far off my treasure to convey,
And sell in foreign lands away:
Maria's hands unfurl'd the sails,
Her prayers invok'd the springing gales:
'Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd,
Her voice the raging storm obey'd;
And o'er the bosom of the tides,
Her will the ruling rudder guides.
But ah! the change, she flies away,
And will vouchsafe no longer stay.
See now the swelling seas arise,
Loud storming winds enrage the skies.
All weak the tempest to withstand,
Trembling and pale I put to land.
Wet from the tossing surge, aghast
I thank the gods, the danger's past;
And swear to venture out no more,
Secure upon the safer shore:
Yet should the swelling seas subside,
And roll serene a silver tide;
Should yet the angry tempest cease,
And gently breathe a gale of peace;
Much, much I fear, I'd dare again
A second shipwreck on the main.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE VII.

TO THE EARL OF STAIR.

LET others in exalted lays
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praise,
Or where of old, in lonely cell,
The musing druid wont to dwell:
Or with the sacred sisters roam,
Near holy Melrose' ruin'd dome:
There are who paint with all their might
The fields where Fortha's streams delight;
That winding through Stirlina's plain,
Rolls beauteous to the distant main:
Or, faithful to the farmer's toil,
Extol fair Lothian's fertile soil;
Where Ceres her best gifts bestows,
And Edin town her structures shows.
Nor me delight those silvan scenes,
Those chequer'd bowers and winding greens;

Where art and nature join to yield
Unnumber'd sweets to Marlefield:
Nor yet that soft and secret shade,
Where fair Aboyn asleep is laid;
Where gay in sprightly dance no more
She dreams her former triumphs o'er.
These scenes can best entice my soul,
Where smooth Blancatria's waters roll;
Where beauteous Hume in smiling hour,
Plucks the green herb or rising flow'r;
Pleas'd on the borders to behold
The apple redden into gold.
  But whate'er place thy presence boast,
Let not, O Stair! an hour be lost.
When the rough north and angry storm,
Nature's lovely looks deform;
The south restores the wonted grace,
And wipes the clouds from Heaven's face.
So thou to finish all thy care,
The flask of brisk Champaign prepare;
Invite thy friends, with wise design,
And wash the ills of life with wine:
Whether beneath the open sky,
Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie,
Thy fate ordains; to shine again
Great on some future Blenheim's plain;
Higher to raise thy deathless name
Triumphant to sublimer fame:
Or, if secure from feverish heat,
Newliston cover thy retreat,
Where wit conspires with love's delights,
To grace thy days and bless thy nights.
When Fergus led, in days of yore,
His exil'd bands to Scotia's shore;
The godlike founder of our state,
Sustain'd the shocks of adverse fate:
Yet brave, disdaining to repine,
Around his brows he bound the vine:
Let's follow still without delay
Wherever Fortune shows the way;
Courage, my lads, let none despair,
When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear:
With better auspice shall arise
Our empire in the northern skies:
Beauty and valour shall adorn
Our happy offspring yet unborn:
Now fill the glass, come fill again,
To morrow we shall cross the main.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XI.

TO MISS ERSKINE.

Inquire not, E——— fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes!
Far happier they, who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates assign;
Then be advis'd, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.
  In mirth thy present years employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the Fates to thy old score
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's frith.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth, and wit, and gay delight;
Nor thou refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly balls.
For Time rides ever on the post,
Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost.
Then call each joy in to this day,
And spend them now, while now you may;
Have every pleasure at command;
Fools let them lie in Fortune's hand.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

TO R—— S——.

The man sincere and pure of ill,
Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,
  Nor point the venom'd dart;
O'er him no weapon can prevail,
Clad in the firmest coat of mail,
  A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes
Through boiling friths and highland snows;
  Or if his course he guide,
To where far-fam'd Lochleven's wave
Does round his islands winding, lave
  Buchanan's hilly side.

For in Glentannar, as I stood
And sung my Erskine to the wood,
  Unheeding of my way;
My every care forsook behind,
While all on Erskine ran my mind,
  It chanc'd my steps to stray:

When, lo! forth rushing from behind
A savage wolf of monstrous kind,
  Fierce shook his horrid head:
Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear
Beheld the monstrous savage near,
  And me, unarm'd, he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,
Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,
  Fierce Daunia never bred;
Nor Juba's land, without controul,
Where angry lions darkling howl,
  His equal ever fed.

Place me where the Summer breeze
Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,
  All on the gloomy plain,
Which side of Earth, offended Heav'n
To the dominion foul has given,
  Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,
Near neighbour to the burning ray;
  Yet there the maid shall move;
There present to my fancy's eyes,
Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,
  Sweet speaking Erskine love.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

TO MISS D——.

Tell me, Maria, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run;
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And every soft endearment shun?

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why shouldst thou fly?
What canst thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lion I,
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy;
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms and come to mine.

HORACE.

BOOK. I. ODE XXIV.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

What measure shall affliction know?
What bounds be set to such a woe,
That weeps the loss of one so dear!
Come, Muse of mourning! haste, ordain
The sacred melancholy strain:
When Virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.
Thy voice, with powerful blessings fraught,
Inspires the solemn serious thought;
A heavenly sorrow's healing art,
That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.
A far more pleasing rapture thine,
When bending over Friendship's shrine,
Than Mirth's fantastic varied lay,
Deceitful, idle, fluttering, vain,
Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,
Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.
In dust the good and friendly lies.
Must endless slumber seal those eyes?——
Oh! when shall modest Worth again,
Integrity, that knows no stain,
Thy sister, Justice, free from blame,
Kind Truth, no false affected name,
To meet in social union, find
So plain, so upright, and so chaste a mind?
By many good bewail'd, he's lost;
By thee, O beauteous virgin! most:
Thou claim'st, ah pious! ah, in vain!
Thy father from the grave again.
Not on those terms, by dooming Heav'n,
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.
The equal lot is cast on all,
Obedient to the universal call.
Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,
Wife, sister, mother, friend, and child,
Must yield to the supreme decree,
And every social virtue weep for thee.
What though thou boast each soul subduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
Though thine be every potent charm,
The rage of Envy to disarm:
Thus far Heav'n grants, the great reward
Of beauty, under Virtue's guard:
Yet all in vain ascends thy pious pray'r,
To bid th' impartial Pow'r one moment spare;
That Pow'r who chastens whom he dearest loves,
Deaf to the filial sorrows he approves;
Seal'd sacred by th' inviolable Fates,
Unlocks no more the adamantine gates,
When once th' etherial breath has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.
Severe indeed! yet cease the duteous tear:
'Tis Nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."
See, see descending to thy aid,
Patience, fair celestial maid!
She strikes through life's dark gloom a brightening [ray,
And smiles Adversity away:
White-handed Hope advances in her train,
Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;
She renders light the weight of human woes,
And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime t' oppose.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If e'er with thee we fool'd away,
Vacant beneath the shade, a day,
Still kind to our desire;
A Scotish song we now implore,
To live this year, and some few more,
Come then, my Scotish lyre.

First strung by Stewart's cunning hand,
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,
A long and wide domain:
Who bold in war, yet whether he,
Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and Muses young,
Soft Beauty, and her page he sung,
That still to her adheres:
Margaret, author of his sighs,
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou, the grace of song and love,
Exalted to the feasts above,
The feast's supreme delight;
Sweet balm to heal our cares below,
Gracious on me thy aid bestow,
If thee I seek aright.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXIII.

TO A GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

Why do'st thou still in tears complain,
Too mindful of thy love's disdain?
Why still in melancholy verse
Unmeek Maria's hate rehearse,

That Thirsis finds by fate's decree
More favour in her sight than thee?
The love of Cyrus does enthrall
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So seemeth good to Love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds,
Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleas'd with too severe a joke.
Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundress held in pleasing chain;
When pliable to love's delights
My age excus'd the poet's flights:
More wrathful she, than storms that roar
Along the Solway's crooked shore.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE IV.

TO THE EARL MARSHAL OF SCOTLAND.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.——

Avow, my noble friend, thy kind desires,
If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,
Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;
What though unknown her humble name,
Unchronicled in records old,
Or tale by flattering poets told:
She to her beauties owes her noblest fame,
Her noblest honours to thy love.

Know Cupid scorns the trophied shield,
Vain triumph of some guilty field,
Where dragons hiss and lions roar,
Blazon'd with argent and with or,
His heraldry is hearts for hearts,
He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his darts.

Smote by a simple village maid,
See noble Petrarch night and day
Pour his soft sorrows through the shade;
Nor could the Muse his pains allay:
What though with hands pontific crown'd,
With all the scarlet senate round,
He saw his brows adorn the living ray;
Though sighing virgins tried each winning art,
To cure their gentle poet's love-sick heart,
Cupid, more powerful than them all,
Resolv'd his tuneful captive to enthrall,
Subdued him with a shepherdess's look;
He wreathes his verdant honours round her crook,
And taught Valclusa's smiling groves
To wear the sable liveries of his Loves.

But this example scarce can move thy mind,
The gentle power with verse was ever join'd:
Then hear, my lord, a dreadful tale,
Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,
Nor in the Academic grove,
Where mild Philosophy might dwell with Love;
But poring o'er the mystic page,
Of old Stagira's wonderous sage,
In the dark cave of syllogistic doubt,
Where neither Muse, nor beauty's queen,
Nor wandering Grace was ever seen,
Love found his destin'd victim out,
And put the rude militia all to rout:
For whilst poor Abelard, ah! soon decreed
Love's richest sacrifice to bleed,
Unweeting drew the argumental thread,
A finer net the son of Venus' spread:
Involving in his ample category,
With all his musty schoolmen round,
Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd,
In philosophic and in amorous story.

Inflexible and stern, the czar,
Amidst the iron sons of war,
With dangers and distress encompast round,
In his large bosom deep receiv'd the wound.
No Venus she, surrounded by the Loves,
Nor drawn by cooing harnest doves;
'Twas the caprice of Love to yoke
Two daring souls, unharnest and unbroke.
When now the many-laurell'd Swede,
The field of death his noblest triumph fled,
And forc'd by fate, but unsubdued of soul,
To the fell victor left the conquest of the pole.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,
In action brave, in council wise,
Felt in his breast the fatal dart,
Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely eyes;
Though Gallia wept, though Sully frown'd,
Though rag'd the impious league around,
The little urchin entrance found,
And to his haughty purpose forc'd to yield
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

Who knows but some four-tail'd bashaw
May hail thee, peer, his son-in-law,
Some bright sultana, Asia's pride,
Was grandame to the beauteous bride:
For sure a girl so sweet, so kind,
Such a sincere and lovely mind,
Where each exalted virtue shines,
Could never spring from vulgar loins.
No, no, some chief of great Arsaces' line,
Has form'd her lineaments divine:
Who Rome's imperial fasces broke,
And spurn'd the nation's galling yoke,
Though now, oh! sad reverse of fate,
The former lustre of her royal state,
She sees injurious Time deface,
And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

Her melting eye, and slender waist
Fair tapering from the swelling breast,
All Nature's charms, all Nature's pride,
Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,
I own.—But swear by bright Apollo,
Whose priest I am, nought, nought can follow;
Suspect not thou a poet's praise,
Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze:
Alas! such badinage but ill would suit
A married man, and forty years to boot.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO THE EARL OF M——T.

Ease from the gods the sailor prays,
O'ertaken in th' Ægean seas,

When storms begin to roar;
When clouds wrap up the Moon from sight,
Nor shine the stars with certain light
To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade:
Ease, graceful in his tartan plaid,
The Highlander demands,
M———t, not to be bought or sold,
For purple, precious gems, or gold,
Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,
Borne high before the great in place,
Make cares stand out o'the way;
The anxious tumults of the mind,
That round the palace unconfin'd
Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board
Shines with frugal affluence stor'd,
The wealth his sire possest;
Nor fear to lose, creates him pain,
Nor sordid love of greater gain,
Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,
For warm with other suns
Why change our clime? to ease his toil
What exile from his native soil,
From self an exile runs?

For vicious care the ship ascends,
On the way-faring troop attends
First of the company:
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,
Swifter than roll wind-driven clouds,
Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, a mind
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd
To all content at heart;
Tempers of life the bitter cup
With sweet'ning mirth, and drinks it up,
None blest in every part.

Dwindled thy sire in slow old age,
Young K———m from off this stage
Was ravish'd in his prime:
The hour perhaps benign to me,
Will grant what it denies to thee,
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy valleys fills,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
That low around are thine:
The well-pair'd mares thy gilded car
Draw through the streets, thyself from far,
In richest silks to shine:

Conspicuous seen. To me my fate,
Not much to blame, a small estate,
Of rural acres few:
A slender portion of the Muse
Bounteous besides, the Grace allows,
To scorn th' ill-thinking crew.

HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE I.

VENUS! call'st thou once more to arms?
Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms?
Annoy'st my peaceful state again—
Oh, faith of treaties sworn in vain!
Seal'd with the signet of thy doves,
And ratified by all the Loves.
Spare, goddess! I implore, implore!
Alas! thy suppliant is no more
What once he was in happier time,
(Illustrated by many a rhyme)
When, skill'd in every ruling art,
Good A****s sway'd his yielding heart:
Love's champion then, and known to fame,
He boasted no inglorious name.
Now, cruel mother of desires!
That doubts and anxious joys inspires,
Ah why, so long disus'd, again
Leviest thou thy dreadful train;
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful ardour foil'd?
Oh! let thy hostile fury cease,
Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,
In the laborious service worn,
His arms decay'd, and ensigns torn.
Go, go, swan-wing'd, through liquid air,
Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r
Recals thee from the long delay,
And, weeping, chides thee for thy stay.
My lowly roof, that knows no state,
Can't entertain a guest so great:
In P*****th's dome, majestic queen,
With better grace thou shalt be seen,
If, worthy of the Cyprian dart,
Thou seek'st to pierce a lovely heart:
For he to noble birth has join'd
A graceful form and gentle mind;
And to subdue a virgin breast
The youth with thousand arts is blest;
Nor silent in his country's cause,
The anxious guardian of her laws.
He, in thy noblest warfare tried,
Shall spread thy empire far and wide;
Confirm the glories of thy reign;
And not a glance shall fall in vain.
Then, when each rival shall submit
The prize of beauty and of wit,
And riches yield to fair desert
The triumph of a female heart;
Grateful thy marble form shall stand,
Fair breathing from the sculptor's hand,
Below the temple's pillar'd pride,
Fast by a sacred fountain's side.
Where Tweed sports round each winding maze,
There song shall warble, incense blaze;
Nor dumb shall rest the silver lyre,
To animate the festive choir.
There twice a day fond boys shall come,
And tender virgins in their bloom,
(With fearful awe and infant shame)
To call upon thy hallow'd name,
As thrice about the wanton round
With snowy feet they lightly bound.
——For me no beauty now invites,
Long recreant to the soft delights.
Lost to the charming arts that move,
Ah, dare I hope a mutual love?

The fond belief of pleasing pain
That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again?
No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,
Where flowers their vernal souls consume.
No more the reigning toast I claim:
I yield the fierce contended name,
Though daring once to drink all up,
While Bacchus could supply the cup.
"Farewel, delusive, idle power!
Welcome, contemplation's hour.
Now, now I search, neglected long,
The charms that lie in moral song,
How to assuage the boiling blood,
The lessons of the wise and good;
Now with fraternal sorrows mourn;
Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn:
Or higher raise the wish refin'd,
The generous pray'r for human kind;
Or, anxious for my Britain's fate,
To freedom beg a longer date,
To calm her more than civil rage,
And spare her yet one other age,
These, these the labours I pursue:
Fantastic Love! a long adieu."
——Yet why, O beauteous *****, why,
Heaves the long forgotten sigh?
Why down my cheeks, when you appear,
Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear?
Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,
Why fails my tongue its master now;
And, faltering, dubious strives in vain
The tender meaning to explain?
Why, in the visions of the night,
Rises thy image to my sight?
Now seiz'd, thy much-lov'd form I hold,
Now lose again the transient fold;
Unequal, panting far behind,
Pursue thee fleeter than the wind,
Whether the dear delusion strays
Through fair Hope-park's enchanting maze,
Or where thy cruel phantom glides
Along the swiftly running tides.

PART OF EPISTLE XI.

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

When thro' the world Fate led the destin'd way,
Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad survey,
What country pleas'd thy roaving fancy most?
Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast?
Or wish'd thou rather, weary, to repose
In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?
Or in Ombrosa dream the lonely hour, [bow'r;
Where high-arch'd hills th' Etrurian shades em-
Where Plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,
That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain?
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,
And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns?
Say, is it true what travellers report
Of glories shining in the Gallic court?
Or, do they all, though e'er so pompous, yield
To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field?
But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious say
That thou at Palestine would'st choose to stay.
Yes, Palestine; I know the place full well,
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,
The hapless peasant pines with want and sorrow,
And all unpeopled as a royal borough:
Yet there for ever would thy friend remain,
Rather than change once more the frantic scene,
And distant hear the rollings of the main;
Unenvied, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,
My friends remembering, nor by them forgot.

HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII.

Dear Ramsay, if I know thy soul aright,
Plain-dealing honesty's thy dear delight:
Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;
Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me:
Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,
I fear no flatterer where I wish a friend.
As the chaste matron's tender look and kind,
Where sits the soul to speak the yearning mind,
From the false colouring of the wanton shows
Th' unhallow'd roses and polluted snows,
A glare of beauty, nauseous to the sight,
Gross but to feed desire, not raise delight;
So differs far, in value, use, and end,
The praising foe from the reproving friend.
Such distance lies between, nay greater far,
Who bears an honest heart or bears a star.
A fault there is, but of another sort,
That aims by nastiness to make its court;
By downright rudeness would attempt to please,
And sticks his friendship on your lips in grease:
With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules)
All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;
Good humour for impertinence prevails;
So strangely honest,—he'll not pair his nails.
Know, virtuous sir, if not indeed a slave,
Yet, sordid as the thing, thou art a knave;
Virtue, its own and every plain man's guide,
Serenely walks, with vice on every side,
Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend,
To follies deaf, that call from either end.
This simple maxim should a statesman doubt,
Two characters shall make it plainly out:
The first is his (the opposite of proud),
By far more humble than a Christian should,
Pursues, distasteful of plain sober cheer,
Th' inhospitable dinner of a peer;
Usurps, without the task of saying grace,
The poor starv'd chaplain's perquisities and place;
To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;
So well-bred he,—he never spoke one truth:
With watchful eyes sits full against my lord,
And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;
That, echo'd back, and sent from lungs more able,
Assumes new force, and bandies round the table.
All stare: "Was ever thing so pretty spoke?
You'd almost swear it was his grace's joke."
Yet such as these divide the great man's store,
And flatter out the friendless and the poor.
Nor less the fool our censure must engage,
Whom every trifle rouses into rage.
He arms for all, so fierce the wordy war,
Labeo far less tenacious at the bar;
Words heap'd on words so fast together drive,
Like clustring bees that darken from the hive,
He fights, alas! what mortal dares confute him?
With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about him.
"Deny me this; ah! rather than comply
A thing so plain,—I'd sooner starve or die."

But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws?
Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws?
Say, on the oppressor does his anger fall?
Pleads he for the distress'd, like good Newhall?
Against corruption does his vengeance rise?
The army? or the general excise?
On trifling themes like these our man is mute,
As s———, if fee-less you present your suit.
More sacred truths his zealous rage supply;
What all acknowledge, or what all deny:
If rogues in red are worse than rogues in lawn;
Or *** be as great a dunce as ——;
Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road
Be thirty foot, or five-and-thirty broad.
The vicious man, though in the worst degree,
His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he.
Is there whom lawless love should bring to gallows?
He cries, "What vengeance waits on perjur'd fellows!"
Ruckhead, who pin'd amidst his boundless store,
Could wonder why rich Selkirk wish'd for more:
The youthful knight, who squanders all away
On whores, on equipage, on dress, and play;
The man who thirsts and hungers after gold;
The tricking tradesman, and the merchant bold,
Whom fear of poverty compels to fly
Through seas, excisemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;
Start at each other's crimes with pious fright,
Yet think themselves for ever in the right.
But, above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,
And calls the poorer sinner filthy names;
Though his foul soul, discolour'd all within,
Has deeper drank the tincture of each sin:
Or else advices, as the mother sage
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,
(And, faith, though insolent of wealth, in this
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiss)
"Yield, yield, O fool! to my superior merit,
Without a sixpence thou, and sin with spirit!
For me those high adventures kept by fate;
For crimes look graceful with a large estate:
Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more;
Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee poor."
But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;
What boots it how they die or how they live?
Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you find,
To change the species of the virtuous mind.
You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's way,
Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,
Invited first the destin'd prey to dine,
Then whisper'd in his ear, "You must be fine:
Fine clothes, gay equipage, a splendid board
Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.
Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,
To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to hounds?
Go roam about in gilded chariot hurl'd;
Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the world:
These kind instructors teach you best of any,
The wise sir William, and the good lord Fanny."
Guiltless he bears of pension and of place,
Then sinks in honour as he swells in lace;
Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,
Melts in the sunshine of a court away.
At first (not every manly thought resign'd)
He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;
Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,
And virtuous blushes lingering on his face:
The artful tempter plies the slavish hour,
And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;
Then tips his fellow statesman, "He'll assume
New modes of thinking in the drawing-room;
See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes,
See pensions, ribbons, coronets arise.
The man, whom labour only could delight,
Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night:
Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,
Unmov'd shall riot at the orphan's cost;
To pleasures vile, that health and fame destroy,
Yield the domestic charm, the social joy.
See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,
He slumbers over Lucan's free-born rage.
Each action in inverted lights is seen;
Meanness, frugality; and freedom, spleen;
How foolish Cato! Cæsar how divine!
In spite of Tully, friend to Catiline."
Thus to each fair idea long unknown,
The slave of each man's vices and his own,
Enroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,
He tow'rs to villany's last act, a bribe;
And turns, to make his ruin'd fortunes clear,
Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer;
Till, late refracted through a purer air,
The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere:
Lo, vile, obscure, he ends his bustling day,
All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray;
And envies, poor, unpitied, scorn'd by all,
Marchmont the glories of a generous fall.
Such sad examples can this land afford?
Why 'tis the history of many a lord!
But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say:
Yet drink with such originals each day.
Then censure we no more, too daring friend,
Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.
How poor a figure should a poet make,
Ta'en into custody for scribbling's sake?
Ah, how (you know the Muses never pay)
With all his verses earn five pounds a day?
Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,
Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.
Then, first, into no other's secrets pry;
To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:
Of these, unask'd, why should you claim a share?
But keep these safe intrusted to your care:
For this, beware the cunning low design,
That takes advantage of your rage or wine;
For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,
Is rash, intemperate, headlong in its words.
Lock fast your lips; then guard whate'er you say,
Lest in the fit of passion you betray;
And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal pow'r
To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour!
There is a certain pleasing force, that binds
Faster than chains do slaves, two willing minds.
Tempers oppos'd each may itself controul,
And melt two varying natures in one soul.
This made two brothers' different humours hit,
Though one had probity, and one had wit:
Of sober manners this and plain good sense,
Avoided cards, wine, company, expense;
Safe from the tempting fatal sex withdrew,
Nor made advances further than a bow.
A different train of life his twin pursues;
Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the stews,
A mistress, opera, play, each darling theme;
To scribble, above all, his joy supreme.
Must these two brothers always meet to scold,
Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of old?
Each yielding, mutual, could each other please,
And drew life's yoke with tolerable ease:

This thinking mirth not always in the wrong,
Would sometimes condescend to hear a song;
And that, fatigued with his exalted fits,
His beauties, gewgaws, whirligigs, and wits,
Would leave them all, far happier to regale
With prose and friendship o'er a pot of ale.
Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,
And seem to lose, although thou gain'st the field;
Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,
Rail at his studies, and extol your own.
For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,
(And dreams, as reverend dreamers tell, are true)
Sir George my shoulder slaps, just in the time
When some rebellious word consents to rhyme:
Sudden my verses take the rude alarm,
New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm;
I start, I stare, I question with my eyes:—
At once the whole poetic vision flies.
"Up, up," exclaims the knight; "the season fair;
See how serene the sky, how calm the air;
Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,
And Echo propagates the jovial sound;
The certain hound in thought his prey pursues,
The scent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews."
I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,
Content to let the younker have his way;
I mount my courser, fleeter than the wind,
And leave the rage of poetry behind:
But when, the day in healthful labour lost,
We eat our supper earn'd at common cost; [troul,
When each frank tongue speaks out without con-
And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;
Though all love prose, my poetry finds grace,
And, pleas'd, I chant the glories of the chase.
Of old, when Scotia's sons for empire fought,
Ere avarice had debas'd each generous thought,
Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot,
One half had learn'd to dose, one half to vote,
Each hardy toil confirm'd their dawning age,
And mimic sights inspir'd to martial rage;
'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to send,
With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend;
O'ercame with early arm the fiercest floods,
Or rang'd 'midst chilling snows the pathless woods;
Toil'd for the savage boar on which they fed:
'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred:
That gave (not polish'd then below mankind)
Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.
The smiling dame, in those victorious days,
Was woo'd by valour, not seduc'd by praise;
Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel,
And never saw her lover, but in steel;
Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield,
And send her hero raging to the field;
Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongu'd vow,
Pleas'd with a genuine heart, as H*** is now.
How would the generous lass detest to see
An essenc'd fopling puling o'er his tea;
Ah how, distasteful of the mimic show,
Disdain the false appearance, as a foe!
To greet, unfolding every social charm,
Her soldier from the field of glory warm.
But now, alas! these generous aims are o'er;
Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more,
Yet humbler tasks may claim the patriot's toil:
Who aids her laws no more, may mend her soil.
Since to be happy man must ne'er be still,
Th' internal void let peaceful labours fill;
When kind amusements hours of fame employ,
The working mind subsides to sober joy:
Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,
The wheaten garland wreathe the laurel'd head;
Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,
Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year;
In barren heaths, where summer never smil'd,
The rural city rises o'er the wild;
Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,
Disport the sons of mirth and gamesome love.
It now remains I counsel, if indeed
My counsel, friend, can stand thee ought in stead.
Judge well of whom you speak; nor will you find
It always safe to tell each man your mind.
Ev'n honesty regard to safety owes;
Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.
Th' eternal quest'ner shun: a certain rule,
There is no blab like to the quest'ning fool;
Ev'n scarce before you turn yourself about,
Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;
The word elanc'd no longer we controul,
Once sally'd forth, it bursts from pole to pole.
Guard well your heart, ah! still be beauty-proo
Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof,
What though she shines the brightest of the fair,
A form even such as Wallace self might wear?
What though no rocks nor marble arm her breast,
A yielding Helen to her Trojan guest,
The dangerous combat fly: why wouldst thou gain
A shameful conquest won by years of pain?
For know, the short-liv'd guilty rapture past,
Reflection comes, a dreadful judge, at last:
'Tis that avenges (such its pointed stings)
The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.
To praise aright, is sure no easy art;
Yet prudence here directs the wise man's part.
Let long experience then confirm the friend,
Dive to his depth of soul, ere you commend.
Should you extol the fool but slightly known,
Guiltless you blush for follies not your own.
Alas! we err: for villains can betray,
And gold corrupt the saint of yesterday.
Then yield, convicted by the public voice,
And frankly own the weakness of your choice;
So greater credit shall your judgment gain,
When you defend the worth that knaves arraign;
Whose soul secure, confiding in your aid,
Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade;
When envy on his spotless name shall fall
Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;
This mutual help the kindred virtues claim;
For calumny eats on from fame to fame.
When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aspire,
Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?
When envy rages, small the space betwixt,
In worth ally'd, thy character is next.
Fir'd at the first with what the great impart,
Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.
How sweet the converse of the potent friend!
How charming when the mighty condescend!
The smile so affable, the courtly word!—
And, as we would a mistress, trust a lord.
Th' experienc'd dread the cheat; with prudent care
Distrust alike the powerful and the fair.
Thou, when thy vessel flies before the wind,
Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;
Though all serene, yet bear an humble sail,
Lest veering greatness shift the treacherous gale.
How various, man! yet such are Nature's laws,
With powerful force each different humour draws:
The grave the cheerful hate; these hate the sad;
Your sober wiseman thinks the wit quite mad;

He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,
Thinks every sober wiseman more than fool;
Whose active mind from toil to toil can run,
And join the rising to the setting sun,
Like Philip's son for fame, pursuing gains
While yet one penny unsubdued remains;
Admires how lovers waste th' inactive day,
Sigh, midst the fair, their gentle souls away.
The tuneful bard, who boasts his varied strains,
Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,
Whose life th' impression of no sorrow knows,
So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flows.
In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues,
Pleas'd with the gingling bauble of a muse,
Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme,
When greatness sickens o'er th' ambitious dream;
Each boon companion, who the night prolongs
In noise and rapture, festivals and songs,
Condemns the graver mortal for an ass
Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass;
Still urging on, what boots it that you swear
You dread the vapours and nocturnal air;
Yet grant a little to the social vine,
Full on the friend with cloudless visage shine,
Oft sullen silence speaks a want of sense,
Or folly lurks beneath the wise pretence.
Is there severe, who balks the genial hour?
He's not so sober, were he not so sour.
But, above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,
Fair Peace through all her secret haunts explore;
Consult the learn'd in life (these best advise),
The good in this, more knowing than the wise;
Their sacred science learn, and what the art
To guard the sallies of th' impetuous heart;
With temper due th' internal poise to keep,
Not soaring impudent, nor servile creep;
How sure thyself, thy friends, thy God to please,
Firm health without, within unshaken peace;
Lest keen desire, still making new demands,
Shou'd raise new foes unnumber'd on thy hands:
Or hope, or fear inspire th' unmanly groan,
For things of little use, perhaps of none:
Who best can purchase virtue's righteous dow'r,
The sage with wisdom, or the king with pow'r:
Or if the mighty blessing stands confin'd,
To the chaste nature and the heav'n-taught mind:
And chief th' important lesson wise attend,
What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend:
If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,
Or greatness can ensure a night's repose;
Or must we seek it in the secret road
That leads through virtue to the peaceful God;
A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,
We steal through life all unperceiv'd along.
For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale,
I make to port, and crowd on all my sail.
Soon may the peaceful grove and shelter'd seat
Receive me weary in the kind retreat;
Blest if my **** be the destin'd shade,
Where childhood sported, of no ills afraid,
Ere youth full grown its daring wing display'd.
That often crost by life's intestine war,
Foresaw that day of triumph from afar,
When warring passions mingling in the fray,
Had drawn the youthful wanderer from his way:
But recollecting the short errour, mourn'd,
And duteous to the warning voice return'd.
No more the passions hurrying into strife,
My soul enjoys the gentler calms of life.
Like Tityrus, bless'd among the rural shades,
Whose hallow'd round no guilty wish invades;
No joy tumultuous, no depressing care;
All that I want is Amaryllis there;
Where silver Forth each fair meander leads
Through breathing harvests and empurpled meads;
Whose russet swains enjoy the golden dream,
And thankful bless the plenty-giving stream.
There youth, convinc'd, foregoes each daring claim,
And settling manhood takes a surer aim;
Till age accomplish late the fair design,
And calm possess the good, if age be mine.
What think'st thou, then, my friend, shall be my cares,
My daily studies, and my nightly prayers?
Of the propitious Pow'r this boon I crave,
Still to preserve the little that I have;
Nor yet repugnance at the lot express,
Should fate decree that little to be less,
That what remains of life to Heav'n I live,
If life indeed has any time to give:
Or if the fugitive will no longer stay,
To part as friends should do, and slip away:
Thankful to Heav'n, or for the good supply'd,
To Heav'n submissive for the good deny'd,
Renounce the household charm, a bliss divine!
Heav'n never meant for me, and I resign:
In other joys th' allotted hours improve,
And gain in friendship what was lost in love:
Some comfort snatch'd, as each vain year return'd,
When nature suffer'd, or when friendship mourn'd,
Of all that stock so fatally bereft,
Once youth's proud boast, alas! the little left;
These friends, in youth belov'd, in manhood tried,
Age must not change through avarice or pride:
For me let wisdom's sacred fountain flow,
The cordial draught that sweetens every woe;
Let fortune kind, the *just enough* provide,
Nor dubious float on hope's uncertain tide;
Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even.—
Thus far suffices to have ask'd of Heaven,
Who in the dispensations of a day,
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes away;
To scaffolds oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings;
Takes power from statesmen, and their thrones from kings;
From the unthankful heart the bliss decreed——
But leaves the man of worth still bless'd indeed:
Be life Heaven's gift, be mine the care to find
Still equal to itself the balanc'd mind;
Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy,
With thoughtful quiet pleas'd, and virtuous joy;
In these, and these alone, supremely blest,
When fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

TRANSLATIONS.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE I.

WATER, great principle whence nature springs,
The prime of elements, and first of things,
Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,
As through the night the fiery blaze
Pours all around the streaming rays,
Conspicuous glows the golden oar.

But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire
To sing the contests of the great,
Calls forth t' awake th' ethereal fire:
What subject worthier of the lyre,
Olympia's glories to relate!
Full in the forehead of the sky,
The Sun, the world's bright radiant eye,
Shines o'er each lesser flame;
On Earth what theme suffices more
To make the Muses' offspring soar,
Than the Olympian victor's fame?
But from the swelling column, where on high
It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre,
If with sweet love of sacred melody
The steeds of Hiero thy breast inspire.
When borne along the flowery side,
Where smooth Alpheus' waters glide,
Their voluntary virtue flies,
Nor needs the drivers rousing cries,
But rapid seize the dusty space,
To reap the honours of the race,
The merit of their speed;
And bind with laurel-wreath the manly brows
Of him the mighty king of Syracuse,
Delighting in the victor steed.
Far sounds his glory through the winding coast
Of Lydia, where his wandering host
From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes;
There prosper'd in his late-found reign,
Lov'd by the ruler of the main;
When at the banquet of the gods,
In the pure laver of the fates again,
Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,
With potent charm and mystic strain,
When by his cruel father slain,
With ivory shoulder bright endow'd,
Oft fables with a fond surprise,
When shaded o'er with fair disguise,
The wandering mind detain;
Deluded by the kind deceit,
We joy more in the skilful cheat,
Than in truth's faithful strain.
But chief to verse these wonderous pow'rs belong,
Such grace has Heaven bestow'd on song;
Blest parent! from whose loins immortal joys,
To mitigate our pain below,
Softening the anguish of our woe,
Are sprung, the children of its voice:
Song can o'er unbelief itself prevail;
The virtue of its magic art,
Can make the most amazing tale
With shafts of eloquence assail,
Victorious, the yielding heart:
But Time on never-ceasing wings
Experienc'd wisdom slowly brings,
And teaches mortal race
Not to blaspheme the Holy One,
That deathless fills the heavenly throne,
Inhabiting eternal space.
Therefore, O son of Tantalus! will I
In other guise thy wond'rous tale unfold,
And juster to the rulers of the sky,
With lips more hallow'd than the bards of old.
For when thy sire the gods above,
To share the kind return of love,
Invited from their native bow'rs,
To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,
The trident pow'r, by fierce desire
Subdued, on golden steeds of fire,
Thee bore aloft to Jove on high;
Where since young Ganymede, sweet Phrygian boy,
Succeeded to the ministry of joy,
And nectar banquet of the sky.
But when no more on Earth thy form was seen,
Conspicuous in the walks of men,
Nor yet to sooth thy mother's longing sight,
Thy searching train sent to explore
Thy lurking-place, could thee restore,
The weeping fair's supreme delight:
Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infest
And wound thy sire's untainted fame,
That he to each ethereal guest
Had serv'd thee up a horrid feast,
Subdued by force of all-devouring flame;
But, the blest pow'rs of Heav'n t' accuse,
Far be it from the holy Muse,
Of such a feast impure;
Vengeance protracted for a time,
Still overtakes the slanderer's crime,
At Heaven's slow appointed hour.
Yet certain, if the pow'r who wide surveys,
From his watch-tow'r, the earth and seas,
E'er dignify'd the perishable race;
Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,
Him, the chief favourite of the sky,
Exalted to sublimest grace.
But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,
Swell'd with his envy'd happiness,
Weak and frail his mortal brain,
The lot superior to sustain;
He fell degraded from his bliss.
For on his head th' Almighty Sire,
Potent in his kindled ire,
Hung a rock's monstrous weight:
Too feeble to remove the load,
Fix'd by the sanction of the god,
He wander'd erring from delight.
The watchful synod of the skies decreed
His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,
Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,
On Earth secure, a stranger to repose.
Because, by mad ambition driv'n,
He robb'd the sacred stores of Heav'n:
Th' ambrosial vintage of the skies
Became the daring spoiler's prize,
And brought to sons of mortal earth
The banquet of celestial birth,
With endless blessings fraught,
And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,
Whose precious sweets make blest the pow'rs divine,
Gift of the rich immortal draught.
Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may lie
Unseen by the supreme all-piercing eye;
He, high enthron'd above all Heaven's height,
The works of men with broad survey,
As in the blazing flame of day,
Beholds the secret deeds of night.
Therefore his son th' immortals back again
Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes,
To taste his share of human pain,
Exil'd from the celestial reign,
And sweet communion of the gods.
But when the fleecy down began
To clothe his chin, and promise man;
The shafts of young desire,
And love of the fair female kind,
Inflam'd the youthful hero's mind,
And set his amorous soul on fire.

Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,
The Pisan tyrant's blooming prize,
High in his hopes he purpos'd to obtain;
O'ercome her savage sire in arms,
The price of her celestial charms;
For this the ruler of the main
Invoking in the dreary solitude,
And secret season of the night;
Oft, on the margin of the flood
Alone, the raging lover stood,
Till to his long-desiring sight,
From below the sounding deeps,
His scaly herds where Proteus keeps,
The favourite youth to please,
Dividing swift the hoary stream,
Refulgent on his golden team,
Appear'd the trident sceptred king of seas.
To whom the youth: "If e'er with fond delight,
The gifts of Venus could thy soul inspire,
Restrain fell Œnemaus' spear in fight;
And me, who dare adventurous to aspire,
Me grant, propitious, to succeed,
Enduing with unrival'd speed
The flying car, decreed to gain
The laurel-wreath, on Elis' plain,
Victorious o'er the father's pow'r;
Who dire, so many hapless lovers slain,
Does still a maid the wond'rous fair detain,
Protractive of the sweet connubial hour.
Danger demands a soul secure of dread,
Equal to the daring deed!
Since then, th' immutable decrees of fate,
Have fix'd, by their vicegerent Death,
The limits of each mortal breath,
Doom'd to the urn, or soon or late:
What mind resolv'd and brave would sleep away
His life, when glory warms the blood,
Only t' enjoy some dull delay,
Inactive to his dying day,
Not aiming at the smallest good?
But the blooming maid inspires
My breast to far sublimer fires,
To raise my glory to the skies;
Gracious, O! favouring pow'r, give ear,
Indulgent to my vow sincere,
Prosp'ring the mighty enterprize."
So pray'd the boy: nor fell his words in vain,
Unheeded by the ruler of the main;
A golden car, earth's shaking pow'r bestow'd,
And to the glittering axle join'd
Unrivall'd steeds, fleet as the wind:
Glad of the present of the god,
The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight;
In dust the haughty parent laid,
Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,
And wings his chariot's rapid flight,
To win the sweet celestial maid.
She with six sons, a fair increase,
Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,
Whom virtue's love inspir'd;
Upright to walk in virtue's ways,
The surest path to noblest praise,
The noblest praise the youth acquir'd.
Now by Alpheus' stream, meandering fair,
Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan plains,
A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air,
All, of the mighty man that was, contains.
There frequent in the holy shade,
The vows of stranger-chiefs are paid,
And on the sacred altar lies
The victim, smoking to the skies,
When heroes, at the solemn shrine,
Invoke the pow'rs with rites divine.
From every distant soil,
And drive about the consecrated mound
The sounding car, or on the listed ground
Urge the fleet racers, or the wrestlers' toil.
Happy the man whom favouring fate allows
The wreaths of Pisa to surround his brows;
All wedded to delight, his after-days
In calm and even tenour run,
The noble dow'r of conquest won,
Such conscious pleasure flows from praise.
Thee, Muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,
It fits, and to resound his name:
Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,
In thy sweet Eolian song,
His garland of Olympian fame.
Nor shalt thou, O! my Muse, e'er find
A more sublime or worthier mind,
To better fortunes born:
On whom the gracious love of God,
The regal pow'r has kind bestow'd,
And arts of sway, that power to adorn.
Still may thy God, O potent king! employ
His sacred ministry of joy,
Solicitous with tutelary care,
To guard from the attacks of fate
Thy blessings lasting as they're great,
The pious poet's constant pray'r.
Then to the mighty bounty of the sky,
The Muse shall add a sweeter lay,
With wing sublime when she shall fly,
Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,
Smote with the burning shafts of day;
If the Muses' quiver'd god
Pave for song the even road
With sacred rapture warm,
A further flight aloft in air
Elanc'd, shall wing my tuneful spear,
More vigorous from the Muse's arm.
To many heights the daring climber springs,
Ere he the highest top of pow'r shall gain;
Chief seated there the majesty of kings;
The rest at different steps below remain:
Exalted to that wondrous height,
T' extend the prospect of delight,
May'st thou, O Hiero! live content,
On the top of all ascent:
To thee, by bounteous fates, be giv'n
T' inhabit still thy lofty Heav'n:
To me, in arts of peace,
Still to converse with the fair victor host,
For graceful song, an honourable boast,
Conspicuous through the realms of Greece.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE II.

O SOVEREIGN hymns! that powerful reign
In the harp, your sweet domain,
Whom will ye choose to raise;
What god shall now the verse resound;
What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,
Exalt to loftiest praise?

Pisa is Jove's: Jove's conquering son
First the Olympic race ordain'd:
The first fair fruits of glory won
The haughty tyrant's rage restrain'd.
He first the wondrous game bestow'd
When breathing from Augean toils,
He consecrates the dreadful spoils,
An offering to his father-god.
Theron, his virtues to approve,
And imitate the seed of Jove,
Th' Olympic laurel claims,
Whose swift-wheel'd car has borne away
The rapid honours of the day,
Foremost among the victor-names.
Therefore for Theron praise awaits,
For him the lyre awakes the strain,
The stranger welcom'd at his gates
With hospitable love humane.
Fix'd on the councils of his breast,
As on the column's lofty height
Remains secure the building's weight,
The structure of his realm may rest.
Of a fair stem, himself a fairer flow'r,
Who, soon transplanted from their native soil,
Wander'd many climates o'er,
Till after long and various toil,
On the fair river's destin'd bank they found
Their sacred seat, and heav'n-chose ground:
Where stood delightful to the eye
The fruitful, beauteous Sicily,
And could a numerous issue boast, [the coast.
That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er
The following years all took their silver flight,
With pleasure wing'd and soft delight,
And every year that flew in peace,
Brought to their native virtues, store
Of wealth and pow'r, a new increase, [more.
Fate still confirm'd the sum, and bounteous added
But son of Rhe' and Saturn old,
Who dost thy sacred throne uphold
On high Olympus' hill;
Whose rule th' Olympic race obeys,
Who guid'st Alpheus' winding maze,
In hymns delighting still;
Grant, gracious to the godlike race,
Their children's children to sustain,
Peaceful through time's ne'er-ending space,
The sceptre and paternal reign.
For Time, th aged sire of all,
The deed impatient of delay,
Which the swift hour has wing'd away,
Just or unjust, can ne'er recall.
But when calmer days succeed,
Of fair event, and lovely deed,
Our lot serene at last;
The memory of darker hours,
When Heav'n severe and angry lours,
Forgotten lies and past.
Thus mild, and lenient of his frown,
When Jove regards our adverse fate,
And sends his chosen blessings down
To cheer below our mortal state:
Then former evils, odious brood,
Before the heav'n-born blessings fly,
Or trodden down subjected lie,
Soon vanquish'd by the victor-good.
With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees
The Muse's song; who, after many woes,
At last on golden thrones of ease
Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.
No more they think of Cadmus, mournful swain!
Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.
And Semele, of rosy hue,
Whom the embracing Thunderer slew,
Exalted now to Heav'n's abodes,
Herself a goddess blithe, dwells with immortal gods.
Bathed in th' ambrosial odours of the sky,
Her long dishevel'd tresses fly:
Her, Minerva still approves;
She is her prime and darling joy:
Her, Heav'n's lord supremely loves;
As does his rosy son, the ivy-crowned boy.
Thou Ino too! in pearly cells,
Where Nereus' sea-green daughter dwells,
Enjoy'st a lot divine:
No more of suffering mortal strain,
An azure goddess of the main,
Eternal rest is thine.
Lost in a maze, blind feeble man
Knows not the hour he sure foresees,
Nor with the eyes of nature can
Pierce through the hidden deep decrees.
Nor sees he if his radiant day,
That in meridian splendour glows,
Shall gild his evening's quiet close,
Soft smiling with a farewel ray.
As when the ocean's refluent tides,
Within his hollow womb subsides,
Is heard to sound no more;
Till rousing all its rage again,
Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,
And sweeps the sandy shore:
So Fortune, mighty queen of life,
Works up proud man, her destin'd slave,
Of good and ill the stormy strife,
The sport of her alternate wave;
Now mounted to the height of bliss,
He seems to mingle with the sky;
Now looking down with giddy eye,
Sees the retreating waters fly,
And trembles at the deep abyss.
As, by experience led, the searching mind
Revolves the records of still-changing fate,
Such dire reverses shall he find
Oft mark the fortunes of the great!
Now bounteous gods, with blessings all divine,
Exalt on high the sceptred line,
Now the bright scene of laurel'd years,
At once quick-shifting, disappears:
And in their radiant room succeeds
A dismal train of ills, and tyrannous misdeeds.
Since the curst hour the fateful son
Plung'd in the guilt he sought to shun,
And saw beneath his hasty rage
The hoary king, Heaven's victim, bleed;
Deaf to a father's pleading age,
His erring hands fulfill'd, what guilty fate decreed.
Erynnis, dreadful fury! saw
The breach of nature's holiest law,
She mounts her hooked car;
Through Phocis' death-devoted ground
She flew, and gave the nations round
To the wide waste of war:
By mutual hands the brothers died,
Furious on mutual wounds they run;
Sons, fathers, swell the sanguine tide;
Fate drove the purple deluge on.

Thus perish'd all the fated brood,
Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will;
When sated vengeance had its fill,
Thersander clos'd the scene of blood.
He, sprung from beauteous Argea, shone
The glory of Adrastus' throne,
When fierce in youthful fire,
He rag'd around the Theban wall,
And saw the sevenfold city fall
A victim to his sire:
From him, as from a second root,
Wide spreading to the lofty skies,
The sons of martial glory shoot,
And clustering chiefs on chiefs arise.
There in the topmost boughs display'd,
Great Theron sits with lustre crown'd,
And verdant honours bloom around,
While nations rest beneath his shade.
Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays;
Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler strain!
Decent is ev'n th' excess of praise:
For Theron strike the sounding lyre again.
Olympia's flowering wreath he singly wears;
The Isthmian palm his brother shares.
Delphi resounds the kindred name,
The youths contend alike for fame,
Fair rivals in the glorious chase,
When twelve times darting round, they flew the giddy space.
Thrice blest! for whom the Graces twine
Fame's brightest plume, the wreath divine:
Lost to remembrance, former woes
No more reflection's sting employ;
With triumph all the bosom glows,
Pour'd through th' expanding heart, th' impetuous tide of joy.
Riches, that singly are possest,
Vain pomp of life! a specious waste,
But feed luxurious pride:
Yet when with sacred virtues crown'd,
Wealth deals its liberal treasures round,
'Tis nobly dignified.
To modest worth, to honour's bands,
With conscious warmth he large imparts;
And in his presence smiling stands
Fair Science, and her handmaid, Arts:
As in the pure serene of night,
Thron'd in its sphere, a beauteous star
Sheds its blest influence from afar,
At once beneficent and bright.
But hear, ye wealthy, hear, ye great,
I sing the fix'd decrees of fate,
What after death remains,
Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind
Of cruel unrelenting mind,
A doom of endless pains;
The crimes that stain'd this living light,
Beneath the holy eye of Jove,
Meet in the regions drear of night,
The vengeance but delay'd above.
There the pale sinner drear aghast,
Impartial, righteous, and severe,
Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r,
Eternal justice dooms at last.
Far otherwise, the souls whom virtue guides
Enjoy a calm repose of sacred rest,
Nor light nor shade their time divides,
With one eternal sunshine blest.
Emancipated from the cares of life,
No more they urge the mortal strife;
No more, with still-revolving toil,
They vex a hard ungrateful soil;
Nor plough the surges of the main,
Exchanging holy quiet for false deceitful gain.
But to these sacred seats preferr'd,
With gods they live, as gods rever'd,
And tears are wip'd from every eye;
While banish'd from the happy reign,
The guilty souls in darkness lie,
And weary out the frightful ministers of pain.
So Heav'n decrees: the good and just,
Who, true to life's important trust,
Have well sustain'd the field:
Whose souls undaunted, undismay'd,
Nor flattering pleasure could persuade,
Nor passions taught to yield;
These through the mortal changes past,
Still listening to the heav'nly lore,
Find this sublime reward at last,
The trial of obedience o'er.
Then bursting from the bonds of clay,
Triumphant tread the heav'n-pav'd road
That leads to Saturn's high abode,
And Jove himself directs the way.
There, where the blest reside at ease,
Bland zephyrs breathe the sea-borne breeze
O'er all the happy isle:
Unnumber'd sweets the air perfume,
'Tis all around one golden bloom,
All one celestial smile.
By living streams fair trees ascend,
Whose roots the humid waters lave;
The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,
Rich produce of the fruitful wave.
Thus sporting in celestial bow'rs,
The sons of the immortal morn,
Their heads and rosy hands adorn
With garlands of unfading flow'rs.
There Rhadamanth, who great assessor reigns
To Rhæa's son, by still unchanging right,
Awarding all: to vice, eternal chains;
To virtue opes the gates of light.
Rhæa! who high in Heav'n's sublime abodes
Sits thron'd, the mother of the gods.
Cadmus to this immortal choir
Was led; and Peleus' noble sire!
And glorious son! since Thetis' love
Subdued, with pray'r, the yielding mind of Jove.
Who Troy laid prostrate on the plain,
His country's pillar, Hector, slain;
By whom unhappy Cygnus bled;
By whom the Ethiopian boy,
That sprung from Neptune's godlike bed,
The aged Tithon's and Aurora's highest joy.
What grand ideas crowd my brain!
What images! a lofty train
In beauteous order spring:
As the keen store of feather'd fates
Within the braided quiver waits,
Impatient for the wing:
See, see they mount! The sacred few,
Endued with piercing flight,
Alone through darling fields pursue
Th' aërial regions bright.
This Nature gives, her chiefest boast;
But when the bright ideas fly,
Far soaring from the vulgar eye,
To vulgar eyes are lost.
Where Nature sows her genial seeds,
A liberal harvest straight succeeds,

Fair in the human soil;
While Art, with hard laborious pains,
Creeps on unseen, nor much attains
By slow progressive toil.
Resembling this, the feeble crow,
Amid the vulgar winged crowd,
Hides in the darkening copse below,
Vain, strutting, garrulous, and loud:
While genius mounts th' ethereal height,
As the imperial bird of Jove
On sounding pinions soars above,
And dares the majesty of light.
Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string,
O thou, my genius! warm with sacred flame;
Fly swift, ethereal shaft! and wing
The godlike Théron unto fame.
I solemn swear, and holy truth attest,
That sole inspires the tuneful breast,
That, never since th' immortal Sun
His radiant journey first begun,
To none the gods did e'er impart
A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart.
Fly, Envy, hence, that durst invade
Such glories, with injurious shade;
Still, with superior lustre bright,
His virtues shine, in number more
Than are the radiant fires of night,
Or sands that spread along the sea-surrounding shore.

THE PARTING OF

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

Beginning ver. 407. Δαιμονιε, φθισει σε το σον μενος,...

"O DARING thou! to thy own strength a prey,
Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,
Nor miserable me, a widow soon!
For, rushing on thy single might, at once
The Greeks will overwhelm thee: better far
I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee
Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,
What further comfort then for me remains,
What solace, but in tears? No father mine,
Nor mine no venerable mother's care.
Noble Achilles' hand my father slew,
And spread destruction through Cilicia's town,
Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.
He slew Aëtion, but despoil'd him not,
For inly in his mind he fear'd the gods;
But burnt his body with his polish'd arms,
And o'er him rear'd a mound: the mountain nymphs,
The daughters fair of ægis-bearing Jove,
Planted with elms around the sacred place.
Seven brothers flourish'd in my father's house;
All in one day descended to the shades,
All slain by great Achilles, swift of foot,
'Midst their white sheep, and heifers flexile-hoof'd.
My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,
Brought hither, number'd in the victor's spoils;
Till loos'd from bands, for gifts of mighty price,
By chase-delighting Dian's dart she fell,
Smote in my father's house: but, Hector, thou,
Thou art my sire, my hoary mother thou,
My brother thou, thou husband of my youth!
Ah pity, Hector, then! and in this tow'r
With us remain, nor render by thy fall
Him a sad orphan, me a widow'd wife.
Here at this fig-tree station, where the town
Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls,
Here thrice the bravest of the foes have try'd
To pass; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ too, and Tydeus' warlike son;
Whether some seer, in divination skill'd,
Prompted th' attempt, or their own valour dar'd
To execute a deed, their wisdom plann'd."
To whom plume-nodding Hector thus reply'd:
"These, woman, are my care; but much I fear
The Trojan youth, and long-gown'd Trojan dames,
If, coward-like, I shun afar the fight:
Not so my courage bids; for I have learnt
Still to be brave, and foremost to defend
My father's mighty glories, and my own.
For well I know, and in my mind foresee,
A day will come, when sacred Ilion sinks,
Old Priam perishes, the people too
Of Priam aspen-spear'd. Yet not so much
The woes the Trojans yet in after-times
Must undergo, not Hecuba herself,
Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,
Who, numerous and brave, have fallen in dust
Below the boasting foe, distract my soul,
As thou! Then when some brazen-coated Greek,
In the sad day of thy distress, shall drag
Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing sad,
To some imperious mistress handmaid, thou
Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight
From Messeis or Hyperia's springs, against
Thy will, but hard necessity compels.
Then shall he say, who sees thee sunk in tears,
'Lo! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all
The Trojan steed-subduing race excell'd
Who fought at Ilion.' Thus shall they say.
But thee new pangs shall seize; on thee shall come
Desire of such a husband to repel
The evil hour: but may I low beneath
The monumental earth be laid to rest,
Nor thy soft sorrows, nor the melting voice
Of thy captivity, e'er reach my ear."
So saying, the illustrious Hector stretch'd
His hands to reach his child; the child averse,
In the soft bosom of the fair-zon'd nurse
Weeping, fell back, abhorrent, from his sire
Of warlike aspect: for he fear'd the shine
Of armour, and the horse-hair horrid crest
That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.
The loving father smil'd, the mother smil'd;
Straight from his head th' illustrious Hector took
His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground;
Then fondled in his arms his much-lov'd son
He took; thus praying Jove, and all the gods:
"Jove, and ye other gods, grant this my son,
Grant he may too become, as I am now,
The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength,
And rule his Ilion with a monarch's sway;
That men may say, when he returns from fight,
'This youth transcends his sire:' Then may he
The bloody spoils aloft of hostile chiefs [bear
In battle slain, and joy his mother's heart!"
He said: and to his much-lov'd spouse resign'd
His child: she, on her fragrant bosom lull'd,
Smiling through tears, receiv'd him: at the sight,
Compassion touch'd her husband's heart: her cheek
With gentle blandishment he strok'd, and spoke:

"O best belov'd! oh, sadden not thy heart
With grief beyond due bounds: I trust, no hand
Shall send me down to shades obscure, before
My day of doom decreed; for well I ween
No man of mortal men escapes from death,
Fearful or bold: whoe'er is born must die.
But thou, returning to thy home, attend
The spindle, and the loom, thy peaceful cares;
And call thy duteous maidens round to share
Their tasks by thee assign'd; for war belongs
To men, and chief to me, of Ilion's sons."
This said, illustrious Hector seiz'd his helm,
And to her home return'd his much-lov'd spouse,
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.
Then sudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,
The godlike Hector! there again she wept!
In his own house the living Hector wept;
For now foreboding in their fears, no more
They hop'd to meet him with returning step
From battle, 'scap'd the rage and force of Greece.

FIRST SCENE OF THE

PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

[ULYSSES speaks.]

SON of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,
You tread the coast of sea-surrounded Lemnos,
Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd.
Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,
I erst expos'd the son of noble Pæon,
Consuming with his wounds, and wasting slow
In painful agonies; wild from despair,
He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud,
And execrations dire. No pure libation,
No holy sacrifice could to the gods
Be offer'd up: ill-omen'd sounds of woe
Profan'd the sacred rites: But this no more——
Should he discover my return, 'twere vain
The plan my wakeful industry has wove,
Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece
This most important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,
To ripen into deed, what I propose.
Cast round thy eyes, if thou by chance may'st find
The double rock, where from the winter's cold
He shrouds his limbs, or when the summer glows
Amid the cool, the zephyr's gentle breath
Lulls him to his repose; fast on the left
Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero sees
This living light, one of th' attendant train
Speed with the hour to glad my listening ears,
If in that savage haunt he harbours yet,
Or in some other corner of this isle:
Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports
Our present needs, and claims our common care.

THE EPISODE OF

LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS,

BEGINNING LINE 689.

Written in the year 1719.

NOW Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms,
His ardour rouses and his courage warms;
Fir'd by the god, to Turnus he succeeds;
Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds;
The Tuscan troops invade their common foe,
Alike in hate their kindling bosoms glow
Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour
Darts following darts, a thick continued show'r:
But he undaunted, all the storm sustains,
And scorns th' united fury of the plains:
As some huge rock high towering 'midst the waves,
Of seas and skies the mingling tumult braves,
On its eternal basis fix'd is found,
Though tempests rage, and oceans foam around.
First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,
The issue of fam'd Dolicaon's bed;
Then Latagus submits to fate, his way
Adverse he took, the chief with furious sway
Uprear'd a ponderous rock, the shatter'd brain
Confus'd with blood and gore, o'erspreads the plain.
At flying Palmus next his dart he threw,
The speedy dart o'ertook him as he flew,
Full in the bam, he feels the smarting wound,
Left by the victor grovelling on the ground:
His arms surround his Lausus' manly breast,
The waving plume adorns his shining crest:
Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan seed,
By the same arm were mingled with the dead;
Mimas, companion of the youthful cares
Of Paris, and the equal of his years:
For, big with fancied flames, when Phrygia's queen
Brought forth the cause of woes, but ill foreseen;
T' extend his blooming race, that self-same night
The spouse of Amycus, Theano bright,
That night so fatal to the peace of Troy,
Blest her lov'd husband with a parent's joy:
But fate to different lands their deaths decreed,
This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed;
Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius slain,
Now rolls his carcase o'er the Latian plain.
And as a tusky boar, whom dogs invade,
Of Vesulus bred in the piny shade,
Or near Laurentia's lake, with forest mast
His feasts obscene supplied in wild repast;
Rous'd from his savage haunt, a deep retreat,
A length of years his unmolested seat;
When once in toils enclos'd, no flight appears,
Turns sudden, foaming fierce, his bristles rears;
All safe at distance stand, and none is found,
Whose valour dares inflict a nearer wound:
Dreadless meanwhile, to every side he turns,
His teeth he gnashes, and with rage he burns;
Th' united vengeance of the field derides,
A forest rattles as he shakes his sides:
So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage,
And shouts, in the mixt tumult they engage;
All from afar their missive weapons throw,
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.
Next, Grecian Acron rush'd into the plain,
Who came from Coritus's ancient reign:
Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led,
The joys untasted of the bridal bed;
From far Mezentius eyed him with delight,
In arms refulgent, as he mix'd in fight;
Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known,
The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.
Then, as a lion thirsting after blood,
(For him persuades the keen desire of food,)
If, or a frisking goat he chance to view,
Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew;
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way,
Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey,

That helpless pants beneath his horrid paws,
The blood o'erflowing, laves his greedy jaws:
So keen Mezentius rushes on each foe;
Unhappy Acron sinks beneath his blow,
Mad in the pangs of death, he spurns the ground,
The blood distains the broken spear around:
Then fled Orodes shameful from the fight;
The victor scorn'd th' advantage of his flight;
But fir'd with rage, through cleaving ranks he ran,
And face to face oppos'd, and man to man:
Not guileful from behind his spear to throw
A wound unseen, but strikes an adverse blow.
Then with his foot his dying foe he press'd,
Lean'd on his lance, and thus his friends address'd:
"Lo! where Orodes gasps upon the sand;
His death was due to this victorious hand,
Large portion of the war!" Exulting cries
Ascend amain, and ring along the skies.
To whom the vanquish'd, with imperfect sound,
All weak, and faint, and dying of the wound:
"Nor long my ghost shall unreveng'd repine,
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;
Thee, equal fates, insulting man, remain;
Thee, death yet waits, and this the fatal plain."
Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius spied,
He smil'd severe, and thus contemptuous cried:
"Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me,
The sire of Heav'n and Earth, let Jove decree."
He said: and pull'd the weapon from the wound;
The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground:
Death's clay-cold hand shut up the sinking light;
And o'er his closing eyes drew the dark mist of night.
By Cædicus' great arm Alcathous fell;
Sacrator sent Hydaspes down to Hell:
Parthenius dies, by Rapo slain in fight;
And Orses vast, of more than mortal might.
Next sunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,
And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;
The issue of the god, their deaths renown'd,
Whose forked trident rules the deep profound.
His courser, unobedient to the rein,
Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.
Prone as he lay, swift fled the thirsty dart,
And found the mortal passage to his heart.
Then lights the victor from his lofty steed,
And, foot to foot engag'd, made Clonius bleed.
Then Lycian Agis, boastful of his might,
Provok'd the bravest foe to single fight;
Him boldly Tuscan Valerus assail'd,
And in the virtues of his sire prevail'd.
By Salius' arm, the swift Antronius bled;
Nealces' javelin struck the victor dead;
Nealces, skill'd the sounding dart to throw,
And wing the treacherous arrow to the foe.
Mars, raging god, and stern! the war confounds;
Equals the victor's shouts, and dying sounds.
Encountering various on the imbattled field,
Now fierce they rush, now fierce retreating, yield.
With equal rage, each adverse battle glows,
Nor flight is known to these, nor known to those.
Tisiphone enjoys the direful sight,
Pale, furious, fell! and storms amidst the fight.
The gods, from Jove's immortal dome, survey
Each army toiling, through the dreadful day;
With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain
That human life is destin'd to sustain.
On either side, two deities are seen;
Jove's awful consort, and soft beauty's queen:
The wife of Jove the conqueror's palm implores,
Soft beauty's queen her Trojans' loss deplores.

Again his javelin huge Mezentius wields;
Again tumultuous he invades the fields:
Large as Orion, when the giant stalks,
A bulk immense! through Nereus' midmost walks;
Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves,
His sinewy shoulders tow'r above the waves;
Bearing an ash, increas'd in strength with years,
That huge upon the mountain's height appears;
He strides along, each step the earth divides;
In clouds obscure his lofty head resides:
In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms,
Such shone the tyrant in gigantic arms.
Him, as exulting in the ranks he stood,
At distance seen, and rioting in blood,
Æneas hastes to meet; in all his might
He stands collected, and awaits the fight:
First measuring, as he stood in act to throw,
With nice survey, the distance of his foe: [might;
"This arm, this spear," he cry'd, "assert my
These are my gods, and these assist in fight:
His armour, from the boastful robber won,
Shall tow'r a trophy to my conquering son."
He said; and flings the dart with dreadful force;
The dart drove on unerring from the course;
It reach'd the shield, the shield the blow repell'd:
Nor fell the javelin guiltless on the field;
But, piercing 'twixt the side and bowels, tore
The fam'd Anthores, and deep drank the gore:
He, in his lusty years, from Argos sent,
With fam'd Alcides, on his labours went:
Tir'd with his toils, a length of woes o'erpast,
In the Evandrian realm he fix'd at last:
Call'd back again to war, where glory calls,
Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:
To Heaven his mournful eyes the dying throws;
In his last thoughts his native Argos rose.
Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw;
Swift hissing on the wind the weapon flew:
The plates of threefold brass were forc'd to yield;
And three bulls' hides that bound the solid shield:
Deep in his lower groin, an arm so strong,
Drove the sharp point, but brought not death along.
Then joyful as the Trojan hero spied
The spouting blood pour down his wounded side,
Like lightning, from his thigh his sword he drew,
And furious on th' astonish'd warrior flew.
As Lausus saw, full sore he heav'd the sigh;
The ready tear stood trembling in his eye:
His father's danger touch'd the youthful chief;
With pious haste he ran to his relief.
Nor shalt thou sink unnoted to the tomb,
Unsung thy noble deed, and early doom:
If future times to such a deed will give
Their faith, to future times thy name shall live.
Disabled, trembling for a death so near,
The father slow-receding, drags the spear:
Just in that moment, as suspended high
The flaming sword shone adverse to the sky,
The daring youth rush'd in, and fronts the foe,
And from his father turns th' impending blow.
His friends with joyful shouts reply around;
Through all their echoes all the hills resound;
As wondering they beheld the wounded sire,
Protected by the son, from fight retire.
A dark'ning flight of singing shafts annoy,
From every quarter pour'd, the prince of Troy:
He stands against the fury of the field,
And rages, cover'd with his mighty shield.
And as when stormy winds encountering loud,
Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud,

Precipitate to earth, the tempest pours
The vexing hailstones thick in sounding showers:
The delug'd plains then every ploughman flies,
And every hind and traveller shelter'd lies;
Or, where the rock high overarch'd impends,
Or, where the river's shelving bank defends;
That, powerful o'er the storm, when bright the ray
Shines forth, they each may exercise the day.
Loud sounds the gather'd storm; o'er all the field
The cloud of war pours thundering on his shield.
Yet still he tried with friendly care to save
Th' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave.
"Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course,
In daring deeds! unequal to thy force?
Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays;
Nor such the vigour crowns thy youthful days."
Not thus advis'd, the youth still fronts the foe
Exulting, and provokes the lingering blow:
For now, his martial bosom all on fire,
The Trojan leader's tide of rage swell'd higher;
For now, the sisters view'd the fatal strife,
And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life:
Deep plung'd the shining falchion in his breast,
Pierc'd his thin armour, and embroider'd vest,
That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove
With her own hands, the witness of her love.
His breast was fill'd with blood; then, sad and slow
Through air resolv'd, the spirit fled below:
As ghastly pale, the chief the dying spied,
His hands he stretch'd to Heav'n, and pitying sigh'd;
His sire Anchises rose an image dear
Sad in his soul, and forc'd the tender tear.
"What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,
What can Æneas yield to worth so great?
Worth, that distinguish'd in thy deed appears,
Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years:
Thy arms, once pleasing objects of thy care,
Inviolate from hostile spoil I spare;
Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow,
To mitigate thy pensive spirit's woe,
If aught below the separate soul can move,
Solicitous of what is done above;
(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from every care
Releas'd, nor knowledge, nor device is there;)
That, gather'd to thy sires, thy friends may mourn
Thy hapless fall, and dust to dust return:
This be thy solace in the world below,
'Twas I, the great Æneas, struck the blow."
He said; and beck'ning, chides his friends' delay;
And pious to assist, directs the way,
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care,
Dishonour'd foul with blood his comely hair.
The wretched father now, by Tyber shore
Wash'd from his streaming thigh the crimson gore:
Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the fight,
A tree's broad trunk supports his drooping weight:
A bough his helmet beaming far sustains:
His heavier armour rest along the plains.
Panting, and sick, his body downward bends,
And to his breast his length of beard descends:
He leans his careful head upon his hand;
Around him wait a melancholy band:
Much of his Lausus asks, and many sent
To warn him back, a father's kind intent:
How vainly sent! for, breathless, from the field
They bear the youth, extended on his shield;
Loud wailing mourn'd him slain in early bloom,
Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.
Far off the sounds of woe the father hears;
He trembles in the foresight of his fears:
With dust the hoary honours of his head
Sad he deforms, and cleaves into the dead:
Then both his hands to Heav'n aloft he spread;
And thus, in fulness of his sorrows, said:—
"Could then this lust of life so warp my mind,
That I could think of leaving thee behind
Whom I begot, unhappy in my stead
To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed?
Now fate severe has struck too deep a blow,
Now first I feel a wretched exile's woe.
And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,
Sav'd by thy wound, and living by thy death?
I too, my son, with horrid guilt profan'd
Thy sacred virtues, and their lustre stain'd:
Outcast, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n,
From empire, and paternal sceptres driv'n,
My people's hatred, and insulting scorn,
The merit of my crimes I've justly borne:
To thousand deaths this wicked soul could give,
Since now 'tis crime enough that I can live,
Can yet sustain the light, and human race,
Wretch'd as I am:—but short shall be the space."
He said; and as he said, he rear'd from ground
His fainting limbs, yet staggering from the wound:
But whole and undiminish'd still remains
His strength of soul, unbroke with toil and pains.
He calls his steed, successful from each fight,
With whom he march'd, his glory and delight;
With words like these his conscious steed address'd,
That mourn'd, as with his master's ills oppress'd:
"Rhœbus, we long have liv'd in arms combin'd,
(If long the frail possessions of mankind;)
This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils,
The Trojan hero's head, and glittering spoils
Torn from the bloody man! with me shall take
A dear revenge, for murder'd Lausus' sake:
If strength shall fail to ope the destin'd way,
Together fall, and press the Latian clay;
For after me I trust thou wilt disdain
A Trojan leader, and an alien rein."
He said: the steed receives his wonted weight,
The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight:
His blazing helmet, formidably grac'd
With nodding horse-hair, brightening o'er the crest:
With deathful javelins next he fills his hands;
And spurs his steed, and seeks the fighting bands:
Grief mix'd with madness, shame of former flight,
And love by rage inflam'd to desperate height,
And conscious knowledge of his valour, wrought
Fierce in his breast, and boil'd in every thought.
He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard
The welcome sound; and thus his prayer preferr'd:
"May Jove, supreme of gods, who rules on high!
And he, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the sky,
Far-shooting king! inspire thee to draw near
Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear."
But he:—"My Lausus ravish'd from my sight,
Me, with vain words, O! cruel, would'st affright;
With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,
Death is below my fear, and God I scorn!
I come resolv'd to die; but, ere I go,
Receive this dart, the present of a foe."
He said: the javelin hiss'd along the skies;
Another after, and another flies;
Thick, and incessant, as he rides the field;
Still all the storm sustains the golden shield
Firm, as Æneas stood: thrice rode he round,
Urging his darts, the compass of the ground:
Thrice wheel'd Æneas; th ice his buckler bears
About, a brazen wood of rising spears:

Press'd in unrighteous fight, with just disdain
To wrench so many darts, and wrench in vain,
Much pondering in his mind, the chief revolv'd
Each rising thought; at last he springs resolv'd;
Full at the warrior steed the hostile wood
He threw, that pierc'd his brain and drank the blood.
Stung with the pain, the steed up-rear'd on high
His sounding hoofs, and lash'd the yielding sky;
Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height,
His shoulders broad receiv'd the courser's weight.
From host to host the mingling shouts rebound,
Deep echoing all in fire the heav'ns resound;
Unsheath'd his flaming blade, Æneas flies,
And thus address'd the warrior as he lies:
"Say, where is now Mezentius great and bold,
That haughty spirit, fierce and uncontrol'd?"
To whom the Tuscan, with recover'd breath,
As faint he view'd the skies, recall'd from death;
"Dost thou the stroke, insulting man! delay?
Haste! let thy vengeance take its destin'd way:
Death never can disgrace the warrior's fame
Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim:
Slain, savage! by thy hand in glorious strife,
Not so my Lausus bargain'd for my life:
Depriv'd of him, sole object of my love,
I seek to die;—for joy is none above.
Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow,
If pity to the vanquish'd foe be due,
Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn,
And decent lay me in the funeral urn:
Full well I know my people's hate, decreed
Against the living, will pursue the dead;
My breathless body from their fury save,
And grant my son the partner of my grave."
He said, and steadfast eyed the victor foe;
Then gave his breast undaunted to the blow.
The rushing blood distain'd his arms around;
The soul indignant sought the shades profound.

THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORGICS, IV.—LINE 116.

But, were I not, before the favouring gale,
Making to port, and crowding all my sail,
Perhaps I might the garden's glories sing,
The double roses of the Pæstan spring;
How endive drinks the rill, and how are seen
Moist banks with celery for ever green;
How, twisted in the matted herbage, lies
The bellying cucumber's enormous size;
What flowers Narcissus late, how Nature weaves
The yielding texture of acanthus' leaves:
Of ivy pale the culture next explore,
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the shore.
For I remember (where Galesus yields
His humid moisture to the yellow fields,
And high Oebalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,)
I knew in youth an old Corycian swain;
A few and barren acres were his share,
Left and abandon'd to the good man's care;
Nor these indulg'd the grassy lawn, to feed
The fattening bullock, nor the bounding steed,
Nor gave to cattle browze, nor food to kine,
Bacchus averse refus'd the mantling vine.
What happy nature to his lands denied,
An honest, painful industry supplied;
For, trusting pot-herbs to his bushy ground,
For bees, fair candid lilies flourish'd round,
Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants,
With these he satisfied all nature's wants,
And late returning home from wholesome toil,
Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the soil.
His mind was royal in a low estate,
And dignified the meanness of his fate.
He first in Spring was seen to crop the rose,
In Autumn first t' unload the bending boughs;
For every bud the early year bestow'd,
A reddening apple on the branches glow'd.
Ev'n in the midst of Winter's rigid reign,
When snow and frost had whiten'd o'er the plain,
When cold had split the rocks, and stript the woods,
And shackled up the mighty running floods,
He then, anticipating Summer's hopes,
The tendrils of the soft acanthus crops;
His industry awak'd the lazy Spring,
And hasten'd on the Zephyr's loitering wing.
For this with pregnant bees he chief was known
T' abound: the balmy harvest all his own.
Successive swarms reward his faithful toil;
None press'd from richer combs the liquid spoil.
He crown'd his rural orchard's plain design,
With flowering lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.
He knew in graceful order to dispose
Large-bodied elms, transplanted into rows.
Hard pear-trees flourish'd near his rustic dome,
And thorns already purple with the plum;
Broad planes arose to form an ample bow'r,
Where mirth's gay sons refresh'd the sultry hour.
But I this grateful subject must discard,
The pleasing labour of some future bard.

THE

TWENTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

Fair Niobe, old times survey'd,
In Phrygian hills, a marble maid.
Chang'd Pandion! to the swallow's hue,
On swallow's wings thy daughter flew.
But I a looking-glass would be,
That thou might'st see thyself in me.
No; I would be a morning gown,
That so my dear might me put on.
But I a silver stream would flow,
To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.
I would myself in ointment pour,
To bathe thee with the fragrant show'r.
But I would be thy tucker made,
Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.
I would, a diamond necklace, deck
The comely rising of thy neck.
I would thy slender feet enclose,
To tread on me transform'd to shoes.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

Fill with Bacchus' blessings fraught,
Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught:
Long since dried up by heat, I faint,
I scarcely breathe, and feverish pant.
O! with these fresher flowers, renew
The fading garland on my brow,
For oh! my forehead's raging heat
Has rifled all their graces sweet;

The rage of thirst I yet can quell,
The rage of heat I can repel,
But, love! thy heat which burns my soul,
What draughts can quench? what shades can cool?

THE
TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF ANACREON.

Come, sit beneath this shade with me,
My lovely maid, how fair the tree!
Its tender branches wide prevail,
Obedient to each breathing gale;
Summer's loom industrious weaves
In mazy veins the silken leaves,
Soft as the milky veins I view,
O'er thy fair breast meandering blue;
Hard by a fount with murmuring noise
Runs a sweet persuasive voice;—
What lover, say, my lovely maid,
So foolish as to pass this shade?

EPITAPHS.

ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let flattery the proud column raise,
And guilty greatness load with venal praise,
This monument, for nobler use design'd,
Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;
Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,
Invites thee to be humble, wise, and good.
Learn here, of life, life's every sacred end;
Hence form the father, husband, judge, and friend:
Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace,
The poor look'd fearless in th' oppressor's face;
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,
And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.
If then, unconscious of so fair a fame,
Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,
Though proud of titles, or of boundless store,
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,
Yet read; some vice perhaps thou may'st resign,
Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine,
Heav'n in thy breast here work its first essay,
Think on this man, and pass unblam'd one day.

ON LORD BINNING.

Beneath this sacred marble ever sleeps,
For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;
Whom brothers', sisters', pious griefs pursue,
And childrens' tears with virtuous drops bedew;
The Loves and Graces grieving round appear;
Ev'n Mirth herself becomes a mourner here;
The stranger who directs his steps this way
Shall witness to thy worth, and wondering say,—
"Thy life, though short, can we unhappy call?
Sure thine was blest, for it was social all:
O may no hostile hand this place invade,
For ever sacred to thy gentle shade!
Who knew in all life's offices to please,
Join'd taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;
With riches blest, did not the poor disdain,
Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;
By good men honour'd, by the bad approv'd,
And lov'd the Muses, by the Muses lov'd;
Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mind,
For thou indeed hast been of human kind."

ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence instructed from this early urn,
Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose,
How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!
Learn, age, when now it can no more supply,
To quit the burden, and consent to die;
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell
How long the part was acted, but how well:
Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,
Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and fame;
Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,
The natural end, oblivion and death;
Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,
Submiss adore, for this is mankind's all.

ON SIR JAMES SUTTIE.

This unambitious stone preserves a name
To friendship sanctified, untouch'd by fame;
A son this rais'd, by holy duty fir'd,
These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspir'd.
No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear;
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere;
Both for a good man weep, without offence,
Who led his days in ease and innocence.
His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile;
His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;
A simple mind with plain just notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught;
Nature's plain light still, rightly understood,
That never hesitates the fair and good—
Who view'd self-balanc'd, from his calm retreat,
The storms that vex the busy and the great,
Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befel
Pitied his suffering kind, and wish'd them well;
Careless if monarchs frown'd, or statesmen smil'd,
His purer joy, his friend, his wife, or child;
Constant to act the hospitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;
Such unpriz'd blessings did his life employ,
The social moment, the domestic joy,
A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind:
The heart-born rapture that from virtue springs,
The poor man's portion God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to cease,
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace:
Go, traveller, wish his shade eternal rest,
Go, be the same, for this is to be blest.

ON MR. BAILLIE, OF JERVISWOOD.

The pious parent rais'd this hallow'd place
A monument for them, and for their race:
Descendants! be it your successive cares,
That no degenerate dust e'er mix with their's.

ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

This verse, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,
Each softer grace, below thy darling shrine.
Nature to thee did her best gifts impart,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;
Honour erected in thy breast his throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

ON MRS. COLQUHOUN, OF LUSS.

Unblam'd, O sacred shrine! let me draw near,
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear;
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,
'Tis Nature's drops, that swell in Friendship's eye:
O'er this sad tomb, see kneeling brothers bend,
Who wail a sister, that excell'd a friend;
A child like this each parent's wish engage,
Grace of his youth, and solace of his age:
Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art
Who sighs sincere to bless a virtuous heart,
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice inspires,
Such hope the partner of his kind desires.
Oh, early lost! yet early all fulfill'd
Each tender office of wife, sister, child;
All these in early youth thou hadst obtain'd;
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd, [spare;
Heav'n sought not that—else Heav'n had bid to
To thine succeeds now Providence's care—
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give
To sooth the vanity of those that live,
Receive thy destin'd place, a hallow'd grave,
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou can'st crave;
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame!
Such, to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,
When queens and flatterers sleep forgot around,
Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest;
Then wake amongst the blest for ever blest.
Meanwhile upon this stone thy name shall live,
Sure Heaven will let this pious verse survive.

ON MRS. KEITH.

Whate'er all-giving Nature could impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart;
Beauty, by candid virtue still approv'd,
Virtue, by beauty render'd most belov'd;
Whate'er kind friendship, or endearing truth,
For blest old age had treasur'd up in youth;
What blest old age, in its last calm adieu,
Might with applause and conscious joy review,
Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire
To imitate the virtues all admire;
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,
If she has liv'd—let her not die in vain!

ON MRS. HEPBURN.

Stay, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:
Our sorrow now——so late our joy and praise!
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.
What virtues might have grac'd her fuller day!
"But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away."
Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heav'n, when it wills, resumes its gifts again.

ON MR. CUNNINGHAM, OF CRAIGENDS.

A son, a wife, bad the plain marble rise;
Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.
In Britain's senate long unblam'd he sate,
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate:
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,
His country was his family and friends.
Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;
The fair example of his life is left;
Another far more lasting, safe estate
Than e'er descended from the rich and great,
Their's fall to time or fortune soon a prey;
Or, the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away:
Your blest succession never can be less,
Still as you imitate, you still possess.

ON MISS SETON,

INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-HOUSE.

In these once hallow'd walls' neglected shade,
Sacred to piety and to the dead,
Where the long line of Seton's race repose,
Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;
Though now a thankless age, to slavery prone,
Past fame despising, careless of its own,
Records no more; each public virtue fled,
Who wisely counsell'd, or who bravely bled:
Though here the warrior-shield is hung no more,
But every violated trophy tore, [lot,
Heav'n's praise, man's honour, share one shameful
God and his image both alike forgot:
To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,
Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew,
The Muse, that listens to desert alone,
Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

Could this fair marble to the world impart
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,
Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,
Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh,
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow
Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow;
Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,
And not to vanity, but virtue rise:
Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,
And pride when most it swell'd, here find a cure.
Cease then—nor at the Sovereign will repine;
It gives, we bless; it snatches, we resign:
To earth what came from earth returns again,
Heav'n fram'd th' immortal part above to reign.

Does great and splendid villany allure?
Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.
Blest with enough, would'st thou increase it still?
Examine Ch——'s life, and R——d's will.

Would'st thou be happy? then these rules receive,
Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.
Learn from this man who now lies five feet deep,
To drink when doubting; and when tempted, sleep:
This led him safe through life's tempestuous steer-
Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage; [age,
An easy mind, by no entails devis'd;
An humble virtue, by no kings excis'd:
Stated no law-case, and no critic quoted;
Spoke what he thought; and never swore, nor voted.
Courts he abhorr'd, their errours, their abuses,
St. James, Versailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis[1]:
There where no statesmen buys, no bishop sells;
A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.

[1] Holyrood-house.

With kind Bargeny, faithful to his word,
Whom Heav'n made good and social, ·igh a lord;
The cities view'd of many-languag'd men,
Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and ·aw all was vain.
Enjoy'd, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield,
The philosophic rapture of the field!
Nor ask'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays,
No critics envy, and no flatterers praise.
Sure those who know how hard to write, and live,
Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.
Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been,
He stole through life unheeded, and unseen:
He often err'd, but broke no social duty;
Unbrib'd by statesmen, nd unhurt by beauty.

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